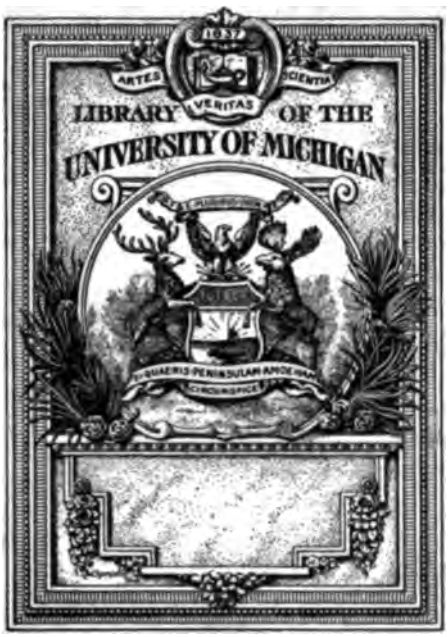
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MISS MARJORIBANKS.—PART VI.

CHAPTER XX.

Lucilla had triumphed, and did triumph, over all the obstacles that presented themselves in her way; and such was her power, that after a while she even succeeded in convincing little Rose Lake of the perfect reasonableness, and indeed necessity, of sacrificing herself to the public interests of the community. "As for enjoying it," Miss Marjoribanks said, "that is quite a different matter. Now and then perhaps for a minute one enjoys it; but that is not what I am thinking of. One owes something to one's fellow-creatures, you know; and if it made the evening go off well, I should not mind in the least to be hustled up in a corner and contradicted. To be sure, I don't remember that it ever happened to me; but then I have such luck—and you are such a tiny little soul, you dear little Rose. Not that I should like you to be any bigger," Lucilla added, contemplating that little specimen of her raw material with a certain complacency. "I like contrast, for my part; and I am sure I give you full leave to box the Archdeacon's ears next Thursday; or to tell him he does not know anything in the world about art," said Miss Marjoribanks, thoughtfully, with a new combination rising in her mind.

"Thank you, Lucilla," said Rose, "but I shall not come back again. I am much obliged to you. It does not do for people who have work to do. My time is all I have, and I cannot afford to waste it, especially——"

"My dear child," said Miss Marjoribanks, "how are you ever to be an artist if you do not know life? That is just the very reason why you ought to go out into the world; and I don't see, for my part, that it matters whether it is pleasant or not. To practise scales all day long is anything but pleasant, but then one has to do it, you know. I don't blame you," said Lucilla, with tender condescension. "You are a dear little thing, and you don't know any better; but *I* went through Political Economy, and learnt all about that;—you don't think *I* choose it for the pleasure? But you all know what is the object of my life, and I hope I am not one to shrink from my duty,"

Miss Marjoribanks added. And it was difficult to reply to such a sublime declaration. Little Rose left her friend with the conviction that it was her duty, too, to sacrifice herself for the benefit of society and the advancement of art. Such were the lofty sentiments elicited naturally, as enthusiasm responds to enthusiasm, by Lucilla's self-devotion. Already, although she was not much more than twenty, she had the consoling consciousness that she had wrought a great work in Carlingford; and if Miss Marjoribanks required a little sacrifice from her assistants, she did not shrink from making the same in her own person, as has been shadowed forth in the case of Mr. Cavendish, and as will yet, in the course of this history, be still more seriously and even sadly evolved.

Three weeks had passed in this way, making it still more and more visible to Lucilla how much she had lost in losing Mr. Cavendish, of whom nothing as yet had been heard, when suddenly, one day, about luncheon-time, at the hour when Miss Marjoribanks was known to be at home, the drawing-room door opened without any warning, and the missing man walked in. It was thus that Lucilla herself described the unexpected apparition, which appeared to her to have dropped from the clouds. She avowed afterwards to Mrs. Chiley that his entrance was so utterly unexpected, so noiseless, and without warning, that she felt quite silly, and could not tell in the least how she behaved; though the friends of Miss Marjoribanks, it is to be hoped, are too well acquainted with her promptitude of mind and action to imagine that she in any way compromised herself, even under the surprise of the moment. As for Mr. Cavendish, he exhibited a certain mixture of timidity and excitement which it was remarkable, and indeed rather flattering for any lady, to see in such an accomplished man of the world. Miss Marjoribanks was not a person to deceive herself, nor did she want experience in such matters, as has been already shown; but it would be vain to deny that the conviction forced upon her mind by the demeanour of her visitor was that it was a man *about to propose* who thus made his unlooked-for appearance before her. She confessed afterwards to her confidential friend that he had all the signs of it in his looks and manners. "He gave that little nervous cough," Lucilla said, "and pulled his cravat *just so*, and stared into his hat as if he had it all written down there; and looked as They always look," Miss Marjoribanks added, with a touch of natural contempt. Nor was this all the change in Mr. Cavendish's appearance. He had managed miraculously in his month's absence to grow the most charming little moustache and beard, which were, to be sure, slightly red, like most people's. It gleamed into Miss Marjoribanks's mind in a moment that people did such things sometimes by way of disguising themselves; but if such had been Mr. Cavendish's intention, it had utterly failed, since he seemed rather more like himself than before, in Lucilla's opinion, and certainly was more likely to attract attention, since beards were not so usual in these days. They met on the very spot where Lucilla had seen him last, with that look of insane terror on his handsome face. And the Archdeacon was still in Carlingford, if it was he who had occasioned such a panic. Mr. Cavendish came in as if he had never been absent, as if he had seen Miss Marjoribanks on the previous night, and had no fear of anything in the world but of failing to please her; and Lucilla fortunately saw the nature of the position, and was not to be put out even by such an emergency. Of course, under the circumstances, to accept him was utterly out of the question; but, at the same time,

Lucilla did not feel it expedient, without much more distinct information, to put a definitive and cruel negative on Mr. Cavendish's hopes. As for Barbara Lake, that was a trifle not worth thinking of; and, notwithstanding that there was something rather unaccountable in his conduct, he was still the probable member for Carlingford, just, as Mrs. Chiley so often said, the position which, of all others, she would have chosen for Lucilla; so that Miss Marjoribanks was not prepared, without due consideration, to bring the matter to a final end.

While Lucilla made this rapid summary of affairs and took her stand in her own mind, Mr. Cavendish had taken a chair and had opened the conversation. He hoped he had not been entirely forgotten, though a fortnight's absence was a severe tax on anybody's memory.

"A fortnight!" said Miss Marjoribanks; "how happy you must have been while you have been away!—for I assure you a month is a month at Carlingford; and one does not get such ornaments in two weeks," said Lucilla, putting her hand to her chin, which made Mr. Cavendish laugh, and look more nervous than ever.

"It is a souvenir of where I have been," he said. "I could imagine I had been gone two years, judging by my own feelings. I am so pleased you remember how long it is. I daresay it looked a little droll running away so, but I dared not trust myself with leavetakings," Mr. Cavendish said, with an air of sentiment. "I have been watching over a poor friend of mine on his sickbed. He was once very good to me, and when he sent for me I could not delay or refuse him. I found he had telegraphed for me when I got home the last Thursday evening I was here," he continued, looking Lucilla full in the face with the candour of conscious truth—though, to be sure, when people are stating a simple fact, it is seldom that they take the pains to be so particular. "I started by the night-train, and crossed the Channel while you were all fast asleep. I wonder if any one gave me a thought," continued Mr. Cavendish; and it was still more and more impressed upon Lucilla that he had all the signs of a man who had come to propose.

"I cannot say about that night in particular, but I am sure a great many people have given you a thought," said Miss Marjoribanks. "We have all been wondering what had become of you, where you were, and when you were coming back. So far as I am concerned, I have missed you dreadfully," said Lucilla, with her usual openness; and she really thought for a moment that Mr. Cavendish in a sudden transport was going down on his knees.

"I scarcely hoped for so much happiness," he said; and though he kept up the tone proper to good society, which might mean sport or earnest according as the occasion served, there was a certain air of gratitude and tenderness in his face which sent Lucilla's active mind a-wondering. "He is thinking of the music-stand," she said to herself, and then went on with what she was saying; for though Miss Marjoribanks had a very good opinion of herself, it had not occurred to her that Mr. Cavendish was very deeply in love—with *her*, at all events.

"Ah, yes—not only for the flirting, you know, which of itself is a dreadful loss; but then you were so good in keeping the gentlemen to their duty. I missed you dreadfully—there has been nobody at all to help me," said Lucilla. Her tone was so genuinely plaintive that Mr. Cavendish grew more and more moved. He put down his hat, he cleared his throat, he got up and walked to the window—evidently he was getting up his courage for the last step.

"But I heard you had some dis-

tinguished strangers here," he said, coming back to his seat without having, as it appeared, made up his mind. "My sister wrote—that is to say I heard—I really don't remember how I got the news; a dean or bishop, or something——?"

"Oh yes, Mr. Archdeacon Beverley; he came precisely the night you went away," said Lucilla. "Didn't you see him? I thought you stayed till after he came into the room. A nice clergyman is very nice, you know; but, after all, a man who has some experience in society—and we have had no music to speak of since you went away. Poor dear Barbara has had such a bad cold. In short, we have all been at sixes and sevens; and the Archdeacon——"

"Oh, never mind the Archdeacon," said Mr. Cavendish, and Miss Marjoribanks felt that he had not winced at the name, though he did glance up at her in spite of himself with a little gleam from his eyes when she mentioned Barbara Lake. Perhaps this was because he knew nothing about the Archdeacon, perhaps because he was prepared to hear the Archdeacon named. Lucilla did not give him all the benefit of the uncertainty, for she began to get a little impatient, and to wonder, if the man had come to propose, as appearances suggested, why he did not do it and get done with it?—which was a very reasonable question. This time, however, it certainly was coming. "I don't like nice clergymen," said Mr. Cavendish, "especially not when you think them nice. If I could really flatter myself that you had missed me——"

"We all did," said Lucilla; "there is no compliment about it; and poor dear Barbara has had such a cold——"

"Ah!" said the unfortunate aspirant; and once more he gave a doubtful glance at Lucilla—decidedly the name of Barbara had more effect upon him than that of the Archdeacon. It seemed to damp his fire and smother the words on his lips, and he had to take another promenade to the window to recover himself. After that, however, he came back evidently wound up and determined; and his eyes, as he returned to Miss Marjoribanks's side, fell upon the music-stand by means of which she had covered his fright and flight (if it was not a mere hallucination on Lucilla's part that he had been frightened and had fled) on the night he left Carlingford. He came back with the air of a man who means to delay and deliberate no more.

"If I could flatter myself that *you* had missed me," he said; "*you*—not any one else—I might have the courage to ask——"

It was at that precise moment of all moments that Mrs. Chiley, whom they had not heard coming upstairs, though she was sufficiently audible, suddenly opened the door. Mr. Cavendish, as was natural, broke off in a moment with a face which had turned crimson, and even Lucilla herself felt a little annoyed and put out, when, as in duty bound, she got up to meet and welcome her old friend. One thing was fortunate, as Miss Marjoribanks afterwards reflected, that since it was to be interrupted, it had been interrupted so early, before he could have put himself in any ridiculous attitude, for example; for at such moments it is well known that some men go down upon their knees—or at least such is the ineradicable belief of womankind. If Mr. Cavendish had been on his knees—though, to tell the truth, he was not a very likely subject—the position would have been much more embarrassing. But as it was, there was an end. *He* turned back again to the window, biting his glove in the most frantic way, and taking up his hat, while *she*, always mistress of the position, advanced to the newcomer with outstretched hands.

"I know you have come to have lunch with me," said Lucilla. "You

are always so nice—just when I wanted you; for, of course, I dared not have asked Mr. Cavendish to go down-stairs if I had been all alone."

"Mr. Cavendish!" cried the old lady, with a little scream. "So he has really come back! I am so glad to see you. I can't tell you how glad I am to see you; and, I declare, with a beard! Oh, you need not blush for what I say. I am old enough to be both your grandmothers, and I am so glad to see you together again!" said Mrs. Chiley, with an imprudent effusion of sentiment. And it may be imagined what the effect of this utterance was upon the suitor whose lovemaking (if he was really going to make love) was thus cut short in the bud. He coughed more than ever when he shook hands with the new-comer, and kept fast hold of his hat with that despairing grasp which is common to men in trouble. And then he kept looking at the door, as if he expected some one else to come in, or wanted to escape; and so far from following up his interrupted address by any explanatory or regretful glances, he never even looked at Lucilla, which, to be sure, struck her as odd enough.

"Miss Marjoribanks is very good," he said, "and I am very glad to see you so soon after my return, Mrs. Chiley—though, of course, I should have called; but I may have to go away in a day or two; and I am afraid I cannot have the pleasure of staying to lunch."

"Oh, yes, you must stay," said Mrs. Chiley; "I want to hear all about it. Go away again in a day or two? If I were Lucilla, I would not let you go away. She is queen now in Carlingford, you know;—and then poor old Mr. Chiltern is so ill. I hope you won't think of going away. They all said it was such a pity. Tell me where you have been, and what you have been doing all this time. We have missed you so dreadfully. And now you look quite like a military man with that beard."

"I have been nursing a sick friend on the Continent," said Mr. Cavendish—"not very cheerful work. I am sorry about Mr. Chiltern, but I cannot help it. I have doubts now whether, even if he were to die, I should offer myself. I couldn't give pledges to all the shopkeepers about my opinions," said the embarrassed man; and as he spoke, he put his hat against his breast like a buckler. "I must not detain you from your lunch. Good-bye, Miss Marjoribanks; I am very sorry I can't stay."

"But, dear me, stop a minute—don't run away from us," said Mrs. Chiley. "Come and talk it all over with the Colonel, there is a dear—and don't do anything rash. Good-bye, if you *will* go," said the old lady. She sat with a look of consternation in her face, looking at Miss Marjoribanks, as he made his way down-stairs. "Did I come in at a wrong time, Lucilla?" said Mrs. Chiley, in distress. "Have you refused him, my dear? What is the matter? I am so dreadfully afraid I came in at the wrong time."

"Dear Mrs. Chiley," said Lucilla, sweetly, "you can never come in at a wrong time; and it is just as well, on the whole, that he didn't—for I was not prepared to give him any answer. I am sure, on the contrary, it was quite providential," Miss Marjoribanks said; but it may be doubted whether Lucilla's mind perfectly corresponded to her words on this occasion, though she was so amiable about it, as Mrs. Chiley afterwards said. For even when a woman has not her answer ready, she has always a certain curiosity about a proposal; and then when such a delicate matter is crushed in the bud like this, who can tell if it will ever blossom again, and find full expression? Miss Marjoribanks could not be said to be disappointed, but unquestionably she regretted a little that he had not been permitted to say out his say. As for Mrs. Chiley, when

she understood all the rights of it, she was afflicted beyond measure, and could not forgive herself for the unlucky part she had played.

"If you had only said you were engaged," the old lady exclaimed, "or not at home—or anything, Lucilla! You know, you need never stand on ceremony with me. No wonder he looked as if he could eat me! Poor fellow! and I daresay he has gone away with his heart full," said Mrs. Chiley, with the tenderest sympathy. She could not get over it, nor eat any lunch, nor think of anything else. "Poor dear boy! he need not have been so put out with an old woman like me. He might have known if he had given me the least hint, or even a look, I would have gone away," said the kind old woman. "But you must be all the kinder to him when he comes back, Lucilla. And, my dear, if I were you, I would stay in this afternoon. He is sure to come back, and I would not keep him in pain."

"I don't think he will come back," Lucilla could not help saying; for she had a conviction that nothing more would come of it; but nevertheless she did stay in that afternoon, and received several visits, but saw nothing more of Mr. Cavendish. It was rather vexatious, to tell the truth; for to see a man so near the point and not even to have the satisfaction of refusing him, is naturally aggravating to a woman. But Miss Marjoribanks had far too much philosophy as well as good sense to be vexed on that account with Mrs. Chiley, who could not forgive herself, and to make up for the consequences of her unlucky entry, would have done anything in the world. The old lady herself returned in the afternoon to know the result, and was doubly vexed and distressed to hear he had not come back.

"I ought to be on the Archdeacon's side, Lucilla," she said, with tears in her eyes. "I know I ought, when it was I that brought him here; but I can't help feeling for the other, my dear. He always was so nice—a great deal nicer, to my way of thinking, than Mr. Beverley; not to say but that the Archdeacon is very agreeable," Mrs. Chiley added, recollecting herself; for in matters of that description a woman of experience is aware that she cannot be too particular about what she says; and supposing that Mr. Cavendish did not come back, it would never do to prejudice Lucilla against the other candidate. "I never blamed Mr. Cavendish about that Lake girl," the old lady continued. "It was not his fault, poor young man. I know he was always devoted to you in his heart; and to think he should come here the very first place as soon as he returned! I only wish I had had one of my headaches this morning, my dear, to keep me indoors for an old Malaprop. I do indeed, Lucilla. It would have served me right, and I should not have minded the pain."

"But indeed I don't wish anything of the sort," said Miss Marjoribanks. "I would not have the best man in the world at the cost of one of those dreadful headaches of yours. It is so good of you to say so; but you know very well it is not that sort of thing I am thinking of. If I were to go off and marry just now, after all that has been done to the drawing-room and everything, I should feel as if I were swindling papa; and it is the object of my life to be a comfort to *him*."

"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Chiley, "but we must not neglect your own interests for all that. I think it is most likely he will come this evening. He has just come from the Continent, you know, where people do make calls in the evening. I meant to have asked you to come down to us, as we shall be all alone——"

"All alone? Then where is the Archdeacon?" asked Lucilla.

"He has gone out to Sir John's for a day or two, my dear," said

Mrs. Chiley, and she could not understand the little gleam of intelligence that shot into Lucilla's eye. "He left word with me for you that he would be sure to be back before Thursday, but seeing Mr. Cavendish when I came in made me forget all about it. He would be quite distressed, poor man! if he thought I had forgotten to give you his message. I won't ask you now to come down and cheer me up a little, Lucilla. I think poor Mr. Cavendish is sure to come this evening, and I will not stand in his way again. But, my dear, you must send me a little note after he has been. Now promise. I shall be quite in suspense all night."

"Dear Mrs. Chiley, I don't think he will come," said Miss Marjoribanks. "For my part, I think it was providential your coming to-day—for I am sure I don't know what I should have said to him. And it is so odd the Archdeacon should be away just at this moment. I feel quite sure he will not come to-night."

"There is nothing odd about the Archdeacon," said Mrs. Chiley. "It was for to-day he was asked, you know; *that* is simple enough. If you are sure that you prefer the Archdeacon, my dear——" the old lady added, with an anxious look. But Lucilla cut short the inquiry, which was becoming too serious, by bringing her kind visitor a cup of tea.

"I hope you don't think I prefer any of them," said the injured maiden. "If I had been thinking of that sort of thing, you know, I need never have come home. If they would only let one do one's duty in peace and quiet," said Lucilla, with a sigh; and to tell the truth, both the ladies had occasion on that trying afternoon for the consolation of their cup of tea. But while they were thus refreshing themselves, a conversation of a very different kind, yet affecting the same interests, was being carried on not very far off, under the shelter of a little flowery arbour in another of the embowered gardens of Grange Lane, where the subject was just then being discussed from the other side.

CHAPTER XXI.

Mr. Woodburn's house, everybody admitted, was one of the nicest in Carlingford; but that was not so visible out of doors as in. He was a great amateur of flowers and fruit, and had his garden lined on each side with greenhouses, which were no doubt very fine in their way, but somewhat spoiled the garden, which had not in the least the homely, luxuriant, old-fashioned look of the other gardens, where, for the most part, the flowers and shrubs grew as if they liked it and were at home—whereas Mr. Woodburn's flower-beds were occupied only by tenants at will; but at one corner near the house there was a little arbour, so covered up and heaped over with clematis that even the Scotch gardener had not the heart to touch it. The mass was so perfect and yet so light that it was the most perfect hiding-place imaginable; and nobody who had not been in it could have suspected that there was a possibility of getting inside. Here Mrs. Woodburn and Mr. Cavendish were seated on this particular afternoon; she very eager, animated, and in earnest, he silent and leaning his head on his two hands in a sort of downcast, fallen way. Mrs. Woodburn had one of her lively eyes on the garden that nobody might enter unseen, and for this once was "taking off" no one, but was most emphatically and unquestionably herself.

"So you did not do it," she said. "Why didn't you do it? when you knew so much depended upon it! You know I did not wish for it

myself, at first. But now since this man has come, and you have got into such a panic, and never will have the courage to face it out——"

"How can I have the courage to face it out?" said Mr. Cavendish, with a groan. "It is all very easy for a woman to speak who has only to criticise other people. If you had to do it yourself——"

"Ah, if I only had!" cried the sister. "You may be sure I would not make so much fuss. After all, what is there to do? Take your place in society, which you have worked for and won as honestly as anybody ever won it, and look another man in the face who is not half so clever nor so sensible as you are. Why, what can he say? If I only could do it, you may be sure I should not lose any time."

"Yes," said Mr. Cavendish, lifting his head. "To be sure, you're a mimic—you can assume any part you like; but I am not so clever. I tell you again, the only thing I can do is to go away——"

"Run away, you mean," said Mrs. Woodburn. "I should be foolish, indeed, if I were trusting to your cleverness to assume a part. My dear good brother, you would find it impossible to put yourself sufficiently in sympathy with another," cried the mimic, in the Archdeacon's very tone, with a laugh, and at the same time a little snarl of bitter contempt.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Nelly, no foolery just now," said Mr. Cavendish. "I don't understand how you can be so heartless. To mimic a man who has my position, my reputation, my very existence in his hands!"

"Have you murdered anybody?" said Mrs. Woodburn, with intense scorn. "Have you robbed anybody? If you have, I can understand all this stuff. He is the very man to mimic, on the contrary. I'd like to let you see him as he was on that famous occasion when he delivered his opinions on art in Lucilla's drawing-room. Look here," said the mimic, putting one hand behind an imaginary coat-tail, and with the other holding up a visionary drawing to the light; but this was more than her audience could bear.

"I think you must have vowed to drive me crazy," cried the exasperated brother. "Put aside for once that confounded vanity of yours — as if a man had always leisure to look at you playing the fool." While he spoke in this unusual way, he got up, as was natural, and took one or two steps across the narrow space which was shut in by those luxuriant heaps of clematis; and Mrs. Woodburn, for her part, withdrew her chair out of his way in equal heat and indignation.

"You have always the leisure to play the fool yourselves, you men," she said. "Vanity, indeed! as if it were not simply to show you that one can laugh at him without being stricken with thunder. But leave that if you like. You know quite well if you married Lucilla Marjoribanks that there would be no more about it. There *could* be no more about it. Why, all Grange Lane would be in a sort of way pledged to you. I don't mean to say *I* am attached to Lucilla, but you used to be, or to give yourself out for being. You flirted with her dreadfully in the winter, I remember, when those terrible Woodburns were here," she continued, with a shiver. "If you married Lucilla and got into Parliament, you might laugh at all the archdeacons in the world."

"It is very easy for a woman to talk," said the reluctant wooer again.

"I can tell you something it is not easy to do," cried his sister. "It is frightfully hard for a woman to stand by and see a set of men making a mess of things, and not to dare to say a word till all is spoiled. What is this Archdeacon, I would like to know,

or what could he say? If you only would have the least courage, and look him in the face, he would be disabled. As if no one had ever heard of mistaken identity before! And in the mean time go and see Lucilla, and get her consent. I can't do that for you; but I could do a great deal of the rest, if you would only have a little pluck and not give in like this."

"A *little* pluck, by George!" cried the unfortunate man, and he threw himself down again upon his chair. "I am not in love with Lucilla Marjoribanks, and I don't want to marry her," he added, doggedly, and sat beating a tune with his fingers on the table, with but a poorly-assumed air of indifference. As for Mrs. Woodburn, she regarded him with a look of contempt.

"Perhaps you will tell me who you are in love with," she said, disdainfully; "but I did not ask to be taken into your confidence in such an interesting way. What I wish to know is, whether you want a wife who will keep your position for you. I am not in the least fond of her, but she is very clever. Whether you want the support of all the best people in Carlingford, and connections that would put *all that* to silence, and a real position of your own which nobody could interfere with,—that is what I want to know, Harry; as for the sentimental part, I am not so much interested about that," said Mrs. Woodburn, with a contemptuous smile. She was young still, and she was handsome in her way (for people who liked that style), and it jarred a little on the natural feelings to hear a young wife express herself so disdainfully; but, to be sure, her brother was not unaccustomed to that.

"You said once that Woodburn was necessary to your happiness," he said, with a mixture of scorn and appeal, "though I can't say I saw it, for my part."

"Did I?" she said, with a slight shrug of her shoulders; "I saw what was necessary on another score, as you don't seem to do. When a man has nobody belonging to him, it is connections he ought to try for; and Lucilla has very good connections; and it would be as good as securing the support of Grange Lane. Do it for my sake, Harry, if you won't do it for your own," said Mrs. Woodburn, with a change of tone. "If you were to let things be said, and give people an advantage, think what would become of me. Woodburn would not mind so much if somebody else were involved; but oh, Harry! if he should find out *he* had been cheated, and he only——"

"He was not cheated! You were always a great deal too good for him, Nelly," said Mr. Cavendish, touched at last at an effectual point; "and as for *his* friends and family, and all that——"

"Oh, please, don't speak of them," said Mrs. Woodburn, with a shudder; "but there are only two of us in the world; and, Harry, for my sake——"

At this appeal Mr. Cavendish got up again, and began to pace the little arbour, two steps to the wall, and two steps back again. "I told you I had almost done it, when that confounded old woman came in," he said: "that could not be called my fault?"

"And she said she was both your grandmothers," said the mimic, with a slightly hysterical laugh, in Mrs. Chiley's voice. "I know how she did it. She can't be there still, you know—go now and try."

"Let alone a little; don't hurry a fellow," said her brother, somewhat sullenly; "a man can't move himself up to the point of proposing twice in one day."

"Then promise that you will do it to-morrow," said Mrs. Woodburn. "I shall have to go in, for there is somebody coming. Harry, before I go, promise that you will do it to-morrow, for my sake."

"Oh, bother!" said Mr. Caven-

dish; and it was all the answer he deigned to give before Mrs. Woodburn was called away, notwithstanding the adjuration she addressed to him. It was then getting late, too late, even had he been disposed for such an exertion, to try his fortunes again that day, and Lucilla's allusion had given him a great longing to see Barbara once more before his sacrifice was accomplished. Not that it was such a great sacrifice, after all. For Mr. Cavendish was quite aware that Miss Marjoribanks was a far more suitable match for him than Barbara Lake, and he was not even disposed to offer himself and his name and fortune, such as they were, to the drawing-master's daughter. But, to tell the truth, he was not a person of fixed and settled sentiments, as he ought to have been in order to triumph, as his sister desired, over the difficulties of his position. Perhaps Mrs. Woodburn herself would have done just the same, had it been she from whom action was demanded. But she was capable of much more spirited and determined conduct in theory, as was natural, and thought she could have done a great deal better. Mr. Cavendish lounged about the garden a little, with his hands in his pockets, and then strayed out quite accidentally, and in the same unpremeditating mood made his way to Grove Street. He meant nothing by it, and did not even inquire of himself where he was going, but only strolled out to take the air a little. And, to be sure, it was better to go up to the higher parts of the town than to linger here about Grange Lane, where all the people he knew might pass, and stop to talk, and ask him where he had been, and worry his life out. And surely he had had enough of bother for one day. By this time it was getting dark, and it was very pleasant in Grove Street, where most of the good people had just watered their little gardens, and brought out the sweetness of the mignonette. Mr. Cavendish was not sentimental, but still the hour was not without its influence; and when he looked at the lights that began to appear in the parlour windows, and breathed in the odours from the little gardens, it is not to be denied that he asked himself for a moment what was the good of going through all this bother and vexation, and whether love in a cottage, with a little garden full of mignonette and a tolerable amount of comfort within, was not, after all, a great deal more reasonable than it looked at first sight? This, however, it must be allowed, was no conclusion arrived at on sufficient premises, and with the calmness that befitted such an important argument, but the mere suggestion, by the way, of an impatient, undecided mind, that did always what at the moment it found most agreeable to do, and reflected afterwards, when the moment of repentance, not of reflection, had arrived. He had paused by instinct under a lamp not yet lighted, which was almost opposite Mr. Lake's house; and it was not his fault if he saw at the upper window a figure looking out, like Mariana, and sighing, "He cometh not." Naturally the figure was concerned to find out who he was, and *he* was anxious to find out who was the figure. And, on the whole, it was in a very innocent manner that this entirely natural curiosity was satisfied. First the window was opened a little—a very little, just enough to change the air—and Mr. Cavendish down below heard the voice of Barbara singing softly up above, which settled the matter as to her identity. As to *his*, Barbara had never, from the first moment she perceived him, had any doubt of that. Her heart leaped back, as she thought, to its right place when she first caught sight of that blessed apparition; and with her heart came the orange-flowers, and the wedding breakfast, and the veil of real Brussels, for which Barbara had so much wept. She tried to sing something that would convey hope and assur-

ance to her timid lover; but her mind was far from being a prompt one, as has been said. Thus it was all in the most natural way that it came about. When Mr. Cavendish felt quite sure who it was, he took off his hat, which was only civil, and made a step or two forward; and then Barbara took the extreme step of going down to the door. No doubt it was an extreme step. Nothing but a great public aim, like that of Miss Marjoribanks, could have justified such a measure; but then Barbara, if she had not a great public, had at least a decided personal purpose, and obeyed the impulse of that mingled inclination towards another and determination to have her own way, which in such a mind calls itself passion, and which sometimes, by sheer force of will, succeeds better than either genius or calculation. She went down to the door, all palpitating with renewed hope, and, at the same time, with the dread that he might escape her in the moment which was necessary for her passage down-stairs. But when she opened the door, and appeared with her cheeks glowing, and her eyes blazing, and her heart thumping in her breast, in the midst of that quiet twilight, the object of her hopes was still there. He had even advanced a little, with an instinctive sense of her approach; and thus they met, the street being comparatively quiet just then, and the mignonette perfuming the air. To be sure, the poetry of the situation was of a homely order, for it was under a lamp-post instead of a tree that the lover had placed himself; and it was not the dew, but the watering, that had brought out the odour of the mignonette; but then neither of the two were very poetical personages, and the accessories did perfectly well for them.

"Is it you, Mr. Cavendish? Goodness! I could not think who it was," cried Barbara, out of breath.

"Yes, it is I. I thought, if I had an opportunity, I would ask how you were—before I go away again," said the imprudent man. He did not want to commit himself, but at the same time he was disposed to take the benefit of his position as a hero on the eve of departure. "I heard you had been ill."

"Oh, no—not ill," said Barbara; and then she added, taking breath, "I am quite well now. Won't you come in?"

This was the perfectly simple and natural manner in which it occurred. There was nobody in, and Barbara did not see, any more than her lover did, why she should sacrifice any of her advantages. They were, on the whole, quite well matched, and stood in need of no special protection on either side. Though naturally Barbara, who felt by this time as if she could almost see the pattern of the real Brussels, had a much more serious object in view than Mr. Cavendish, who went in only because it was a pleasant thing to do at the moment, and offered him a little refuge from himself and his deliberations, and the decision which it was so necessary to come to. Thus it happened that when Mr. Lake and Rose came in from the evening walk they had been taking together, they found, to their great amazement, Barbara in the little parlour, singing to Mr. Cavendish, who had forgotten all about Grange Lane, and his dangers, and his hopes of better fortune, and was quite as much contented with the mellow contralto that delighted his ears, and the blazing scarlet bloom, and black level brows that pleased his eyes, as anybody could have desired. To be sure, he had not even yet given a thought to the wedding breakfast, which was all arranged already in the mind of the enchantress who thus held him in thrall; but perhaps that may be best accounted for by referring it to one of those indefinable peculiarities of difference that exist be-

tween the mind of woman and that of man.

When Mr. Lake and his daughter came in from their walk, and their talk about Willie, and about art, and about the "effects" and "bits" which Rose and her father mutually pointed out to each other, to find this unexpected conjunction in the parlour, their surprise, and indeed consternation, may be imagined. But it was only in the mind of Rose that the latter sentiment existed. As for Mr. Lake, he had long made up his mind how, as he said, "a man of superior position" ought to be received when he made his appearance in an artist's house. Perhaps, to tell the truth, he forgot for the moment that his visitor was young, and his daughter very handsome, and that it was to visit Barbara and not himself that Mr. Cavendish had come. The little drawing-master would not suffer himself to be seduced by thoughts which were apart from the subject from carrying out his principles. When Mr. Cavendish rose up confused, with a look of being caught and found out, Mr. Lake held out his hand to him with perfect suavity—"I have the pleasure of knowing you only by sight," said the innocent father, "but I am very glad to make your acquaintance in my own house;" and as this was said with the conscious dignity of a man who knows that his house is not just an ordinary house, but one that naturally the patrician portion of the community, if they only knew it, would be glad to seek admittance to, the consequence was that Mr. Cavendish felt only the more and more confused.

"I happened to be passing," he explained, faintly, "and having heard that Miss Lake, whom I have had the pleasure of meeting——"

"I assure you," said the drawing-master, "that I hail with satisfaction the appearance of a gentleman whose intelligence I have heard so much of. We artists are a little limited, to be sure; for life, you know, is short, and art is long, as the poet says; and our own occupation requires so much of our thoughts. But still we are sympathetic, Mr. Cavendish. We can understand other subjects of study, though we cannot share them. Yes, Barbara has been a little poorly—but she does not look as if there was much the matter with her to-night. Ask for the lamp, Rose," said Mr. Lake, with a little grandeur. There was no light in the room except the candles at the piano, which lighted that corner and left the rest of the apartment, small as it was, in comparative shade. There was something magnificent in the idea of adding the lamp to that illumination; but then it is true that, as Mr. Lake himself said, "every artist is a prodigal in his heart."

Rose had been standing all this time with her hat on, looking at Mr. Cavendish like a little Gorgon. What did he want here? How had he been admitted? She scorned to go and interrogate the maid, which involved a kind of infidelity to her sister, but all the same she looked hard at Mr. Cavendish with a severity which had on the whole a reassuring effect upon him. For, to tell the truth, the benign reception which he was receiving from Mr. Lake, instead of setting the visitor at his ease, made him nervous; for he was not in the least aware of the heroic soul which existed in the drawing-master's limited person. Mr. Cavendish thought nothing but that he was being "caught," according to his own vulgar theory. He thought Barbara's father was cringing to him, and playing the usual mean part of an interested parent who means to secure a good match for his daughter. But as for Rose, she evidently, either from jealousy or some other reason, was not in the plot. She stood apart and scowled, as well as she knew how, upon the intruder. "I suppose, papa," said Rose, "Mr. Cavendish

wished to hear Barbara sing, and she has been singing. She is always very good-natured in that way; but as we have none of us anything particular to do, I don't see what need we have for a lamp."

At this trenchant speech Mr. Cavendish rose. He was quite grateful to the little Preraphaelite for her incivility. It made him feel less as if he had committed himself, and more as if he were an intruder, which was the more agreeable suggestion of the two under the present circumstances. "You remind me that I should thank Miss Lake for letting me come in and hear once more her lovely voice," he said. "I am at present only a visitor in Carlingford, and indeed in England—I may have to leave again in a day or two—good-bye. If I am still here, I shall hope to meet you on Thursday." And then he pressed Barbara's hand, who, to tell the truth, was very reluctant to let him go away.

"If you must go——" she said, so low that her father could not hear her, though the vigilant suspicious little Rose caught the sound, and came a step nearer, like a little dragon, as Barbara was disposed to think she was.

"I *must* go," murmured Mr. Cavendish; "but I shall see you—we shall meet." He dared not say another word, so alarming were the looks of the small Medusa, whose countenance he could see behind Barbara regarding the parting. As for Mr. Lake, he too regarded it with a momentary curiosity. He did not quite understand how it was that his daughter and his visitor could know each other well enough to communicate in this undertone.

"I am sorry to see so little of you," said Mr. Lake. "I am afraid it is my little girl's *brusque* way of speaking that hastens your going. I assure you we were quite unoccupied, and would have been very happy—perhaps we may be more fortunate another time;" and with that the drawing-master gave a dignified dismissal to his surprising visitor. It was Rose herself who saw Mr. Cavendish to the door, which she opened for him with an utter disregard of his excuses and attempts to do that office for himself. She would not even shake hands, but made him the most majestic curtsy that was ever executed by a personage five feet high, under the influence of which Mr. Cavendish went away humbled, and, he could scarcely tell why, ashamed of himself. When Rose came back to the parlour, still with her hat on, she found that Barbara had gone to the window, and was looking out at the edge of the blind—which was all that was wanted to put a climax to her guardian's exasperation.

"Papa," said Rose, "I should like to know in your presence, or I should like you to ask Barbara herself, what is the meaning of all that has been going on to-night."

Mr. Lake turned right round at this appeal with an expression of utter amaze and bewilderment, which at another moment would have struck Rose with the profoundest delight as a study; and as for Barbara, without any more ado she burst into a flood of passionate tears.

"Oh, you nasty envious thing! oh, you jealous, disagreeable thing!" sobbed the elder sister; "to send him away and spoil everything with your airs! when he was as near—just as near"—but here Barbara's voice lost itself in her tears.

"My dear, what does this mean?" said Mr. Lake.

"It means, papa, that she has encouraged him to come, and invited him in, and been singing to him," cried Rose. "To think she should be one of us, and have no proper pride! If he was fond of her, he would tell her so, and ask your permission; but she is laying herself out to please *him*, and is content that they should all jeer at her in Lucilla's parties, and say

she is trying to catch him. I thought I could have died of shame when I saw him here to-night; and compromising you, as if that was why you were so civil. If it were for her good, do you think *I* would ever interfere?" cried Barbara's guardian angel. At this point Rose herself would have liked excessively to cry, if the truth must be told; but Barbara had already appropriated that facile mode of expression, and the little artist scorned to copy. As for Mr. Lake, he turned from one to the other of his daughters with unmitigated consternation and dismay.

"It was all your coming in," sobbed Barbara, "if you had only had the sense to see it. *That* was what he meant. If I was singing, it was just to pass the time; I know that was what he came for. And you to send him away with your airs!" cried the injured young woman. All this made up a scene entirely novel to the amazed father, who felt it his duty to put a stop to it, and yet could not tell what to say.

"Girls," he began with a trembling voice, "this is all perfectly new to me. I don't understand. If Mr. Cavendish, or—or any one, wishes to pay his addresses to my daughter, it is, of course, his business to apply to me in the first place. Barbara, don't cry. You know how I dislike to hear you cry," said the poor man, gradually losing his head. "Don't make a fuss, Rose; for heaven's sake, girls, can't you say at once what you mean, and don't worry me to death? Ah, if your poor mother had but been spared!" cried the unfortunate widower; and he had five daughters altogether, poor soul!—and it was so easy to drive him out of his senses. At this point Rose intervened, and did what she could to calm matters down. Barbara still sobbing, retired to her chamber; the boys came in from their cricket, and the little children had to be put to bed, and there was no one to attend to all these matters, in the absence of the eldest sister, except the little mistress of the school of design, so that naturally all further explanation was postponed for this night.

CHAPTER XXII.

It was thus that Mr. Cavendish, without particularly meaning it, impressed upon two interesting and amiable young women on the same day the conviction that he was about to propose, without in either case realising that expectation. After this last exploit he went home with his head more confused, and his will more undecided, than ever. For he had one of those perverse minds which cling to everything that is forbidden; and the idea that he ought not to have gone near Barbara Lake, that he ought not to see her again, nor address her in any special way, worried and annoyed him horribly. If such a thing had been permissible in England as that a man might marry one wife for his liking and another for his interests, the matter might have been compromised by proposing to them both; and there cannot be a doubt that Lucilla, in such a case, would very soon have triumphed over her handsome, sullen, passionate rival. But then such a way of conciliating a man with himself does not exist in the British Islands, and consequently was not to be thought of. And to be sure, every time he came to think of it, Mr. Cavendish saw more and more clearly what a fool he would be to marry Barbara, who was evidently so ready to marry him. The same thing could not with any confidence be predicated of Miss Marjoribanks, though, if she were to accept him, and her father were to consent, nothing could be better for his interests. All this he felt, and yet an unconquerable

reluctance kept him back. His history was not quite spotless, and there were chapters in it which he thought it would kill him to have brought before the public of Carlingford; but still he was far from being a bad fellow in his way. And down at the bottom of his heart, out of everybody's sight, and unacknowledged even by himself, there was one little private nook full of gratitude to Lucilla. Though he scarcely knew what was passing at the moment, he knew, when he came to think of it, that she had saved him from the effects of his first panic at the unexpected appearance of Mr. Beverley. Perhaps it was partly this consciousness that made him so embarrassed in her presence; and he could not find it in his heart, with this sense of gratitude, to deceive her, and say he loved her, and ask her to marry him. To be sure, if Mr. Cavendish had been a very acute observer, he might have felt that Lucilla was quite able to take care of herself in such an emergency, and was at the least a match for him, however seductive he might appear to others; but then, few people are acute observers in a matter so entirely personal to themselves. He felt furious with himself as he went home, and thought how foolish he had been ever to go near Barbara Lake in the present position of affairs; and yet he could not help feeling that it was more delightful to him to see the colour blaze into her cheeks, and the song rise like a bird from her full crimson lips, and that flush of excitement and triumph come from her eyes, than it could have been in any case to have been admitted to the same degree of intimacy with Lucilla, who was not in the least intoxicated by his presence. Thus the unfortunate man was torn asunder, not so much by love and duty, as by inclination and interest, though the inclination was not strong enough to have allowed of any great sacrifice, nor the interest sufficiently certain to have repaid the exertion. Tihs only made it the more difficult to decide; and in his circumstances, and with the panic that pursued him, he did not feel it possible to adopt the only wise policy that remained to him, and wait.

As Mr. Cavendish was thus making his way home, horribly vexed and annoyed with himself, and avoiding Grange Lane as if the plague was in it, Miss Marjoribanks sat in her drawing-room alone, and thought the matter over. Certainly she had not expected him that evening, but still, when she heard ten o'clock strike, and felt that his coming was now absolutely impossible, she was a little — not exactly disappointed, but annoyed at herself for having felt a sort of expectation. Lucilla was not a person to hide her sentiments, or even to conceal a fact which was disagreeable to her *amour propre*. She had too thorough and well-founded a confidence in the natural interest of the world in all belonging to her to do that; so when ten o'clock had done striking, she opened her blotting-book and took one of her pretty sheets of paper with Lucilla on it in delicate rose-tinted letters, the L very large, and the concluding letters very small, and dashed off her note to Mrs. Chiley. The Misses Blount's at Mount Pleasant had been one of the very first establishments to forsake the handwriting which was all corners, in favour of the bold running hand of the present female generation; and it was accordingly in a very free and strongly characterised manuscript, black with much ink, that Miss Marjoribanks wrote—

"Dearest Mrs. Chiley,—I never expected him to come, and he has not. I daresay he never meant it. I am so glad. It was Providence that sent you at that particular moment to-day.—Always in haste, with fond love, your most truly affectionate Lucilla."

And when she had sent Thomas with this note, Miss Marjoribanks

felt her mind relieved. Not that it had been much distressed before, but when she had put it in black and white, and concluded upon it, her satisfaction was more complete; and no such troublous thoughts as those which disturbed the hero of this day's transactions —no such wild tears as poured from the eyes of Barbara Lake—interfered with the maidenly composure of Lucilla's meditations. Notwithstanding all that people say to the contrary, there is a power in virtue which makes itself felt in such an emergency. Miss Marjoribanks could turn from Mr. Cavendish, who had thus failed to fulfil the demands of his position, to the serene idea of the Archdeacon, with that delightful consciousness of having nothing to reproach herself with, which is balm to a well-regulated mind. She had done her duty, whatever happened. She had not injudiciously discouraged nor encouraged the possible member for Carlingford; and at the same time she was perfectly free to turn her attention to the possible Bishop; and neither in one case nor the other could anybody say that she had gone a step too far, or committed herself in any way whatever. While these consoling reflections were passing through Lucilla's mind, Dr. Marjoribanks came up-stairs, as had grown to be his custom lately. Sometimes he took a cup of tea, though it was against his principles, and sometimes he only sat by while his daughter had hers, and amused himself with her chat before he went to bed. He was later than usual to-night, and naturally the tea-tray had disappeared some time before. As for Lucilla, she did not for a moment permit her own preoccupation to interfere with the discharge of her immediate duty, which was unquestionably to be amusing and agreeable, and a comfort to her dear papa.

"So you had Cavendish here to-day?" said the Doctor. "What brought him here? What has he been doing? Since you and he are on such good terms, I hope he gave you an account of where he has been."

"He has been nursing a sick friend on—the Continent," said Lucilla, with that largeness of geographical expression which is natural to the insular mind. "Who are Mr. Cavendish's friends, papa?" added Miss Marjoribanks, with confiding simplicity; and it was beautiful to see how the daughter looked up into her father's face, with that angelic confidence in his knowledge on all subjects which is so rarely to be met with in the present generation. But it was not a question to which the Doctor found it easy to respond.

"Who are his friends?" said Dr. Marjoribanks. "He's one of the Cavendishes, they say. We have all heard that. I never knew he had any friends; which is, after all, next best to having very good ones," said the philosophical old Scotchman; and there, as it appeared, he was quite content to let the matter drop.

"I like to know who people belong to, for my part," said Lucilla. "The Archdeacon, for example, one knows all about his friends. It's a great deal nicer, you know, papa. Not that it matters in the least about the Cavendishes——"

"Well, I should have thought not, after the way you made an end of him," said the Doctor. "I hope he doesn't mean to begin that nonsense over again, Lucilla. He is a good fellow enough, and I don't mind asking him to my house, but it is quite a different thing to give him my daughter. He spends too much money, and I can't see what real bottom he has. It may all flare up and come to nothing any day. Nobody can have any certainty with an expensive fellow like that," said Dr. Marjoribanks. "There is no telling where he draws his income from; it isn't from land, and it isn't from business; and if it's money in the Funds——"

"Dear papa," said Lucilla, "if he had the Bank of England, it would not make any difference to me. I am not going to swindle you, after you have had the drawing-room done up, and everything. I said ten years, and I mean to keep to it,—if nothing very particular happens." Miss Marjoribanks added prudently, "Most likely I shall begin to go off a little in ten years. And all I think of just now is to do my duty, and be a little comfort to you."

Dr. Marjoribanks indulged in a faint "humph," under his breath, as he lighted his candle; for, as has been already said, he was not a man to feel so keenly as some men might have felt the enthusiasm of filial devotion which beautified Lucilla's life. But at the same time he had that respect for his daughter's genius, which only experience could have impressed upon him; and he did not venture, or rather he did not think it necessary, to enter into any further explanations. Dr. Marjoribanks did not in the least degree share the nervousness of Mr. Cavendish, who was afraid of deceiving Lucilla. As for her father, he felt a consoling conviction that she was quite able to conduct her own affairs, and would do him no discredit in any matrimonial engagements she might form. And at the same time he was amused by the idea that he might be swindled in respect to the drawing-room, if she married at this early moment. He took it for wit, when it was the most solid and sensible reality; but then, fortunately, the points in which he misapprehended her redounded as much to Lucilla's credit, as those in which he seized her meaning clearest, so that on every side there was something gained.

And when Miss Marjoribanks too retired to her maidenly chamber, a sentiment of general content and satisfaction filled her mind. It is true that for the moment she had experienced a natural womanly vexation, to see a proposal nipped in the bud. It annoyed her not so much on personal as on general principles; for Lucilla was aware that nothing could be more pernicious to a man than when thus brought to the very point to be thrown back again, and never permitted to produce that delicate bloom of his affections. It was like preventing a rose from putting forth its flowers, a cruelty equally prejudicial to the plant and to the world. But when this pang of wounded philanthropy was over, Miss Marjoribanks felt in her heart that it was Providence that had sent Mrs. Chiley at that special moment. There was no telling what embarrassments, what complications she might not have got into, had Mr. Cavendish succeeded in unbosoming himself. No doubt Lucilla had a confidence that, whatever difficulties there might have been, she would have extricated herself from them with satisfaction and even *éclat*, but still it was better to avoid the necessity. Thus it was with a serene conviction that "whatever is, is best," that Miss Marjoribanks betook herself to her peaceful slumbers. There are so many people in the world who hold, or are tempted to hold, an entirely different opinion, that it is pleasant to linger over the spectacle of a mind so perfectly well regulated. Very different were the sentiments of Mr. Cavendish, who could not sleep for the ghosts that kept tugging at him on every side; and those of Barbara Lake, who felt that for her too the flower of her hero's love had been nipped in the bud. But, to be sure, it is only natural that goodness and self-control should have the best of it sometimes even in this uncertain world.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Archdeacon returned to Carlingford before Thursday, as he had anticipated; but in the interval Mr. Cavendish had not recovered his courage so far as to renew his visit to Miss Marjoribanks, or to face the man who had alarmed him so much. Everybody in Grange Lane remarked at the time how worried poor Mrs. Woodburn looked. Her eyes lost their brightness, which some people thought was the only beauty she had, and her nerves and her temper both failed her, no one could tell why. The personal sketches she made at this moment were truculent and bitter to an unheard-of degree. She took off Mr. Beverley with a savage force which electrified her audience, and put words into his mouth which everybody admitted were exactly like him, if he could ever be imagined to have fallen into the extraordinary circumstances in which the mimic placed him. In short, Mrs. Woodburn made a little drama out of the Archdeacon. She brought him into personal contact with an offensive stranger, and made the most elaborate study of his dignified indignation, his growing wrath, and the final sublime manifestation of physical force with which he overcame his enemy. "I hope I have not given up my manhood by becoming a priest," Mrs. Woodburn's hero said, in the Archdeacon's very voice. "A gentleman should surely know how to use his natural weapons as well as a coalheaver. It is one way of getting one's self in sympathy with one's fellow-creatures." To be sure, Mr. Beverley knew nothing about this, and showed some surprise now and then at the restrained laughter which he heard in the corners; but when anybody spoke of Mrs. Woodburn, he showed an instinctive want of confidence. "I have not studied her sufficiently to give an opinion of her," he said, which was certainly the very reverse of her deliverance upon him. To tell the truth, she had rather studied him too much, and gave too keen an edge to his characteristic qualities, as is natural to all literary portraiture, and even went so far that, in the end, people began to ask whether she had any personal spite against him.

"She don't know him," Mr. Woodburn said, when he heard some faint echo of this suggestion. "She's clever, and it carries her away, you know. She enters into it so, she don't know how far she is going; but I can answer for it she never saw the Archdeacon before; and Hal isn't here to give her the key-note, as she says. *He* has met everybody, I believe, one place or another," the simple man said, with a little natural pride; for in his heart he was vain of his fashionable brother-in-law. As for Mr. Cavendish himself, it began to be understood that he was with a friend who was sick, on the Continent; and soon—for news had a wonderful tendency to increase and grow bigger as it spread in Grange Lane—that his friend was dying, and that a probable large increase of fortune to the popular favourite would be the result, which was very well as an addition, and did credit to the imagination of Carlingford. He had disappeared completely once more after the eventful day which we have described, carrying out in the fullest way Lucilla's prediction, but striking Barbara Lake with bitter disappointment. Miss Marjoribanks had a great many things to occupy her, but Barbara had nothing except the humble duty of looking after her little brothers and sisters, and attending to her father's comfort, which had never been occupations particularly to her mind. And then Barbara was aware that, if she neglected her duties, Rose, on her return from the School

of Design, would do them, though with a fierce little outbreak of indignation, which the elder sister felt she could bear; and accordingly, Barbara did little else but brood over his sudden disappearance, and spent her time at the window looking for his return. Naturally Lucilla conducted herself in a much more rational and dignified manner. She made herself very agreeable to the Archdeacon, who unbended very much, and grew very nice, as Mrs. Chiley herself allowed. "But, my dear, I am uneasy about his opinions," the old lady said. He certainly had a very free way of talking, and was ready to discuss *anything*, and was not approved of by Mr. Bury. But still he had very good connections and a nice position, and had always a chance of being Bishop of Carlingford; and in marriage it is well known that one never can have everything one wants. So that, on the whole, even Mrs. Chiley did not see what difference his opinions made, so far as Lucilla was concerned. When Miss Marjoribanks went down to Colonel Chiley's in the evening and made tea for the old people, like a daughter of the house, Mr. Beverley was always disposed to go over to the enemy, as the old Colonel said. No doubt he had enough of Colonel Chiley, who had not received a new idea into his mind since the battle of Waterloo, and did not see what people had to do with such nonsense. And then the Archdeacon would very often walk home with the young visitor. In all this time, as was natural, Mr. Beverley heard Mr. Cavendish's name a hundred times, and regretted, like all the world, that so eminent a member of the Carlingford commonwealth should be absent during the time of his visit; but, at the same time, Lucilla took great care to avoid all personalities, and kept a discreet silence even about the gifts and accomplishments of her almost-lover. Mrs. Chiley sighed, poor soul, when she saw how her young friend avoided this subject, and thought sometimes that he was forgotten, sometimes that the poor dear was breaking her heart for him; but it is needless to say that neither of these suppositions was in the least true.

And then it began to be considered rather odd in Carlingford that the Archdeacon should pay such a long visit. Mrs. Chiley no doubt was very kind and hospitable, and exceedingly glad to receive such a distinguished clergyman; but when a man has been six weeks in any one's house, and shows no inclination of going, it is natural that people should feel a little surprised. His visitation was over, and he had dined with everybody, and studied the place and its characteristics, and entered into everything that was going on. The only thing, indeed, that he did not seem to think of, was going away. If it had been Mr. Cavendish, the chances are that he would have made himself so much one of the family, that his departure would have been felt as a domestic calamity; but the Archdeacon, as was to be expected, was very different from Mr. Cavendish. So long as he was in the house it was impossible to forget either his position or his ways of thinking, or the absence of any real connection between himself and his hosts. He did not combat or contradict anybody, but he would give a faint smile when the Colonel uttered his old-fashioned sentiments, which drove the old soldier frantic. "As if I was not able to form an opinion, by Jove!" Colonel Chiley said; while, on the other hand, the Archdeacon was quite ready to enter into the young people's absurd theories, and discuss the very Bible itself, as if that were a book to be discussed. As for the Rector, he turned his head away when he passed Colonel Chiley's door, and Miss Bury made visits of condolence and sympathy. "You must feel it a great responsibility having Mr. Beverley with you," the Rector's

sister would say, though naturally without any distinct explanation of her meaning; and then she would look at Mrs. Chiley and sigh.

"Oh, I am sure it is a great pleasure," Mrs. Chiley answered, not willing to let down the *prestige* of her guest. "He is very nice, and takes a great deal of interest in everything; and then, you know, he is a connection of ours. The Colonel's niece, Mary Chiley——"

"Yes, I know," said Miss Bury. "Poor thing! she looked suffering the last time I saw her. I hope she has found the true consolation to support her, now she has entered into the troubles of life."

"Well, yes, I hope so," said Mrs. Chiley, a little doubtfully; "but you know one does not feel the troubles of life very severely at her age; and I don't think I should have called a baby a trouble when I was like her. I never had any, you know, and I used to fret over it a great deal; but the Colonel never liked the noise of children, and I suppose it is all for the best."

"One may always be sure of that," said Miss Bury, in her instructive way. "I suppose the Archdeacon is going soon," she added; "he has been here a long time now. I almost wonder he likes to be so long absent from his parish. Two months, is it not?"

"Oh no—not quite six weeks," said Mrs. Chiley, briskly. "I hope he may be persuaded to stay some time longer. I look upon it as quite a compliment to Carlingford; for, to be sure, he would not stay if he had not some attraction," said the imprudent old woman. And this was precisely what Miss Bury wanted, as any one of acute perceptions might have seen from the first.

"It must be a great responsibility for you," said the Rector's sister, with a sigh, pressing Mrs. Chiley's hand. "If it should turn out badly, you know ——. Of course, my brother and I don't agree with Mr. Beverley on all points —though I am sure I hope he is quite conscientious; but I do feel for you with such a responsibility," said Miss Bury, with a look that made the old lady nervous in spite of herself. Thus, notwithstanding all her sense of the duties of hospitality, and her anxiety about Lucilla's interests, she could not but feel that it would be rather a relief to get so formidable a guest fairly out of the house. It is uncomfortable, it must be allowed, to entertain in your house anybody, particularly a clergyman of whom your Rector does not approve; and there could be no doubt that the Archdeacon was not like the clergymen that Mrs. Chiley had been accustomed to. "And he could come back another time," she said to herself, by way of conciliating her own weariness with her visitor's advantage and the interests of Lucilla. But notwithstanding these reflections on Mrs. Chiley's part, and notwithstanding the Colonel's less amiable growl, uttered every morning — "Does that parson of yours never mean to go away?"—the Archdeacon showed no intention of budging. It was poor Mrs. Chiley who had all the brunt to bear, to exhaust herself in civilities and to be upbraided with "that parson of yours"—whereas he was not in the least her parson, nor even the kind of man she approved of as a clergyman. All this, however, the brave old woman bore with fortitude for Lucilla's sake; certainly it must be Lucilla who kept him in Carlingford—if it were not something else.

Things were in this condition, Mr. Cavendish having again disappeared into utter darkness, and Carlingford beginning to enter warmly into the question whether or not Mr. Beverley was paying attention to Lucilla, when it happened to Miss Marjoribanks one morning to meet the Archdeacon in a little lane running between Grove street and Grange Lane. Opening from this lane was a little door in the wall, which admitted to a little garden very bright

with flowers of the simplest old-fashioned kinds, with a little house planted at its extremity, which had pretensions to be an old-fashioned and quasi-rural cottage, on the score of being very rickety, uncomfortable, and badly arranged. But it must be a very impracticable erection indeed which does not look tolerable under the bright sunshine on a summer noon, at the end of a pretty garden where children are playing and birds singing, and a woman or two about. Lucilla was standing at the door of this little closed-up hermitage, almost filling up the opening with her crisp summer draperies, and affording only a very partial and tempting glimpse of its flowers and shrubs and white-washed walls inside; and when Mr. Beverley came up to Miss Marjoribanks he felt his curiosity excited. "Is it Armida's garden, or the Elysian fields?" said the Archdeacon; and he made a dead stop before the door, not knowing any more than any other blind mortal what he was going to find inside.

"I don't know anything about Armida," said Miss Marjoribanks; "unfortunately they were all Cambridge in their ways of thinking at Mount Pleasant, and our classics got dreadfully neglected. But you may come in if you like—at least I think you may come in, if you will promise not to frighten the children. I am sure they never saw an Archdeacon in their lives."

"Are there children?" said Mr. Beverley, with a doubtful air; for, to tell the truth, he had come to the age at which men think it best to avoid children, unless, indeed, they happen to have a personal interest in them; and he stretched his neck a little to see in over Miss Marjoribanks's head.

"There are a whole lot of children and a pretty governess," said Lucilla. "It is a school, and I am so much interested in it. I may call it my school, for that matter. I came to know her in the funniest way; but I will tell you that another time. And it was just my luck, as usual. She is so nice, and quite a lady. If you will not say you are an Archdeacon, to frighten the children, I will let you come in."

"You shall call me whatever you like," said Mr. Beverley; "when I am with the lady-patroness, what does it matter what I call myself? Let me see how you manage your educational department. I have already bowed before your genius in the other branches of government; but this ought to be more in my own way."

"I don't think you care for visiting schools," said Lucilla. "I know you think it is a bore; but she is so nice, and so nice-looking; I am sure you will be pleased with her. I am quite sure she is a lady, and has seen better days."

"Oh, those dreadful women that have seen better days," said the Archdeacon; "I think Mrs. Chiley has a regiment of them. It is hard to know how to get one's self into sympathy with those faded existences. They fill me with an infinite pity; but then what can one do? If one tries to recall them to the past, it sounds like mockery—and if one speaks of the present, it wounds their feelings. It is a great social difficulty," said Mr. Beverley; and he fixed his eyes on the ground and entered meditatively, without looking where he was going, in his Broad-Church way.

"Dear Mrs. Chiley is so kind," said Lucilla, who was a little puzzled for the moment, and did not know what to say.

"Mrs. Chiley is a good, pure, gentle woman," said the Archdeacon, in a tone which settled the question, and from which there was no appeal; and no doubt it was a perfectly true, though not a very distinct characterisation. Thus they went in together into the bright little garden, thinking of nothing particular, and loitering as people do who do not know what is coming. There was something

that morning in Mr. Beverley's tone and manner which struck Lucilla as something more than usual. She was not a young woman to attach undue importance to looks and tones; but the Archdeacon's manner was so softened and mellowed, and his eyes had so much expression in them, and he looked at Lucilla with such marked regard, that it was impossible for her not to recognise that a crisis might be approaching. To be sure, it was not by any means so near as that crisis *manqué* which had so lately passed over her head in respect to Mr. Cavendish. But still Miss Marjoribanks could not but remark the signs of a slowly approaching and most likely more important climax; and as she remarked it, Lucilla naturally by anticipation prepared herself for the coming event that thus threw a shadow upon her. She did not make up her mind to accept Mr. Beverley any more than she had made up her mind to accept Mr. Cavendish; but she thought it only her duty to him and to herself, and to society in general, to take his claims into full consideration. And no doubt, if these claims had seemed to her sufficiently strong to merit such a reward, Miss Marjoribanks had it in her to marry the Archdeacon, and make him an admirable wife, though she was not at the present moment, so far as she was aware, absolutely what foolish people call in love with him. At the same time, as was only natural, she made herself all the more agreeable to Mr. Beverley from her sense of the dawn of tenderness with which he regarded her. And in this way they went up the broad central path which traversed the little garden, neither looking to the left nor the right, but presenting all that appearance of being occupied with each other, which, especially to a female observer, is so easy of interpretation. For, to be sure, the Archdeacon had not the remotest idea into whose house he was going, nor who it was whom he was about to see.

But as it happened, Lucilla's *protégée*, who had seen better days, had just then finished one of her lessons, and sent her little pupils out into the garden. She was preparing for the next little class, when, raising her eyes accidentally, she saw Miss Marjoribanks coming through the garden with the Archdeacon by her side. She was the same person whom Mr. Bury had brought to Lucilla with the idea of recommending her to Dr. Marjoribanks as a companion and chaperone for his daughter; but since then Mrs. Mortimer's appearance had considerably changed. She had grown younger by ten years during the period of comparative comfort and tranquillity which Lucilla's active help and championship had procured for her. Her house, and her garden, and her little scholars, and the bloom on her cheeks, and the filling-up of her worn frame, were all Miss Marjoribanks's doing. In the intervals of her legislative cares Lucilla had run about all over Carlingford searching for pupils, and at the same moment had cut and stitched and arranged, and papered walls, and planted flower-beds, for the feeble creature thus thrown upon her. This was a side of Lucilla's character which certainly she did nothing to hide from the public, but which, at the same time, she never made any fuss about; and it was an endless pleasure to her to find a *protégée* so perfectly content to be "done for," and do as she was told to do. It was thus that the poor faded widow, who was sensitive and had feelings, and forgot herself so far as to faint, or nearly to faint, just at the most unlucky moment possible, when the Rector's character and dignity demanded superior self-control on her part, had found her youth again and her good looks under Lucilla's shadow. When she looked up and saw the two approaching, Mrs. Mortimer's first

impulse was to smile at the conjunction; but the next moment she had dropped the books out of her hands, and was standing gazing out like a woman in a dream, with the colour all gone out of her cheeks, and even out of her lips, in the surprise of the moment. It was only surprise and a kind of dismay; it was not terror, like that which Mr. Cavendish had exhibited at the same apparition. She dropped into her chair without knowing it, and probably would have fainted this time also, if something more urgent than mere "feelings" had not roused her up. As it was, it happened very happily for her that she had thus a little preparation. When she saw that her patroness was leading Mr. Beverley up to the door, and that in a minute more he would inevitably be brought to her very side, Mrs. Mortimer roused up all her strength. She gathered up her books in her hand without knowing very well what she was doing, and, taking virtue from necessity, went desperately out to meet them. It was Miss Marjoribanks who first saw her, white and tottering, leaning against the trellis of the little porch, and Lucilla could not but give a little cry of alarm and wonder. What kind of man could this be, who thus struck down another victim without even so much as a glance? It was just then that the Archdeacon raised his eyes, and saw standing before him, among the faded roses, the woman whom he had been approaching so indifferently—the faded existence that had seen better days. He saw her, and he stood stock-still, as if it was she who was the basilisk, and the look of pleased interest went out of his face in a moment. In that moment he had become as unconscious of the presence of Lucilla as if he had never in his life softened his voice to her ear, or talked nonsense to please her. His eyes did not seem big enough to take in the figure which stood shrinking and looking at him in the porch. Then he made one long step forward, and took hold of her sleeve—not her hand—as if to convince himself that it was something real he saw. He showed no joy, nor satisfaction, nor anything but sheer amaze and wonder, at this unexpected appearance, for he had not had time to prepare himself as she had. "Am I dreaming, or is it you?" he said, in a voice that sounded as different from the voice with which he had been speaking to Lucilla, as if years had elapsed between the two. And it would be vain to describe the amazement and singular sense that the earth had suddenly given way under her feet, with which Miss Marjoribanks stood by and looked on.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD UPON MEN AND WOMEN, AND OTHER THINGS IN GENERAL.

PART XVI.

ON ELECTIONEERING.

I HAVE often "ambitioned the acquaintance," to employ a French formulary for what I do not desire to affirm with great positiveness, of those people who, from conscientious motives, remit five or fifty pounds to the Chancellor of the Exchequer as a relief to the cravings of an irritable integrity. I do not mean to say that I have any strong desire to become their intimate or their associate. I feel myself too immeasurably their inferior for such a wish to be possible; but in my pursuit of strange humanities I would really be glad to see these people—to mark their lineaments, hear their words, and ponder over their general characteristics.

In the same way, but in a diminished degree, I should like to meet the man who writes these letters that we daily read to the constituency of this county or that borough, duly setting forth what the candidate's principles are, whether implied in the formula—we are very well as we are—we might be better—or we can't be worse.

That it is one individual man writes these marvellous compositions, is a fact so clear and palpable it requires no demonstration. There is a charming simplicity in the style, with that small dash of complication which is the necessary ingredient of a certain evasiveness. Let the candidate be ever so wary and ever so wise, his *pronunciamento* must still be, in a great measure, a leap in the dark. There are things will be inquired of him which he cannot possibly answer, and pledges exacted which, if he be only true to his word, will reduce him to an amount of insignificancy positively pitable. To meet these great difficulties, his address must be written by one long conversant with human frailty as displayed in the electoral system of this great country. He must, in fact, apply to that great genius who knows how to promise without making performance necessary—who can so jostle one set of ideas against another, so balance something here by something there, so adjust this by redressing that—that the British constitution may be made to resemble one of those phrenological heads, in which every quality is arrested in its action by some antagonistic development, and all that is good or bad in the individual finds its complement in something which makes it a matter of perfect indifference that it was there at all.

To be able to satisfy a modern constituency, a man very soon learns is a downright impossibility. The cry of Give, give, can scarcely be answered by one who, to be able to give, must sit beside men who have responsibilities as well as salaries. The candidate therefore is driven either to accept pledges which make his position in the House totally valueless, or he must practise some game of tricky evasiveness that may enable him to talk one way and vote another.

Now, in the old days of bribery and corruption—I do not mean the pre-Sarumite days, but in that more recent period preceding our last enactments against the buying of votes — men usually went down to the country amply stocked with five-pound notes. Canvass and corruption became convertible terms, and the voter regarded the fran-

chise as a privilege that could at will be demanded in gold. The candidate probably approached the electors with a feeling that a considerable number of them had no other interest in the contest than their own benefit. Some, of course, took a more elevated view, and preferred being bribed by the men with whose political leanings they concurred, and liked to have their pockets filled, and what they called their "principles" represented. Treating was freely practised, and the acute faculties of the electoral mind were perfectionated by a course of festivities which assuredly as little contributed to the dignity of the individual as to his powers of correct appreciation.

The constituency that cared for five-pound notes were for the most part easily dealt with. A sort of Parliamentary transparency was exhibited as to measures. Things were promised, assurances given, pledges made as to this or that other; but the great fact remained *palpable*, that the man to conciliate the voters should be he who could most certainly provide them with material guarantees of his goodwill.

To secure freedom of election was naturally a great object with the Legislature—to offer as many obstacles as possible to all corruption was a very legitimate ambition,—and so they determined that there should be no bribery, no coercion, no treating, no unfair interference.

The candidate, in consequence, approached his constituency no longer with his purse. The law said, You shall not bribe; you shall only promise—cajole—prevaricate. You shall qualify a concession to this by some restriction on that —you shall declare yourself in favour of fifty things, in the secret confidence that nothing of them can ever be made practicable, and give assurances of your hopes in that which in your heart you would regard as a dire calamity. You shall profess—what shall you not profess of Christian virtues? — benevolence, integrity, and self-devotion, albeit your life may offer some unhappy contrast to your declarations, and the well-known opinions of your friends but little corroborate the high ground of your assumption. In one word, you shall transfer the course of your corruption from your purse to your person. Instead of going to your banker for the means of corruption, it shall be to your heart you shall apply. You shall fit yourself for the Legislature by a course of profligate profession which would disgrace a strolling actor in soliciting patronage for his benefit. You shall be, in the most humiliating sense of the expression, "all things to all men," and so accommodate your principles and shape your opinions, that you shall come out of this search after popular favour a creature without convictions—a man without one atom of manliness.

A word now for the voter. Not alone is the absurdity great in sending men to a deliberative assembly pledged to disregard all they shall hear there—bound, no matter how strong the evidence or how forcible the argument, to close their ears against all persuasion, and vote in open defiance of whatever may influence their convictions; but there is the added absurdity that presupposes the Radical attorney of the village, the Mazzinian baker, or the Ledru-Rollinite grocer to be a more adequate judge of political fitness than the trained and educated politician who has made law-making a study.

What should we say if, on the sailing of a great naval expedition, the boatswain, the carpenter, or the cook should step forward and demand explanations for what the fleet was intended; ask details of all that was to be done, and the means to do it; and impose certain pledges from the commanding officers that, under no circumstances, any interference was ever to

occur with the daily privileges of the crew, their rations, or their tobacco?

We endure more outrageous absurdity than this. We permit ourselves to be lectured by ignorance and dragooned by self-conceit — to have the high duties of legislation taught by men whose aptitude for politics is generally acquired by a failure in some honest calling. These are the people who impose the tests and exact the pledges; these are the men, very rarely endowed with even the franchise, who step forward to catechise and cross-question and confound.

How if this system were to be carried out and applied to our juries, and men were to be asked, before they entered the box, or listened to the cause, whether they would not pledge themselves to the plaintiff or the defendant? whether they would not give some assurance that they would hold themselves aloof from all pressure of persuasion, deaf to argument, obdurate to conviction, and indifferent to the evidence?

Is it likely such a procedure would serve the interests or advance the ends of justice? And are not the functions of a Parliament very many times those of a jury?

The fact is, we have imported into our public life the system of Civil Service Examinations. Our candidates have to "go up" like our consuls and our tidewaiters, and, like *them*, the capable men are frequently plucked, while the well-drilled and well-ground postulants, "coached" by a practised hand, make a rather brilliant figure by the easy fluency with which they respond to what is asked of them.

If the world admire this—if they think it a good thing for the nation, and an element of strength or greatness to our people—they have the happiness of knowing that the coming autumn will give them an ample harvest of such benefits.

There are candidates and constituencies only impatient to show what a great thing is the election, and what a very small and ignoble one the elected.

GLIMPSES OF BLISS.

I remember, when a boy, to have seen a man who passed his days wandering from one book-stall to another, stopping a while to read at each, and in this way gratifying that taste for letters his humble fortune had denied him the power of more legitimately enjoying.

He must have had some small pittance to live on, for he never seemed to do anything for his support. His dress and belongings bespoke him as very poor, and there was a degree of humility in his manner that still more indicated narrow fortune. Thus, for instance, he never would presume to occupy the place of a possible purchaser, but would move respectfully away when such approached. In the same way was he cautious not to touch any volume in request, contenting himself for the most part with some old vellum-bound chronicle, some musty-looking record; and even these would he hastily surrender if a chance glance was turned towards them; — all such attentions declaring as plain as words themselves, "I am a mere interloper. I am here by no right. It is this good man's courtesy to let me run my eye over these pages." Though he never was known to buy, the stall-keepers bore him no ill-will; he was far too meek, too modest for that; and some actually liked to see him standing there, offering, as it were, his homage to those stores of wisdom they possessed, and thus testifying to the busy world that swept past, what a rich

mine of knowledge lay there beside them, had they but the skill and the energy to work it.

At times too, rare indeed, he would venture on a word of remark—a sentence, perhaps, of praise of the volume he had just laid down, sufficient to attract the attention of a buyer; and these little criticisms having been known to do good service, the dealers bore grateful memory of them.

He was an object of much interest to me. I used to watch him as he read, and hasten to take up the book he had quitted, curious to see whether one class of reading had its principal attraction for him, and what that class might be. No clue could I find to his nature through his studies. Now he would pore for hours over a volume of Marco Polo—now over a play of Ben Jonson's. I have seen him, on the same day, reading Dugald Stewart, 'Paul and Virginia,' 'Hopner's Equations,' and 'Bossuet's Sermons'—nothing in his manner showing which interested him the most. The branch of the "Trade" who deal under atmospheric pressure is probably not remarkable for learning; and it was not unfrequent, when a book was offered there for purchase, to see a reference made to this stranger, who in a moment pronounced on the edition, and whether it had or had not been superseded by another—what its merits, what its defects. Very cunning was he in Elzevirs and Aldines, and had a rare taste in the margins and capital letters of the old Italian printers.

Over and over used I to speculate as to how he came by this knowledge, and wonderingly ask myself if it were a source of happiness to him. Again, I questioned, would all this greedy pursuit of learning I saw in him survive if he were suddenly to become rich and affluent, the owner of a well-stocked library, abounding in every appliance of ease and comfort? Would he hang as enraptured over that volume in the deep recess of a cushioned chair, as I have seen him when the rain beat against his face and the rude wind almost swept him and his treasure away? Would all the leisurely indulgence of literature equal in ecstasy those moments snatched hurriedly in this dark alley, or down that narrow lane? Perhaps not. The battle is not to the strong, nor the race to the swift, any more in worldly happiness than in other things. The heart to enjoy is the great requisite; the objects to be enjoyed come only second; and there is a something in those pleasures won by a sacrifice which have a sweetness all their own,—just as the guinea of a man's own earning has its especial value. Doubtless, then, this poor Eugene Aram had many a bright moment even as he stood cold and shivering there, nor knew the pang of sorrow till he came to part with what had charmed and entranced him.

No doubt, too, he often wandered away in thought to day-dreams of what delight it would be to be the owner of these treasures—to taste of them at will, having their society at all times to cheer, enliven, comfort, and console him. Nor is it impossible that his fancy gave to such a picture a colouring no reality could vie with, for there are few of us who cannot so cheat our own natures, and make the possible far more glowing than the actual.

What reminded me of this poor fellow was seeing what I may call his counterpart in society — one who, like him, was too poor to buy, yet longed to possess, and was thus forced to steal passing fitful glances of what he dare not linger over.

"Poor George! we are all very fond of him; but of course the girls never think of him." "He's too poor to marry," says mamma, who, like the benevolent stall-keeper, gives him leave to beguile his hour or so with what he must never possess. And how like is the Eugene Aram of Love to the Eugene

Aram of Letters! The same deep devotion, the same fidelity, the same indifference to all other pursuits, the same humility in each. Even to that terrible test, the power of surrendering to another what they are not rich enough to secure for themselves, are they identical.

What scores of these do we find in the world, and how touching are they in their deep humility! Turning over the pages, as it were, looking wistfully into the volume, reading a line here, catching a passage there, and going away with some stray bit locked up in their hearts to ponder over, to dream over, to shed tears over—who knows? Look at the poor fellow when some transient word of kindness has fallen upon him, and say, have you ever seen a human thing so full of happiness? Watch him as he falls back, dropping the book a real purchaser would bid for—watch him as he steals away to hide his shame and his sorrow in another room, and tell me, have you ever seen more misery than his?

"It is only George!" as mamma says in a sort of explanatory way to the party who comes to buy, and must needs ask, "Who is that fellow with the light whiskers?" "It is only George So-and-so." "Only!" Oh, the ineffable misery of that "only"—the cruelty that declares him to be of that category which are not even catalogued—creatures that nobody wants, nobody asks for.

Mammas are occasionally more severe than the stall folk; they will not even let him have the passing enjoyment of the few moments he would snatch from sorrow. They have no compassion for his indolence, nor any pity for his self-indulgence. What business has he with these fair pages, so white, so smooth, so hot-pressed! They are scarcely conciliated by all his humility, deep though it be. "He oughtn't to be there at all. It is not delicate of him; he knows perfectly well that he hasn't sixpence; he ought to feel"—I don't know what; but he ought certainly to see that seeing and hearing, when the sight is beauty and the sound is of sweet voices, are luxuries little suited to him who has nothing, and he should go his way, close his eyes, and walk in darkness.

Think of him, when he comes back some morning, to hear that the book was sold. He was already in the third volume—deep, deep in the story. He had dreamed of it all night; and now another has carried it off, and he shall never hear more of it. Ay, these things come of reading at the stalls—looking over what one can't buy, and ought not even to glance at.

I wonder if he who carries off the prize ever bestows a thought on the poor creature whose reading he has so ruthlessly cut short. Is he sorry for him? Perhaps not—perhaps he never heard of him. Perhaps he merely saw him as he stood at the stall, and noticed him as he stole meekly, modestly away.

Now and then, I take it, some of these poor scholars rise to greatness, and become men of mark and note; the small spark of genius glowing out till it becomes like a sun, to cover the earth with its light, so that they who read by it see what their unaided sight had never shown them. I wonder—oh, how I wonder!—if then, in the day of triumph and success, they ever enjoyed, with all the appliances of luxury, what they once felt as they stood at the stall, unable to buy, unable to relinquish.

ANONYMOUS AUTHORSHIP.

When a certain distinguished contemporary of ours experimented on the world of his friends and admirers by the announcement of his

death, and thereby provoked a very candid examination into his claims to greatness, he was not, it is said, as much flattered by the experiment as he had hoped to be. Some gifts were altogether denied him, others were conceded with certain little accompanying detractions. Ingenious explanations were given to show why he had not done scores of things he had never dreamed of; and finally, curious speculations were thrown out as to how far certain æsthetical deficiencies in his nature may not have impaired the exercise of his purely intellectual faculties. In fact, the critics presumed to be able, by a *post mortem*, to pronounce upon the man's defects pretty much as the surgeon might on his physical derangements; and as the doctors, on discovering a lesion here, an adhesion there, an ossification of this, or a hypertrophy of that, could unerringly declare why life was shortened, so would these skilful anatomists be able to say how it was that he failed in this or broke down in that—what were those qualities that were wanting to have made him as eminent as certain other gifts indicated he might have been.

In a word, the restraint of all concealment would appear to do for these wonderful critics just as much as the "autopsy" does for the doctor. All is laid open to them. There lies "the subject," and we can trace every fibre of him now. All the little devices by which he deceived, all the subtleties by which he cajoled us, avail him no longer. We see him as he was in life; and as the surgeon is often obliged to own his astonishment by what a frail thread vitality hung so long, so will the biographer be forced to confess that there was wonderfully little strength in all that vigour that once impressed us—only a more pretence of passion in the pathos that once had all but convulsed us. I am ready to own that I am sorry for this. Mistaking our geese for swans may be an ornithological error, but is not bad philosophy. I am certain that we are disposed to over-cultivate the difficulty of being pleased, and that, on the whole, we would infinitely rather be content than discontented.

At all events, I am determined I will never put my friends to the severe test of animadverting on my character during my life, by any announcement of my death. "*Les absents ont toujours tort*," says a wise adage of that language which is so seldom mistaken in worldly matters; and as Curran tells us, "Death and absence differ but in name."

Indeed, I know I couldn't do it if I would. I could no more submit to the knife of any critic than I could endure the scalpel of the dissector without crying out, "Stop —I am alive!" I admit this is a great weakness on my part, in some measure the result of temperament, and partly, too, the consequence of a certain self-indulgent mode of dealing with any difficulty by going out to meet it in preference to averting or waiting to see if it would not pass by. My combativeness enables me to bear the open stand-up fight; what I really fear is, what may take place when I am not forthcoming to defend myself.

For this reason I have never been able to understand how people have courage to go in mask to a ball, and endure all the impertinences to which the disguise exposes them. Surely there is no throwing off one's identity by the mere assumption of a domino; and what terrible stabs to one's self-esteem may be given under the cope of a monk or the cowl of a Capuchin! The next thing to this is to publish anonymously—to give to the world a poem or a novel, and lie perdu while your friends read, ridicule, or revile it—to sit calmly, smilingly by, when some one reads you aloud to a laughing audience, overwhelmed with your absurdity —to be warned against your own book—to be confidentially told, "It's

the very worst thing of the season"—to hear little fragments of yourself bandied about as domestic drolleries, and to listen to curious speculations as to how or why the publisher had ever adventured on such a production, and grave questions put if there be really a public for such trash.

It is an awful thing to assist at even this much of one's own autopsy, and to hear all the impertinent things that the very stupidest of your acquaintances can say of you. But there is still worse than this; there is a depth lower than abuse; there is a pang infinitely more painful than all that sarcasm or malevolence can inflict; and this is, the being obliged to listen, patiently, while some addle-headed imbecile relates the argument or the story of your book; mistaking the characters, misplacing the events, totally inverting your moral, and exhibiting you, in the very moment of his commendation, as a creature so cruelly akin to himself that you might be his brother—to be consolingly assured that though the tenor of the book be slow, and the author unquestionably a dull man, there are now and then little gleams of intelligence in him, and little signs of would-be smartness. Then come the guesses, whether you may not be Mr. Spurgeon, Martin Somebody, or perhaps a female writer.

It is twenty-one years, compassionate reader, since I underwent all this, and the suffering is as fresh as if it was yesterday. I remember the very table where they cut me up—I can recall the chair on which I sat to be lacerated—I can bring to mind the drivelling idiot that had got bits of my unhappy production, as he thought, by heart, and declaimed them, with interpolated balderdash of his own, till my reason actually wandered under the infliction.

I declare it, and declare it advisedly, that though few men are ever killed by severe criticism, numbers drop into an early grave, or, worse again, into drivelling incapacity, from the effects of a mistaken admiration. The people who go about advertising your deformities, praising the hump on your back, your squint, your hare-lip, these are your real destroyers.

The last of my anonymous miseries was the seeing my volume—the work over which I had toiled and laboured, pondered over by day, dreamed of at night, revolved in such shapes that it became part of my very nature, and its characters dearer to me than kith or kin—seeing this held aloft by a book auctioneer as he said, "What shall we say for this, gentlemen? I have not read it, but I am told that it once had a considerable vogue; it is handsomely bound in calf, with gilt edges. Will any gentleman say two shillings—half the cost of the binding?—Thank you, sir! At sixpence it is going—gone!"

Oh, Fame! what a terrible *ignis fatuus* you are; and, dear me! what cruel "croppers" some of us do meet in pursuit of you!

WHAT'S WHAT IN '65.

I read in the advertisements—I have never seen it—of a little volume, with the title, 'Who's Who,' purporting to be a sort of *vade mecum* to all that large class of people who like to hear about other people with whom they do not live.

The taste for this sort of knowledge must unquestionably be on the increase, since a large space in many of our leading newspapers is devoted to a species of gossip in which personality is the point; and here we have a periodical—for this little volume appears annually—especially instituted to supply this want.

The taste is, besides, a very

national one. There is something in the humoristic temperament of our people that leads them to attach great interest to whatever is identified with those who are known to them by fame and reputation; and thus we see what value is attached to the most commonplace words employed by a sovereign—how we go about repeating to each other some very ordinary expressions of a prince or a princess—and to what ecstasies we are carried by the jokes of a Minister, whose wit, it is fair to hope, is not on a par with his wisdom.

I am very willing to recognise something besides "snobbery" in this ready appreciation of notorieties; and I do hope that, in part at least, it has its source in the racy geniality of our people.

Hence is it that, while we have bulky volumes of Peerages, Baronetages, Landed Gentry, and so forth, the whole continent of Europe rests satisfied with a little insignificant tome called the 'Almanach de Gotha.' How suggestive is this! to what a world of speculation might it lead one! Nor is it without its significance that a greater prestige should attach itself to nobility in a land where the nobles are comparatively *novi homines*, than to those countries whose great names come down from the most remote ages. Possibly we are proud of our peerage as the City man was of his port-wine—because he had made it himself.

'Who's Who,' however, deals with other than the titled classes. From its pages we learn who are all those distinguished people who veil their celebrity behind pseudonymes, or, more secretly still, preserve the anonymous; and thus are we instructed who is Paterfamilias of the 'Times,' who is Historicus, who wrote the 'Roving Englishman,' who edits the 'Owl.'

It may be that, in the obscure and out-of-the-world life I lead, I place a great value on these things: like the prisoner who made a companion of a spider, it is just possible that my solitude may lead me to attach undue importance to such crumbs of information as every Dives of knowledge lets drop from his table. I own, however, in all humility, I do like them, and, if I could, I should like to have photographs of great celebrities, such as Mr. Toole the Toast-master, Mr. Spurgeon, and that accomplished gentleman—I forget his name—who takes excursionists over Europe, and enables them to do Italy—maccaroni and the galleries included—for fifteen pound five shillings.

How gratifying to be able to look upon the counterpart of those great men, whose name has become a national possession!

Turning, however, from this gratifying prospect, let me suggest another volume, which might be made a companion to this valuable little book, and whose title might be 'What's What.' Colloquially indeed it is in our power, though possibly not always our convenience, to call a spade a spade. The pleasant privilege of plain speech has occasionally its difficulties, and even with the very best intentions the exact signification of a word may lead us into the realms of a legal disputation. We all of us who read the newspapers know that there is nothing more difficult than to say, What is a marriage? You may, it has been shown, be married in Scotland, unmarried in England, and a little of both, or rather, as a foreigner expressed it, rather more Yes than No, in Ireland.

There was only one man in all England, and he is now dead—Sir Cresswell Cresswell — who thoroughly understood what constituted cruelty, in the conjugal sense of that crime; that is to say, who could lay down how long it was legally safe to keep one's wife out in the cold of a winter's night at the end of the garden, or with what degree of temperature of hot water it was statutable to scald her. The thickness of the stick with

which correction might be administered has long been popularly understood, and more currently ventilated, perhaps, through the ingenious device of the gifted individual who poulticed his thumb in order to afford himself the measure of a more efficient weapon of castigation.

Now, if we know little about cruelty, we know less about madness. Is there, I ask, in all England, any one who can say why this man has got his pardon on the ground of insanity, and that other has been hanged for a precisely similar crime, committed, so far as ordinary intelligence can perceive, under like instigations? Where, or in what, I would ask, lies the trait, the circumstance, or the feature which made this creature irresponsible, and that other a criminal and a murderer?

Who has ever been able to define, at least in such a way as may exclude cavil, the meaning of the word conspiracy? Of course, I exclude from any implied censure my brilliant countryman, Mr. Burke Bethel, who said—"This word 'conspiracy,' gentlemen of the jury, is derived from two Latin words which signify, *con*, to breathe, and *spiro*, together." But since this lucid explanation, who, I ask, has succeeded in showing us what is a conspiracy? Let me mention an incident which will show the importance of the inquiry.

About thirty years ago, when those atrocious crimes were committed which made the name of Burke a generic title for such murders, an old woman entered the shop of a surgeon-apothecary in an Irish county town, and offered to sell him a "subject." He was quite ready to complete the contract, but he desired to learn some details for his guidance as to the value of the object in question, and put to her, for this purpose, certain queries. Imagine his horror to discover that "the subject" was at that very moment alive—being a boy of nine or ten years of age—but of whom, the bargain being made, the old woman was perfectly prepared to "dispose," she being so far provident as not to bring a perishable commodity to market till she had secured a purchaser. Determined that such atrocity should not go unpunished, he made an appointment with her for another day, on which she should return and more explicitly acquaint him with all she intended to do, and the means by which she meant to secure secrecy. At this meeting—that his testimony should be corroborated—he managed that a policeman should be present, and, concealed beneath the counter, listen to all that went forward. The interview, accordingly, took place; the old woman was true to her appointment, and most circumstantially entered into the details of the intended assassination, which she described as the easiest thing in life—a pitch plaster over the mouth and a tub of water being the inexpensive requisites of the case. When her narrative, to which she imparted a terrible gusto, was finished, the policeman came forth from his lair and arrested her. She was thrown at once into prison, and sent for trial at the next assizes. Now, however, came the difficulty. For what should she be arraigned? It was not a murder—it was still incomplete. It was, therefore, conspiracy to kill; but a single individual cannot "conspire;" and so, to fix her with the crime, it would be necessary to include the surgeon in the indictment. If they wanted to try the old woman, the doctor must share the dock. Now all the ardour for justice could scarcely be supposed to carry a man so far; the doctor "demurred" to the arrangement, and the old hag was set at liberty.

This circumstance, which occurred less than thirty years ago, was brought to my mind a few days since on reading the debate on the Belfast riots. When the Government was charged with meeting

out a different measure of its favour to Orangemen and Papists, punishing the few and tolerating everything in the many, a very formidable attack was made on them, to show that not only had they looked calmly on when eighty thousand people marched triumphantly through the capital with drums and banners, and insignia of various kinds, but when a few zealous admirers of the glorious and immortal King who rescued us from a debased coinage and uncomfortable shoes, walked to church in his honour, they arrested and imprisoned them. The reply was something to this purport,—"Nobody minded the eighty thousand, but the eight or ten with their fifes and Orange ribbons were really irritating and provoking, for they were what the law contemplated when it denounced a procession." On this arose a question, What is a procession? It takes two to make a conspiracy—will three be enough to make a procession? Mr. Whiteside opined yes, for he said that the three in one case were made up by a man, his horse, and his cart. There were great lawyers in that debate, and yet I grieve to say that they left the vexed question pretty much as they found it, and we of the outer world are just as ignorant as ever—what is a procession?

The eighty thousand, with their banners and music and mottoes, were clearly not a procession. If they had been, our wise and just rulers would unquestionably have suppressed them. He of the horse and cart was, however, a procession, and a procession so very aggravating, and irritating too, to somebody's feelings, as to call for a special appeal to the authorities to crush him.

I declare when I read of these things I have no words for my admiration of the acute intellects which rule us. Hair-splitting is a coarse labour compared to the refined skill with which they make these subtle distinctions, detecting the element of an essential difference where all ordinary minds are lost in fog and confusion.

I can imagine without any inordinate difficulty a man, not remarkably timorous, feeling a certain apprehension on seeing a great city for eight or ten hours in the possession of an immense multitude, whose order and organisation bespoke unity and concert of purpose, but I cannot so easily conceive the irritable legality that was outraged by the man in the cart. The Secretary for Ireland, however, knows better. To his prescient eyes the cloud no bigger than a man's hand is worse than the whole hurricane. It is what the First Napoleon called "the power of the unknown number."

Englishmen are so firmly possessed with the idea that everything in Ireland is absurd, anomalous, and upside-down, that they are ever ready to accept the most ridiculous explanations of whatever occurs there, and to hear a policy defended which, if applied to any other portion of the kingdom, they would scout with indignation. Change the venue, for instance, of these late events, and will any one tell me they would be dealt with in the same fashion?

Men are not permitted to talk of India as people talk of Ireland: the references to national peculiarities and the tendencies of race would not be tolerated if applied to the Bengalee. You would have to apologise to your reader in asking him to credit some practices of the Tonga islanders, which you might tell of Tipperary without prelude or precaution; and all this simply because there is a conventional Ireland and a conventional Irishman, to which Cockneydom believes all extravagances are possible. How valuable would it be, then, to know, through the authority of this little book, "What's an Irishman?"

Not less instructive would it be to hear What's a Colony? Is a colony an integral part of the na-

tion, inhabited by subjects of the same sovereign that rules the parent state, and bound up with the fortunes of the mother-country? or is a colony a hanger-on of the family, to be helped and assisted when times are prosperous and things go well, but to be turned adrift whenever retrenchment is necessary, and it may be thought prudent "to reduce the establishment"?

The mass of things which want explanation and accurate definition is positively astounding. It was but the other day we saw a trial to establish what was a Christy's Minstrel, which set me a-thinking how puzzling would the same sort of testimony as was then proffered be if applied to the question, What's a Conservative? Is Lord Palmerston the rightful heir and owner of Peel's "Banjo"? or are the melodies now sung on the Treasury benches the same as those of the old Conservative "Christies"? As to blackness, there is not much to be said—they are pretty like their predecessors.

Again: What's a dramatic performance? Is Mr. Vincent Scully, for instance, an actor "within the meaning of the Act"?

Well may Lord Dundreary say that no fellow can possibly know any of these things. It took the whole Privy Council t'other day to determine what a Colonial Bishop was not; but all the collective wisdom of the nation would be sore pushed if they had to declare, in set terms, what a Colonial Bishop was, and is.

For all these reasons, I do entreat some ingenious and active mind to supply the want I have here indicated. The real benefactor of his contemporaries would not be he who arrests Sunday travelling, corks up the beer-bottle, or suppresses the tea-garden, nor even that grander intelligence that suggests a new claim to the franchise; but that more practical spirit who, compassionating the confusion we live in, and seeing the inefficacy of our struggles to comprehend, would come frankly to our aid and teach us "What's What" in the year '65.

SWANLIKE GEESE.

There is a strange inconsistency which I recognise in my nature, and which, I have no doubt, many others have experienced in their own, and of which I have never been able to arrive at a satisfactory explanation. How is it, I ask, that while one is never contented with his lot in life, always believing that Fate has ill-treated him, he is nevertheless profoundly convinced, that whatever is his is the very best possible thing of its kind that ever was born, hatched, nurtured, fashioned, or formed—that, in fact, his geese are not merely swans, but infinitely prettier than his neighbours' swans — whiter, more stately, and more graceful?

Some will perhaps demur to either or both of my propositions. One may tell me that his well-balanced mind has never known what it was to feel discontent; and another may say that he has so far pushed his sense of dissatisfaction, that he regards all around him, all that he has and owns, as the worst that ever befell humanity. With such extremes I deal not; I take humanity *ex medio acervo*, and believe it will be found that the mass is of a temperament like my own.

Now, I am free to own I have no right to be boastful of the possession of a spirit of Christian resignation or philosophic contentedness. It is not in my nature to see that all things have gone as well as possible with me in life; on the contrary, I have, as I think, a whole rookery of "crows to pluck" with Destiny. I cannot persuade myself that I am not a far finer creature than the world will admit,—braver, bolder, wittier, pleasanter, more genial,

more forgiving—more fifty other excellent things, in short—than have ever been scored down in the credit side of my account with humanity. If the conviction has not put me out of temper with my fellow-men, it is in a good measure because I ascribed much of this unfairness to envy, and much to ignorance; but still the conviction is there, and whatever other scepticism may torment or tease me, there is one form of it I have never felt. I have never disbelieved in myself. This will show, therefore, that I am not in that happy category of mortals which assumes to be the pets of Fortune. I have my grudges against the world, and I go on through life with the conviction that I am to carry these grudges to my grave—what to do with them there I know not. Don't mistake me for a moment, and think me one of those dyspeptic wretches who go about deploring their own digestion and destroying other men's. I make no lamentations over hard fate and cruel usage. I don't prefer a suit against the world, and file my bill against human ingratitude. I am too proud to ask even for my own, but I'll not pretend to say that I concur in the verdict that has robbed, or the decree that has despoiled me. No. I see in myself an ill-used man, and, what is worse, I am by no means sure the world will ever discover it. With this heavy load on my heart—very heavy at certain times, very hard to bear in dreary November weather—is it not strange that I can persist in believing that whatever I possess as my own is the best possible thing that ever was produced of its kind? My ox and my ass—I won't say anything about my man-servant and my maid-servant, but my cattle, and even the stranger within my gates—I maintain to be better than my neighbour's cattle and my neighbour's stranger; and I uphold that they have certain qualities, difficult though they be of vulgar appreciation, in which they excel his cattle and his stranger, and beat them clean out of the field.

This belief neither makes me vainglorious nor intolerant. It is true, I cannot explain it. I know of no earthly reason why the scrubby little pony, whose capped hocks and heavy head and low shoulders I descanted on so freely while the butcher owned him, should, on his becoming mine, be transformed into a model of equine perfection, no more than I can tell why that patched and blistered little sketch in oils, which I picked up for a crown at an old-furniture shop, should have some touches wonderfully like Mieris, and be unquestionably a good specimen of the Flemish School. All I know is, that my Skye terrier is better bred, my gun carries farther, and my jasmine tree blossoms earlier and better, and continues longer in bloom, than any other man's, be the same who he may. These are not fancies. They are no delusions. They are things I know and feel to be true. They are palpable parts of my self-consciousness, not a whit the less dear to my heart that an envious world will now and then dispute them. Indeed, I accept that same depreciation as a necessary consequence of my superiority.

I am well aware that my neighbour prefers claims to a real excellence, and thinks his dog is bigger or his peacock finer than mine. I make every allowance for the poor fellow's weakness; he never was an *esprit fort*, and that last fever left "dregs" behind it. If his delusion give him any pleasure, in heaven's name let him have it. Enough for me that I know better.

To bring this crop of convictions to full perfection—to enable them to put forth all their shoots and develop their fruit in due season—one must live in somewhat of estrangement from the world. The ordinary clash and clatter of mankind must be shunned—the rough and tumble of life must be avoided.

From coarse-minded men, hard, stern, uncomfortable judgments, that they stupidly call "truths," are continually dropping; and there are creatures ready to give their vulgar opinions at every moment, and tell you scores of things that push your patience to its last intrenchment.

Let one of these fellows into your grounds, and they'll pluck your swan's feathers to such a purpose, that, though they won't persuade you he was a goose, they'll give him a horrible resemblance to one!

They have positively a diabolic dexterity in the practice, and they'll leave the bird in such a plight that you'll never think the same of him again. Of course they'll swear to you that they never touched him. They are ready to make the most solemn affidavit that all they have done is to direct your attention to certain little imperfections, a deficiency here, a redundancy there, that have escaped you. They tell you compassionately, with a sort of commiserative courtesy that is worse than the cold stage of the ague, that you have only to use your eyes to see that the bird is a goose, and not even a fine specimen of gooserie—that neither its bill nor its breast, its feathers nor its form, are swanlike. The wretches try to reason you out of what, if you surrender, gives all colour to existence—all its sweetness and perfume to life.

Big cities, towns of any kind, are very unfavourable to swanlike geese. The people who live in these places are singularly wilful and cruel, and pluck the quill-feathers out of one's poor bird out of pure malevolence and a love of mischief. Indeed, much intercourse with the world is a sore test to the rearing of these delicate birds. For my own part—I say it not at all boastfully—I can follow the practice under every disadvantage of place, and every test of difficulty. I can come back from the conservatory of Chatsworth and think that the box of mignonette under my window is sweeter in perfume, and more delicate in colour, and fresher in bloom, than all that I saw there. Nor is this a delusion.

What do you or I see in that starved cur, with misshapen head and deformed body, that skulks after the ill-favoured man in the fustian jacket? Is he to us anything but an ill-bred mangy mongrel? And yet to his master's eye he has a load of qualities; he is faithful, and fond, and watchful, and forgiving, mindful of all said to him, and well knowing how to accommodate himself to the rubs and attritions of a hard world. Yes, that sorry-looking beast understands and lends himself to the life of him that owns him; and there is a bond between them just as strong—what am I saying?—ten thousand times as strong as that which ties my lord to his noble staghound. The inordinate value for that which is one's own is especially the gift of the poor man. First of all, your Crœsus really never attains to the perfect sense of possession, so much is expended in display, ostentation, and exhibition. He who opens his picture-gallery twice a-week is, on those days at least, no more the owner of his Titians than I am. I am not sure if, for the time being, I, in my more intense rapture with the great artist's work, have not a stronger claim to call the canvass mine than he has. There is a coy damsel, by Greuze, over the door in the small drawing-room at Prince Demidoff's splendid villa at San Donato; she is drawing a shawl across her shoulders, and while doing so, and seemingly occupied with the action, she steals a look under her long lashes—and such a look, so bewitchingly tender and shy, so full of sweet enchantment and a sense of drollery, that when you move away from the spot, all the smiles of real, actual, living beauty, seem poor, tame, and soulless in comparison. Now, I not only aver that the Prince who owns this incomparable Houri, not

only never gazed on her with such rapture as I have, but I am ready to declare that she never yet bestowed upon him such a glance of beaming tenderness as she has let fall upon me. The rich Scythian owns her image, but her heart is mine!

These are the things which constitute the wealth of the poor man, and of which no fall in the Funds, no smash in securities, can rob him. It is in the exercise of these gifts of "enjoyability"—*passe moi le mot*—that he not only redresses the balance of his destiny, but that he cultivates that faculty of fruition which makes him feel a positive ecstasy in whatever is his own.

It is not, then, in my ignorance that I declare that my clove-pink, or my gooseberry-wine, or my wheelbarrow, are incomparably the best in Europe. I who say this have seen men and cities. I am much travelled, and in the many-sided ways of men considerably versed. I have seen ducal swans at Blenheim, and imperial swans at Versailles, and I come home to recognise in my own swan—the bird that some envious traducer has called a goose—a creature infinitely more beautiful and more stately.

Mind — it is all - important to mind—that there is no intolerance in all this. I seek not to mould you to my opinion; I want no converts. Fill your heart choke-full, if you like, of convictions of my folly and stupidity. Believe me a fool or a fanatic. I only stipulate that you do not wound me unnecessarily by telling me so. Go your way with the lowest opinion of my intelligence, but leave me my faith—my faith in myself.

The perfect ecstasy of possession is, I repeat, only known to the poor man. To him the cherished object is the rampart against the storm. It is the little nook where he nestles during the tempest; and just as the shipwrecked sailor attaches a fonder love to the plank he clings to than ever captain felt for the proudest three-decker, so is it that poverty invests some humble thing with a higher, dearer, holier interest than affluence ever threw around a priceless possession.

If it were not for this, humble fortune would be a worse thing than it is; but the glorious alchemy of that little pronoun "Mine" can work wonders. Through its magic my little field becomes a boundless prairie, and the scrubby trees that shelter me from the highroad are a grove. As for my swan, though Mrs. O'Dowd nearly made my blood run cold by something she said about Michaelmas, my swan is the greatest of swans, and might claim descent from one of Jove's own.

And oh, my friends! let none laugh you out of this wise philosophy, nor by a sarcasm rob you of your faith. Delusion! Why, what is all around us but delusion? Is not Court favour a delusion? Is not fame a delusion? Are not the Whigs a delusion? together with cod-liver oil, Mechi's razors, and the Sydenham trousers? Some people even think the French Empire a delusion.

Be not ashamed, therefore, for a sneer, nor affrighted by a sarcasm. Go back and sit down beside your pond; and when your swan sails forth in all his graceful dignity, enjoy your quiet laugh over the creatures that only see him as a goose.

CARLYLE'S FREDERICK THE GREAT.

YEARS have passed since we met Thomas Carlyle in these pages. We then discussed the two first volumes of the history of Frederick; the goodly bulk of four others that have appeared in the interval tells us that he must have diligently devoted the whole period to his hero. Many summers and winters have still found the philosopher seated in his study, where the singular goblins whom, by some strange spell, learnt from we know not what wizard, he evoked in early life, the Mud-Demons, Windbags, Phantasm - Captains, Dryasdusts, &c., &c., have clung to him with astonishing pertinacity. Dwelling incessantly in an atmosphere of unreality, in that strange region to which he was long ago introduced by German metaphysicians, much bemuddled in tobacco and beer, and with which English readers have got to be as familiar as young Cockneys with a Drury Lane pantomime, it might have been expected that he would in some degree lose his hold on humanity, and would adapt himself more and more to those cloudlands wherein he delighted to abide. Long persistence in the theory of regarding this material earth and those who walk on it as mere shadows, might have ended in dissolving for any practical purpose his relations with actual life, and causing all his acts, and his judgment on the acts of others, to be referred more and more to that mysterious standard of measurement, the nature of which has been so copiously, yet so dimly, revealed to us. Dimly, we say; for after all our experience of the sage's opinions on men and things, we are still at a loss to imagine in what light he would be pleased to regard any single character or event in history on which he has not yet delivered a verdict. Whether King Herod, Nero, Philip II., and the Duke of Alva, were Mud-demons, or "inarticulate men of genius;" whether the judicial career of Judge Jefferies is to be pronounced "very Rhadamanthine," or an episode of devil-worship; whether the fall of the Roman empire, or the Peninsular war, or the Indian mutiny, were in consonance with the "Laws of the Universe," or in opposition to that mystic code, no disciple can tell us, for it is the character of his philosophy that it always requires to be interpreted and applied by the author. Under these circumstances, a practical man, puzzled in the labyrinthine wildernesses of the world, and seeking light and guidance, might prefer some homely candle which he could carry in his hand, to the fitful irradiations of that more elaborate apparatus which, like Mr. Pickwick's dark lantern, produces effects chiefly meteoric and bewildering.

Far, however, from becoming more and more hazy and unintelligible as he grows older, he exhibits in these later volumes fewer crotchets and fewer freaks of style, but not less of that descriptive and allusive power and wealth of imagery which have always formed his chief attractions. The "gilt farthings" which we spoke of in a former review of his book, the bits of commonplace palmed upon us under a thick disguise of staring metaphor and allusion, have been mostly withdrawn from circulation, and replaced by a more legitimate coinage. No doubt this view of the later volumes is partly due to our familiarity with Carlylese, rendering us indifferent to verbal pranks, and more sensitive to excellences. But it is owing in much greater degree to the improvement in his subject. He is no longer encumbered with Frederick - William, the eccentric hero of the earlier volumes, the crazy, brutal father of the soldier-king. The insupportable tediousness of such dim transactions as

"Double-Marriage Projects" and "Tobacco Parliaments" (or orgies in which the crack-brained potentate indulged, along with a few congenial lunatics and idiots), happily came to an end along with their author. Frederick's boyhood, too, so squalid, so barren of interest and incident, giving so little promise or suggestion of the future conqueror and statesman, had ended before his father's death; and with the wars for which he gave the signal by the seizure of Silesia, he stands forth surrounded by figures so spirited and so martial, in the midst of such a clangour of arms and shock of nations, as would lend interest to a narrative far less picturesque in treatment and clear in effect than Mr. Carlyle's. For, the same industry which formerly led the historian to grope and sift thoroughly, though with many lamentations and protests, amid the chronicles of the voluminous Dryasdusts of Prussia, and pick such scraps as suited him from the chaos of stupidity, has also induced him, as the chronicler of a conspicuous era in war, to study military problems to unusually good purpose. A man who can in a science so eminently practical, and which has for the most part been so pedantically treated, as the science of war, discard the pedantry, arrive at common-sense conclusions, and describe military operations with unusual spirit and lucidity, must possess faculties of whose existence there was little evidence in his former works. Exuberance of imagery, fertility of allusion, occasional passages of vigorous eloquence in painting a scene or a character — these we should expect from the author of 'Sartor Resartus' and 'Hero-worship,' but *not* a plain account of the manœuvres of hostile armies.

We do not yet understand why a writer of Mr. Carlyle's peculiar fashion and modes of thought should have selected the history of Frederick for a theme. It is true that he is a successful representative of that government of force which the philosopher has always held up as the perfection of a political system — successful, because of a small kingdom he made a great power; because, with inadequate means, he did the work and achieved the results due to great means; because he made for his army, his country, and himself, a fine and lasting reputation. The power inherited from his father suffered no diminution of absolutism in Frederick's hands; and we should not have been surprised had he been selected for glorification in an additional chapter on 'Hero-worship.' But here the work of years is devoted to the career of a man whose great merit was, that he was a successful fighter of battles. A character less elevated, less fertile of opportunities for indulging a romantic or poetic vein in the biographer, is scarcely to be found in the high places of history. The fact that the king, among his aspirations, aimed at being a poet, tells altogether against him; for his aim was mere versification and Sternholdian grandiloquence, and in that he failed. Mr. Carlyle, with all his tendencies setting towards the romantic and picturesque sides of human character—large dealings, far-reaching influence, and high, if "inarticulate," genius, is tied for years to a subject which, except in the military phase, is commonplace — crafty, unusually deficient in great qualities or great motives, and which no amount of gloss or drapery can present as heroic. "Frederick's ideal," says his biographer, "compared to that of some, was low; his existence, a hard and barren, though a genuine one, and only worth much memory in the absence of better." Why not have sought better, then, Mr. Carlyle?

Frederick was twenty-eight years old when he began to reign. He had grown up amid influences the most unfortunate and unfavourable. The character of the personage who ruled in the home of his youth is well known. None of the

ruffians who are charged before police magistrates with brutal outrages on the members of their wretched households could exceed in reckless and capricious cruelty this truculent monarch. It was to be expected that Frederick, his intellect and sympathies alike cramped by this iron rule of savagery, would seize not the best but the readiest consolations that might offer, and that the character of his mind would deteriorate. Except in fairy tales and didactic novels, it is rare to find squalor, hardship, and oppression favourable to the development of virtue and of nobility of character. The duplicity which habitual terror had produced in the boy reappeared in the king, but in the more respectable form of reticent state-craft. The external casing of indifference, necessary for any one who would live at all under such conditions, had become in the man a bright hard shell, impervious alike to the touch of sympathy or the blow of fate. The highest heaven he could look forward to in youth was deliverance from domestic tyranny — that attained, he saw nothing beyond either to fear or to hope for. Irreverent, practical, shrewd, brave, self-reliant, severe but not cruel, of quick decision, exacting much and rewarding sparingly or grudgingly — such was the king and leader who now stepped on the world's stage.

The stage was, at this juncture, well suited to the hero. Wars were no longer waged on large grounds, national or religious. A succession of absolute sovereigns since the feudal period had at length culminated in an order of beings who looked on the territories they ruled as their private property, to be sold, transferred, exchanged, or bequeathed, as the family interests of the proprietor might dictate. As might have been expected under such circumstances, there were, for whole districts in Europe, numerous claimants, whether on the score of relationship to a former proprietor, purchase, convenience, or political exigency. It was not difficult, therefore, for an ambitious sovereign to find both a colourable pretext for war, and powerful allies in those who, having similar claims elsewhere, bargained for reciprocal support. And if the times were favourable to the picking of a quarrel, they were no less so to its prosecution, by a sovereign of exceptional ability. For at this time there were in Europe no great leaders, either in politics or war. Dull or frivolous sovereigns occupied the thrones, and suffered favourites or mere routine statesmen to dictate their policy. The great generals of a preceding generation, Marlborough, Eugene, Villars, had left representatives only of their system of war, not of their genius. Pedantry—that is to say, an extreme addiction to forms, without reference to their meaning or their applicability — was the characteristic in the training of armies and the conduct of generals, and ruled as absolutely in the field as other forms of incapacity in council. Contests, begun for petty and private objects, grew in their progress aimless and unmeaning, and chicanery had become, in an unusual degree, an element of diplomacy.

On such a scene, amid such competitors, Frederick was peculiarly fitted to succeed. A man of high and noble character—a Bayard or a Turenne — would have entered the field with obsolete armour and weapons. But Frederick was as eminent for astuteness as for ability; and amid the shifting politics of the time, he had the advantage of a clear and definite object. His design was to seize, at the first favourable opportunity, the Austrian province of Silesia; and either to retain it, or make of the possession of it a lever by which to wrest from Austria a recognition to his title to certain territories on the Rhine; and the necessary, or at any rate judicious, preliminary to such seizure must be the establishment of a fair-seeming pretext.

Silesia had never been Prussian. But more than two hundred years before Frederick's time, his ances-

tor, the Elector of Brandenburg, had made a compact with the Duke of Liegnitz, lord of considerable territories in Silesia, by which either prince, on failure of heirs to the other, was to succeed to their joint dominions. As the Duke was a vassal of the King of Bohemia, the monarch's sanction had been necessary to render the arrangement valid. But this king's successor, fearing perhaps to see a too powerful neighbour established on his borders, had recalled the sanction, and the deed had been cancelled by state authority; the vassal had been compelled to give up his parchments, but the Elector of Brandenburg had refused to part with his. In 1675, a hundred and forty years afterwards, the last Duke of Liegnitz died, and the Elector of Brandenburg, reviving the old question, urged his claim upon the Emperor Leopold. Let Mr. Carlyle describe the colloquy.

"Kaiser Leopold in the scarlet stockings will not hear of Heritage-Fraternity. 'Nonsense!' answers Kaiser Leopold: 'a thing suppressed at once, ages ago; by Imperial Power: flat *zero* of a thing, at this time; and you, I again bid you, return me your papers upon it.' This latter act of duty Friedrich-Wilhelm would not do; but continued insisting. 'Jagerndorf at least, O Kaiser of the world,' said he; 'Jagerndorf there is no colour for your keeping [illegible] To which the [illegible] 'Nonsense!' [illegible] thing [illegible]; but [illegible]

[illegible] chies [illegible] on a [illegible] years [illegible] by [illegible] [illegible] ndor [illegible] [illegible] ran [illegible] [illegible]

of the Hohenzollerns appear in history as princes; and one of these, George, Margrave of Anspach, acquired, in exchange for other territories which he had purchased with his own money, the duchy of Jagerndorf. "Hereby," says Mr. Carlyle, "has Jagerndorf joined itself to the Brandenburg territories." Rather an audacious assertion, the reader will probably think, considering that the said Margrave George never ruled in Brandenburg.

The descendant of this Margrave dying without children in 1603, his duchy of Jagerndorf fell to the Elector of Brandenburg, who settled it on his second son, Johann George. This prince, joining the King of Bohemia in war against the Kaiser, was put under the ban of the empire, and his territory forfeited. On what the subsequent claim of Brandenburg to Jagerndorf was exactly founded, Mr. Carlyle does not tell us; but the Electors may be presumed to have argued that the territory which they had divided from the Electorate ought to have been restored to it. But before the reader is in a position to estimate the justice of the claim, it is necessary that he should know what an advocate might have to say on the Austrian side of these questions; and as the Silesian wars are so important in the history of Frederick, the first volume of the work would have been better employed in giving us full means of forming a judgment than in the tedious and unnecessary account of Frederick's ancestors and their doings. On the evidence vouchsafed to us we should confidently say, th[illegible] such claims were to be in all [illegible] ported by war, there could [illegible] ce for any nation on the [illegible] e earth.

[illegible] he promptitude with which [illegible] k acted when the opportunity [illegible] is evident that he had made [illegible] mind about the seizure of Sile- [illegible] soon as he became king. Of the [illegible] and validity of the pretexts for [illegible] act, the reader must judge from [illegible] summary we have just given. For [illegible] and for Prussia it was the most [illegible] indeed the only) momentous act

his reign; for his whole history is the history of his struggle for the retention of this Austrian province. Of his motives the King says himself, after recapitulating certain considerations—"Add to these reasons an army ready for acting, funds, supplies all found, and perhaps the desire of making one's self a name; all this was cause of the war which the King now entered upon." Perhaps the reader will think with us that there is little evidence here except of "low ambition and the pride of kings." But Mr. Carlyle is of another mind about his hero. "This young king," he says, "is magnanimous; not much to be called ambitious, or not in the vulgar sense almost at all—strange as it may sound to readers." And on what the King himself said about his motives he discourses as follows:—

"'Desire to make himself a name! how shocking!' exclaim several historians. 'Candour of confession that he may have had some such desire; how honest!' is what they do not exclaim. As to the justice of his Silesian claims, or even to his own belief about their justice, Frederick affords not the least light which can be new to readers here. He speaks, when business requires it, of 'those known rights' of his, and with the air of a man who expects to be believed on his word; but it is cursorily, and in the business way only; and there is not here or elsewhere the least pleading: a man, you would say, considerably indifferent to our belief on that head; his eye set on the practical merely. 'Just Rights? what are rights, never so just, which you cannot make valid? The world is full of such. If you have rights and can assert them into facts, do it; that is worth doing!'"

Was ever such pleading heard at the Old Bailey as this of our moral historian, our guide, philosopher, and friend Thomas? Is it not exactly the simple code of law of Rob Roy—

"That he should take who has the power,
And he should keep who can"?

and was Rob's code "in accordance with the laws of this universe," or was it "Devil-worship"?

Frederick, then, being provided with a pretext, such as it was, still wanted an opportunity. It came far more speedily than could have been anticipated. Within a year of the King's accession, the Emperor Leopold died very unexpectedly. By the law of the Austrian States females could not succeed, and he had daughters only. All his life, therefore, he had been employed in impressing on the political world (that is to say, the various courts of Europe), the necessity of upholding a private arrangement of his called, like similar arbitrary and exceptional acts, "a pragmatic sanction," whereby he decreed that his female children *should* succeed him in the Austrian States; and to this instrument he had obtained the concurrence of several European powers. At his death his daughter, Maria-Theresa, became Archduchess of Austria and Queen of Hungary and Bohemia; and in the accession of this young woman, inexperienced in rule, holding her position by a questionable title, and having but a bankrupt exchequer, Frederick saw his opportunity.

Now we are not going to insist that magnanimity, or generosity, or any other large-hearted quality, ought to be the prime element in politics. On the contrary, seeing what are the mischievous results of sentimental statesmanship in our times, we rather insist that, of all motives of state policy, those which are romantic are the most pernicious. The dullest of matter-of-fact men would be much safer as a political leader than Don Quixote; and whenever a politician, in press or parliament, is particularly loud in asserting high-minded doctrines of national self-sacrifice, toleration of injuries, and so forth, he is tolerably certain to be either a knave or a fool. Frederick's own ideas on the subject have been plainly enunciated. "My Lord," he says to the English ambassador, "don't talk to me of magnanimity; a prince" (acting not for himself but for his nation, interpolates Mr. Carlyle)

"ought to consult his interest in the first place. I am not against peace, but I expect to have four duchies given me." We agree with the King. Business is business; and a nation can no more grow great by sacrificing its interests, than a merchant can grow rich by sacrificing his profits.

But the question for us here is not, What were the interests of Prussia? but, What was the character of Mr. Carlyle's hero? We are reviewing a work written by one who, if he be not a great moralist, is nothing: he has been looking all through history for a model of a hero-king—he has studied him for years, painted him for years, and announces loudly, "Got him at last!—look at him—copy him if you would be good and great—his doings are as unerring as a natural law, and when you think him wrong it is *you* that are mistaken." And we find at the very outset that Frederick's dealings are not even those of the average tradesman, but rather of the huckster. "Interest in the first place," not justice or fair dealing, is the basis of his commerce with others. "Magnanimous I can by no means call Friedrich to his allies and neighbours," says Mr. Carlyle, describing a subsequent transaction, "nor even superstitiously veracious, in this business, but he thoroughly understands, he alone, what just thing he wants out of it, and what an enormous wigged mendacity he has got to deal with. For the rest, he is at the gaming-table with these sharpers; their dice all cogged;—and he knows it, and ought to profit by his knowledge of it. And in short, to win his stake out of that foul weltering melley, and go home safe with it if he can." What on earth is a disciple who has been brought up under a platform of which heroism and veracity, and confidence in the laws of the universe, are the main supports, to make of all this? Not being "superstitiously veracious," but being a sharper among sharpers, only cleverer than the rest, and going safe home with your stake, pronounced by this authority the right course! Puzzling, this! And how shall the disciple continue to believe in a preacher who does not believe his own gospel?

Let it be granted, however, that, if Frederick must be his hero, Mr. Carlyle may be pardoned for dealing lightly, or even like a partisan, with this passage of the history; for it is the very keystone of the whole: admit that Frederick is wrong here, and the whole Silesian war falls about our ears, a mere jumble of battles, fought in the cause of royal brigandism, then so common — a "Stygian quagmire," having no relation whatever to our old friends the "Eternal Veracities." But let it be assumed or believed that Frederick was engaged in a just quarrel, was prosecuting an undoubted right against a powerful and rapacious enemy, and the fabric is restored to the proportions of a work of art. We cannot therefore blame our author altogether if, after having collected a vast store of materials, and framed an elaborate plan and scaffolding, he should have treated this dubious but all-important part of the edifice as Don Quixote treated the pasteboard visor of his helmet—as something to be taken for granted and confided in, but not rudely put to proof. A discreet and shifty partisan, we admit; but a veracious and incorruptible historian!—"O heavens!"

Having glanced, then, at Frederick's pretext and his opportunity, let us look at his means for commencing the war. He had inherited from his father an army which was both strong in numbers in proportion to the population of his kingdom, and far better fitted for the wars of the time than any other then in existence. Frederick-William had been possessed, among his other eccentricities, by a mania for drill; he instructed his troops frequently in person: and he enforced his regulations for parade and ma-

nœuvre by a military code of extreme severity. To a Prussian soldier life was frightfully hard, environed as it was by a quickset of minute rules, the consequence of infringing any of which was terrible; but the result, though attained at the cost of extreme wretchedness to the individual, was a great perfection of the military machine. The army could march, manœuvre, and form order of battle, with a precision which would be astonishing now, and with a rapidity which, compared with that of other armies, was quite unrivalled. Mr. Carlyle, who, on the whole, perhaps, loves and admires Frederick-William rather more even than the son, his proper hero, has persuaded himself, and tries hard to persuade the world, that this was done from deep design and far-sighted sagacity—that the creator of this formidable force knew well what a superiority in war it would confer on its possessor. We, on the other hand, attribute its creation to the incessant small activity and petty tyranny that found their fittest field on the parade-ground. Remembering that the ability shown in the conception and execution of the project was altogether of the drill-sergeant species—that the part of the army on which the old king bestowed his chief favour and affection was the preposterous regiment of giants which he collected with infinite pains from all quarters, and which was immediately disbanded by his successor—and that he neither sought nor found any opportunity of employing the elaborate machine—we cannot admit that this was other than an accidental direction of the monarch's habitual eccentricity, the result of which was uncommonly fortunate.

The army, then, the pretext for employing it, the will to use it, and the opportunity, were all ready. But the resources of the kingdom were very inadequate to the maintenance of a great war with such a power as Austria, low as was her financial condition. The population of Prussia at that time was less than two millions and a half, and the revenue was about one million sterling. These considerations might have restrained a more experienced potentate; but they were outweighed in Frederick's mind by the ambition to achieve a name, which appears to have been his principal motive in commencing the war.

When the Emperor died, Frederick, then only five months king, did not lose a day in forming his project. For seven weeks he made his preparations, veiling them for a great part of the time with diplomatic craft and mystery; and on the 2d December he set his troops in motion for the invasion of Silesia, intending to hold it altogether if possible, or, at any rate, from the vantage-ground of present possession, to obtain other concessions from Austria as the price of its restoration. But it is important to note, as fair evidence of his own opinion of the justice of his claim, that he kept that claim in the beginning of his enterprise entirely out of sight, proclaiming that he entered Silesia merely to protect the rights of the Queen in that province amidst the perils that threatened the opening of her reign. And he offered, if Silesia were ceded to him (instructing his envoy to accept part if he could not get the whole), to assist the Queen with men and money in supporting both her own right to inherit her dominions, and her husband's nomination to the Kaisership.

The border of Silesia adjoining what was then the boundary of Frederick's dominions was open and unfortified: no natural frontier divides the great plain which extends over the space between the lower Elbe and the lower Oder. But the province is separated from the contiguous territories of Bohemia and Moravia by the range of the Giant Mountains running south-west, and enclosing between them and the Polish frontier a strip 250 miles long by 100 wide, traversed throughout its length by the Oder. On the

lower course of the river were two important towns, Glogau, a fortress, and Breslau; on the upper stream was the fortress of Brieg; and closing the passes by the principal roads through the Giant Mountains was the strong place of Neisse. It was easier to enter than to conquer Silesia, had the country been occupied by sufficient force. But Austria was off her guard; she had but few troops in the country; and Frederick's march was almost unimpeded. Leaving a force to invest Glogau, he pushed through the length of the province, capturing Breslau and penetrating as far as Neisse, which, as well as Brieg, he invested. At his approach the few Austrian troops in the field retired through the southernmost passes into Moravia, and Frederick, leaving the three strong places blockaded, returned to Berlin. Glogau was taken on the 9th March, but Brieg and Neisse held out; and in the first week in April, the Austrian army reinforced issued through the southern passes and compelled the King to gather his troops to make head against them. On the 10th April he had concentrated a sufficient force to attack them at Mollwitz. The King's army being near the confluence of the Oder and the Neisse, the Austrians, pushing northward past it, had cut it off from Brandenburg. Thereupon he advanced to attack them.

The battle is remarkable only as showing how much of Frederick's talent for war was latent, and required experience to develop it. Drill and orderly steadiness were the essence of the Prussian system; and the army advanced so deliberately that the scattered Austrians, who might have been surprised before they could unite, were forewarned and had time to form line. The hostile forces met on a wide plain covered with snow. There was no attempt at manœuvring: on the Prussian right their cavalry was attacked and routed by the Austrian horse, whereby the flank of the King's infantry was laid bare, and it might have been expected that the rout would become general, for such disasters were at that period mostly fatal. But the conduct of the well-trained battalions saved all: in square or line indifferently they met and defeated the charges of the Austrian cavalry: in even level conflict, line for line, they overpowered by superior quickness and steadiness the enemy's musketry; and finally, advancing, they drove their antagonists from the field. As the beaten troops faced in the battle almost towards their starting point in Moravia, they were forced to march in retreat circuitously round the flank of the victorious army, and of course offered unusual opportunities for a decisive pursuit. No stroke was struck, however, after the simple gaining of the field; and the chief important result of the victory was that the Prussian infantry and Prussian system had proved their great superiority in mere fighting power, a fact which might be turned to vast account hereafter by a skilful commander. It is for that reason that, diplomatically, the victory exercised enormous influence. Except taking Brieg the armies remained quiet, the Austrians about Neisse, the Prussians in camp at Strehlen. But the diplomatic world was unusually busy. Ambassadors from the various powers, great and small, came to Frederick's camp, which was the focus of European intrigue; a competitor for the Kaisership was brought forward in the Elector of Bavaria, against Maria-Theresa's husband; and most of the parties to the Pragmatic Sanction, by denouncing it, denied that she was rightful Queen. The French Court made a secret compact with Frederick, and sent two armies across the Rhine, one descending the Danube towards Vienna, while the other, approaching Hanover, menaced the King of England through his Electoral dominions, and forced him to repress the inclination he had shown to uphold the Pragmatic Sanction, and to aid

Maria-Theresa. The Queen, destitute of money or of able counsellors, at length consented to surrender Silesia and the fortress of Neisse to Frederick; but agreed to do so only by a verbal treaty, which was to be kept secret, inasmuch as Frederick's French allies, who shared none of its advantages, might not be best pleased with the transaction. In accordance with this there was a sham siege of Neisse, which, after a certain time, surrendered, and the Austrian army withdrew into Hungary. But it presently appeared that the secret had not been duly kept by the Austrian Court; moreover, the affairs of Austria were getting more and more desperate — the French, turning north from the Danube, had captured Prague—and Frederick, on the pretext that the compact had been broken, crossed the Giant Mountains, seized Olmutz, besieged Brunn, and established himself in Bohemia.

In this crisis, the Queen, having at length assembled a sufficient army, sent it under Prince Charles of Lorraine against Frederick, who retired towards the frontier, halting on the upper Elbe. The battle of Chotusitz (17th May 1742), like that of Mollwitz, was fought on a plain so straitened by muddy rivulets on the flanks that it did not permit much manœuvring; and again the Prussian infantry, after the defeat of its cavalry, decided the victory by its superior fighting quality. Prince Charles, beaten, retreated; and Austria, by the treaty of Breslau, ceded to Frederick, not only Silesia and Neisse, but the adjoining country and fortress of Glatz, never claimed till now — for his demands had increased with his successes.

So far Frederick's clutch at Silesia had been highly successful. And Mr. Carlyle wishes us to think it was not only successful but highly creditable. "A perfectly clear-sighted Friedrich; able to discriminate shine from substance; and gravitating always towards the solid, the actual. . . . As supremely adroit, all readers already know him; his appearance what we called starlike,—always something definite, fixed, and lucid in it." Burglary and the picking of pockets may be called "starlike" with equal propriety so long as those felonious operations are "definite, fixed, and lucid." He goes on:—"This, his first expedition to Silesia—*a rushing out to seize your own stolen horse while the occasion answered*—was a voluntary one; produced, we may say, by Friedrich's own thought and the Invisible Powers. But the rest was all purely compulsory—to defend the horse he had seized." From this little parable, under which our great moralist tries to hide the defects of his client's title, we may learn how very elastic is that veracity, on the necessity of making which the ruling principle of life he has been often, aforetime, so copiously eloquent. After the denunciations of "Attorneyism" which he has so frequently poured forth, we are scarcely prepared to find him defending chicanery and robbery in a style that would be considered audacious in a practitioner at the Old Bailey. Here is another bit of encomium:—

"For he is full of silent finesse, this young king; soon sees into his man, and can lead him strange dances on occasion. In no man is there a plentifuller vein of cunning, nor of a finer kind—lynx-eyed perspicacity, inexhaustible contrivance, prompt ingenuity—a man very dangerous to play with at games of skill. And it is cunning regulated always by a noble sense of honour, too; instinctively abhorrent of attorneyism and the swindler element; a cunning sharp as the vulpine, yet always strictly human, which is rather beautiful to see. This is one of Friedrich's marked endowments. Intellect sun-clear, wholly practical (need not be specially deep), and entirely loyal to the fact before it; this—if you add rapidity and energy, prompt weight of stroke such as was seldom met with —will render a man very dangerous to his adversary in the game of war."

That Austria should acquiesce in

the seizure of Silesia a moment after she found herself able to attempt to recover it, is what neither "the gods," nor the "Invisible Powers," nor the "Eternal Veracities," nor any other of those shifty and inconsistent lawgivers of the universe, could be expected to require; and Frederick presently found that he must prepare "to defend the horse he had seized." When, to secure his spoils, he prevailed on the parties to the Pragmatic Sanction to renounce their engagements, the compacts which guaranteed stability and peace were torn up, and there ensued "red ruin and the breaking up of laws." In the ferment of intrigue and rapacity which his act had excited he discerned a recombination of elements hostile to himself, and with characteristic promptitude he prepared to protect his acquisitions by anticipating the attack.

Accordingly, while the Austrians were occupied on the Rhine, he broke out into Bohemia. But neither in this campaign, more than the last, was there anything to indicate his undeveloped talent for war. He was outgeneralled by the old Austrian Marshal Traun, and compelled to reti[illegible] Silesia—confessing in the [illegible]s which later i[illegible] his own care[illegible] omitted [illegible]king in [illegible]

[illegible]en well [illegible] now o[illegible] secu[illegible]

this than any other Austrian territory. For the Giant Mountains formed a natural rampart, rendering the advance, and still more the supply, of an enemy's army very difficult and problematical. He could hope, therefore, to maintain himself there against superior forces; but in Bohemia and Moravia there was no natural barrier short of the Danube that would have given him equal security. It is no wonder, therefore, that he thought rather of securing present conquests than of attempting others. But Mr. Carlyle grows pathetic in describing the tribulations and anxieties of this peaceful prince who only wanted to be let alone. Only let him have his Silesia, and he would gladly betake himself to Sans-Souci to enjoy his flute-playing and the talk of philosophers, and never more trouble his neighbours. It was so hard, say both the King and his biographer, that these innocent desires should not be gratified, but that perfidious Austria would still at every [illegible] be trying to regain the "[illegible] he had seized." Now, we [illegible] to ask our historian th[illegible] Suppose Silesia had [illegible] Frederick's, and that [illegible] ing exactly such [illegible] put forth, had [illegible] —would he h[illegible] acquiesce? or [illegible] tried every [illegible] diplomacy to [illegible] score of [illegible] [illegible]pect that in [illegible] [illegible]e would [illegible] [illegible]ence, and [illegible]

his hands, drove them over the mountains, and followed with his army into Bohemia. But here he soon experienced the difficulty of feeding troops in a thinly-peopled district, and surrounded with the swarms of irregular cavalry, Pandours, and others, which Hungary had sent forth in aid of her Queen. He was already retiring when Prince Karl, reinforced since his late defeat, again advanced upon Frederick, and at Sohr threatened to cut him from Silesia, by turning the right of the position in which his camp lay. With only 18,000 men against 30,000, the King promptly changed front to meet the attack, and, though his numbers only allowed him to form on a single line, in order to confront the enemy on an equally extended space, yet, without a pause, he advanced upon the dense masses and powerful artillery of the Austrians in an onset so vigorous as at once drove in their right wing in complete disorder; then transferring his victorious cavalry to the other wing of his army, hitherto kept out of the fight, he made a second attack on that side, which completed the discomfiture of the enemy.

In these, the last battles of the second Silesian war, Frederick's generalship appears in a middle or progressive state between the mere routine and uninventive manœuvres of Mollwitz and Chotusitz, and the triumph of tactics which he afterwards exhibited in the Seven Years' (third Silesian) War. In the interval since the last peace he had remedied the manifest deficiencies of his cavalry so effectually, as to have established an immense superiority in that arm over the Austrian horse, whose charges had formerly been so easily successful. And possessing in these, and his admirable infantry, materials so perfect, he showed first, in these later battles, that he knew how to use them, so as to derive from each, in its own part of the battle, the full effect of its superiority. But there was none of that admirable manœuvring which subsequently became the characteristic feature of his military actions, founded no less on the ductility and steadiness of movement, than on the fighting power, of his army, and which, before the hostile lines engaged, had already opened a path to the most decisive victory.

The peace of Dresden, the result of Frederick's victories, by which Silesia was again guaranteed to him, endured for ten years; and for so long the King led the life which amid his wars he had been sighing for. The world, too, eager to knew all it could of a warrior already so renowned, and no longer occupied with his military actions only, turned a very curious scrutinising eye on the Court of Berlin; and there exist, consequently, in public and private records of the time, ample details of the habits and doings of the principal figure. Frederick managed at once to be extremely industrious, and to have plenty of leisure. To do this is to solve one of the most difficult problems of life, and to go far towards finding out the secret of happiness; for it is to impart to daily pleasures the zest of content at having earned them. He lived a life very much like that of a conscientious country gentleman in England who scrupulously fulfils the duties of the magistracy and the poor-law, manages to the minutest particulars his own property, knows the circumstances and affairs of everybody in his parish, and gives what is left of his time to society and hospitality. But Frederick was far too much addicted to details to be a perfect ruler. It is impossible to combine in the same person the large general glance of the statesman, and the microscopic scrutiny of the ordinary man of business; and Frederick's faculties as a ruler must have suffered from his habits of superintending in their minute particulars petty affairs. The practice of the Caliph Haroun

Alraschid, of going forth at night with Giaffir, his vizier, and Mesrour, the chief of his eunuchs, to observe secretly, and in disguise, the manner in which the laws were executed in the city of Bagdad, and to remedy isolated acts of injustice, may be supposed to have exercised a wholesome, if a desultory, influence on the corrupt judicature of an Eastern community. But this kind of interference, as a *deus ex machinâ*, would have a very different effect in a civilised country, where established laws were administered by trained and respectable functionaries. We fear, then, that we cannot join in the applause which Mr. Carlyle demands for his hero, when he records such exceptional instances of royal interference as that of the case of Miller Arnold. It probably did (even if the King's decision were just, which is by no means evident) more harm than good. The true secret of ruling, in any position of authority, is not in doing everything yourself, but in making every subordinate perform his share of the labour, and take his share of the responsibility. In the navy they call a captain who does everybody's business a G.C.B.—Gunner, Carpenter, and Boatswain—Frederick's fault was that he was a G.C.B.

Socially, he had talents, conversational powers, and a fondness for discussion, whether light or philosophic, which would have made him one of the most agreeable men of his time, but for a marked malevolence which rendered the atmosphere around him insecure and capricious. His biting propensity showed itself equally to his brother monarchs and to his humblest dependents. It was partly owing to this that he passed through life solitary, though in the midst of courts or of armies, with many faithful subjects, but with no friend.

Politically, he was rather astute than wise, for his mind had not the elevation of view and grandeur of purpose essential to wisdom. His was always a peddling policy, aiming at mere material advantages, and sticking at nothing in order to compass them. It was a lower than peddling spirit that led him once, when conversing with an envoy, who accidentally let fall a note, to set his foot on that note, while he bowed his visitor out, and then to master its contents. But it would have been difficult to persuade him that honesty is the best policy, for that note revealed to him a highly important fact, and he took full advantage of his knowledge; and his discovery of a great plot against his territories and his power was effected by still more discreditable means. It was after many years of peace that he had reason to suspect the existence of a design hostile to Prussia on the part of Austria, Russia, and Saxony. Thereupon he suborned a Saxon government-clerk to copy and transmit to him certain state-papers. After a long study of these, it became apparent to him that the Powers in question were combining against him; and according to his invariable impulse he determined to anticipate the attack.

Former campaigns in Bohemia had convinced him that it was extremely difficult to carry on a campaign in that country, so thinly peopled and partially cultivated, with no other means of bringing convoys than the roads through the mountain barrier afforded. But by first seizing Saxony he would command for a campaign in Bohemia the great water-way of the Elbe. He would also thus disarm a country more than suspected of being hostile to him; and by invading Bohemia from the Saxon instead of the Silesian frontier, he could dispense with the presence of another Prussian army in Saxony, since that country would be sufficiently intimidated by finding his advancing columns always between it and Austria.

For these reasons, in September 1756, he began the Seven Years' War

by marching 65,000 men through Saxony to the mountain frontier, blockading with his left wing the Saxon army that had shut itself into a position on the Elbe, which, though impregnable to attack, did not admit of retreat or succour. Marshal Browne, with an Austrian army, advanced to deliver the Saxons. Frederick, without ceasing to blockade them, advanced through the mountains, met Browne on the southern slopes, and fought with him the battle of Lobositz, which, though scarcely a victory to either, convinced the Austrian Marshal that he could not penetrate to his allies that way. He therefore attempted to reach them by the other side of the Elbe, failed, and the Saxons were starved into surrender; whereupon Frederick compelled these prisoners of war to serve in his army, of which his ever faithful advocate merely remarks, "How Friedrich defended such hard conduct to the Saxons? Reader, I know only that Destiny and Necessity, urged on by Saxons and others, was hard as adamant upon Friedrich at this time; and that Friedrich did not in the least dream of making any defence, and will have to take your verdict, such as it may be;" which oracular utterance will probably not much assist the reader in arriving at a conclusion.

The Saxon and Silesian frontiers together now formed a sharp angle enclosing the part of Bohemia where Browne's army lay. In April 1757, Frederick passed the mountains at several points, and began that campaign which more than any other illustrates the particular character of his merit as a general. His special faculty did not (as Napoleon's did) lie in strategy, or in the art of so combining the movements of his troops through the theatre of war, as to obtain decided successes before the fighting began, by placing his army at an advantage relatively to that of the enemy. At the outset of this campaign, far from concentrating his troops against the divided enemy, he separated them still more, and passing the mountains in four columns, which presently merged into three, he pressed back first three, then two, Austrian columns, till they united at Prague, between the Elbe and Moldau, leaving the King with the right wing, and Schwerin with the left, to effect a junction in the fork of the rivers, in presence of the concentrated enemy who overlooked them from the high hill above Prague; evidently a situation of peril too great to be risked, except in case of extreme necessity.

But Frederick's genius lay in manœuvring before a battle, and then in fighting it; and in this he excelled Napoleon almost as much as Napoleon excelled him in strategy. With nothing like the range of mind of Bonaparte, and consequently very inferior in that branch of warlike science which pre-eminently requires faculties of extensive grasp, his training from youth in all the minutiæ of drill had fitted him far better for directing the actual conflict. He knew exactly what his troops could effect in the way of orderly marching and manœuvring in the face of the enemy: he knew how inferior was that enemy in similar power. Up to this campaign he had aimed only at bringing the hostile lines face to face in parallel order, when he trusted to the superior steadiness, quickness in firing, and general fighting quality of his troops, for victory. But now, after long pondering over the problem of how to turn the superiority of his army to still better account, he was about to exhibit the result of his thoughts in action. His whole system of tactics was founded on the fact, that if an army can be placed in order of battle across the extremity of the enemy's line—the first fronting west, let us say, the second, north—that this second army must then, under penalty of being helplessly enveloped and destroyed, proceed to change front to a direction which shall bring it parallel

to its antagonist. And since for a whole line, covering miles of ground, to effect this is a slow and difficult process, so it was almost certain that only a part of the line could complete the change before the onset in which it would have singly to oppose the whole weight of the enemy. And if an army in the very act of changing front, all disjointed, should be attacked by another army swiftly advancing in compact order, the result would be not merely a defeat but a rout.

In the Austrians he found an enemy of all others the best against whom to manœuvre thus. For, besides being extremely slow in moving when they did move, their propensity for sticking in strong positions, fortifying them, and there awaiting the attack, indisposed them to move at all. Accordingly at Prague, after uniting with Schwerin and reconnoitring them, he found that their left on the high hill, and their front covered with difficult ground and with works, were both impregnable, but that the ground on their right admitted of an attack. Whereupon, in such order as only Prussian armies could at that time march in—that is to say, with his two lines in order of battle wheeled by sections to the left into two open columns, which by the simultaneous wheeling back of these sections into line (a matter of half a minute) would again form order of battle—he made a long circuit till his army, which had originally fronted the enemy, was formed across their right flank. The Austrians, on becoming aware of his object, had met the movement by throwing back part of their line at right angles. On this part the Prussians threw themselves, enveloping it at both ends, and, after some of the heaviest fighting ever transacted, breaking and defeating it, while the rest of the Austrian line, seeking to reform on a front more consonant to the facts of the battle, was still in a state of fusion. The defeated right wing, separated from the other, fled southward; the rest of the conflict was a succession of attempts of the remainder of the Austrian army to form front opposite the advancing Prussians, and a succession of bloody struggles for the ground on which they so attempted to form, ending with the retreat of the whole left wing into the fortress of Prague. Yet in these operations the King committed a capital error in strategy. He left 20,000 men under Keith, on the other side of the Moldau, to guard the communications with Saxony. If the Prussians were to gain the battle, Keith's presence there would be unnecessary. If they were to lose it, they could not expect to rejoin Keith, since the circuit they had made before attacking had placed the enemy between him and them; and therefore, in this case also, Keith's presence on the other bank would be useless. His corps ought therefore to have accompanied the general movement, and aided in the battle.

After this very successful vindication of his theories, the King with one part of his army besieged the beaten armies in Prague, watching all avenues with cannon to prevent them from issuing, and reducing them to starvation by throwing the burden of an army on the magazines intended only for a suitable garrison; while, with the rest of his forces, he covered the siege eastward from an Austrian army under Marshal Daun, which, reinforced by the beaten right wing from Prague, was advancing to relieve the fortress. Frederick at first interposed directly between the city and Daun's army, with his left on the road which runs eastward from Prague to Kolin. Finding Daun's position inaccessible, he threatened to turn it by moving his left along that road and following it with his whole army. But Daun, changing front in time, confronted him next day on a line of hills parallel to the Kolin road. The Austrian left

rested on ground considered by the King unassailable; the front on a steep slope, covered by villages, was also judged too strong for attack; and the King, with the success at Prague strong in his mind, resolved to attempt a similar operation by moving against the right flank of the enemy. But there was this difference, that whereas at Prague he passed *round* the enemy's flank, here the obstacles of ground, and the necessity of holding to Prague, forbade that, and he marched to attack and break through the extremity of that flank; and whereas at Prague part of the enemy's line had been thrown back, here the front of the Austrians remained as before. The King's dispositions were adapted to these different circumstances, and in no battle did he ever manœuvre in an order and with an exactitude that at the outset promised better. Keeping his right on the Kolin road, which connected him with his army at Prague, he shot out his left strongly reinforced, till it came in contact with the Austrian flank, which it attacked and drove back. Thus the hostile lines formed an angle, and met only at the apex; the Austrian line being, however, stronger than the Prussian in the proportion of 60,000 against 36,000. It was the very essence of this oblique attack that this obliquity should be preserved, so as to keep the Prussian right wing out of action, till, by the gradual rolling up of the Austrians and progressive advance of the Prussians, the proper moment should arrive for engaging; for, line to line, the Austrians were superior in length and depth. All at first promised well: the Austrian flank was beaten in and rolled back; the Prussians were strongest at that point; and before them was the gap through which they could advance and continue to destroy all attempted formations of the enemy. Daun, in despair of retrieving affairs, had already given orders for retreat, when an accident, by deranging Frederick's plans, reversed the fortunes of the day.

The line was moving steadily in the required direction, when a regiment of the right wing, particularly galled by the fire of the Austrian skirmishers from the high corn, formed front to drive them off. The regiments that followed, conforming to this movement, formed up and attacked: thus the wing which it was essential to keep out of action was prematurely engaged. This left a middle portion isolated between the attacking force on the left, and this new attack; which fragment kept moving on, till an order of the King, hastily given, or misunderstood, caused it also to commit itself to the general advance on the Austrian front. The original order of battle was now irretrievably lost. The superior weight of the Austrians, thus brought directly to bear, prevailed, and the Prussians, heavily defeated, quitted the field, not in the direction of Prague (for they were, by the direction of the battle, driven off that road), but towards the Elbe. The siege was immediately raised by the King's orders, and the beaten army, fortunately not briskly pursued by its slow antagonists, retreated across the mountains into Lusatia. Nevertheless, there was nothing in this defeat to shake the confidence of Frederick in his tactical theories; for, so far as the battle had been fought in accordance with them, it had gone well.

All the fruits of the early part of the campaign were thus lost, and the Prussians were confronted, on their own side of the mountains, by a superior Austrian enemy. This was of itself sufficiently disastrous; but this was not all the disaster. A French army (which had long since passed the Rhine, but which had hitherto been confronted by an English force), now set free by the convention of Kloster-seven, and reinforced by contingents from va-

rious German states of the Austrian Empire, was approaching Saxony, and threatening to fall on Frederick's rear. It had already reached Gotha, when, leaving his lieutenant, the Duke of Bevern, to oppose the Austrians, with about half their numbers, he moved with the rest of his army through Saxony towards the French.

The year, which had been in its spring when Frederick opened this campaign, was now fading into winter when he came upon the French army on the Saal. In defiance of their superior numbers, in defiance even of prudence and precedents, he crossed that river in their presence, on several points far distant from each other, and was allowed, beyond expectation, to effect a concentration unmolested. Advancing, as was his custom, to attack, he found them so strongly posted that he paused, and took up a position wherein to await a better opportunity. It appeared to the enemy that this was a favourable juncture at which to practise on him his own tactics; and they began, though in array very different from that of the Prussian army, to march round his flank. Half-curious, probably half-amused, Frederick, from his position on an elevated table-land, watched this attempt in progress in the plain.

Now, it is evident, on a little consideration, that if an army fronting north, let us say, is in process of being turned on its left flank, it can, by moving to that flank in the line of its present front—that is to say, by facing and moving *west*—anticipate the enemy who is marching in a circle, and cross his line of march, so that he suddenly finds himself the outflanked, and not the outflanker. Of course, this mode of meeting such attacks had been open to the Austrians at Prague and Kolin; but Frederick, besides his confidence in Austrian slowness and indisposition to quit a strong position, also performed the like manœuvre in such order that, had he been attacked at any moment during its progress, he could have at once made head on good terms against the enemy. Against a foe well-handled and quick of movement, the matter was different. He soon showed them that they were playing on his fiddle without his fiddlestick. As soon as their movement was pronounced, he shot out his left (nearest) wing under cover of the high ground, to draw up across their line of march. Seeing this movement indistinctly, and interpreting it to mean retreat, they hastened to intercept him, if possible, before he should reach the river. The battle was an affair of minutes only. The head of their march was met and enveloped by the force just despatched by Frederick. In vain did the straggling array try to open out and come fairly to blows. Every attempt at formation was in a moment met and defeated, and the whole lengthened column finally broke, and fled in utter rout, and with great loss, no more to appear on that theatre of war.

In the meanwhile, Bevern, left to confront the Austrians, was in difficulties. Opposed by a superior army, and having the difficult, almost impossible, problem to protect Berlin and his communications with Frederick on the one hand, and to cover the great bone of contention, Silesia, on the other—with the further condition that he must do this on the wrong side of the mountain-barrier—he had, in making a despairing choice between the alternatives, let go his hold of Frederick and Berlin, and marched into Silesia. Prince Charles and Daun following close, cut him from the fortresses of Upper Silesia, and besieged and took Schweidnitz. Such was the news which Frederick, hastening with his army from Rosbach to aid his lieutenant, heard on the way, and it was followed presently by worse tidings; for, in the battle of Breslau, Bevern and his Prussians were heavily defeated. At Liegnitz, Frederick, after crossing Sax-

ony, Lusatia, and Silesia, came into communication with the remnant of Bevern's beaten troops, which joined him under Ziethen at Parchwitz. His circumstances now looked nothing short of desperate. The Austrians, with 80,000 men, occupied Breslau, and stood between him and the Silesian territory he had been fighting for. This Prussian army at Parchwitz, worn down to a stump of 30,000 men, was the last hope of Frederick. Unless he could snatch a victory with it all was over. No general has ever shown resolution of a higher and finer kind than he now displayed. Addressing, in the most inspiriting language, his troops, who nobly responded, he advanced to seek the enemy, and to challenge the issue of a battle, which was not a mere dogged conflict for death or victory, such as many leaders in desperate circumstances might fight, but which is the very finest example of his tactical genius which the history of his wars offers.

The Austrians, issuing at his approach from Breslau, had crossed the Schweidnitz, a narrow muddy stream, on the marshy edges of which their left flank rested. Instead of holding their force in the movable form of columns, ready to move and to deploy, they had drawn up their whole army in order of battle, extending five or six miles, the village of Leuthen in the centre; and three or four miles in front they had drawn up a strong vanguard of cavalry. This was encountered and defeated by Frederick with heavy loss in the grey of the morning; and the front thus clear, he advanced to reconnoitre. Before him stretched the long lines of the Austrians. Were he to advance on them in order parallel to their own, they must largely outflank and ruin him. The one chance of success lay in an oblique attack; and the nature of the ground determined Frederick to make it, not on their right flank, which was directly in front of him, but on their left and as this rested on a marsh and stream, it would be necessary not to turn, but to pierce it. Reviewed by the light of this battle, the operations of Kolin become perfectly intelligible, for the dispositions and general order of attack were the same. And had the King's plan been as thoroughly executed in the first as in the latter action, the whole aspect of the Seven Years' War would have been different.

As the flying vanguard retreated upon the Austrian right wing, and as Frederick, with the leading horsemen, showed himself on the hill over which it had been driven, it was natural to expect that on that wing his attack would be made. Therefore the Austrians reinforced it, drawing men from the left, and removing them several miles from the real point of attack. Moreover, from the point where Frederick stood a line of low hills extended to the right, which would screen the movement. Favoured by these circumstances, he threw his army into two long columns, bending to the right, and ready at the right moment to form two lines of battle towards the enemy; and the head of the advance was reinforced by a strong advanced-guard, moving between it and the Austrian line.

Attacked in this way, the Austrian left was broken, and the fragments were driven back on the marsh on one side, on the centre on the other. Through the gap poured the cavalry of Ziethen, incessantly charging on the flank, while the line steadily pressed on the front of the disordered enemy; and the artillery, firing on the two sides of the angle formed by the original and the new front, bore on them in the most destructive manner. The troops which were now hastily brought up from the Austrian right wing had a long distance to traverse. Disordered by their haste, they arrived on a scene of irretrievable confusion; regiments, instead of deploying, stood in deep formation before the wide-spreading fire

of the Prussians, whose left wing, in the continual oblique progression of the army, at length arrived within striking distance, and, wheeling round, enclosed the Austrians, and completed their discomfiture. Leaving enormous trophies, they fled in disorder into Breslau, and presently evacuated Silesia. No battle, perhaps, was ever fought so perfectly according to the plan, and where every movement was made so exactly at the time when it would be most effective.

Next Spring Frederick advanced into Moravia and besieged Olmutz, but without capturing it; and the approach of a Russian army towards his dominions, where the Cossacks committed frightful outrages, compelled him to move northward. At his coming the Russians drew together at Zorndorf in a singular barbarous order of battle, which they had adopted in their Turkish wars — a kind of oblong quadrilateral, offering a front to all points, and useful, perhaps, against the circling eddies of horse which Turkish armies used to launch on the field: but a method which has the obvious and important defect of rendering it certain that at least two of the faces will be useless in the battle. Owing to this absurd disposition the Russians were beaten; and though, with their well-established faculty of dogged passive resistance, they refused to abandon the field except under constant pressure, and with fresh losses to their assailants, yet want of provisions forced them in a few days to quit the country they had ravaged. Frederick then turned towards his old foes, the Austrians, who, under Daun, had entered Saxony. Undervaluing an enemy so often beaten, he maintained a dangerous position within reach; and in the surprise and severe defeat at Hochkirch, Daun taught him again that he was not invincible.

There remained yet other campaigns and other battles; and fortune, sometimes raising, sometimes depressing him, left still the balance constantly against him. In many skilful marches, and amid many failures—in the terrible defeat of Kunersdorf and the victory of Liegnitz—showing still the same indomitable persistence. It is a picture which wants only a high just cause in the background to render it heroic; failing that, we have the image only of a valiant bulldog, who, having stolen a bone, fights for it, lies gasping and growling on it, shakes his torn ears, winks his bleeding eyes, and will surrender it only with his life.

When matters were at their worst with him, they began to mend. In 1762 his great enemy, the Czarina Catherine, died, and her successors ceased hostilities against him. In the following year Austria and France, wearied of fruitless campaigns and the infliction of mutual damage, made peace with Prussia, and the last of Frederick's wars ended. He remained a conqueror, not so much by reason of any signal successes, for the later campaigns of the war had been generally disastrous to him, but because the league against him, in the absence of a supreme directing spirit, could not bear the stress of a protracted and exhausting struggle. He had made good his hold on his booty—he and Prussia had gained a military reputation transcendent in that age—and henceforth there was a new German Power standing in the front rank in Europe. Other nations, seeing how completely successful the Prussian military system had been, conformed to it. Minute precision of movement, extreme steadiness in manœuvring, severity of discipline, and regularity in delivering fire, became the characteristics of modern armies. At the close of the last century other nations possessed infantry equal, if not to the veterans of Frederick, yet to any that Prussia then possessed. But the cavalry trained in his school, under such unrivalled

officers as Seidlitz and Ziethen, was better than any which the world has seen since. The armies of Europe still exhibit, both in their excellences and their defects, the influence of the Prussian system. Good officers have reproduced in their troops the steadiness and precision — pedants and martinets of the stamp of the old King Frederick-William have perpetuated the observance of vexatious and wearisome trifles. But the change that has taken place in weapons, rendering the soldier more effective as an individual, and less so as the unit of a mass, and diminishing the value of regularity and precision of movement, has already greatly modified the influence of the traditions of a former age.

Frederick was fifty-one when his wars were finished. For twenty-three years he continued to rule in the country which his martial genius and superhuman determination had raised to greatness. Excepting the partition of Poland, there was no act of this part of his reign to call for special notice. The great soldiers who had gathered round him in the stirring portion of his career were dead—Schwerin, Winterfeld, Keith, slain in battle—Ziethen laid in old age in a peaceful grave; —and the King was not of a nature to supply by new intimacies the loss of those paladins of his youth. Aged, solitary, and cheerless, he met his end sternly and drearily, a few years before the old order of things passed away, and the new era commenced with the French Revolution.

It would be superfluous at this time of day to attempt to give an estimate of Carlyle's merits as an historian. All the world is familiar with his oddities and his genius, and the circle must be dull and unlettered indeed where there cannot be found critics ready to praise or to denounce him. Setting aside the mere quips and cranks of his style as what no longer offends us, there is graver reason for objection in the prevailing tone of grotesqueness which marks his treatment of events and characters. No historian was ever more picturesque, none ever studied more how, by carefully chosen or carefully invented epithets, to give force and individuality to a scene or a character. But the result of habitually treating everything and everybody, except a few oddly selected heroes and their doings, in a jeering, semi-contemptuous way, is to produce an effect which resembles life only in the same way as the work of mediæval carvers in gargoyles, brackets, and church-doors resembles nature. Everywhere there is exaggeration and distortion, as if we were looking at things in a convex mirror. But in parting with Carlyle we prefer rather to touch on those characteristics which spring from the force and fertility of his genius. The jeering tone is, after all, only a strange habit, not of heart, but of fancy; for no reader can doubt that the writer in his most contemptuous mood still wishes heartily well to humanity, and studies with a kindly as well as lively interest the faults and failings of his fellow-men,—just as it is the humour of some good-natured people to do favours in a rough way, as if their benevolence needed cynicism on the outside to excuse it. Throughout this extensive work there is the same unwearied imagination at work, seeking to penetrate into the nature of men and things, and imparting to them life and motion. But let those who admire Carlyle's style, and covet a share of his celebrity, beware of making him their model. No great writer is more easy and more perilous to imitate. Nothing but derision can await the disciple who may attempt to charm the public by reproducing those singularities which only the most affluent imagination and rare descriptive power could exalt into distinctions.

SIR BROOK FOSSBROOKE.

PART III.

CHAPTER IX.—A BREAKFAST AT THE VICARAGE.

On the day after the picnic Sir Brook went by invitation to breakfast with the Vicar.

"When a man asks you to dinner," said Fossbrooke, "he generally wants you to talk; when he asks you to breakfast, he wants to talk to you."

Whatever be the truth of this adage generally, it certainly had its application in the present case. The Vicar wanted very much to talk to Sir Brook.

As they sat, therefore, over their coffee and devilled kidneys, chatting over the late excursion, and hinting at another, the Vicar suddenly said, "By the way, I want you to tell me something of the young fellow who was one of us yesterday. Tobin, our doctor here, who is a perfect commission-agent for scandal, says he is the greatest scamp going; that about eight or ten months ago the 'Times' was full of his exploits in bankruptcy; that his liabilities were tens of thousands—assets *nil*. In a word, that notwithstanding his frank, honest look, and his unaffected manner, he is the most accomplished scapegrace of the age."

"And how much of this do you believe?" asked Sir Brook, as he helped himself to coffee.

"That is not so easy to reply to; but I tell you, if you ask me, that I'd rather not believe one word of it."

"Nor need you. His Colonel told me something about the young fellow's difficulties; he himself related the rest. He went most recklessly into debt; betted largely on races, and lost; lent freely, and lost; raised at ruinous interest, and renewed at still more ruinous: but his father has paid every shilling of it out of that fortune which one day was to have come to him, so that Lionel's thirty thousand pounds is now about eight thousand. I have put the whole story into the fewest possible words, but that's the substance of it."

"And has it cured him of extravagance?"

"Of course it has not. How should it? *You* have lived some more years in the world than he has, and *I* a good many more than *you*, and will you tell me that time has cured either of us of any of our old shortcomings? *Non sum qualis eram* means, I can't be as wild as I used to be."

"No, no; I won't agree to that. I protest most strongly against the doctrine. Many men are wiser through experience, and consequently better."

"I sincerely believe I knew the world better at four-and-twenty than I know it now. The reason why we are less often deceived in after than in early life is not that we are more crafty or more keen-eyed. It is simply because we risk less. Let us hazard as much at sixty as we once did at six-and twenty, and we'll lose as heavily."

The Vicar paused a few moments over the other's words, and then said, "To come back to this young man, I half suspect he has formed an attachment to Lucy, and that he is doing his utmost to succeed in her favour."

"And is there anything wrong in that, Doctor?"

"Not positively wrong; but there is what may lead to a great deal of unhappiness. Who is to say how Trafford's family would like the connection? Who is to answer for Lendrick's approval of Trafford?"

"You induce me to make a con-

fidence I have no right to impart; but I rely so implicitly on your discretion, I will tell you what was intrusted to me as a secret: Trafford has already written to his father to ask his consent."

"Without speaking to Lendrick? without even being sure of Lucy's?"

"Yes, without knowing anything of either; but on my advice he has first asked his father's permission to pay his addresses to the young lady. His position with his family is peculiar; he is a younger son, but not exactly as free as most younger sons feel to act for themselves. I cannot now explain this more fully, but it is enough if you understand that he is entirely dependent on his father. When I came to know this, and when I saw that he was becoming desperately in love, I insisted on this appeal to his friends before he either entangled Lucy in a promise or even made any declaration himself. He showed me the letter before he posted it. It was all I could wish. It is not a very easy task for a young fellow to tell his father he's in love; but he, in the very frankness of his nature, acquitted himself well and manfully."

"And what answer has he received?"

"None as yet. Two posts have passed. He might have heard through either of them; but no letter has come, and he is feverishly uneasy and anxious."

The Vicar was silent, but a grave motion of his head implied doubt and fear.

"Yes," said Sir Brook, answering the gesture—"Yes, I agree with you. The Traffords are great folk in their own country. Trafford was a strong place in Saxon times. They have pride enough for all this blood, and wealth enough for both pride and blood"

"They'd find their match in Lendrick, quiet and simple as he seems," said the Vicar.

"Which makes the matter worse. Who is to give way? Who is to *céder le pas?*"

"I am not so sure I should have advised that letter. I am inclined to think I would have counselled more time, more consideration. Fathers and mothers are prudently averse to these lovers at first sight, and they are merciless in dealing with what they deem a mere passing sentiment."

"Better that than suffer him to engage the girl's affections, and then learn that he must either desert her or marry her against the feeling of his family. Let us have a stroll in the garden. I have made you one confidence; I will now make you another."

They lit their cigars, and strolled out into a long alley fenced on one side by a tall, dense hedge of laurels, and flanked on the other by a low wall over which the view took in the wide reach of the river and the distant mountains of Scariff and Meelick.

"Was not that where we picnicked yesterday?" asked Sir Brook, pointing to an island in the distance.

"No; you cannot see Holy Island from this."

Sir Brook smoked on for some minutes without a word; at last, with a sort of abruptness, he said, "She was so like her, not only in face and figure, but her manner; the very tone of her voice was like; and then that half-caressing, half-timid way she has in conversation, and, more than all, the sly quietness with which she caps you when you fancy that the smart success is all your own."

"Of whom are you speaking?"

"Of another Lucy," said Sir Brook, with a deep melancholy. "Heaven grant that the resemblance follow them not in their lives as in their features. It was that likeness, however, which first attracted me towards Miss Lendrick. The first moment I saw her it overcame me; as I grew to know her better it almost confused me, and made me jumble in your hearing things of long ago with the present. Time and space were

both forgotten, and I found my mind straying away to scenes in the Himalaya with those I shall never see more. It was thus that, one day carried away by this delusion, I chanced to call her Lucy, and she laughingly begged me not to retract it, but so to call her always." For some minutes he was silent, and then resumed, "I don't know if you ever heard of a Colonel Frank Dillon, who served on Napier's staff in Scinde. Fiery Frank was his nickname among his comrades, but it only applied to him on the field of battle and with an enemy in front. Then he was indeed fiery—the excitement rose to almost madness, and led him to acts of almost incredible daring. At Meanee he was nearly cut to pieces, and as he lay wounded and to all appearance dying, he received a lance-wound through the chest that the surgeon declared must prove fatal. He lived, however, for eight months after—he lived long enough to reach the Himalayas, where his daughter, an only child, joined him from England. On her way out she became acquainted with a young officer, who was coming out as aide-de-camp to the Governor-General. They were constantly thrown together on the journey, and his attentions to her soon showed the sentiments he had conceived for her. In fact, very soon after Lucy had joined her father, Captain Sewell appeared 'in the hills' to make a formal demand of her in marriage.

"I was there at the time, and I remember well poor Dillon's expression of disappointment after the first meeting with him. His daughter's enthusiastic description of his looks, his manner, his abilities, his qualities generally, had perhaps prepared him for too much. Indeed, Lucy's own intense admiration for the soldier-like character of her father's features assisted the mistake, for, as Dillon said, 'There must be a dash of the *sabreur* in the fellow that will win Lucy.' I came into Dillon's room immediately after the first interview. The instant I caught his eye I read what was going on in his brain. 'Sit down here, Brook,' cried he, 'sit in my chair here,' and he arose painfully as he spoke; 'I'll show you the man;' with this he hobbled over to a table where his cap lay, and, placing it rakishly on one side of his head, he stuck his eyeglass in one eye, and, with a hand in his trousers-pocket, lounged forward towards where I sat, saying, "How d'ye do, Colonel? wound doing better, I hope. The breezy climate up here soon set you up." Familiar enough this, sir,' cried Dillon, in his own stern voice; 'but without time to breathe, as it were—before almost I had exchanged a greeting with him — he entered upon the object of his journey. I scarcely heard a word he said; I knew its purport—I could mark the theme —but no more. It was not the fellow himself that filled my mind; my whole thoughts were upon my daughter, and I went on repeating to myself, "Good heavens! is this Lucy's choice? Am I in a trance? Is it this contemptible cur—for he was a cur, sir—that has won the affections of my darling, high-hearted, generous girl? Is the romantic spirit that I have so loved to see in her to bear no better fruit than this? Does the fellow realise to her mind the hero that fills men's thoughts?" I was so overcome, so excited, so confused, Brook, that I begged him to leave me for a while, that one of my attacks of pain was coming on, and that I should not be able to converse farther. He said something about trying one of his cheroots—some impertinence or other, I forget what; but he left me, and I, who never knew a touch of girlish weakness in my life, who, when a child, had no mood of softness in my nature—I felt the tears trickling along my cheeks and my eyes dimmed with them.' My poor friend," continued Fossbrooke, "could not go

on, his emotions mastered him, and he sat with his head buried between his hands and in silence. At last he said, 'She'll not give him up, Brook; I have spoken to her—she actually loves him. Good heavens!' he cried, 'how little do we know about our children's hearts! how far astray are we as to the natures that have grown up beside us, imbibing, as we thought, our hopes, our wishes, and our prejudices! We awake some day to discover that some other influence has crept in to undo our teachings, and that the fidelity on which we would have staked our lives has changed allegiance.'

"He talked to me long in this strain, and I saw that the effects of this blow to all his hopes had made themselves deeply felt on his chance of recovery. It only needed a great shock to depress him to make his case hopeless. Within two months after his daughter's arrival he was no more.

"I became Lucy's guardian. Poor Dillon gave me the entire control over her future fortune, and left me to occupy towards her the place he had himself held. I believe that, next to her father, I held the best place in her affections—of such affections, I mean, as are accorded to a parent. I was her godfather, and from her earliest infancy she had learned to love me. The reserve, it was positive coldness, with which Dillon had always treated Sewell had caused a certain distance, for the first time in their lives, between the father and daughter. She thought, naturally enough, that her father was unjust; that, unaccustomed to the new tone of manners which had grown up amongst young men—their greater ease, their less rigid observance of ceremonial, their more liberal self-indulgence—he was unfairly severe upon her lover. She was annoyed, too, that Sewell's attempts to conciliate the old man should have turned out such complete failures. But none of these prejudices extended to me, and she counted much on the good understanding that she expected to find grow up between us.

"If I could have prevented the marriage I would. I learned many things of the man that I disliked. There is no worse sign of a man than to be at the same time a man of pleasure and friendless. These he was—he was foremost in every plan of amusement and dissipation, and yet none liked him. Vain fellows get quizzed for their vanity, and selfish men laughed at for their selfishness, and close men for their avarice; but there is a combination of vanity, egotism, small craftiness, and self-preservation in certain fellows that is totally repugnant to all companionship. Their lives are a series of petty successes, not owing to any superior ability or greater boldness of daring, but to a studious outlook for small opportunities. They are ever alive to know the 'right man,' to be invited to the 'right house,' to say the 'right thing.' Never linked with whatever is in disgrace or misfortune, they are always found backing the winning horse, if not riding him.

"Such men as these, so long as the world goes well with them, and events turn out fortunately, are regarded simply as sharp, shrewd fellows, with a keen eye to their own interests. When, however, the weight of any misfortune comes, when the time arrives that they have to bear up against the hard pressure of life, these fellows come forth in their true colours, swindlers and cheats.

"Such was he. Finding that I was determined to settle the small fortune her father had left her inalienably on herself, he defeated me by a private marriage. He then launched out into a life of extravagance to which their means bore no proportion. I was a rich man in those days, and knew nothing better to do with my money than assist the daughter of my oldest friend. The gallant Captain did not balk my good intentions. He

first accepted, he then borrowed, and last of all he forged my name. I paid the bills and saved him, not for his sake, I need not tell you, but for hers, who threw herself at my feet, and implored me not to see them ruined. Even this act of hers he turned to profit. He wrote to me to say that he knew his wife had been to my house, that he had long nurtured suspicions against me—I that was many years older than her own father—that for the future he desired all acquaintance should cease between us, and that I should not again cross his threshold.

"By what persuasions or by what menaces he led his wife to the step, I do not know; but she passed me when we met without a recognition. This was the hardest blow of all. I tried to write her a letter; but after a score of attempts I gave it up, and left the place.

"I never saw her for eight years. I wish I had not seen her then. I am an old, hardened man of the world, one whom life has taught all its lessons to in the sternest fashion. I have been so baffled, and beaten, and thrown back by all my attempts to think well of the world, that nothing short of a dogged resolution not to desert my colours has rescued me from a cold misanthropy; and yet, till I saw, I did not believe there was a new pang of misery my heart had not tasted. What! it is incredible—surely that is not she who once was Lucy Dillon—that bold-faced woman with lustrous eyes and rouged cheeks—brilliant, indeed, and beautiful, but not the beauty that is allied to the thought of virtue—whose every look is a wile, whose every action is entanglement. She was leaning on a great man's arm, and in the smile she gave him told me how she knew to purchase such distinctions. He noticed me, and shook my hand as I passed. I heard him tell her who I was; and I heard her say that I had been a hanger-on, a sort of dependant, of her father's, but she never liked me! I tried to laugh, but the pain was too deep. I came away, and saw her no more."

He ceased speaking, and for some time they walked along side by side without a word. At last he broke out—"Don't believe the people who say that men are taught by anything they experience in life. Outwardly they may affect it. They may assume this or that manner. The heart cannot play the hypocrite, and no frequency of disaster diminishes the smart. The wondrous resemblance Miss Lendrick bears to Lucy Dillon renews to my memory the bright days of her early beauty, when her poor father would call her to sit down at his feet and read to him, that he might gaze at will on her, weaving whole histories of future happiness and joy for her. Is it not like sunshine in the room to see her, Brook?' would he whisper to me. 'I only heard her voice as she passed under my window this morning, and I forgot some dark thought that was troubling me.' And there was no exaggeration in this. The sweet music of her tones vibrated so softly on the ear, they soothed the sense, just as we feel soothed by the gentle ripple of a stream.

"All these times come back to me since I have been here, and I cannot tell you how the very sorrow that is associated with them has its power over me. Every one knows with what attachment the heart will cling to some little spot in a far-away land that reminds one of a loved place at home—how we delight to bring back old memories, and how we even like to name old names, to cheat ourselves back into the past. So it is that I feel when I see this girl. The other Lucy was once as my daughter; so, too, do I regard her, and with this comes that dreadful sorrow I have told you of, giving my interest in her an intensity unspeakable. When I saw Trafford's attention to her, the only thing I thought of was how unlike he was to him who won

the other Lucy. His frank, unaffected bearing, his fine, manly trustfulness, the very opposite to the other's qualities, made me his friend at once. When I say friend, I mean well-wisher, for my friendship now bears no other fruit. Time was when it was otherwise."

"What is it, William?" cried the Vicar, as his servant came hurriedly forward.

"There's a gentleman in the drawing-room, sir, wants to see Sir Brook Fossbrooke."

"Have I your leave?" said the old man, bowing low. "I'll join you here immediately."

Within a few moments he was back again. "It was Trafford. He has just got a telegram to call him to his regiment. He suspects something has gone wrong; and seeing his agitation, I offered to go back with him. We start within an hour."

CHAPTER X.—LENDRICK RECOUNTS HIS VISIT TO TOWN.

The Vicar having some business to transact in Limerick, agreed to go that far with Sir Brook and Trafford, and accompanied them to the railroad to see them off.

A down train from Dublin arrived as they were waiting, and a passenger descending, hastily hurried after the Vicar and seized his hand. The Vicar, in evident delight, forgot his other friends for a moment, and became deeply interested in the new-comer. "We must say good-bye, Doctor," said Fossbrooke, "here comes our train."

"A thousand pardons, my dear Sir Brook. The unlooked-for arrival of my friend here—but I believe you don't know him. Lendrick, come here. I want to present you to Sir Brook Fossbrooke. Captain Trafford, Dr. Lendrick."

"I hope these gentlemen are not departing," said Lendrick, with the constraint of a bashful man.

"It is our misfortune to do so," said Sir Brook; "but I have passed too many happy hours in this neighbourhood not to come back to it as soon as I can."

"I hope we shall see you. I hope I may have an opportunity of thanking you, Sir Brook."

"Dublin! Dublin! Dublin! get in, gentlemen; first class, this way, sir," screamed a guard, amidst a thundering rumble, a scream, and a hiss. All other words were drowned, and with a cordial shake-hands the new friends parted.

"Is the younger man his son?" asked Lendrick; "I did not catch the name?"

"No, he's Trafford, a son of Sir Hugh Trafford—a Lincolnshire man, isn't he?"

"I don't know. It was of the other I was thinking. I felt it so strange to see a man of whom when a boy I used to hear so much. I have an old print somewhere of two over-dressed 'Bloods,' as they were called in those days, with immense whiskers, styled 'Fossy and Fussy,' meaning Sir Brook and the Baron Geramb, a German friend and follower of the Prince."

"I suspect a good deal changed since that day, in person as well as purse," said the Vicar, sadly.

"Indeed! I heard of his having inherited some immense fortune."

"So he did, and squandered every shilling of it."

"And the chicks are well, you tell me?" said Lendrick, whose voice softened as he talked of home and his children.

"Couldn't be better. We had a little picnic on Holy Island yesterday, and only wanted yourself to have been perfectly happy. Lucy was for refusing at first."

"Why so?"

"Some notion she had that you wouldn't like it. Some idea about not doing in your absence anything that was not usual when you are here."

"She is such a true girl, so loyal," said Lendrick, proudly.

"Well, I take the treason on my shoulders. I made her come. It was a delightful day, and we drank your health in as good a glass of madeira as ever ripened in the sun. Now for your own news?"

"First let us get on the road. I am impatient to be back at home again. Have you your car here?"

"All is ready, and waiting for you at the gate."

As they drove briskly along, Lendrick gave the Vicar a detailed account of his visit to Dublin. Passing over the first days, of which the reader already has heard something, we take up the story from the day on which Lendrick learned that his father would see him.

"My mind was so full of myself, Doctor," said he, "of all the consequences which had followed from my father's anger with me, that I had no thought of anything else till I entered the room where he was. Then, however, as I saw him propped up with pillows in a deep chair, his face pale, his eyes colourless, and his head swathed up in a bandage after leeching, my heart sickened, alike with sorrow and shame at my great selfishness.

"I had been warned by Beattie on no account to let any show of feeling or emotion escape me, to be as cool and collected as possible, and in fact, he said, to behave as though I had seen him the day before.

"'Leave the room, Poynder,' said he to his man, 'and suffer no one to knock at the door—mind, not even to knock, till I ring my bell.' He waited till the man withdrew, and then, in a very gentle voice, said, 'How are you, Tom? I can't give you my right hand—the rebellious member has ceased to know me!' I thought I should choke as the words met me; I don't remember what I said, but I took my chair and sat down beside him.

"'I thought you might have been too much agitated, Tom, but otherwise I should have wished to have had your advice along with Beattie. I believe, on the whole, however, he has treated me well.'

"I assured him that none could have done more skilfully.

"'The skill of the doctor with an old patient, is the skill of an architect with an old wall. He must not breach it, or it will tumble to pieces.'

"'Beattie is very able, sir,' said I.

"'No man is able,' replied he, quickly, 'when the question is to repair the wastes of time and years. Draw that curtain, and let me look at you. No; stand yonder, where the light is stronger. What! is it my eyes deceive me—is your hair white?'

"'It has been so eight years, sir.'

"'And I had not a grey hair till my seventy-second year—not one. I told Beattie, t'other day, that the race of the strong was dying out. Good heavens, how old you look! Would any one believe in seeing us that you could be my son?'

"'I feel perhaps even more than I look it, sir.'

"'I could swear you did. You are the very stamp of those fellows who plead guilty—guilty, my lord; we throw ourselves on the mercy of the court. I don't know how the great judgment-seat regards these pleas — with *me* they meet only scorn. Give me the man who says, "Try me, test me." Drop that curtain, and draw the screen across the fire. Speak lower too, my dear,' said he, in a weak soft voice; 'you suffer yourself to grow excited, and you excite *me*.'

"'I will be more cautious, sir,' said I.

"'What are these drops he is giving me? They have an acrid sweet taste.'

"'Aconite, sir, a weak solution.'

"'They say that our laws never forgot feudalism, but I declare I believe medicine has never been able to ignore alchemy; drop me out twenty, I see that your hand does not shake. Strange thought, is it not, to feel that a little phial like that could make a new Baron of the Exchequer? You have heard, I suppose, of the attempts—the in-

decent attempts—to induce me to resign. You have heard what they say of my age. They quote the registry of my baptism, as though it were the date of a conviction. I have yet to learn that the years a man has devoted to his country's service are counts in the indictment against his character. Age has been less merciful to me than to my fellows—it has neither made me deaf to rancour nor blind to ingratitude. I told the Lord-Lieutenant so yesterday.'

"'You saw him then, sir?' asked I.

"'Yes, he was gracious enough to call here; he sent his secretary to ask if I would receive a visit from him. I thought that a little more tact might have been expected from a man in his station—it is the common gift of those in high places. I perceive,' added he, after a pause, 'you don't see what I mean. It is this: royalties, or mock royalties, for they are the same in this, condescend to these visits as death-bed attentions. They come to us with their courtesies as the priest comes with his holy cruet, only when they have the assurance that we are beyond recovery. His Excellency ought to have felt that the man to whom he proposed this attention was not one to misunderstand its significance.'

"'Did he remain long, sir?'

"'Two hours and forty minutes. I measured it by my watch.'

"'Was the fatigue not too much for you?'

"'Of course it was; I fainted before he got to his carriage. He twice rose to go away, but on each occasion I had something to say that induced him to sit down again. It was the whole case of Ireland we reviewed—that is, *I* did. I deployed the six millions before him, and he took the salute. Yes, sir, education, religious animosities, land-tenure, drainage, emigration, secret societies, the rebel priest and the intolerant parson, even nationality and mendicant insolence, all marched past, and he took the salute! "And now, my Lord," said I, "it is the man who tells you these things, who has the courage to tell, and the ability to display them, and it is this man for whose retirement your Excellency is so eager, that you have actually deigned to make him a visit, that he may carry away into the next world, perhaps, a pleasing memory of this; it is this man, I say, whom you propose to replace,—and by what, my Lord, and by whom? Will a mere lawyer, will any amount of *nisi prius* craft, or precedent, give you the qualities you need on that bench, or that you need, sadly need, at this council-board? Go back, my Lord, and tell your colleagues of the Cabinet that Providence is more merciful than a Premier, and that the same overruling hand that has sustained me through this trial, will uphold me, I trust, for years, to serve my country, and save it for some time longer from your blundering legislation."

"'He stood up, sir, like a prisoner when under sentence; he stood up, sir, and as he bowed, I waved my adieu to him as though saying, You have heard me, and you are not to carry away from this place a hope, the faintest, that any change will come over the determination I have this day declared.

"'He went away, and I fainted. The exertion was too long sustained, too much for me. I believe, after all,' added he, with a smile, 'his Excellency bore it very little better. He told the Archbishop the same evening that he'd not go through another such morning for 'the garter.' Men in his station hear so little of truth, that it revolts them like coarse diet. They'd rather abstain altogether till forced by actual hunger to touch it. When they come to me, however, it is the only fare they will find before them.'

"There was a long pause after this," continued Lendrick. "I saw that the theme had greatly excited him, and I forbore to say a word, lest he should be led to resume it. 'Too old for the bench!' burst he

out suddenly; 'my Lord, there are men who are never too old, as there are those who are never too young. The oak is but a sapling when the pine is in decay. Is there that glut of intellect just now in England, are we so surfeited with ability, that, to make room for the coming men, we, who have made our mark on the age, must retire into obscurity?' He tried to rise from his seat; his face was flushed, and his eyes flashing; he evidently forgot where he was, and with whom, for he sank back with a faint sigh, and said, 'Let us talk of it no more. Let us think of something else. Indeed it was to talk of something else I desired to see you.' He went on then to say that he wished something could be done for me. His own means were, he said, sadly crippled; he spoke bitterly, resentfully, I thought. 'It is too long a story to enter on, and were it briefer, too disagreeable a one,' added he. 'I ought to be a rich man, and I am poor; I should be powerful, and I have no influence. All has gone ill with me.' After a silence, he continued, 'They have a place to offer you; the inspectorship, I think they call it, of hospitals at the Cape; it is worth altogether nigh a thousand a-year, a thing not to be refused.'

"'The offer could only be made in compliment to you, sir; and if my acceptance were to compromise your position——'

"'Compromise *me!*' broke he in. 'I'll take care it shall not. No man need instruct me in the art of self-defence, sir. Accept at once.'

"'I will do whatever you desire, sir,' was my answer.

"'Go out there yourself alone, at first, I mean. Let your boy continue his college career; the girl shall come to me.'

"'I have never been separated from my children, sir,' said I, almost trembling with anxiety.

"'Such separations are bearable,' added he, 'when it is duty dictates them, not disobedience.'

"He fixed his eyes sternly on me, and I trembled as I thought that the long score of years was at last come to the reckoning. He did not dwell on the theme, however, but in a tone of much gentler meaning went on, 'It will be an act of mercy to let me see a loving face, to hear a tender voice. Your boy would be too rough for me.'

"'You would like him, sir. He is thoroughly truthful and honest.'

"'So he may, and yet be self-willed, be noisy, be over-redolent of that youth which age resents like outrage. Give me the girl, Tom; let her come here, and bestow some of those loving graces on the last hours of my life, her looks show she should be rich in. For your sake she will be kind to me. Who knows what charm there may be in gentleness, even to a tiger-nature like mine? Ask her, at least, if she will make the sacrifice.'

"I knew not what to answer. If I could not endure the thought of parting from Lucy, yet it seemed equally impossible to refuse his entreaty, old, friendless, and deserted as he was. I felt, besides, that my only hope of a real reconciliation with him lay through this road; deny him this, and it was clear he would never see me more. He said, too, it should only be for a season. I was to see how the place, the climate, suited for a residence. In a word, every possible argument to reconcile me to the project rushed to my mind, and I at last said, 'Lucy shall decide, sir. I will set out for home at once, and you shall have her own answer.'

"'Uninfluenced, sir,' cried he; 'mind that. If influence were to be used, I could, perhaps, tell her what might decide her at once; but I would not that pity should plead for me, till she should have seen if I be worth compassion! There is but one argument I will permit in my favour—tell her that her picture has been my pleasantest companion these three long days.

There it lies, always before me. Go, now, and let me hear from you as soon as may be.' I arose, but somehow my agitation, do what I would, mastered me. It was so long since we had met! All the sorrows the long estrangement had cost me came to my mind, together with little touches of his kindness in long-past years, and I could not speak. 'Poor Tom, poor Tom!' said he, drawing me towards him; and he kissed me."

As Lendrick said this, emotion overcame him, and he covered his face with his hands, and sobbed bitterly. More than a mile of road was traversed before a word passed between them. "There they are, Doctor! There's Tom, there's Lucy! They are coming to meet me," cried he. "Good-bye, Doctor; you'll forgive me, I know—good-bye;" and he sprang off the car as he spoke, while the Vicar, respecting the sacredness of the joy, wheeled his horse round, and drove back towards the town.

CHAPTER XI.—CAVE CONSULTS SIR BROOK.

A few minutes after the Adjutant had informed Colonel Cave that Lieutenant Trafford had reported himself, Sir Brook entered the Colonel's quarters, eager to know what was the reason of the sudden recall of Trafford, and whether the regiment had been unexpectedly ordered for foreign service.

"No, no," said Cave, in some confusion. "We have had our turn of India and the Cape; they can't send us away again for some time. It was purely personal; it was, I may say, a private reason. You know," added he, with a slight smile, "I am acting as a sort of guardian to Trafford just now. His family sent him over to me, as to a reformatory."

"From everything I have seen of him, your office will be an easy one."

"Well, I suspect that, so far as mere wildness goes—extravagance and that sort of thing—he has had enough of it; but there are mistakes that a young fellow may make in life—mistakes in judgment—which will damage him more irreparably than all his derelictions against morality."

"That I deny—totally, entirely deny. I know what you mean—that is, I think I know what you mean; and if I guess aright, I am distinctly at issue with you on this matter."

"Perhaps I could convince you, notwithstanding. Here's a letter which I have no right to show you; it is marked, 'Strictly confidential and private.' You shall read it—nay, you must read it—because you are exactly the man to be able to give advice on the matter. You like Trafford, and wish him well. Read that over carefully, and tell me what you would counsel."

Fossbrooke took out his spectacles, and having seated himself comfortably, with his back to the light, began in leisurely fashion to peruse the letter. "It's his mother who writes," said he, turning to the signature—"one of the most worldly women I ever met. She was a Lascelles. Don't you know how she married Trafford?"

"I don't remember if I ever heard."

"It was her sister that Trafford wanted to marry, but she was ambitious to be a peeress; and as Bradbrook was in love with her, she told Sir Hugh, 'I have got a sister so like me nobody can distinguish between us. She'd make an excellent wife for you. She rides far better than me, and she isn't half so extravagant. I'll send for her.' She did so, and the whole thing was settled in a week."

"They have lived very happily together."

"Of course they have. They didn't 'go in,' as the speculators

say, for enormous profits; they realized very fairly, and were satisfied. I wish her handwriting had been more cared for. What's this she says here about a subscription?"

"That's supervision — the supervision of a parent."

"Supervision of a fiddlestick! the fellow is six feet one inch high, and seven-and-twenty years of age; he's quite beyond supervision. Ah! brought back all his father's gout, has he? When will people begin to admit that their own tempers have something to say to their maladies? I curse the cook who made the mulligatawny, but I forget that I ate two platefuls of it. So it's the Doctor's daughter she objects to. I wish she saw her. I wish *you* saw her, Cave. You are an old frequenter of courts and drawing-rooms. I tell you you have seen nothing like this doctor's daughter since Laura Bedingfield was presented, and that was before your day."

"Every one has heard of the Beauty Bedingfield; but she was my mother's contemporary."

"Well, sir, her successors have not eclipsed her! This doctor's daughter, as your correspondent calls her, is the only rival of her that I have ever seen. As to wit and accomplishments, Laura could not compete with Lucy Lendrick."

"You know her, then?" asked the Colonel; and then added, "Tell me something about the family."

"With your leave I will finish this letter first. Ah! here we have the whole secret. Lionel Trafford is likely to be that precious prize, an eldest son. Who could have thought that the law of entail could sway a mother's affections? 'Contract no ties inconsistent with his station.' This begins to be intolerable, Cave. I don't think I can go on."

"Yes, yes; read it through."

"She asks you if you know any one who knows these Hendrichs or Lendrichs; tell her that you do; tell her that your friend is one of those men who have seen a good deal of life, heard more too than he has seen. She will understand that, and that his name is Sir Brook Fossbrooke, who, if needed, will think nothing of a journey over to Lincolnshire to afford her all the information she could wish for. Say this, Cave, and take my word for it, she will put very few more questions to you."

"That would be to avow I had already consulted with you. No, no; I must not do that."

"The wind-up of the epistle is charming. 'I have certainly no reason to love Ireland.' Poor Ireland! here is another infliction upon you. Let us hope you may never come to know that Lady Trafford cannot love you."

"Come, come, Fossbrooke, be just, be fair; there is nothing so very unreasonable in the anxiety of a mother that her son, who will have a good name and a large estate, should not share them both with a person beneath him."

"Why must she assume that this is the case—why take it for granted that this girl must be beneath him? I tell you, sir, if a prince of the blood had fallen in love with her, it would be a reason to repeal the Royal Marriage Act."

"I declare, Fossbrooke, I shall begin to suspect that your own heart has not escaped scatheless," said Cave, laughing.

The old man's face became crimson, but not with anger. As suddenly it grew pale; and in a voice of deep agitation he said, "When an old man like myself lays his homage at her feet, it is not hard to believe how a young man might love her."

"How did you come to make this acquaintance?" said Cave, anxious to turn the conversation into a more familiar channel.

"We chanced to fall in with her brother on the river. We found him struggling with a fish far too large for his tackle, and which at last smashed his rod and got away. He showed not alone that he was a per-

fect angler, but that he was a fine-tempered fellow, who accepted his defeat manfully and well; he had even a good word for his enemy, sir, and it was that which attracted me. Trafford and he, young-men-like, soon understood each other; he came into our boat, lunched with us, and asked us home with him to tea. There's the whole story. As to the intimacy that followed, it was mostly my own doing. I own to you I never so much as suspected that Trafford was smitten by her; he was always with her brother, scarcely at all in her company; and when he came to tell me he was in love, I asked him how he caught the malady, for I never saw him near the infection. Once that I knew of the matter, however, I made him write home to his family."

"It was by your advice, then, that he wrote that letter?"

"Certainly; I not only advised, I insisted on it—I read it, too, before it was sent off. It was such a letter as, if I had been the young fellow's father, would have made me prouder than to hear he had got the thanks of Parliament."

"You and I, Fossbrooke, are old bachelors; we are scarcely able to say what we should have done if we had had sons."

"I am inclined to believe it would have made us better, not worse," said Fossbrooke, gravely.

"At all events, as it was at your instigation this letter was written, I can't well suggest your name as an impartial person in the transaction—I mean, as one who can be referred to for advice or information."

"Don't do so, sir, or I shall be tempted to say more than may be prudent. Have you never noticed, Cave, the effect that a doctor's presence produces in the society of those who usually consult him—the reserve — the awkwardness — the constraint—the apologetic tone for this or that little indiscretion—the sitting in the draught or the extra glass of sherry? So is it, but in a far stronger degree, when an old man of the world like myself comes back amongst those he formerly lived with—one who knew all their past history, how they succeeded here, how they failed there—what led the great man of fashion to finish his days in a colony, and why the Court beauty married a bishop. Ah, sir, we are the physicians who have all these secrets in our keeping. It is ours to know what sorrow is covered by that smile, how that merry laugh has but smothered the sigh of a heavy heart. It is only when a man has lived to my age, with an unfailing memory, too, that he knows the real hollowness of life—all the combinations falsified, all the hopes blighted — the clever fellows that have turned out failures, or worse than failures, the lovely women that have made shipwreck through their beauty. It is not only, however, that he knows this, but he knows how craft and cunning have won where ability and frankness have lost; how intrigue and trick have done better than genius and integrity. With all this knowledge, sir, in their heads, and stout hearts within them, such men as myself have their utility in life. They are a sort of walking conscience that cannot be ignored. The railroad millionaire talks less boastfully before him who knew him as an errand-boy; the *grande dame* is less superciliously insolent in the presence of one who remembered her in a very different character. Take my word for it, Cave, Nestor may have been a bit of a bore amongst the young Greeks of fashion, but he had his utility too."

"But how am I to answer this letter? what advice shall I give her?"

"Tell her frankly that you have made the inquiry she wished; that the young lady, who is as well-born as her son, is without fortune, and if her personal qualities count for nothing, would be what the world would call a 'bad match.'"

"Yes, that sounds practicable. I think that will do."

"Tell her also, that if she seriously desire that her son should continue in the way of that reformation he has so ardently followed for some time back, and especially so since he has made the acquaintance of this family, such a marriage as this would give her better reasons for confidence than all her most crafty devices in match-making and settlements."

"I don't think I can exactly tell her that," said Cave, smiling.

"Tell her, then, that if this connection be not to her liking, to withdraw her son at once from this neighbourhood before this girl should come to care for him; for if she should, by heavens! he shall marry her, if every acre of the estate were to go to a cousin ten times removed!"

"Were not these people all strangers to you t'other day, Fossbrooke?" said Cave, in something like a tone of reprehension.

"So they were. I had never so much as heard of them; but she, this girl, has a claim upon my interest, founded on a resemblance so strong, that when I see her, I live back again in the long past and find myself in converse with the dearest friends I ever had. I vow to heaven I never knew the bitterness of want of fortune till now! I never felt how powerless and insignificant poverty can make a man till I desired to contribute to this girl's happiness; and if I were not an old worthless wreck—shattered and unseaworthy—I'd set to work to-morrow to refit and try to make a fortune to bestow on her."

If Cave was half disposed to banter the old man on what seemed little short of a dèvoted attachment, the agitation of Fossbrooke's manner — his trembling lips, his shaken voice, his changing colour—all warned him to forbear, and abstain from what might well have proved a perilous freedom.

"You will dine with us at mess, Fossbrooke, won't you?"

"No. I shall return at once to Killaloe. I made Dr. Lendrick's acquaintance just as I started by the train. I want to see more of him; besides, now that I know what was the emergency that called young Trafford up here, I have nothing to detain me."

"Shall you see him before you go?"

"Of course. I'm going over to his quarters now."

"You will not mention our conversation?"

"Certainly not."

"I'd like to show you my letter before I send it off. I'd be glad to think it was what you recommended."

"Write what you feel to be a fair statement of the case, and if by any chance an inclination to partiality crosses you, let it be in favour of the young. Take my word for it, Cave, there is a selfishness in age that needs no ally. Stand by the sons—the fathers and mothers will take care of themselves. Good-bye."

CHAPTER XII.—A GREAT MAN'S SCHOOLFELLOW.

Whether it was that the Chief Baron had thrown off an attack which had long menaced him, and whose slow approaches had gradually impaired his strength and diminished his mental activity, or whether, as some of his "friends" suggested, that the old man's tenure of life had been renewed by the impertinences of the newspapers and the insolent attacks of political foes—an explanation not by any means far-fetched, — whatever the cause, he came out of his illness with all the signs of renewed vigour, and with a degree of mental acuteness that he had not enjoyed for many years before.

"Beattie tells me that this attack has inserted another life in my lease," said he; "and I am glad of it. It is right that the men who

speculated on my death should be reminded of the uncertainty of life by the negative proof. It is well, too, that there should be men long-lived enough to bridge over periods of mediocrity, and connect the triumphs of the past with the coming glories of the future. We are surely not destined to a perpetuity of Pendletons and Fitzgibbons!"

It was thus he discoursed to an old legal comrade—who, less gifted and less fortunate, still wore his stuff gown, and pleaded for the outer bar—poor old Billy Haire, the dreariest advocate, and one of the honestest fellows that ever carried his bag into court. While nearly all of his contemporaries had risen to rank and eminence, Billy toiled on through life with small success, liked by his friends, respected by the world, but the terror of attorneys, who only saw in him the type of adverse decisions and unfavourable verdicts.

For forty-odd years had he lived a life that any but himself would have deemed martyrdom—his law laughed at, his eloquence ridiculed, his manner mimicked, jeered at by the bench, quizzed by the bar, sneered at by the newspapers, every absurd story tagged to his name, every stupid blunder fathered on him, till at last, as it were, by the mere force of years, the world came to recognise the incomparable temper that no provocation had ever been able to irritate, the grand nature that rose above all resentment, and would think better of its fellows than these moods of spiteful wit or impertinent drollery might seem to entitle them to.

The old Judge liked him; he liked his manly simplicity of character, his truthfulness, and his honesty; but perhaps more than all these did he like his dulness. It was so pleasant to him to pelt this poor heavy man with smart epigrams and pungent sarcasms on all that was doing in the world, and see the hopeless effort he made to follow him.

Billy, too, had another use—he alone, of all the Chief Baron's friends, could tell him what was the current gossip of the hall; what men thought, or, at least, what they said of him. The genuine simplicity of Haire's nature gave to his revelations a character so devoid of all spitefulness—it was so evident that, in repeating, he never identified himself with his story, that Lendrick would listen to words from him that, coming from another, his resentment would have repelled with indignation.

"And you tell me that the story now is, my whole attack was nothing but temper?" said the old Judge, as the two men walked slowly up and down on the grass lawn before the door.

"Not that exactly; but they say that constitutional irritability had much to say to it."

"It was, in fact, such a seizure as with a man like yourself would have been a mere nothing."

"Perhaps so."

"I am sure of it, sir; and what more do they say?"

"All sorts of things, which of course they know nothing about. Some have it that you refused the peerage, others that it was not offered."

"Ha!" said the old man, irritably, while a faint flush tinged his cheek.

"They say, too," continued Haire, "that when the Viceroy informed you that you were not to be made a peer, you said, 'Let the Crown look to it, then. The Revenue cases all come to my court; and so long as I sit there they shall never have a verdict.'"

"You must have invented that yourself, Billy," said the Judge, with a droll malice in his eye. "Come, confess it is your own. It is *so* like you."

"No, on my honour," said the other, solemnly.

"Not that I would take it ill, Haire, if you had. When a man has a turn for epigram, his friends must extend their indulgence to the humour."

"I assure you, positively, it is not mine."

"That is quite enough; let us talk of something else. By the way, I have a letter to show you. I put it in my pocket this morning, to let you see it; but, first of all, I must show you the writer—here she is." He drew forth a small miniature case, and, opening it, handed it to the other.

"What a handsome girl! downright beautiful!"

"My granddaughter, sir," said the old man, proudly.

"I declare I never saw a lovelier face," said Haire. "She must be a rare cheat if she be not as good as she is beautiful. What a sweet mouth!"

"The brow is fine; there is a high intelligence about the eyes and the temples."

"It is the smile, that little lurking smile, that captivates me. What may her age be?"

"Something close on twenty. Now for her letter. Read that."

While Haire perused the letter the old Judge sauntered away, looking from time to time at the miniature, and muttering some low inaudible words as he went.

"I don't think I understand it. I am at a loss to catch what she is drifting at," said Haire, as he finished the first side of the letter. "What is she so grateful for?"

"You think the case is one which calls for little gratitude then. What a sarcastic mood you are in this morning, Haire," said the Judge, with a malicious twinkle of the eye. "Still there are young ladies in the world who would vouchsafe to bear me company in requital for being placed at the head of such a house as this?"

"I can make nothing of it," said the other, hopelessly.

"The case is this," said the Judge as he drew his arm within the other's. "Tom Lendrick has been offered a post of some value—some value to a man, poor as he is—at the Cape. I have told him that his acceptance in no way involves me. I have told those who have offered the place that I stand aloof in the whole negotiation—that in their advancement of my son they establish no claim upon *me*. I have even said I will know nothing whatever of the incident." He paused for some minutes, and then went on. "I have told Tom, however, if his circumstances were such as to dispose him to avail himself of this offer, that—unless he assured himself that the place was one to his liking, that it gave a reasonable prospect of permanence, that the climate was salubrious, and the society not distasteful—I would take his daughter to live with me."

"He has a son too, hasn't he?"

"He has, sir, and he would fain have induced me to take *him* instead of the girl; but this I would not listen to. I have not nerves for the loud speech and boisterous vitality of a young fellow of four or five and twenty. His very vigour would be a standing insult to me, and the fellow would know it. When men come to my age they want a mild atmosphere in morals and manners, as well as in climate. My son's physiology has not taught him this, doctor though he be."

"I see—I see it all, now," said Haire; "and the girl, though sorry to be separated from her father, is gratified by the thought of becoming a tie between him and you."

"This is not in the record, sir," said the Judge, sternly. "Keep to your brief." He took the letter sharply from the other's hand as he spoke. "My granddaughter has not had much experience of life; but her woman's tact has told her that her real difficulty—her only one, perhaps—will be with Lady Lendrick. She cannot know that Lady Lendrick's authority in this house is nothing—less than nothing. I would never have invited her to come here, had it been otherwise."

"Have you apprised Lady Lendrick of this arrangement?"

"No, sir; nor shall I. It shall be for you to do that 'officiously,' as the French say, to distinguish from what is called 'officially.' I

mean you to call upon her and say, in the course of conversation, informally, accidentally, that Miss Lendrick's arrival at the Priory has been deferred, or that it is fixed for such a date—in fact, sir, whatever your own nice tact may deem the neatest mode of alluding to the topic, leaving to her the reply. You understand me?"

"I'm not sure that I do."

"So much the better; your simplicity will be more inscrutable than your subtlety, Haire. I can deal with the one—the other masters me."

"I declare frankly I don't like the mission. I was never, so to say, a favourite with her Ladyship."

"Neither was I, sir," said the other, with a peremptory loudness that was almost startling.

"Hadn't you better intimate it by a few lines in a note? Hadn't you better say that, having seen your son during his late visit to town, and learnt his intention to accept a colonial appointment——"

"All this would be apologetic, sir, and must not be thought of. Don't you know, Haire, that every unnecessary affidavit is a flaw in a man's case? Go and see her; your very awkwardness will imply a secret, and she'll be so well pleased with her acuteness in discovering the mystery, she'll half forget its offence."

"Let me clearly understand what I've got to do. I'm to tell her, or to let her find out, that you have been reconciled to your son Tom?"

"There is not a word of reconciliation, sir, in all your instructions. You are to limit yourself to the statement that touches my granddaughter."

"Very well; it will be so much the easier. I'm to say, then, that you have adopted her, and placed her at the head of your house; that she is to live here in all respects as its mistress?"

He paused, and as the Judge bowed a concurrence, he went on, "Of course you will allow me to add that I was never consulted; that you did not ask my opinion, and that I never gave one?"

"You are at liberty to say all this"

"I would even say that I don't exactly see how the thing will work. A very young girl, with of course a limited experience of life, will have no common difficulties in dealing with a world so new and strange, particularly without the companionship of one of her own sex."

"I cannot promise to supply that want, but she shall see as much of *you* as possible." And the words were uttered with a blended courtesy and malice, of which he was perfect master. Poor Haire, however, only saw the complimentary part, and hurriedly pledged himself to be at Miss Lendrick's orders at all times.

"Come and let me show you how I mean to lodge her. I intend her to feel a perfect independence of me and my humours. We are to see each other from inclination, not constraint. I intend, sir, that we should live on good terms, and as the Church will have nothing to say to the compact, it is possible it may succeed.

"These rooms are to be hers," said he, opening a door which offered a vista through several handsomely furnished rooms, all looking out upon a neatly-kept flower-garden. "Lady Lendrick, I believe, had long since destined them for a son and daughter-in-law of hers, who are on their way home from India. The plan will be now all the more difficult of accomplishment."

"Which will not make my communication to her the pleasanter."

"But redound so much the more to the credit of your adroitness, Haire, if you succeed. Come over here this evening and report progress." And with this he nodded an easy good-bye, and strolled down the garden.

"I don't envy Haire his brief in this case," muttered he. "He'll not have the 'court with him,' that's certain;" and he laughed spitefully to himself as he went.

THE RATE OF INTEREST.

CONCLUSION.

The unity of the Note means a monopoly of the currency. A monopoly of the currency means a power of altering the Rate of Interest, and the Measure of Value, in an abnormal manner.

There are three distinct forms in which a Paper currency can be established. I. As issued by the State. II. By a single Bank of Issue. III. By several Banks of Issue—either restricted in number, or established on the principle of freedom and competition.

In deciding which of these systems is the best, there are two main points to be kept in view. Firstly, the validity of the Note—that is to say, its constant acceptability by the community as a valid tender in payments, and other transfers of capital. Secondly, the steadiness of the Measure of Value, in which all contracts are made, and all business is carried on: so that when a man engages to pay a certain sum of money, that sum, when the time of payment arrives, shall possess neither more nor less value (as measured by goods or other property) than it did at the time when the contract was made.

A perfect system of currency ought to attain both of these objects fully. And the best system is that which attains both of these objects in the greatest degree. Let us apply this test to the three forms of note-issues above described.

I. A State-currency attains the first of these objects—namely, the validity of the note—fully. State-notes are necessarily a valid tender at all times and under all circumstances. The State expenditure is made in these notes, and the State taxes are paid in these notes. They thus possess a value independent of their being convertible into the precious metals. Whether there is much specie in the country, or none at all, these notes are always a legal tender. Hence the validity of such a form of currency is perfect and unquestionable.

But a State-currency does not insure the other requisite—namely, the unchangeableness of the measure of value. To maintain unchanged the measure of value (*i. e.*, the value of the currency) two points must be attended to. 1. The currency must not be increased while the monetary requirements of the community remain unchanged, —otherwise the measure of value will be depreciated. 2. The currency must not remain at the same amount when the monetary requirements of the country are increased,—otherwise the measure of value will be enhanced. Under a right monetary system, the amount of the currency and the requirements of the community will always be commensurate,—the currency in such a case increasing or diminishing according to the natural law of supply and demand.

But a State-currency is not necessarily based upon this principle. The weak point of a State-currency is, that the amount of the note-issues has no necessary connection with the monetary requirements of the community; and therefore of itself gives no security for the maintenance of the measure of value. The peculiar defect of a State-currency is its liability to excess—producing a depreciation of the measure of value.

It is possible, of course, to conceive a case in which a State-currency might be inadequate to the monetary wants of the community. This might happen if the State-issues were restricted to the amount of each year's taxation. The monetary transactions of a community are

regulated in extent partly by the amount of taxation, partly by the condition of trade. But the monetary requirements of trade and the amount of taxation are not mutually dependent; and a currency-system which is regulated by the latter only, cannot be adjusted for both. Hence, under a State-currency, strictly limited to the amount of the year's taxation, the measure of value might be enhanced,—in consequence of there being no provision for an enlargement of the currency when an increase takes place in the monetary requirements of trade.

But, as a matter of fact, the tendency of a system of State-issues is quite the other way. It is always prone to run into excess. In exceptional times—for example, in time of war—the Government cannot cover all its expenditure by means of taxation. It must have recourse to loans. And it is quite reasonable that, in the life of a nation, the exceptional seasons of war should borrow from the normal seasons of peace: just as a merchant in bad years must have recourse to a portion of the profits which he makes in ordinary times. But instead of contracting loans, a Government which has free power to issue State-money has every inducement to meet the extra expenditure by means of an increased issue of its notes. In this way the State obtains the required sum without having to pay interest for it. This may be called a forced loan; strictly speaking, it is taxation in a disguised form. If the extra issue of notes were really accompanied by an increase in the monetary requirements of the community, no depreciation of the currency would take place; and the result would be a pure gain alike to the Government and to the community. And no doubt an increase of the monetary requirements of the country generally does, to a certain extent, occur in these exceptional times; the very increase of the Government expenditure of itself occasioning an increased requirement for currency. Moreover, if the general trade of a country be not diminished (and sometimes it is not) by the occurrence of war, then the war of itself, by creating a new branch of trade, augments the monetary requirements of a community, and tends to absorb the extra issues of State-currency. But, however these causes may lessen the depreciation of the currency which naturally ensues from an extra issue of paper-money by the Government (in lieu of contracting loans), they are seldom or never so potent as to prevent a depreciation of the measure of value. This is a serious objection to a State-currency: because, although the community may lose no more (in the end it generally loses less) in this way than if a loan were contracted, the temporary alteration in the measure of value inflicts great hardship upon individuals—creditors losing, and debtors gaining; and when such a system is carried to the length it has been recently in America, a widespread spirit of gambling is generated, which is inimical to the interests of honest industry, and demoralising in its effects upon the community at large.

In fine: a system of State-currency insures in the most perfect manner the validity of the note, but it does not insure the maintenance of the measure of value. That is to say, a State-currency renders the Note at all times a valid tender, but it does not insure that the value of the note, relatively to goods and other kinds of property, shall be always the same.

II. A single Bank of Issue. Such establishments exist in a composite form—partly private, and partly as a State Bank. The Bank of France is of this kind. The Bank of England, although essentially a private bank, and acting as such, is so

favoured by State privileges, and fettered by State restrictions, that it is really of this kind also. In such cases, there is an anomaly which bids defiance to precise criticism. But let us treat the Single Bank of Issue as a private establishment,—as the Bank of England essentially is, and in accordance with which view it regulates its operations. And let us apply to it the two tests which we have specified, the fulfilment of which is requisite in a perfect system of currency.

Firstly, as regards the validity of the note. It is obvious that the notes of a private bank cannot possibly surpass, and rarely equal, in validity those issued by the State. However perfect may be the credit of a private bank, and even though it possess the sole power of issuing notes, still it is bound to give specie for its notes on demand; whereas State-notes circulate, and must be accepted, quite irrespective of their convertibility into specie.

Secondly, as to insuring the maintenance of the measure of value—*i. e.*, of the currency. A single bank of issue, although a private establishment, might do this; for it is in direct relation with trade and the monetary requirement of the community. As these requirements increase, the bank's issues may increase; when they diminish, its issues will of necessity diminish. They must diminish in the latter case, because the public will not take more notes than they require; but in the former case, whether or not the note-issues of the Bank increase in accordance with the requirements of the community depends partly on the condition of the bank at the time, and partly upon the motives which regulate its action. Let us consider these two points.

A private bank is bound to insure the constant convertibility of its notes. If the bank is above suspicion, practically no danger at all arises to the bank upon this ground. As long as a bank is known to be thoroughly solvent, no demand is ever made upon it for payment of its notes in specie.* Nevertheless a bank must guard to some extent against the possibility of such a demand arising. Such a demand, it is true, as regards a bank which possesses the confidence of the public, is quite trifling; at the most, it never amounts to one-tenth of the note-issues in the case of the Bank of England, or one-fifteenth in the case of the Bank of France. In fact, as experience has shown, the notes of both of these banks circulate freely even at times when the Bank's stock of specie, wherewith it has to meet all its liabilities, is not more than a million sterling. But the Banks of England and of France are liable to a drain of specie from which a purely State Bank of issue is exempt. They are liable to pay their deposits as well as their notes in specie. Hence, under the system of a single private bank of issue, an embarrassment arises whenever a demand for payment of deposits in specie occurs. The bank must attend alike to the convertibility of its notes and to the payment of its deposits in specie. And as the only (or almost the only) portion of its deposits of which payment is demanded in specie is that which is produced by its discounting of bills or advances upon securities, it must either restrict these loans or else provide itself with the requisite amount of specie for carrying on its business safely. But as a single bank of issue has necessarily a monopoly of the currency, it is tempted to shirk its own duty by throwing the burden upon the community. Accordingly, as a matter of fact, the Bank of England (and in a lesser degree the Bank of France), whenever an unusual de-

* Except, of course, as a means of getting "change."

mand for gold arises, takes no steps to provide itself with specie at its own expense, but charges higher rates for its loans: thereby altering the rate of interest and the measure of value—the maintenance of which at a steady level is, as we have said one of the two prime requisites of a perfect currency-system.

Thus, however perfect may be the validity of the note under the system of a single bank of issue—even though it equal (and it can never surpass) that of a State-currency—such a system gives no security for the maintenance of the measure of value and the rate of interest. On the contrary, the fact of a single bank of issue being a private establishment, naturally induces it to raise the rate of interest as high as it possibly can. And the fact that such a bank has a monopoly of the currency—of the means of lending capital—gives it free scope to act in accordance with its own interests, irrespective of those of the community. The State has no motive in restricting the currency, and thereby raising the rate of interest. It does not receive deposits, liable to be called for in specie; nor does it deal in the discounting of bills, which would give it a motive for keeping the rate of interest high. Thus a State-system of currency is free from one of the embarrassments which beset banks; and it is free also from the motive which banks have in raising the value of the commodity in which they deal. The State benefits most when the community benefits most. In exceptional times, the State is tempted to alter the measure of value by issuing more notes than are called for by the monetary requirements of the community; but under no circumstances has it any inducement to enhance the value of the currency by imposing arbitrary restrictions upon the issue of its notes. A single bank of issue, on the contrary, has this inducement. Its first aim is to make the largest amount of profit it possibly can—of course, at the expense of the community; and the monopoly which it enjoys enables it to act upon this principle unchecked, and sometimes to a most serious extent.

III. Plurality of note-issues. If the notes of a single bank of issue rarely equal, and cannot possibly surpass, in validity State-notes, a currency which is composed of the note-issues of many separate banks must be still less perfect in this respect. Every bank is liable to lose the confidence of the public and to experience a run for deposits, which endangers also the validity of its notes—a liability from which the State, of course, is free. On this account the greater the number of banks of issue the weaker (*per se*) is the basis of the currency. It is more easy to establish firmly in public opinion the credit of one bank than of many. So that, in the case of a single bank of issue (as notably in the case of the Bank of France), a smaller amount of specie is needed to secure convertibility than in the case of many banks of issue. It is true—as we have pointed out before—that the note-issues of a solvent and well-credited bank hardly, as a matter of fact, constitute any part of its liabilities: seeing that no one wishes to cash notes save from loss of confidence in the bank which issues them; and that when an unusual external demand for gold arises, the drain is not made by cashing notes (by the tedious and impracticable process of collecting notes, and then taking them to the Bank to be exchanged for gold), but by getting discounts. Nevertheless it is indisputable that the credit and solvency of a single bank of issue can be more firmly secured than the credit of many such banks. And hence it follows that, as regards the validity of the note, as well as the economy of specie, the system of a single bank of issue is

preferable to that of a plurality of banks of issue.

Thus, as regards one of the two prime requisites of a perfect currency-system, the preference must be given to a single bank of issue. But as regards the other requisite—namely, the maintenance of the currency, and the rate of interest, in their normal condition—an entirely opposite judgment must be given. The value of money—as of every other commodity — depends upon the law of supply and demand; and the only way in which the supply can be regulated on natural conditions is by means of free competition. A private monopoly of the supply of currency is as pernicious a thing as a private monopoly of the supply of corn or of any other commodity. Indeed it is much worse. Hence the system of a single bank of issue is fundamentally vicious, and most injurious to the community. All banks, we repeat — and this is our cardinal principle — ought to have equally the means of employing their capital and utilising their credit. The capital at the disposal of each bank, of course, is different—so also is the extent of its credit,—but each bank ought equally to have the means of employing its resources. Whether these means should consist of notes of its own, or notes supplied from another source, we shall consider in the sequel; but it is already obvious, that to make the banks of a country dependent upon a Single Bank for a supply of the means (notes) of carrying on their business, is to subject the measure of value and the rate of interest to unnatural conditions, by conferring upon this single bank a monopoly, and converting all the other banks into mere satellites and dependants,—thereby preventing that free competition which is indispensable to keep the rate of interest at its natural level.

Thus each of the three systems which we have passed in review has its peculiar defects. In a State-currency we have to guard against over-issues, and consequent alteration of the measure of value through depreciations of the note. In the case of a Single Bank of Issue, we have specially to guard against the action of monopoly, in unduly enhancing the value of money on loan, and (thereby) of the currency at large. Under a system of Freedom of Issues, we must take means to secure the validity of the Note.

If, then, there is to be a diversity of note-issues, what is the best means of insuring their validity? If, on the other hand, the unity of the note is to be established, in what hands is this exclusive right of issue to be placed, so as to avoid the evils of a monopoly? To give the sole power of issuing currency to a private bank, will never do. If the currency is to be supplied from one source only, that source ought to be the State. Nevertheless, if the measure of value is to be kept steady, some other system than that of State-issues must be called into play.

If the measure of value is to remain steady, or subject only to natural fluctuations, this must be accomplished by means of a system which responds freely to the monetary requirements of the community. The value of money, like that of all other commodities, depends upon the amount of the supply and the extent of the demand. If the amount of money in a country remains the same at a time when the monetary requirements of the community (owing to increase of population and trade, or any other cause) experience an increase, then the value of the currency will be altered, — all business will be deranged, and all contracts vitiated. In like manner, if the amount of the currency be diminished, while the monetary requirements of the community continue as before, the same result will ensue; the value of money will be raised, and prices lowered. In either case, the same quantity of goods or land, houses or

labour, will no longer obtain for its owner the same amount of money. All such changes, it is needless to say, are bad,—they inflict injustice upon individuals, and are injurious to the interests of industry, which are the bases of national progress and prosperity. Therefore, in order to prevent or minimise those changes, it is indispensable that the establishment or establishments which are empowered to issue notes — in other words, to supply the community with currency—should be in direct relation with trade and the wants of the community. A State-issue of notes, regulated by the amount of the Government expenditure, obviously does not fulfil this requirement. The issue of notes, in such a case, may be either too large or too small for the wants of the community. In short, there is no necessary connection between the amount of such issues and the requirements of the public for money.

A State Bank, it is true, might fulfil this condition. It might be in direct relation with trade and the wants of the community. But in order that it should respond to those wants satisfactorily, it would require to be constituted on very different principles from any State bank which has hitherto been established. It would require to be free from all private interests: it must have no motive to enhance the value of money and the rate of interest, with a view to making increased profits for the establishment. In short, it must have no shareholders. Its capital must be supplied by the State—so also must its directors. It is doubtful, even, if it could accept any deposits, without embarrassments which would be inimical to its proper action. It would have the power of issuing notes to any amount in response to the requirements of the community; and this could only be done by the discounting of commercial bills, and making advances upon securities. This is not a kind of business which any State should undertake. Moreover, there are two special objections to such an establishment. One of these is, that it would not have a proper regard for the convertibility of the note into specie on demand — which is the great safeguard against depreciations of the currency. As the community would be entirely dependent upon this State-bank for a supply of currency—as its notes would be the only ones in circulation—the temptation for it to make temporary suspensions of cash payments would in times of difficulty be overwhelming. Such a course, it is true, might in many cases be advantageous for the public: for there are circumstances in which a suspension of payments in specie is the only means of maintaining the measure of value, by preventing a temporary and abnormal rise. Nevertheless this is a dangerous prerogative—it is a great drawback upon any system of which it is a feature. Yet it must be a necessary feature of a State bank, under which the Government undertakes to secure the convertibility of the note, yet has so ready a means of evading that duty. Secondly, under all circumstances, a State bank would be more or less subject to political influence—at least it would be suspected of being so. It would be the great fountain of credit — it could make large loans or withhold them: and in this way it could exercise immense influence. It was this which proved fatal to the system of a State bank as established in the United States. The bank became a great power in the State: it exercised a vast political influence: and hence, although useful in other respects, it was abolished.

Nations differ from one another in their sentiments and circumstances: and it would be absurd to maintain that the same kind of currency-system is necessarily the best for them all. In countries like France, where the principle of cen-

tralisation is predominant, the system of a State bank, as the fountain of credit and the currency, might possibly be preferable to any other—although certainly not constituted upon the present basis of the Bank of France, which has an interest in keeping the rate of interest as high as possible. But in this country, we feel assured the principle of a State bank will always be repudiated. The functions of such a bank are not such as a Government can rightly discharge; and even if ably discharged, there would always be room for suspicions and complaints to which no Government in this country would willingly subject itself. Therefore, without denying that the principle of a State bank may be suitable for some communities, we may safely assert that such a system is inapplicable to this country; that some other fountain of currency must be devised, and some other means found for making the currency respond freely to the wants of the community, in order that the measure of value may remain steady, or subject merely to natural fluctuations.

This can only be effected by means of perfect freedom of issues: by a system under which every bank alike shall have the power of issuing notes, to meet the requirements of the public,—so that there may be the same freedom of competition in the supply of capital on loan, as there is in all other branches of trade. But in order that such a system may be worked safely, some means must be taken to secure the validity of the notes thus issued. As regards the deposits in banks, it is allowed on all hands that legislative interference is unjustifiable, and would be injurious. It would be as much out of place for the State to make banks find security for their deposits, as it would be for the State to make a demand upon a merchant to give public security for the solvency of his operations. The deposit of capital with a bank is as voluntary an act as the sale of goods to a merchant upon credit. In the one case as in the other, the transaction is a purely voluntary one,—as to the expediency of which individuals must judge for themselves. This was the opinion clearly expressed by Sir R. Peel in 1844, and as to the correctness of which there cannot be a doubt. No one has ever called it in question. But the issue of notes stands on another footing. Bank-notes are currency; and although *de jure* any man is at liberty to refuse to accept them in payment, *de facto* they are and must be so accepted, if trade is to be carried on in its usual course. It is true that the notes of the Bank of England have for the last thirty years been made a legal tender, so that no man is entitled to refuse to accept them in payment. As a question of principle, we hold that this is objectionable. But it was a not unnatural consequence of the monopoly which the State had for a century and a half conferred upon the Bank: and, as a matter of fact, it has worked well. But whether the notes of any bank be made a legal tender or not, the State is entitled to take means to insure the validity of bank-issues, seeing that these constitute a large portion of the currency of the country, and that any doubt as to the solvency of such issues would produce a widespread embarrassment.

In former times—notably between 1790 and 1830—great embarrassment was ever and anon occasioned by the imperfect validity of this portion of the English currency. The real embarrassment, however, was produced not so much from the note-issues, as from the deposits. Banking in England was then carried on (with the exception of the Bank of England) in the very worst form which it is possible to conceive. It was carried on not by corporations, or companies, but by individuals. And this, not as a matter of choice, but of necessity. The State had conferred a mono-

poly upon the Bank of England; and in order to prevent any serious competition with it, the State, at the instance of the Bank, passed an Act forbidding the establishment of any joint-stock bank—of any banking firm consisting of more than six members. This Act was passed expressly for the purpose of restricting the credit, by diminishing the security, of the other English banks. And it was very successful in this respect,—at what cost to the country is now well known. The public were compelled to make their deposits with, and accept the notes of, private individuals—simply because they could not do otherwise. And in times of monetary difficulty, these individuals, having no large capital of their own to fall back upon (as joint-stock banks have), could not meet the demands then made upon them, and failed in great numbers,—their note-issues, of course, becoming mere waste paper. Whenever they could not meet a run upon their deposits, the notes which they had issued became of no value. It is true—and we repeat this, because it is an important point—it was not their note-issues which brought them down: it was the run for deposits, which, by compelling them to close their doors, at once destroyed the validity of their notes. It was the loss of faith, not so much in the note-issues (which were but a small part of their liabilities), but in the general solvency of these private banks, which proved their ruin, and occasioned at times widespread distress. In Scotland, to which country the injurious monopoly of the Bank of England was not allowed to extend, the opposite or joint-stock system of banking prevailed, and with remarkable success,—showing that it was not the freedom of note-issues which occasioned the repeated banking disasters in England, but the crude and weak form in which alone English banks were permitted to exist.

Nevertheless, although the note-issues of any bank in this country (except the Bank of England) are a mere bagatelle compared with its total liabilities, — although any bank, however insolvent, could easily meet all its note-issues by payments in gold,—it is expedient that the value of such issues should be guaranteed by an adequate security. The reason for this is obvious to any one who is conversant with the features of a banking crisis. When a bank loses the confidence of the public, it is its depositors who commence the run upon it. A note-holder of such a bank seldom has more than £5 or £10 in his hands,—his interest in its solvency is comparatively small; but the depositors have their whole reserve of capital at stake, and therefore it is they who, on the first breath of suspicion, make a run upon the bank for payment in gold. And under the pressure of this run, the bank's amount of specie is paid away to depositors, so that little or nothing is left for the payment of its notes. The note-holders have to rank simply as ordinary creditors upon the bank. This is not expedient. However solvent are our banks of issue as a body, the fact that there is no special security for their note-issues, tends to weaken the validity of the currency in which the greater part of our retail business is carried on, and the value of which, under a perfect monetary system, ought to be unimpeachable.

Accordingly some adequate means must be taken to secure the validity of the notes of all banks of issue. While adopting a system of perfect freedom of issue, as the only means of maintaining the measure of value and the rate of interest in their normal condition, we must take measures to secure the value of these note-issues by an adequate guarantee. In order to establish a perfect monetary system, the great point is, to combine a maximum of validity as regards the note-issues,

with a maximum of steadiness in the value of the currency and of capital on loan. This can be most fully attained by the issue of notes upon State securities, combined with perfect freedom of competition in the employment of those notes.

It is needless at present to propose in full detail a system by which this principle may be carried into effect. But the general principle of such a system might be as follows:—That the Exchequer be empowered to issue notes to any bank which purchases and deposits in the Exchequer an equal amount of consols valued at 10 per cent. above the current price of the day. These consols, or any portion of them, to be returned to the bank on its giving back the notes issued upon the security of these consols; but returned in such a way that, whatever be the difference in value of the consols when bought and when returned, the bank shall neither gain nor lose by the temporary investment.

Under such a system, the State would be perfectly passive in the issue of notes. It could only issue them when required by the banks: so that Government interference with the currency would be as entirely *nil* as at present. This would nullify the defect of a State-system of currency—namely, the tendency to issue more notes than were required by the community; while it attains the special advantage of such a system in basing the note-issues upon Government security.

All banks alike to have an equal right to a supply of notes upon these terms. And each bank to be bound to maintain the convertibility of its issues,—in other words, to pay its notes in specie when required to do so. But the State to fix no rule for the amount of specie to be held by any bank. In point of fact, a fixed rule would be inapplicable, and wholly mischievous. The circumstances of each bank are so different that a rule which might be proper for some banks would be quite inapplicable to others. The case would differ partly from the different nature of the business carried on by each bank,—some banks, owing to the class of customers who dealt with them, being more liable to a demand for gold in payment of discounted bills and other advances than others. Moreover, there is this great point to be kept in view. The proportion of specie requisite to support a note-circulation is not a fixed quantity, but varies with the circumstances, and especially with the extent of each bank's circulation. Experience alone can show the proper proportion of specie which a bank must keep on hand to insure the convertibility of its notes. And all experience shows that the larger the amount of a bank's note-issues, the smaller is the *proportion* of specie requisite to insure convertibility. One-fifth of specie may be needed to support a note-circulation of half a million sterling; but a much smaller proportion is requisite to cover a note-circulation, like that of the Banks of England and France, amounting to twenty or thirty millions. And the reason is obvious. Notes are only needed for home use; and, as long as a bank is known to be thoroughly solvent—or, as under the new system, it is known that the value of the notes is amply secured,—the public never loses faith in the notes; never demands payment of them in specie, except as a means of obtaining "change"—and this only in the case of England, where the lowest denomination of notes is £5. Hence, one-tenth of specie, or even one-twentieth, would insure the convertibility of the note-issues of the Banks of England and France as perfectly as one-fifth of specie would do for a bank whose circulation amounts only to half a million.

As a matter of fact, the Bank of England keeps less than three-fourths of a million in specie

in its Banking department. It finds that this proportion is enough to meet the demands for specie on the part of depositors; and a lesser amount is needed in its Issue department to meet the cashing of notes by the public in order to get "small change." If the notes of the Bank of England were of smaller denomination—if, like the Scotch notes, they went down to £1—the proportion of specie needed for cashing them would be much smaller than it is. The demand for specie upon the Issue department arises mainly, if not entirely, from the necessity on the part of the public to obtain currency of a smaller denomination than £5. We do not say that it would on the whole be advantageous for the Bank of England to issue £1 notes; but, if such a change were made, the demand upon the Bank for specie would thereby be considerably lessened. Hence no rule can be laid down as to the proportion of specie which a bank should keep in order to insure the convertibility of its note-issues. The proportion naturally varies with the circumstances of each bank. And for the Legislature to fix the *proportion* of specie to be kept by banks would not only be objectionable as a matter of principle, but productive of serious injustice and injury. Let the substantial value of every bank's issue be secured by an adequate guarantee; but let each bank look after the convertibility of its notes on its own responsibility, and in the manner which by experience it finds to be best.

Under such a system the validity of the note would be amply insured. The notes would be secured by a more than equal amount of Government stock—the steadiest and most readily convertible of all kinds of property—kept "earmarked" (so to speak) in the hands of the State for the note-holders, whoever they might be. At the same time the convertibility of these notes would be as perfect as now,—the banks being bound to pay specie for them on demand, under a penalty of bankruptcy.

The other great requisite of a monetary system—namely, the steadiness of the measure of value—would also be secured to a greater degree than under any other system. The only way to attain stability in the measure of value is to let the amount of the currency accommodate itself to the requirements of the community—ebbing and flowing, increasing or diminishing, according to the natural law of supply and demand. A currency which is fixed in amount, or which varies from any other cause than the requirements of the community, can never remain stable in value. If the currency be fixed in amount, every increase in the monetary requirements of the community will produce an enhancement of the value of the currency—in other words, a fall in prices; and every ebb or diminution in the monetary requirements of the public will produce a fall in the measure of value—in other words, a rise in prices. Consequently, no currency-system can be perfect unless under it the amount of the currency correspond exactly with the requirements of the public. And this end can only be attained by allowing the amount of the currency to be regulated by the wants of the community—by the natural requirements of the public responded to by the banks under a system of freedom and competition.

This would be the case under the system which we propose. The State would have no power of itself to increase or diminish the paper-money of the country. And the banks would have no motive for getting notes from the State except in response to the requirements of the public. In this way we should escape the defects of a purely State-currency, which is always liable to an excess of note-issues—owing to the inducement which a State has to meet any extraordinary expendi-

ture by means of an issue of its own notes, in lieu of contracting loans. And we should equally escape the evils of a system of private monopoly, such as now prevails in this country, under which there is a tendency to contract the currency, in order to enhance the value of the commodity (money) in which banks deal,—banks having as great an interest in keeping money scarce as farmers have in limiting the supply of corn. Under the system now proposed, the community itself would regulate the amount of the currency. There would be neither more nor less of paper-money in circulation than the community desired. Unless more currency were required, the public would not take any additional amount of notes from the banks. Such an addition to the currency could only take place in the form of loans or discounts; and the public, it is obvious, would not pay for loans (whether in the form of discount, or of an advance upon other securities) unless more money were required. Neither would loans be taken from any bank whose credit was not good: for of what use to the borrower could be a loan in notes if these notes would not circulate? Hence such a system as we propose would respond perfectly to the varying wants of the community, and thereby maintain unchangeable the measure of value in which all contracts are made; while at the same time it would secure the validity of the currency, alike by the State-security upon which alone notes could be issued, and by the free power of the public to reject the notes of any bank which did not amply insure their convertibility into specie on demand.

The influence of such a system upon the Rate of Interest is obvious, and the effects of that influence would be most important. All banks having equally a means of lending their capital and utilising their credit, the rate of interest would be freed from the vicious action of a monopoly — from the tyranny which now prevails — and would immediately find its natural level under a system of freedom and competition. No bank would lend its money at too low a rate, any more than a merchant or shopkeeper would sell his wares too cheap. Every bank would seek to charge its customers as much as possible for the use of its notes. On the other hand, each bank would seek to extend its business, by accommodating the public so far as its own interests would allow: just as a merchant willingly accepts a lower rate of profit when by so doing he can secure a larger amount of business. And thus, under a system of free competition, the rate of interest (the charge for money on loan) would be regulated on the same principle as the price of other commodities, and would find its natural level in accordance with the law of supply and demand.

Practically, the effects of this system would be mainly observable in the different course which banks would adopt in regard to supplying themselves with specie to meet the requirements of their customers. At present, whenever an unusual demand for gold occurs for export, connected with our foreign trade or investments in loans and industrial undertakings abroad, the Bank of England throws the whole of the burden, the cost of this banking embarrassment, upon the shoulders of Trade; and as the Bank possesses a virtual monopoly of the currency—as there is no other bank or banks of issue sufficiently powerful to compete with it—all the banking establishments now contentedly follow its example. But under the new system—if that can be called new which is but a revival of the old in an improved form — the case would be different. The case would stand thus. Each bank would then, as now, be at liberty to refuse any bills, the discounting of which would entail upon it a greater loss than gain. Banks know pretty

well the class of bills for which, when discounted, payment is likely to be demanded in specie: in fact, such bills are, at any given time, generally confined to one particular branch of our foreign trade. And the banks would be at liberty to charge any rate they pleased for discounting such bills — subject, of course, to the competition of their neighbours. Any bank which charged too high terms for such advances would lose its customers. And the result would be this: Banks, for their own interest, would then provide themselves with gold at these times, in order to carry on their discount-operations. If they were to say—as the Bank of England says at present—"We shall not take any steps to provide the extra amount of specie which is required: we shall make you (Trade) do it at your own cost and loss;" then some other bank would offer to share with Trade a part of the loss, and would provide itself with gold in order to maintain or extend its discount-business. In this way, Trade and the Banks would settle the matter between them on fair terms, and the rate of interest would follow its natural course.

Drains of specie from banks are made almost entirely by means of discounts — by discounting commercial bills and withdrawing the amount in specie. But in the case of foreign loans, or unusually large investments in industrial enterprises (such as railways) abroad, a demand sometimes arises for payment of the ordinary banking deposits in specie. Subscribers to foreign loans, or shareholders in foreign undertakings, sometimes call up a portion of their deposits in specie, in order to obtain a supply of the international currency which is requisite to carry on their operations. But in this case, the effect of the new system would be substantially the same as in the other. The banks, instead of availing themselves of the monopoly which they at present possess, and throwing all the burden upon the public, would have to deal fairly and minimise the difficulty; because, under a system of free competition, if any banks charged more than was reasonable, other banks would be ready to deal upon a lower scale of profits,—seeking an increase of profits not from higher charges, but from an extension of business.

Once released from the evil and artificial influence of a monopoly, in short, the Rate of Interest would follow its natural course. The rate would certainly not be fixed under the system which we propose, any more than it is at present. In some respects, indeed (as we shall see immediately), a new kind of variations would come into play: but such variations would be owing to natural causes, and would not be so excessive as at present. Under the new system the rate of interest would in each case be accordant with the nature of the business carried on. For example, a bank which deals with agricultural customers, or others connected simply with the home trade, would require to keep on hand a comparatively small amount of gold; for, as long as the Bank maintained its credit, there would never be any drain of gold upon it. In discounting the bills of its customers, or making advances to them upon securities, such a bank could always reckon that payment would be demanded from it only in notes—seeing that notes alone are needed as domestic currency. It could also, for the same reason, reckon that payment of its deposits would only be called for in the same form. On the other hand, banks which dealt with merchants connected with the foreign trade, or with capitalists who frequently embarked a portion of their wealth in foreign investments, would require to keep on hand, or at call, a comparatively large stock of specie. The latter class of banks might reasonably, and would naturally, charge higher terms for their discounts, and pay less interest on

their deposits, than those which were connected with the home trade,—in order to compensate for the larger amount of specie which they have to keep on hand. Nevertheless, under the pressure of free competition, they would seek to meet the demands of their customers, and carry on their business, with as little outlay for dead stock as possible. They would have recourse to the most economical means of providing specie when required. Instead of keeping a large stock of gold on hand (lying unproductive in their vaults), they would keep a portion of their reserve in the form of interest-bearing stock at Calcutta, Paris, New York, or such other places as their customers were most in the habit of dealing with; so that, when any customer required to transmit money to those places, the bank would give him a bill or draft upon its agents there, which would serve the same purpose as specie.

Doubtless also a comparatively new branch of trade would arise in the form of Gold-merchants; for the banks would find such a class of men of great use in economising their resources. At present (speaking generally) each bank keeps on hand a stock of specie adequate not only for its ordinary, but for its extraordinary, requirements. And as an unusual demand for specie never affects all banks alike, it is obvious that if the total amount of specie held by the banks could be "mobilised," as the French say—in other words, if it could be made available for any bank or banks which specially required it—a great economy of gold would be effected. A much smaller quantity of gold would then suffice for the requirements of banking. It would be a further and most important step in the economy of capital. Just as an economy of capital is effected by means of banking—*i.e.*, by the spare capital of individuals being deposited in banks, where it is available for those who want it—so a further economy would be effected if the spare specie of individual banks were available for any banks which more especially required it. When each bank keeps on hand at all times a stock of specie adequate for all possible wants, it is as much a waste of capital as for each individual to keep beside him an amount of notes or sovereigns adequate to meet all his liabilities. This used to be the case before the banking system was introduced, but nowadays no one thinks of keeping more cash in hand than is necessary for his ordinary requirements. He deposits his spare money in a bank, where it becomes available for the wants of the public, while, at the same time, it is as much at his own disposal as if he had kept it locked up in his own house. To take another illustration. If every householder were to keep for himself a supply of water sufficient to meet all possible contingencies, it is obvious that a vastly larger quantity of water would be needed than if the whole supply were concentrated in a reservoir, from which each individual only took from day to day what he actually required. This is the fundamental principle of economy; namely, to devise means by which what is not needed by one man, or class of men, may be available for the use of others who do need it.

It is impossible to expect that the specie held by all the banks of a country, each of which is a rival of the others, will be formed into a reservoir to which any bank may have recourse when an exceptional demand for specie is made upon it: for trading establishments are unwilling, upon any terms, to lend to a rival the means of carrying on business. Nevertheless, under the healthy pressure of free competition, every bank would seek to devise new methods of economising its resources. The establishment of a class of Gold-merchants would unquestionably conduce to this economy. The

special function of these merchants would be to supply specie to the banks (as well as to private parties) in accordance with their varying requirements. Instead of keeping on hand a larger stock of gold than they ordinarily require, the banks would employ these merchants to supply them with gold in proportion as an unusual demand upon them was made for international currency. This would produce nearly the same result as if the stock of specie held by our banks were "mobilised:" for all the *spare* specie at present held by banks would then be concentrated in the hands of the gold-merchants, who would supply it to such banks as required it. In this way, each bank would keep on hand a sufficient amount of specie amply to secure the convertibility of its notes; and, in exceptional times, when an unusual demand arose for specie in payment of deposits or discounted bills, the banks upon which such demand was made would meet it partly by the purchase of specie from the gold-merchants, and partly by means of drawing upon their agents abroad, in those places where they held investments in Government stock—for example, in Calcutta, New York, and other great trading centres, with which their customers had the largest amount of business, and upon which they were most likely to require banking drafts when they could not obtain commercial bills.

Under the new system, as under the present one, banks would be required to publish periodical returns. At what periods those returns should be called for, and what items ought to be embraced in those returns, is a matter of detail which we need not here discuss. As all banks alike would have the power to issue notes, all of them might be required to make perfectly similar returns. At the same time, it is to be remembered that, under the system proposed, or under any conceivable system, just as under the present one, the Bank of England would occupy *de facto* an exceptional position. Under a century and a half of monopoly, its note-issues have increased far beyond the amount which otherwise it could have obtained. The new system would not alter this fact. The Bank of England, under the new regime, would start with a note-circulation exceeding that of all the other banks of the United Kingdom put together,—although its capital and its deposits (both public and private) are not equal to one-twelfth part of those of the other banks taken collectively. Therefore, the returns required from the Bank of England might be fuller, and at shorter periods, than those exacted from the other banks. In truth, the weekly returns of subordinate banks are very little regarded. Nobody looks at them. But supposing that they published balance-sheets only half-yearly, as the joint-stock banks do at present, or quarterly or even monthly, there is one point which we think ought to be attended to,—namely this, that the returns should show not only the amount of specie, notes in circulation, reserves, &c., for the last week of the period, but also the weekly average of those items for the whole period.

The denomination of the notes to be issued is another matter of detail. There is no fixed minimum for the value of notes at present, nor would there be at first under the new system. Scotland has £1 notes, England has no note below £5. The £1 notes are found to produce no embarrassment, and make a great economy in Scotland; but that is not an adequate reason for summarily introducing them into England. The reason for the prohibition of notes below £5 in England was this:—The English banks of issue (always excepting the Bank of England) were in the main imperfectly constituted; and instead of placing them on a sounder footing, by allowing them to adopt the joint-stock principle, or imposing cer-

tain safeguards on their issue of notes, the State limited the circulation of their notes to the middle classes. In England the middle classes are so trained to business, that they can judge for themselves what banks are to be trusted or distrusted, and they have full power to reject the notes of any bank, save the Bank of England. But it was held that the working-classes, partly from inferior intelligence, partly from their position, which virtually compels them to accept any bank-notes tendered to them by their employers in payment of wages, ought to be protected against the possibility of having bad currency thrust upon them. Hence the prohibition against the issue of notes under £5,—a £5 note being too large a sum to be payable in weekly wages. But if the currency were secured in the manner in which we have proposed—if all banks of issue could be established on the joint stock principle, and if their note-issues were secured by an ample amount of Government stock—the reason for prohibiting notes under £5 would be at an end.

As a matter of economical science, £1 notes might be introduced with perfect safety, and with a great saving to the community. Nevertheless, as a question of State-policy we should not advocate a summary issue of £1 notes. If these notes were adopted, there would be no use for the mass of sovereigns circulating in England, and these would gradually be exported as bullion. By such a change, of course, the country would at once make a clear gain of some sixty millions sterling, besides escaping the yearly cost for loss and wear of the coinage. But as a nation we are immensely rich, and should not hastily reap an advantage which is sure to come in a more advantageous form if we wait. As a matter of necessity, £1 notes will come in due course, either as a permanent system, or to meet a temporary exigency. During the closing months of the Crimean war (notably in November and December, 1855), the demand for gold to supply the wants of our army abroad, and to make the Turkish and Sardinian loans, was so great, that the propriety of issuing £1 notes was publicly discussed and seriously thought of. And if the war had lasted for another year, we believe such a step would have become inevitable. Now the Crimean war was really a small affair. It was only two years of warfare at the most. We shall be very glad, indeed, if even a war of that duration have no place in our future annals. But no one expects that such will be our fate, unless he bury himself in illusions, as the ostrich is said to bury its head in the sand, believing itself safe simply because it has hid from view the danger. And it is obvious that should this country again be involved in a serious foreign war, when a large amount of specie will become suddenly required, it will be an immense advantage for us to have at hand, and readily available, these sixty or more millions of gold coinage, which only remain with us on the condition that small notes are prohibited. On this ground, therefore—as a question of State policy—we do not advocate in present circumstances the establishment of a £1 note circulation in England. In due time this step will be taken from necessity; and by merely waiting, we shall arrive at a result which is desirable on the principle of economical science, without using up prematurely what, in times of foreign war, would be an immense source of strength and power to the State.

Let us now sum up the leading features of the monetary system which we have proposed. In the first place, it will be obvious to every one who has a practical knowledge of the subject that, under such a system, any over-issue of notes is impossible. The measure of value could never be altered owing to the currency becoming redundant. The State would have

no power of itself to issue notes. The issues, protected by State security, could only be made through the banks; and no bank would take from the State more notes than were needed by the community, as it would be a loser thereby. It is equally obvious that the public would not take from the banks more notes than could be profitably employed in business, because the note-issues (then as now) would take place almost entirely by means of the discount-operations of banks; and no man would pay interest (by discounting a bill) for notes which he did not require. Under the new system the amount of currency in circulation would be no greater than it is at present. But there is this great advantage on the side of the new system, that the currency would have a power of expansion in accordance with the varying requirements of the community, which would be of great benefit in exceptional times, as it would suffice to free the measure of value from the enormous fluctuations which at present it so frequently undergoes. And to attain this object all that is requisite is, that (under the above-named conditions) every bank should have a means of lending its capital and utilising its credit by an issue of notes when such notes are needed by the public. Thus, while the validity of the note would be fully secured, the currency would be kept unchanging in value; and the rate of interest would be regulated, not, as now, by a mere scarcity or superabundance of notes, but by the natural law of supply and demand —*i.e.*, by the amount of loanable capital and the extent of the demand for it.

All trade is affected by the Rate of Interest. Capital—the realised wealth of a country—is like a vast reservoir, from which flow forth the streams which set in motion the thousand wheels of Industry. The capital of this country is enormous,—our reservoir of motive power is unparalleled in magnitude: but we must look to the sluices. Rich as we are, enlightened as we ought to be, we yet commit the folly of neutralising to a serious extent our great advantages. What should we think of a man who, after constructing with years of labour a vast reservoir for the supply of his mills, should put upon his reservoir sluices which cannot be opened wide enough to utilise the contents of the reservoir, and in consequence has ever and anon to see his mills stopped for want of an adequate supply of motive power? Yet this is exactly our own case under the present Bank Acts. These Acts, passed under a misapprehension, prevent us from reaping the full benefit of our vast store of capital; for they restrict the means by which capital can be lent, and thus raise in an artificial manner the Rate of Interest. The effect of this is most injurious to our national prosperity: it ever and anon puts a clog upon the wheels of industry, and is the chief cause of those startling ebbs of Trade, of those commercial crises, which checker the onward progress and natural expansion of our national industry.

As nearly all our trade is carried on by means of credit, by loans of capital, the Rate of Interest (one form of which is the rate of discount) forms a deduction from the profits of industry, and it may rise so high as to absorb all the profits. When the rate is low or moderate, many industrial undertakings can be carried on, which must be abandoned when the Rate becomes high. Under a high rate of interest, the only kinds of trade which can be carried on are those which yield more than the ordinary rate of profits, or which are conducted by great capitalists, who can afford to stand a temporary loss. The trader of moderate means, or the rising man who seeks to compensate his lack of capital by industry and ability, have at such times to go to the wall, and have the mortification to see their business appropriated, or their stocks bought up, by some large capitalist, who can not only

withstand the hard times, but make a large profit by buying up the depreciated goods of his smaller neighbours or rivals in the trade. As the rate of interest rises, one merchant after another fails,—one class of business after another becomes unprofitable. The national industry is contracted, labour is robbed of its wages, and thousands of the working-classes are thrown out of employment. Turgot, by a grand and striking figure, has likened the Rate of Interest to a flood-level, "below which all labour, all cultivation, all industry, all commerce, cease. It is like a sea spread over a vast country: the summits of the mountains rising above the waters, and forming fertile and cultivated islands. But if that sea begin to ebb, in proportion as the level of the waters falls, the slopes of the mountains, then the plains and the valleys, come into view, and give birth to all kinds of produce. The rise or fall of the flood-level to the extent of a single foot suffices to inundate, or to give to cultivation, immense tracts of country." So is it with the Rate of Interest. Every rise to the extent of a single per cent tends to suppress certain branches of industry; and when it rises to 10 per cent, all trade becomes wofully contracted—the field of labour is almost submerged, and hundreds of our merchants and thousands of our working classes perish beneath the rising flood.

This is an important consideration for our statesmen; it is a fact to be pondered by every one who has at heart the interests of his country and the welfare of the masses. A low rate of interest benefits industry and expands trade; a high rate of interest contracts or kills them. This is simply the truth. Nevertheless, in these papers, we have limited ourselves to a much humbler aim than that which seems to have found a place in the mind of Turgot. We do not desire "cheap" money any more than we desire "dear" money. All that we contend for is, that the Rate of Interest shall be allowed to follow its natural course, and that the value of capital on loan shall not be artificially increased by the maintenance of a legislative restriction upon the means by which capital can be lent. We desire that legislation shall no longer interfere with the free action of Trade and Capital,—shall no longer insist upon regulating the size and movement of the sluices upon the reservoir, but allow the supply to flow freely according to natural laws. It is hardly to be expected that the supply will at all times be adequate to meet the demand, but at least do not let us cause a dearth, a great national calamity, by artificially restricting the flow, and thereby imposing a heavy burden upon commerce, which has to pay a double price for the commodity which is indispensable to its operations.

As a matter of practical politics, the reform of our banking and currency laws is the most urgent question of the day. To a great commercial country like ours, the economy of capital, and the abolition of the banking monopoly which weighs so injuriously upon Trade, are matters of paramount importance. And the only means of accomplishing this reform is by laying before the public a broad, clear, and intelligible measure. Hitherto the currency question has been a mystery to the public,—not from any mystery in the subject itself, but from the imperfect knowledge or confusion of ideas on the part of those who have attempted to expound it. In no other branch of political science has there been such an abundance of theories and assertions, and so little knowledge of, or reference to, the hard facts of the case. The very language of writers on the currency has been a sort of embryo language, not easily to be understood, and showing plainly that the ideas of the writers were likewise in embryo. A man who clearly understands his subject has no difficulty in writing clearly. It is a confusion of thought on the part of

a writer which alone occasions confusion in the mind of the reader. Let a clear exposition be made—let a broad and intelligible measure of monetary reform be brought forward in Parliament,—and there will be no apathy on the part of the public. But small measures won't do. During the last sixteen months, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has brought forward two separate Bills relating to the currency, and each of them, from the same cause, has fallen to the ground. In each of these Bills—the one relating to Scotland, the other to the English provincial banks of issue—there was something good and something bad. But the main reason of their failure was, that while they aroused opposition in some quarters (as every Bill does), they excited no counterbalancing sympathy on the part of the public, or even of the supporters of the Government. The Bills were petty in character, and vague in their object. We do not know what are the views of Mr. Gladstone on this important question. We are not sure whether he is an advocate of the existing monopoly, or of a regime of freedom. Perhaps he still wavers. The character of both the Bills shows plainly that he is dissatisfied with the existing state of things, but neither of them showed clearly to which side he leans—whether to freedom of banking, or to an increase of the present monopoly. Accordingly the public, and Parliament itself, felt no interest in the matter. They only saw that some trifling alterations were proposed, for which no definite object was assigned; and the Bills fell to the ground, not owing to the strength of the opposition made to them, but because no one felt any interest in supporting them.

We believe the result would be very different if the question were brought forward in the manner which we have proposed. Doubtless there would be strong opposition—but certainly there would be no apathy. The Bank of England, and some of the other banks which at present possess a monopoly of the currency, would vehemently oppose any interference with their privileges; but the commercial classes as a body would as earnestly support the measure; and the public at large would unquestionably be in favour of the principle of freedom and competition.

On a future occasion we may present in detail our plan of reform, and deal fully with the only knotty part of the question—namely, that which relates to the new arrangements to be made with the Bank of England. But, for the present, we have done enough in showing plainly the evils of the existing system, and in proposing in outline a clear and comprehensive measure of reform. Nothing can be simpler than the principle upon which that measure is based. Let all banks equally have the means of lending their capital and utilising their credit. Whatever be the conditions imposed upon the issue of notes, let all banks (subject to those conditions) have an equal right to issue notes. This is the cardinal point, the fundamental principle, of our system: and that system is so framed as to insure practical results of the utmost importance. The validity of the Note—the unchangeableness of the Measure of Value—the emancipation of the Rate of Interest from all influences save that of the natural law of supply and demand: these are the great objects which we have kept in view. And in attaining these objects, by the scheme which we have proposed, we achieve also that freedom of banking which is indispensable to complete the general system of Free Trade, and to terminate a regime of monetary monopoly which is a disgrace to a civilised country—which ever and anon inflicts immense evils upon trade, and which is the chief cause of those disastrous collapses which checker and retard the onward course of our national prosperity.

PICCADILLY: AN EPISODE OF CONTEMPORANEOUS AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

PART V.

SOMEBODY ought to compile a handbook for *débutants* and *débutantes*, setting forth the most approved modes of procuring invitations to balls and parties during the London season. Not only would it be a very invaluable guide now, but it would be interesting for posterity to refer to as illustrating the manners and customs of their ancestors, and accounting for the hereditary taint of snobbism which is probably destined to characterise in an eminent degree the population of the British Isles. "En Angleterre," said a cynical Dutch diplomatist, "numero deux va chez numero un, pour s'en glorifier auprès de numero trois." Had he gone to the Bodwinkle ball, he would have remarked a curious inversion of his aphorism, for there it was *numero un* who went down to *numero deux*. But I must leave it to Van den Bosch (that, I think, was his name) to discover what there was to boast about to number three. He was evidently a profound philosopher, but I doubt his getting to the bottom of this great social problem. To do so, he would have to look at it free from all petty prejudice, recognising its sublime as well as its ridiculous features. Why did Duchesses struggle to be asked to Bodwinkle's? I almost think a new phase of snobbism is cropping out, and the rivalry will be to try, not who can rise highest, but who can sink lowest in the social scale. The fashionable world is so *blasé* of itself that it has positively become tired of worshipping wealth, unless its owners possess the charm of extreme vulgarity. Its taste has become so vitiated by being unnaturally excited and pandered to, that we shall have to invent some new object of ambition. Why, for instance, should not a select clique of Oxford Street shopkeepers give a series of parties which might become the rage for one season? They have only to get two or three leaders of *ton* to patronise them at first, and be very exclusive and select in their invitations afterwards, to insure success. A year or two ago the thing to do was Cremorne; why not have an Oxford Street year? The Bodwinkle tendency will result at last in its being the great ambition of a man's life to get his daughters asked to "a little music and a few friends" at his bootmaker's.

In Paris, which is becoming rapidly impregnated with this spirit, that city being in a very receptive condition for everything bad from all parts of the world—in Paris, I say, they have made a very good start, as any of my fair friends who have patronised Mr. Worth's afternoon tea-parties in the Rue de la Paix will readily acknowledge. They will bear testimony to the good taste of the milliner, and I to the bad taste of his customers. That vain women in the highest circles of Parisian fashion can, in an eager rivalry to display as much of their backs as possible, endeavour to obtain the especial patronage of a man-dressmaker, by accepting his invitation to tea, should be a warning to you, O gentle English dames, of what you may come to. Why sacrifice self-respect and propriety to shoulder-straps? Why insist upon it that there is only one man in the world who knows how to cut out a dress behind? Supposing he can bring it an inch lower down than anybody else—if you give that inch, beware of the ell. Why, oh why, advertise your clothes in the newspapers? Is it not enough to puff your dinner-

parties in the public journals at so much a "notice," without paying fifteen shillings a-piece to your dressmaker to put your names into the 'Morning Post,' coupled with your wearing apparel, every time you go to Court? If you persist in the practice, let me recommend you to put in your own advertisements. The press charge is 10s. 6d.; the dressmaker pockets the other 4s. 6d. Or else be generous; why keep the whole advertisement to yourself? let the poor dressmaker put her name in as having furnished the raiment, and she will, perhaps, let you off the four-and-sixpence; otherwise you may do it still cheaper by bills on hoardings—

IMMENSE ATTRACTION!

The Marchioness of Scilly will appear at Court on the —— inst. Train glacé—poult de soie bouillionée, &c.

I am not sure that to attend the professional social gatherings of a Parisian "undressmaker" and pay him twenty francs a "look" is not less objectionable, but this is the British way of worshipping the same idol. This vein of reflection was suggested to me by Bodwinkle's ball. Talk of sermons in stones! they are nothing to the sermons contained in drums and balls.

First, I have already let my readers into the secret history of that ball. I have told them how Lady Broadbrim and Spiffy Goldtip combined their resources and launched the Bodwinkles in Vanity Fair with a gorgeous mansion and Lady Mundane's invitation list. To describe all Spiffy's exertions in the Bodwinkle cause for some days prior to the ball would be impossible. To tell of the extraordinary suggestions that Bodwinkle was continually making with reference to the decoration of the banisters, the arrangements for supper, and the utter ignorance he displayed throughout of the nature of the enterprise upon which he had embarked, would occupy more space than I can afford. To give a list of the guests would be superfluous, as they were very accurately reported in the columns of the 'Morning Post.' In spite of all Spiffy could do, Bodwinkle would insist upon inviting a number of his own friends, and nearly ruined the party irretrievably, by allowing one man to bring his daughters. However, as Mrs. B. did not take the slightest notice of them, and as they knew nobody, they went away early. Nevertheless, as Lady Veriphast said, "There were all kinds of people that one had never seen in one's life before." This was the great mistake. People don't yet humiliate themselves to get invitations to meet people they never saw before. They may come to that, but at present nothing is worth going to unless all society wants to go. Then anything is. Now Spiffy had so managed, that by a judicious system of puffing he had excited immense interest in the Bodwinkle ball—he had been morally bill-sticking it in all the clubs for weeks past. He had told the most *répandu* young dancing men that it would be impossible for him to get them invitations. If Bodwinkle had been General Tom Thumb, and Spiffy had been Barnum, he could not have achieved a greater success. He had insisted upon Bodwinkle having Mrs. B. painted by the most fashionable artist and exhibited in the Academy, where the hanging committee, some of whom were at the ball afterwards, gave it a good place, and the 'Times' critic gave it half a column. Until then he had kept her dark. No one had ever seen Mrs. Bodwinkle, except three or four literary men, who discreetly and mysteriously alluded to her intellect, and a naughty duke, who indiscreetly and less mysteriously alluded to her charms. People began to want to make Mrs. Bodwinkle's acquaintance some time before the ball, but she resolutely

denied herself. The only men who were let into the secret were Bower Scraper, and a few others skilled in the art of socially advertising. Their principal function consisted in asking every one of their friends for some time before whether they were going to the Bodwinkle ball. It oozed out through Spiffy, that I knew something of Bodwinkle, and the result was that I was bombarded with requests to procure invitations. This was the style of note that arrived incessantly. This is from Mary, Marchioness of Pimlico:

"DEAR LORD FRANK, — Lady Mundane tells me that you are one of the privileged few who can get invitations to the Bodwinkle's. Please exert your influence in my favour. You know this is Alice's first season.—Yours truly,

MARY PIMLICO."

Here is another one,—

"DEAR LORD FRANK,—Do *please* get an invitation *for my very great friend*, Amy Rumsort, for the Bodwinkle's. She is most anxious to go, *for very particular reasons*. I will tell you them when we meet. Spiffy Goldtip sent mamma mine, but declines to come to the front about Amy.—Yours most sincerely,

HARRIET WYLDE."

"Wild Harrie" is the name by which this young lady is usually known among her sporting friends. She is a promising *débutante*, and very properly calls herself "first favourite" of the season.

"Dear me," thought I, as I opened a series of similar epistles, "if I were the head of a public dedepartment, who only recommended honours to be given to those who applied for them oftenest, and if all these were meritorious public servants wanting C.B.'s, or gallant soldiers anxious for Victoria Crosses, they could not beg more pertinaciously and unblushingly." And I made a list of the petitioners, leaving out those who had written to me without knowing me, and went to the club, where I intrusted them to Spiffy, with a peremptory request that he would distribute the required invitations upon pain of my financial displeasure.

Spiffy gave me some curious statistics about invitations, and the means employed to obtain them. Three ladies, who never asked him to their parties, and whom he had therefore left out, though all more or less leaders of the *beau monde*, actually wrote to Mrs. Bodwinkle in various strains,—one was a threatening, the other an appealing letter, and the third assumed she had been omitted by mistake. Two young gentlemen had the impertinence, after trying every other mode in vain, actually to call on Mrs. Bodwinkle, and extract invitations from that bewildered woman, who was too much frightened to refuse them. Bodwinkle was not idle in the House, and two Liberals and a Manchester man, all young, unable to resist temptation, voted against the Government on the promise of invitations. As for Spiffy, even he was acquiring fresh social experience, and tells me he can scarcely resist entering upon a pecuniary *exploitation* of his position in society. "There is," said that enterprising and original individual, "so much to be done by a man of genius. Just look what is open to me in this line,—

"'Families in the country anxious that their sons should be well *lancés* in the society of the metropolis, are requested to apply to the Honourable Spiffington Goldtip. Invitations to the most fashionable parties obtained at a reasonable amount. Charges moderate for introductions to Clubs. No charge whatever for introductions to noblemen.'

"Or in this line,—

"'To Debutantes and Others in want of Chaperonage.—Young ladies whose mothers are invalids, or are from some cause considered objectionable by society, or who have only step-mothers, or who are

orphans with unkind or evangelical relations, or who are unexpectedly at the last moment deprived of their natural protectors, on applying to the undersigned will be provided with suitable chaperons. The undersigned begs to notify that his stock of chaperons will bear the strictest examination as to character, and have all, at one time or other, moved in the highest circles of society. No debutante or young lady whose birth and antecedents do not entitle her to the same privilege need apply.

"'SPIFFINGTON GOLDTIP.'

"Then the pendant to this would be,—

"'To Married Women or Widows without Daughters. — Married women, or widows without daughters, who have either dropped out of society, or are in danger of dropping out, in consequence of there being no special reason why they should be kept in, and who are capable of undertaking the duties of chaperon, are requested to apply to the Honourable Spiffington Goldtip. The Hon. S. G. has a large stock of debutantes, and other young ladies in want of chaperons, always on hand. The strictest references given and required.'

"You may laugh," Spiffy went on, "but I assure you the sort of successes I have in my own line are quite astonishing. Look what a hit I've made with 'Wild Harrie'—her mother, Lady Wylde, you remember, was her husband's brother's governess. Well, I said plainly to her, 'You will ruin that girl's chances if you attempt to force her on society in your own way. You can't afford to entertain upon the right scale, and you won't be asked anywhere unless you do, for there is a set going to be made against Harriet. If you will leave her to me, I know her strong points, and will see her through the whole business as if she was my own sister.'" I must here remark *en passant* that Spiffy is capable of doing the most unselfish things, and of taking an infinity of trouble upon himself out of pure good-nature.

"Well," said I, "what was your *modus operandi?*"

"Oh, it was all plain sailing enough. The first thing to provide was a popular chaperon, and the second a special reputation. Now Harrie is a wonderful rider, and knows a horse thoroughly. Then she looks like a high-bred Arab herself, though her mother was a governess, and I felt sure Dick Helter would fall a victim. So I introduced her to the Helters. As Lady Jane goes in for safeness, she does not like married women, and always smiles most kindly upon any girl that pleases her husband; so I knew if I could get Harrie by her side on the top of Helter's drag, the next step was a certainty, and that I had secured my chaperon. The result has fully justified my expectations. Harrie has secured the box-seat *en permanence*, went down to the Derby on Helter's drag, and won a pot on the French horse under his judicious advice. Little Haultort, and all the other men who lost to her, adore her of course, and all the girls in London hate her; but whenever the mammas object to asking her an account of 'that horrid Lady Wylde,' I floor all opposition by saying, 'Oh, Lady Jane Helter will bring her.' I wonder," said Spiffy, with a sigh, "when she has made her little game, whether she will remember to whom she owed it?"

"Now, do you find much ingratitude of this kind," I asked inquiringly.

"No," said Spiffy. "I must say on the whole my experience of the world in this respect is that it is not so black as it is painted. It is true that I attribute its gratitude chiefly to laziness. For instance, in my own case, so long as I hold the position I do in society, people who insisted upon being ungrateful to me would find it hard work."

"Well, I like the little girl," said I, "so you must see that her friend, Miss Rumsort, has the card."

"It is too bad!" broke out Spiffy. "The way that girl and her married sister are trying to take the world by storm is intolerable. It does not matter whether they know the people they apply to or not, it is always the same story. She pretends she is tremendously in love with Larkington because he goes everywhere, and her sister looks sentimental, and tries to work upon your feelings about 'poor Amy,' whose only object in life is to meet him; but it is all a dodge to get asked. She cares no more for Larkington than for me. Now, I'll be bound Wild Harrie put something about *very particular reasons* in her note to you."

"Well," said I, astonished at Spiffy's penetration, and at the new views of life he was placing before me, "I must admit that that phrase did occur."

"Of course it did; why, it is one of the regular forms of 'extorting invitations under false pretences.' I want the police to interfere, but it seems, although they are doubtless begging letters, containing fraudulent misrepresentations, there is some difficulty about bringing them within the terms of the Act."

"Well, never mind—live and let live—send her the invitation. It seems to me, my dear Spiffy, that you and the Bodwinkles and Miss Rumsort are all in the same line of life, so you should not be too hard upon her. As a matter of policy, social adventurers should do what they can for each other."

Spiffy's face flushed, for if he had lost the conscience he still retained the consciousness of a gentleman, and he felt the reproach.

"By the way," he said, and he revenged himself instantly, "what is the real state of the case about you and Lady Ursula? I don't apologise for asking, as I am sure you must want the right version to be known both for your sake and hers."

"The right version is simply that I neither am at this moment nor ever have been engaged to Lady Ursula."

"Then why did you tell Helter you were, and why are you pulling the family through their difficulties?"

"Because Helter was provoking me almost as much as you are, though I admit that is no reason why I should not have told the truth. As for the motives which actuate me in meddling in those pecuniary transactions in which you and Lady Broadbrim are implicated, I am afraid you would not understand them if I were to attempt to explain them. It is a complicated business altogether. We shall get through it most satisfactorily by each minding our own share of it," I said significantly, and I walked off to a table where Broadbrim was writing letters. I had not seen him since my interview with his sister. He looked gloomy and discontented, and gave me a cold glance of recognition. "How are you, Broadbrim? I suppose Lady Ursula told you the result of our conversation," I said in a low tone, and took a chair by his side.

He nodded sulkily, and showed a disposition to cut me. My last few words with Spiffy had not left me in a mood to be cut unresistingly, so I said, sharply, "Well, I hope both you and Lady Broadbrim will contradict the perfectly unfounded report you were the means of spreading. I need not say that I shall do my share, and I trust that you will profit by the lesson you have received not to interfere in matters of this sort again."

"I tell you what it is, Frank," said Broadbrim, who felt that somehow I was more to blame than he was, but who was taken aback by my turning the tables upon him so suddenly; "if it was not that duelling is exploded, and that it would be against my principles at any rate, I would shoot you."

"By way of helping to clear your property of its encumbrances," I added. "Your mother has put everything into my hands, and I can do pretty much what I please with the whole family."

"Can you?" said Broadbrim, with a grim smile. "The only thing that consoles me in the whole affair is, that you will find that you have got a little score to settle with my mother. If you knew her as well as I do, you would not anticipate the interview with pleasure. As for Ursula, I suppose she knows her own business best, but I don't envy her the life she is likely to lead either."

"Well," said I, "the alarming interview you threaten me with gives me no uneasiness; but perhaps it may be as well that you should let Lady Broadbrim know, that the fact of my not being engaged to her daughter will not interfere with the arrangements I am making to put the money matters of the family right."

"Why! you can't mean that?" said Broadbrim, thunderstruck at this unexpected announcement; and he looked at me with a glance of affectionate interest. "You must be mad."

"Did your sister tell you so?" I asked.

"Well, once she did make a mysterious speech, and I really think she meant to imply something of the sort. However, of course, I am only joking. I need not say I hope, under the circumstances, it will be long before you recover your sanity."

"Are you going to the Bodwinkle's to-morrow?" said I, doing a little of Bower and Scraper's work.

"Good gracious, no! I am bored to death with having to answer the question. The trouble my mother has taken to get these people invitations is something amazing. She even wanted me to go, though she does not approve of balls, and never let me learn to dance."

"Let me introduce you to Miss Geary. You are not too old to begin."

"No," said Broadbrim; "I have started on the other tack, and people would say it was inconsistent; besides, none of the young thinking men of the day dance, even though they may not be religious. I don't suppose that there is a single man in the Century dances."

This observation struck me as so preposterous that I could only account for it, by supposing that, for the first time in his life, Broadbrim had condescended to "chaff."

"Not 'a man' in the ideal sense, I dare say; but the boys are not more backward in this century than in any former one."

"Boys!" said Broadbrim, indignantly; "there are no boys in the 'Century;' the 'Century' is a club that meets twice a-week. I don't go on Sunday nights myself; but some Thursday night I will take you," and Broadbrim plunged back into the correspondence in which I had interrupted him, while I strolled home down Piccadilly moralising on—the Century.

I don't much frequent balls now; but I went to Bodwinkle's for a variety of reasons. One was, that I knew I should see everybody, and have an opportunity of informing the public correctly about my own affairs. Another, that I should be able to talk over some business matters with Bodwinkle, at a moment when he might possibly be more pliant than I usually found him in the City.

Every soul was at Bodwinkle's—coroneted carriages filled the square; a crowd of draggled men and women formed a line six or eight deep on each side of the awning, and between them fine ladies hurried across the pavement, encouraged and complimented by familiar linkmen, and very particular that the 'Morning Post' reporter, seated at a table in the hall, should take down their names accurately. The stairs were so crowded that Bodwinkle, who looked like one of his

own footmen, and stood at the top of them, facing his wife, was red and apoplectic from pressure. His "lady," as I heard one of his City friends call her, had achieved the greatest object of her ambition in this life, which consisted in grinning vacantly, and curtsying perpetually to people she had never seen in her life before, and every one of whom despised her for entertaining them.

"Curious idea of the climax of earthly enjoyment," I remarked to Lady Veriphast, who was so tightly wedged between the banisters and a rather highly-scented ambassador from Central Asia, that she spoke with difficulty; "I suppose it must be a pleasure to be at the top of one's own ladder, like our hostess there, when so many are trying to climb it."

"Do *not* philosophise in that ridiculous way; don't you see I am suffering agonies?" said Lady Veriphast, in a tone of suppressed anguish. "Pinch this horrid barbarian in front of me or I shall faint."

"Madam," I overheard a well-known voice say in a nasal tone close to me, "allow me to remark, that for a hand, arm, and wrist, I have not seen anything since I have been in England like that owned by your daughter Mary;" and Mr. Wog complacently edged himself from the side of Lady Mundane to that of the daughter he had eulogised, and who audibly asked Scraper to get between her and that horrid man.

"Just what one deserves for coming to such a place," said Lady Mundane, furiously, who, by the way, had repeatedly asked Wog to her own parties.

"I have often remarked, sir," said Mr. Wog, who I think overheard this observation, turning to me, "that the ladies in your country allow quite a singular effect to be produced in their hair. If you will cast your eye down the stair you will observe a young person on the landing, the parting of whose hair, for the space of one inch on either side, is black, while the two large bunches on her temples are red. That, sir, is a phenomenon I have not remarked in my own country."

"Don't you know how it happens?" said that spiteful old Lady Catchpole, whose eyes twinkled with malice as she explained to Mr. Wog that, when the hair had been thoroughly dyed, it could only recover its natural colour by this slow process, but that usually the effect was concealed by a *postiche;* and she looked hard at Lady Veriphast, whose hair was suspiciously *crepé*, and who wished it to be supposed that she blushed because she was stil under the pressure of the Asiatic ambassador.

"What is the exact meaning of the term *postiche?*" asked Mr. Wog, who observed Lady Veriphast's confusion, and whose thirst for information seemed to increase with his powers of making himself disagreeable; "I guess it must mean some kind of wig."

"No," said Lady Catchpole; "anything false which is well made up we call a *postiche;* it need not be exactly a wig."

"Nor yet a Tory," interrupted Wog, with more readiness than I gave him credit for. "I calculate you should call a Liberal-Conservative a *postiche.* It seems to me the most popular political platform in this country at your next elections is going to be *postiche.*"

"Look, my dear," said Lady Pimlico to Lady Mundane, "there are the two Frenchwomen," and she directed universal attention to the last importations from the Continent, Madame la Princesse de Biaisée à la Queue, and La Baronne de Colté, whose fame had preceded them from Paris, and who created such a sensation that the general hum on the stairs increased, and the whole society collected there audibly criticised the new-comers. "Why, positively the tall one has

got her hair done *en papillon*—I thought it had gone out—I suppose her face won't bear being *coiffé à la grècque;* and the other is outrageously painted." This remark was made so loud that both ladies looked up, but failed to check the running fire of comments which their dress and appearance suggested.

"They say the Princess makes up for her want of looks by her legs," drawled out Larkington to Lady Veriphast; "but I am afraid we shall not have an opportunity of seeing them to-night, it is so crowded."

"They are not worth looking at; I saw them at a fancy ball in Paris," said Lady Veriphast, "and I assure you you would be disappointed. By the way, have you the least notion who the Bodwinkles are?"

"Not I," replied Larkington. "I did not come here to make their acquaintance, nor I hope did you."

I think Mrs Bodwinkle heard the speech, for it is customary in good society to make remarks about one's neighbours in rather a loud tone, as she coloured a little when she was pointed out to Larkington by the fat butler as the person to whom he was expected to bow. Poor woman, she probably thought he would be embarrassed when he found out his proximity; but Larkington is above any such weakness, and sauntered on after Lady Veriphast, with whom he has *affiché* himself for the last few weeks, to the great comfort of Veriphast, who has long been desirous of making his wife share the scandal which has attached to his name for some time past.

"And it is for this, my dear Mrs. Bodwinkle," I thought, "that you have given up your villa at Clapham, and the friends that respectfully worshipped at the Bodwinkle shrine, who gazed upon you with reverend upturned eyes, instead of irreverent upturned noses, like the present company! Do you think, when you have blazed for a moment and gone out like a blue-light, that you will know how to find your way in the dark back to Clapham, or that you will be able to collect your old congregation? Will not new Bodwinkles have arisen above the suburban horizon, or will the departed glories of your rapid but bright passage across the firmament of fashion always secure you an audience who will gladly listen to your wonderful experiences in the great world, to whom you will recount the devotion manifested towards you by certain noblemen, and the slights you received at the hands of certain noblewomen, and who will stare when you describe the Broadbrim-Spiffy combination which sent you up like a rocket, and the sudden collapse of that combination which will assuredly bring you down like a stick? Never mind, Mrs. B.; whatever happens, nothing short of a fire can deprive you of the basket of fashionable cards which will be left upon you during the season, and which, carefully treasured with your dinner *menus*, will be a lasting evidence of the reality of that social triumph which might otherwise seem like the 'baseless fabric of a dream.'"

And this consideration reminds me that I possess middle-class readers, who may positively doubt the truth of the picture which I am endeavouring to give them of the society in which Mrs. Bodwinkle now found herself. They will not have the advantage of hearing from the lips of that good lady these wonderful traits of the manners and customs of this, to them, mysterious class. And therefore they will fail to see any particular merit in what they may suppose to be merely a flippant delineation of a purely ideal state of society. My dear readers, I should be no more competent to invent a state of society so eccentric in its habits and constitution as this of London cream, than I should be to write a story with so little foundation in fact as 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' That was a real strain upon the imagina-

tive and constructive faculties; I aspire to no such talent, but simply to give a disguised and embellished narrative of what I have seen and known. If by way of a little pastime, I put Mayfair into a fancy dress, it only appears in its true colours and becomes fancy-fair, with a great deal of show and very little substance; so I dress it up as it pleases me, but I invent nothing. I confine myself strictly to the stage properties. All the actors are there, with their foibles and their jealousies and their vanities, and I don't put sentiments into their mouths which, in the course of my theatrical experiences, I have not heard them in some form or other express, or make them do things which I have not watched them do from my stall. You in the pit or gallery may be too far off, but I assure you I have avoided anything beyond the exaggeration permissible in a caricature. As I know your imitative faculties, dear middle classes, I can conscientiously assure you that you may take "Piccadilly" as a guide upon which to frame your own society. Take the most successful costermonger of the neighbourhood and erect him into a Bodwinkle, and fall down upon your knees before the most opulent pawnbroker of your parish, and you will feel that you are only performing, on a humble scale, the same act of worship as those above you.

Lady Jane Helter, followed by Wild Harrie, came up while I was thus musing. "So, Lord Frank," she said, "you are not to be congratulated after all? I suppose you heard of our dinner at the Nolands'? We all thought your conduct very incomprehensible. I assure you Lady Broadbrim seemed as much in the dark as the rest of us."

"And you want to be enlightened?" said I. "Well, it has been a social *canard* throughout which I did not at first think worth contradicting. There must be a certain number every season."

"I am sure we want them more than ever now," said Wild Harrie. "Was there ever such an utterly flat season? I only went to two balls last week, and, as they say at 'the corner,' 'there was positively nothing doing.'"

"It is not the same in every corner," said I; "look opposite," and I pointed out Larkington and Lady Veriphast snugly ensconced in a recess.

"Poor Amy! I am afraid that won't suit her book," said Wild Harrie. "She is really devoted to Lord Larkington. I told her to hedge, but she says she has too much heart. By the way I want to have a little private conversation with you. Take me to have a cup of tea, or a quadrille, or something"—this in rather a low tone, not for Lady Jane's benefit; and we sidled off through the throng, leaving Lady Jane at the doorway, which, in the absence of her ladyship, does duty as chaperon.

"Do you know, Lord Frank," said my companion, "that it really was very kind of you to get me the invitation you did, and that I can appreciate kindness; can you guess how?"

"By asking me to do something else for you," I said.

"Exactly," she said, laughing; "but this time it will not perhaps be quite so easy. I want you to get me a card for Lady Broadbrim's on Thursday week."

"For Lady Broadbrim's!" said I, astounded. "How on earth did you come to hear of it? Why, it is a meeting, not a party. A few Christian friends are going to hear the Bishop of the Caribbee Islands describe the state of missions in his diocese. You would be bored to death."

"Indeed I should not," said Wild Harrie. "I have a brother in India; and I have heard so much about the heathen. Besides, I want to make Lady Ursula's acquaintance."

"Well," said I, a good deal puz-

zled, "I really don't think you will find it a very congenial atmosphere, but I am sure nobody can know Lady Ursula without deriving benefit, so I should feel too glad to be the means of making you acquainted; but Lady Jane will never take you."

"Oh, mamma will; you know her brother was a clergyman. Promise. Don't forget—one for me and one for mamma. Now I must leave you; I quite forgot I was engaged to little Haultort for this dance, and there he is hunting for me everywhere," and she dragged me to the spot where that young gentleman was stroking a fluffy mustache, with an imbecile air.

"Do you call that hunting?" said I; "He must be in chase of ideas."

"Of course he is. Now watch him catch his *idée fixe*," and she placed herself before him. Poor youth, how he coloured and stammered, as a ray of intelligence illumined his countenance. "So that is the way you keep your engagements, Lord Haultort, is it? Well, you have forfeited your dance"—the ray went out—"but you may take me back to Lady Jane." The ray came back again; he was sufficiently experienced to know what that meant, and Lord Haultort disappeared into the next room with his *idée fixe* on his arm, and I looked the other way half an hour after, when I passed the corresponding recess in which Larkington and Lady Veriphast were still sitting, and saw who were there.

"I wonder what that little girl wants to know the Broadbrims for?" I ruminated, and for some time I was positively fool enough to continue to wonder.

"I tell you what it is, Goldtip," I overheard Bodwinkle say, "that idea of yours about giving presents is all humbug; we've got the people here, what do you want to give them presents for?"

"In the first place," retorted Spiffy, "they will never come again unless you keep faith with them now, for I have been giving it out specially that no expense was to be spared; and in the second place, as you have got all the presents made up in ribbons, &c., what else are you to do with them? The girls will be terribly disappointed."

Bodwinkle shook his head sulkily, and Spiffy, seeing me, adroitly turned the conversation. "I was talking over the prospects of the approaching election, Frank, with Bodwinkle, and telling him how much you could assist us with your influence in Shuffleborough; it seems to me that he is likely to be turned out unless your brother-in-law, Sir John Stepton, will come to the rescue. It would be well worth your while, Bodwinkle, to let Lady Broadbrim's matter stand over until you have made sure of your seat," said Spiffy, looking significantly at me.

"Oh, certainly," said Bodwinkle, "if you will secure your brother-in-law's adhesion to our plans. You will find me very amenable in that unfortunate affair of Lady Broadbrim's. I know what an interest you take in it, and I am sure, for your sake, if not for hers—ahem," and Bodwinkle, quite unconscious that he was behaving like a scoundrel, smiled upon me blandly.

"It seems to me," said I, "that, considering what you owe to Lady Broadbrim," and I looked round the crowded room, "you ought not to be too hard upon her."

"Ah, well, I must admit that her ladyship and our friend Goldtip here are doing their best to balance the account; but I have made it a principle through life never to be satisfied with anything short of my full money's worth; and I don't even feel now, if you make my election a certainty, that we shall be more than square."

"What are your other principles besides that of getting your full money's worth?" said I, with a sneer, that was lost upon Bodwinkle.

"High Tory," he replied prompt-

ly. "None of your Liberal-Conservatives for me this time—that did well enough last election."

"Well, but Stepton is an absolute Radical," said I.

"Exactly: that is why he is so important. You see the fact is—here, Goldtip, explain our little game—it is all his idea, and he can put it better than me."

I knew from the bold defiant way in which Spiffy raised his eyes to mine that his original and unscrupulous genius had conceived a *coup d'état* of some kind, so I listened curiously.

"I am going to stand for Shuffleborough, and it is I who want Sir John Stepton's vote and influence," he announced, calmly.

"You!" said I, amazed; "what are you going to stand as? and who is going to pay your expenses?"

"I am going to stand as an extreme Liberal, and Bodwinkle as a regular old Tory. He is going to pay my expenses. We are going to strike out an entirely new line, and have convictions. He can't come the Liberal-Conservative this time, as one of the Liberals who is very popular has gone in rather extensively for the Moderate Conservatives. So there is nothing for it but to come forward as an out-and-out Tory, and put me up as a Radical; by these means we hope to floor both the fellows that are trying the trimming game. Of course I am not intended to come in—I only split the party."

"But if you stand, one of the others will retire; look what has just happened in Westminster."

"Then Bodwinkle starts his wife's cousin Tom—why, he is rich enough to keep all three Liberals in the field to fight him if necessary; and you are pluck to the backbone, ain't you, old fellow?" and Spiffy slapped Bodwinkle on the back.

"Perhaps you would like to see our addresses," he went on,—"here they are; I wrote them both. I shall issue mine first, and Bodwinkle's a day or two after."

"May I take them home to read?" I asked.

"Oh, certainly, and frame your own on their model if you like," said Spiffy, laughing—"they'll be the neatest things out in addresses, I assure you."

"Mr. Goldtip, I wish you would exert yourself, instead of talking politics with Mr. B.," said Mrs. Bodwinkle, coming up; "there are all sorts of things about the presents to arrange, and I am sure I don't know who is to take who down to supper," and Spiffy was carried away upon special service.

"Good night, Bodwinkle," said I; "your ball is a great success, but I am an early man, and hot rooms don't suit me. I understand the political situation thoroughly now, and without pledging myself to anything, will see what is to be done."

"Of course, all in the most perfect confidence; it would never do for Stepton to suspect what we were at."

"Oh, it would be absolute ruin. There is just one question I should like to ask, Can you give me your solemn word that in all this you have no other motive but the single one of being of use to your country?"

"Eh!" said Bodwinkle, with his eyes rather wide open.

"I repeat," said I, slowly, "Is your only object in getting into Parliament that you may be of use to the country? or is it that the country may be of use to you?"

"I must ask you one in return," said Bodwinkle. "Will it depend upon my answer whether or not you exert yourself in my favour?"

"Entirely," said I.

"Then, my dear Lord Frank," said Bodwinkle, affectionately grasping my hand, "believe me, that so far as I am concerned, and I can say the same for Goldtip, our only single desire is to do that which England expects of every man at such a crisis,—our duty, entirely irrespective of all personal considerations."

I wrung Bodwinkle's hand warmly (I could have crushed every bone in it), and threw an expression of tender interest into my glance as I said, "I wonder, Bodwinkle, how many candidates are actuated by these lofty views in the coming election; but you must not let yourself be too much carried away by your Quixotic convictions. Remember, my friend, what you owe to your party."

"I never forget it," said Bodwinkle, readily. "I have four things to consider—my country, my party, my family, and my conscience. I begin by asking my conscience what are the interests of my country. My conscience replies promptly that my party should be in power. I then ask my conscience what are the interests of my family, and my conscience invariably says the same thing. I then ask my conscience whether it has any political views of its own, and my conscience responds that it is a mercantile conscience, which has always been absorbed in commerce, and that takes no interest in abstract politics, so that, practically, you see, I have no difficulty, so far as my conscience is concerned."

"Wog is right," I mused as I walked home—"*postiche* is everywhere. We certainly do 'make up' well. I suppose this country never looked more fair and flourishing in the eyes of the world in general than it does at this moment. We have made a great *succès* by means of *postiche*—there is no denying it. But we shall fall to pieces all of a sudden like old Lady Pimlico; and the wrinkles will appear before long in the national cheeks in spite of the rouge. Ah, the taunts we shall have to endure when the *postiche* is discovered from the rivals that have always been jealous and are still under the prestige of our former charms! Then the kings of the earth with whom we have lived delicately will turn against us, for they will remember our greed and our pride and our egotism, in the days when we sold our virtue for gold, and our honour for a mess of pottage. Is there no one who will cry aloud in the streets while there is yet time?—will there not be one man in these coming elections who will have the courage to tell the people that their senses are so drugged by prosperity that they are blind to the impending doom, and that the only way to avert it will be by a policy diametrically opposed to that which has fascinated the nation for the last few years, because it has conducted them so pleasantly along those smooth and flowery paths that lead to destruction? Be sure, oh my countrymen, that for you collectively, as well as individually, there is a broad and narrow way, and that as surely as a nation ignores its duties towards God and its obligations towards its neighbours, so surely will a swift judgment overtake it!" I was interrupted by a policeman at this point, who kindly called my attention to the fact that in my prophetic fervour I had myself been crying aloud in the streets, and accompanying my denunciations with appropriate action. "I will throw off a few of these ideas for the benefit of my constituents, while the sacred fire is still upon me," thought I, as I stood at my bay-window, and watched the grey dawn of the June morning breaking over Green Park. Sleep at such a moment is impossible, and I pulled the addresses of Spiffy and Bodwinkle from my pocket.

"Gentlemen," says Spiffy to the independent electors of Shuffleborough, "in soliciting the favour of your suffrages at the approaching general election, I am aware that I labour under the disadvantage of coming before you as an untried man, but I ask you all the more confidently on this account to substitute me for one who has been tried and found wanting. Still more painfully conscious am I of the fact that

I am open to the charge of causing a fatal split in that Liberal party to which I have the honour to belong. Gentlemen, I regret to say that in some instances the members of that party have not been true to the principles which they profess, and have issued addresses almost identical in the terms they employ and in the measures they advocate with those of the Liberal-Conservative party. It is no satisfaction to me to be told that there are as many false Conservatives as there are false Liberals. As a friend of the people I am opposed to all compromises, and will unflinchingly expose treachery in the camp. You will find that my political views are clear and decided.

"Though a member of the Church of England, I am in favour of the total abolition of Church-rates, as I believe that you will spiritualise the Church precisely in proportion as you starve it.

"I am in favour of an extension of the franchise to such an extent as will comprise all the working classes, and thus pave the way to that universal suffrage in which I myself shall be included, and for the first time enjoy the privilege of voting.

"I am opposed to poverty in any form, and the Union Chargeability has my entire concurrence.

"Should I fail to be returned as your member upon this occasion, I shall be in favour of a redistribution of seats.

"I believe that an era of universal peace is dawning upon the world, and I am therefore an advocate of the total suppression of our armaments both by sea and land.

"I think that the Christian spirit displayed in our foreign policy which has induced us to court national insult for the purpose of setting an example of forbearance, and which has enabled us humbly but surely to extend our commercial relations, has procured for us the highest moral position which has ever yet been accorded to a people. To increase the wealth of the nation and to foster its Christian spirit, will be recognised by me as a primary duty, if I am honoured with the high trust of being your representative in the Commons House of Parliament."

Now comes Bodwinkle's address, written by the versatile author of the last:—

"Gentlemen,—The appearance of a third candidate in the Liberal interest within the last few days induces me to break the silence which I have up to this time preserved. I have observed with pain that in many instances the addresses issued by gentlemen calling themselves Liberal-Conservatives or Conservative Reformers, are of the most subversive tendency, and entirely opposed to the spirit of that old and enlightened party to which I have the honour to belong. I repudiate, therefore, entirely that temporising language which a large number of candidates calling themselves Conservatives hold, and which it has suited one of my opponents, who calls himself a Liberal, to adopt. I believe I shall best recommend myself to this constituency by an honest and unswerving advocacy of those views which the Tory party of this country have invariably maintained. More fondly attached, if possible, to the Church of England than I was upon the occasion when I last addressed you, I am more than ever convinced that money is the only thing that keeps it going. I am therefore entirely opposed to the abolition of those rates which form the foundation of that pillar upon which the State has been accustomed securely to repose.

"I am opposed to the enfranchisement of the working-man, as, in the probable event of a combination between the labouring classes and the aristocracy, that middle class to which I have the honour to belong would cease to direct the destinies of the country. Any lateral mea-

sure of reform, unattended, however, by a vertical movement, which should exclude this possibility, will have my entire concurrence.

"I am in favour of a measure which shall largely increase the armaments of the country, and at the same time reduce the cost of their maintenance.

"I have profound confidence in the policy of the great Conservative party in their relations with foreign nations. The fact that they have hitherto declined to define what that policy is, renders it impossible for me to enter more fully into the subject at present.

"In a word, should you do me the honour to return me as your member, you will find me Liberal only in my views as to the modes in which money may be acquired, and Conservative always when there is a question of expenditure."

It is a grand idea but a great experiment this of having convictions, which Spiffy has just started, thought I. I have been cursed with them all my life, but never could turn them to account. Now in this case, for instance, he is using convictions — *postiche* convictions certainly — to get Bodwinkle into Parliament; the result of my convictions is, that if I express them they will turn me out. A prophet is without honour in his own country, more especially when the whole constituency has become sceptical and apathetic. I shall issue an address to the free and independent electors of Dunderhead. And under the inspiration of the moment I wrote as follows:—

"Gentlemen, — In announcing my intention not to solicit your suffrages at the approaching general election, I feel that it is due to you that I should state the reason why I do not again seek the high honour which you have upon two previous occasions conferred upon me, of representing you in Parliament. The prosperity of the country is now so great that I feel it has no further need of my services. In default of any great question of national importance, the rival political parties are reduced to the lamentable predicament of having nothing to fight for except office. As I have never taken the slightest interest in the fortunes of either party, except as embodying or representing the triumph of certain principles, the disappearance of those principles, and the difficulty of distinguishing by their expressed opinions between one party and the other, renders it quite impossible for me to follow the example of the candidates on both sides and to stand upon—nothing! Gentlemen, I have no doubt that before very long something will turn up for me to stand upon. I will wait till then. Meantime, I feel that to profess any decided convictions upon matters either of home or foreign politics at this juncture would be considered in bad taste, if not impertinent, and I shall therefore reserve whatever I have to say for a future occasion, when the exigencies of the country may render it absolutely necessary that some individual in it should have an opinion."

There, I don't think I need say anything more. I meant to have written these Dunderheadians something that would have made them remember me after I was gone; but I am getting sleepy, and they would not have understood it. I will give £1000 to be applied to the wants of the municipality instead. "In conclusion," I went on, "I beg to offer a tribute to the only article of political faith in which you still believe, and to place £1000 at the disposal of the mayor and corporation, which, in addition to the money spent in the contest that my retirement will render inevitable, will, I trust, not only be of substantial service to the borough, but secure my re-election upon any future occasion.

FRANK VANECOVE."

Good night, Dunderheadians. If

in spite of this you send me a requisition to stand again, I will decline on a ground simple enough even for your comprehensions—It is too hot!

It was no business of mine, after the explanation which I had had with Lady Ursula upon the subject of our rumoured engagement, to revert to the topic with any of her family. If Lady Broadbrim was dissatisfied with the position of affairs, I supposed that I should hear of it quite soon enough; my only anxiety was about Ursula herself. I trembled for her domestic peace and comfort. Broadbrim's few words about his sister's happiness under the altered circumstances were very significant, and I determined therefore to get her ladyship as much in my power as possible, by exercising to its utmost extent the right which I had wrung from her of a full control over her pecuniary affairs. If my wealth did not enable me to purchase my own happiness, it should at least enable me to secure the happiness of her whom I loved best in the world. I had never wavered in my resolution somehow or other to effect this great end, but my plans must of necessity undergo some change now that Lady Broadbrim's eyes were opened to the real state of the case. I was much puzzled what to do about Grandon. Sometimes I felt a yearning to take him fully into my confidence and consult with him upon that delicate topic which touched us both so nearly; but though he was kind and considerate as ever, there was a constraint about our intercourse of which we were both painfully conscious. We avoided all allusion to the Broadbrims, and he never called in Grosvenor Square, nor, so far as I know, had met Lady Ursula since the memorable dinner which had terminated so disagreeably for us all. Under the circumstances, I had also thought the wisest, and for many reasons the most proper, course for me was, to abstain from going there until I should hear from Lady Broadbrim; and although I was anxious to consult her upon many business matters, I preferred letting them remain in abeyance to courting an interview which I dreaded. At last I began to think Lady Broadbrim's silence rather ominous. I felt that a thunder-cloud had been gathering for some time past, and that the sooner it burst the better. I occasionally found myself walking past the door of the house, and wondering what was going on inside it. I felt that there would be something undignified about pumping Broadbrim, and yet every time I met him I experienced an irresistible desire to do so.

At last one day he volunteered a remark, from which I gathered that he was as anxious for information as I was. "Have you seen my mother lately?" he began.

"Not for weeks."

"Do you know she is carrying on in a lot of things just the same as ever?"

"I don't think that possible," I said; "she could do nothing without my knowledge."

"She is though," said Broadbrim; "I can't quite make out what is going on, because, you know, she never condescends to discuss her affairs with any of us; but I feel certain there is some new scheme afloat."

"Is she kind to your sister?" I asked.

"Well, she is neither kind nor unkind: she is very little at home, and seems to have lost all interest in her own family. She wants us to believe that it is the heathen; but I must say that she never used to neglect her daughters for them, and always said, what so many good people forget, that the first duty of a Christian woman was to attend to her own family. I am getting very uneasy," said Broadbrim, with a sigh; "I feel a presentiment that there is some sort of a crash coming; I wish you would go and see her."

"Well, I did not intend going to her conversazione next week, but as she has sent me a card I suppose she wants to see me. I will come and hear my friend Joseph Caribbee Islands hold forth. By the way, I quite forgot I promised to ask Lady Broadbrim for a card for Lady Wylde and her daughter; will you send one when you get home? You don't know Miss Wylde, do you?"

"Yes," said Broadbrim, and he coloured and looked away; "I have just met her, and that is all. Did she ask you for the invitation?"

"What! you have met her, and she did not tell you the interest she takes in missions? I see you are half converted already. Take care, Broadbrim; you are no great catch; but she does not, perhaps, exactly know that, and all is fish that comes to her net. Nevertheless, don't forget to send her the invitation;" and I saw the flush of gratified vanity mount to the brow of Broadbrim, and no longer wondered why "Wild Harrie" had expressed a wish to make Lady Ursula's acquaintance. Poor Ursula, what Broadbrim had said about his mother's change of manner, decided me not to neglect the opportunity which presented itself of going to her "meeting," and coming to a distinct understanding with Lady Broadbrim upon the present position of affairs. I had no doubt that that veteran campaigner had not been idle; and I was afraid, under the circumstances, that too much time had already been allowed her.

"Do you think Miss Wylde is going down to Ascot?" asked Broadbrim, who had maintained an embarrassed silence during this interval.

"She went down yesterday with the Helters; she stays the week with them at their cottage," I replied.

"I have never been to Ascot," he said, awkwardly—"in fact I never saw a race in my life. I think a man, even though he does not approve of racing, ought to have seen it once—don't you?"

"Certainly," said I, "especially when you can see Wild Harrie at the same time."

"I say," said Broadbrim, and he stopped short.

"Well!"

"I wish to goodness there was some way of going to Ascot without being seen. I suppose one is sure to come across a lot of men one knows?"

"Not if you go and stay with the clergyman of the parish," I said.

"I don't know him. It is not for myself, but I don't think my mother would like my going."

"Then don't go."

"What an unsatisfactory fellow you are! I shall go and talk over the matter with Ursula—she always helps me out of my difficulties."

"What does she know about Ascot?" I asked.

"Oh, she does not know about Ascot, but somehow or other she always tells me what is the best thing to do about everything."

"I suppose, then, you tell her everything?"

"Almost," he said.

"Take my advice, and make a clean breast of it, my dear boy;" and I felt kindly towards him for the way he spoke about his sister. "Depend upon it, no half confidences do in such a case. Tell her that I shall come to you on Thursday of next week;" and I pressed his hand. I had never cared about him for his own sake, but my heart warmed towards him for hers.

MR. GLADSTONE AT CHESTER.

MANY and ingenious are the devices resorted to by statesmen for the promulgation of their manifestoes at seasons when a political *coup d'état* seems necessary to secure their continuance in power, but when they are prevented, either by etiquette or the ties and obligations of party, from making an open declaration of their future policy within the walls of Parliament. The system—for such it has become in these days of patched-up and discordant Cabinets—is neither seemly nor honest. It displays a tendency on the part of the operator to outbid or overreach his colleagues, and it is a perfidious betrayal of that mutual trust, confidence, and co-operation, which ought to be reciprocally binding upon all members of an Administration so long as they remain together. Perfect freedom of action may be allowed to politicians who are out of office; though we think it is extremely imprudent, if not absolutely wrong, in an expectant political leader to commit his party to certain views upon which they have not yet declared their aggregate opinion, for no other purpose than to steal a march upon an unwary adversary. Earl Russell, before his elevation to the House of Peers, was an adept in that kind of sleight-of-hand; indeed, no other state-man of our day has practised the trick so sedulously. He was not at all particular in his selection of a theatre for his exploits. A stuffy council-room in a northern borough, where a few civic tradesmen were assembled to offer him the freedom of their corporation—or the platform of a mechanics' institute—or the upper chamber of the hostelry of an obscure village, converted for the occasion into a banqueting-hall for the accommodation of some fivescore enthusiastic reformers—served his purpose as well as the princely hospitalities of the Mansion-House, or better. There he was wont to deliver his programme, and to delight the ears of his audience by expatiating on the new experiments which he intended to make upon the time-honoured constitution of the country—experiments, the abstract necessity he did not consider it worth while to demonstrate by an elaborate process of reasoning, seeing that their evident tendency was to restore and perpetuate that oligarchical scheme of Whig supremacy, of which he was the acknowledged champion. Messages such as these, which have given a kind of notoriety to more than one crazy tenement—as the Ryehouse was dignified by its plot—were wafted by the press to every corner of Great Britain; and in four-and-twenty hours the hearts of the Liberals from Cornwall to Caithness were cheered by the enunciation of another decided step in the downward direction of democracy.

But this system, though more than once successful in immediate results, proved, in the long-run, highly detrimental to the interests and influence of the man who had unscrupulously abused it. Lord John Russell forgot that, though an important unit of the great Whig party, he was by no means acknowledged as its dictator. Acting upon the principle of the Athenians, the aristocratic Whig families have always reserved to themselves the power not only of nominating and recalling their generals, but of prescribing the plan of operations; and they began to entertain no unreasonable jealousy of the independent liberty of action thus arrogated to himself by the scion of the House of Bedford. What right had he, without previous consultation and consent, to commit them to a new line of policy? Deprived of their support, he was absolutely nothing; for although, by an ingenious fiction, Whigs and Radicals had been mass-

ed together and marshalled under the generic name of the Liberal party, there was in reality no cohesion between the sects—nay, so far from that, the utmost jealousy and distrust were known to prevail; for many of the leading Radicals, if they abjured the principles of the Conservatives, had a rooted antipathy to the Whigs, whom they regarded as perfidious allies, whose sole object was the appropriation of the spoils of office, and with whom they were resolved, ere long, to hold a close and heavy reckoning. The Whig aristocracy, therefore, murmured grievously against the man who, without any previous warning or preparation, insisted on dragging them into the quagmire. From murmuring they proceeded to judgment, not the less sure because the tribunal was shrouded by the veil of impenetrable darkness. Lord John Russell was deposed from the leadership of the Whigs, and declared incapable from thenceforward of again assuming that position; though, to avoid scandal as well as to prevent him from doing immediate mischief, he was allowed to serve in a subordinate capacity, and was finally pitchforked into the House of Peers, from which elevation it was fondly hoped that he would not, like his prototype, Sir Geoffrey Hudson, when hoisted on the cutler's booth, indulge in unnecessary harangues.

We have had a recent and very flagrant instance of this sort of unseemly exhibition, the performer being the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, present Chancellor of the Exchequer, and future aspirant, by the help of the Radicals, to the high office of Premier, so soon as Lord Palmerston shall have demitted. The days of the present Parliament are now numbered. The session is rapidly drawing to a close, and in a few weeks we shall be regaled with every possible variety of hustings oratory. Of course it is open to every candidate, whether he be a Minister or not, to address himself to the particular constituency whose suffrages he woos, and to win their favour as he best can by an explanation of his political principles, or an appeal to their experience of his past career. But surely it is most indecorous in a member of the Cabinet, while Parliament is yet sitting, to appear without invitation before a constituency which he does not seek to represent, to stand forth in the character of a violent local partisan, discussing with more than ordinary latitude of speech the merits and demerits of the several candidates, to throw himself into a contest in which he has only a contingent interest, and to take that opportunity of uttering his future political programme. Mr. Gladstone's friends and eulogists will doubtless attempt to defend, or even to justify, this serious offence against the rules of political propriety, by pleading in his behalf the irresistible impulses of paternal instinct, and his irrepressible anxiety for the success of his son, a very young gentleman indeed, who is one of the candidates for the representation of the town of Chester. To them it will appear quite natural and proper that the veteran should throw the shield of his oratory over his inexperienced boy; and it would probably be of no avail to reply that, according to the usages of chivalry, the knight who enters the lists, albeit for the first time, is bound to address himself to the combat without any extraneous assistance. We are not disposed to give Mr. Gladstone credit for any nice chivalrous perceptions. His hand has always been more familiar with the tomahawk than the lance, and he never shows to so much advantage as when pitted against a weak opponent. On this occasion he was pleased not only to extol the merits of his son (which a partial father might possibly be allowed to do, founding, in the absence of all other proof or token of ability, on his own private know-

ledge and convictions), but to ridicule and vituperate, in his absence, the Conservative candidate, Mr. Raikes, with a breadth of expression and lack of decorum which are fortunately rare upon the hustings. Considering that the proper subject for his wrath—if it was necessary or seemly that, standing in such a questionable position, he should exhibit any symptoms of loss of temper—was the respectable and experienced gentleman professing Liberal opinions, who has dared to interfere with the projects of Gladstone junior, by offering his services to the constituency of Chester, it seems to us that the assault made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer upon Mr. Raikes was discreditable and shabby in the extreme. To twit Mr. Raikes with youth and imperfect knowledge, while admitting in nearly the same sentence that the lad at his elbow was "necessarily without experience in what is termed business," required no common amount of audacity, and showed in what very low estimation the intellects of the people of Chester are held by the astute Chancellor of the Exchequer.

In this instance, however, Mr. Gladstone has gained no kind of advantage from the encounter. It not unfrequently happens that an inveterate bully who, confiding in his undeniable strength, makes a practice of provoking quarrels, finds that he has unexpectedly met with his match, and to his astonishment and discomfiture receives a hearty drubbing. Mr. Gladstone's previous experiences ought to have made him more cautious. Not very long ago, Mr. Sheridan, whom he had wantonly attacked in the House of Commons, retaliated in a way which secured the entire sympathy of the audience, and which was the more severe because it was unexpected; and, in the present instance, Mr. Raikes has favoured him with a reply, which, in the case of any statesman whose reputation was founded upon a regard to consistency, would have had a most crushing effect. He reminded the people of Chester that few years had elapsed since this very Mr. Gladstone, also in the character of a volunteering canvasser, made his appearance in the neighbouring county of Flintshire, on behalf of a near connection who was then a candidate for a seat, and propounded as his own those very political doctrines for the maintenance of which he now seeks to turn Mr. Raikes into ridicule! Mr. Gladstone doubtless would answer that when he made those speeches he was still labouring under a strong political delusion. So be it. It would be in vain for us to conjecture what forms his kaleidoscope may assume with each novel turn; but at least he should have the decency to abstain from branding as utterly puerile opinions which in his mature manhood he strenuously maintained, and which gained him the confidence of that powerful and learned body which he now misrepresents in Parliament. Nay, it might occur to a gentleman who entertains so exaggerated an idea of his own intellectual importance, that his example and precepts might have had some effect in swaying the minds and determining the notions of others; for, as Seneca has well said—"Nemo sibi tantummodo errat, sed alieni erroris et causa et auctor est." A recreant master should have some respect for a former disciple whose consistency is greater than his own.

Apart from the extreme bad taste—to use the mildest term we can select—evinced by his appearance and oration, we are of opinion that, by acting thus, Mr. Gladstone has taken an unwise step as regards the prospects and reputation of his Ascanius. Henceforward, and for many years, he will be pointed at as "the boy who could not walk alone." Englishmen admire pluck, and are not disposed to pass a severe censure upon any young man

who makes a sufficient display of that quality, even though his talents may be small, his information limited, and his judgment evidently immature. It would be difficult to imagine anything more absurd than the appearance which was made by little Lord Amberley at Leeds, for the arrogance of his pretension was only equalled by the sublime imbecility of his utterance; still he evinced no slight degree of courage—or confidence, which is nearly the same thing—in facing, without much friendly backing or assistance, a large and somewhat turbulent assembly; and though in all probability few of his hearers left the room with any deep impression of his abilities as a speaker, or of the soundness of his views as a politician, none were inclined to deny him credit for the boldness of his maiden effort. It remains to be seen whether or not his attempt will be crowned with success; but should Lord Amberley be elected as a representative of Leeds, he will be entitled to the credit of having won the seat by his own unaided impudence. Very different would have been the case had he been introduced to the constituency by his venerable father in person, in a speech replete with apologies for his lack of experience, and touching panegyrics on his behaviour as an affectionate and well-conducted son. We apprehend that the grimy artisans of Leeds, more fastidious and acute than the easy voters of Chester, would at once have perceived and resented the implied insult to their understanding. They would have let Earl Russell know that hereditary claims can have no weight at all in the free election of members of the British House of Commons—that something more than illustrious or noble parentage is required to qualify for such a trust—and that, in any case, the candidate who solicited their suffrages must be so much of a man as to require none of that petting and puffing on the part of near relatives which is sometimes bestowed, but never very judiciously, by way of encouragement to a schoolboy.

Young Gladstone may be a very nice lad, so well behaved and conducted as to justify the statement made by his sire, that of him he has never had cause, and believes that he never shall have cause, to be ashamed. We hope and trust that the same eulogy may be passed, with equal truth and sincerity, upon many of our rising youth. But we fail to see in that any substantial ground for requesting an important constituency to elect him as their representative in Parliament. Something more, as it appears to us, is required by way of guarantee; and, in admitting to the fullest extent the truism that everything must have a beginning, and that a public career must have a starting point, we are inclined to ask what proofs have been given by this young gentleman of his ability to discharge the duties which he thus ambitiously offers to undertake? There is such a thing as training; and in no country of the world is it better understood or attended to than in England. It is quite true, as Mr. Gladstone urged, that many of our leading statesmen were introduced early into Parliament upon what he calls the principle of trust, and more than justified that selection by the talents which they subsequently displayed. But he was most careful not to tell his audience that, in almost every case, those young men had won distinction at the universities, or had otherwise given such proofs of their genius and mental capacity as entitled them to come forward in the capacity of political aspirants. Peel—Macaulay—Mr. Gladstone himself—were eminent instances of this. The honours which they gained at the university were their passports into public life. They were marked men before they ever crossed the threshold of St. Stephen's. The youth of their own generation ac-

knowledged them as their leaders, and confidently predicted their success. No higher training could be found: no more satisfactory certificate could be given. They were educated from scholars into statesmen; and, though young in years, were sufficiently ripened by study to commence the work of administration. A noble system, and a fruitful, which we should be sorry to see abandoned; though abandoned it must be, if rampant ignorance is to have the ascendancy, and the better judgment of the educated classes is to be overwhelmed by the preponderating influence of the mob! If Mr. Gladstone could have pointed to any such achievements on the part of his son—to any indications, however faint, of talent—to any proofs of industry coupled with fair average ability—we should have been inclined to pass over, leniently at least, the extraordinary demonstration which he has made, and have abstained from censuring an indiscretion which paternal fondness might excuse. But no such apology can be preferred. Even Mr. Gladstone's plausibility can suggest no better argument than this—that "the mind will open out under the teaching of experience like a flower under the rain and the sun." We hope so; at the same time, we cannot avoid suggesting that a plant which has been long in the forcing-house without giving token of a bud, can hardly be expected to prove the ornament of the garden, when it is shifted into the open parterre.

But it is neither our wish nor our intention to speculate upon the future destinies of Gladstone junior. He is not to blame for the part he has taken in this performance; on the contrary, he has contributed to our amusement. When the celebrated acrobat, Herr von Belial, makes his appearance in the circus, with filleted hair and tight-fitting spangled drawers, leading by the hand an infant similarly apparelled, and tosses him dexterously in the air, after the manner of an animated whirligig, we applaud the urchin, even though the father fails utterly to conciliate our regard. Whatever portion of disgust we may feel is reserved for the unblushing Belial. So, without occupying ourselves further with the juvenile gymnast, let us see what sort of ethical lessons we may derive from the teaching of the renowned professor.

His speech, apart from its direct bearing upon the Chester election, may be divided into two sections—1st, A dissertation upon political life; and, 2d, A vindication of the present Government, with some hints as to future progress. Upon both of these points we have a few observations to offer.

There is nothing, we believe, more repugnant to the common sense and honest feeling of the people of this country than deliberate trading in politics. It is a practice, however, not unknown in constitutional history; for since the Revolution Settlement many instances have occurred of shameless political tergiversation, in extenuation of which not even the plea of doubtful expediency could be urged. Such instances were common during the reigns of Anne and the earlier Georges, when principle was at a very low ebb, and when it had almost passed into an axiom that every public man had his price. Later still, though there was undeniably some amendment, corruption continued to be exercised. Even peers of the highest rank, whose dignity could hardly have been augmented, were bought over by offers of a blue ribbon, or some judicious distribution of patronage; and as they often, in virtue of property, possessed the nomination to boroughs, which were represented by their immediate dependants, such bargains had a marked effect upon the votes of the House of Commons. But for a long time a much higher sense of honour has prevailed among the aristocracy. Party ties are acknowledged as strictly binding; and

any Peer of the realm who might now act otherwise, would suffer both in caste and reputation. But the same strictness of principle is by no means observable in the other assembly. Direct bribery, such as was practised in the days of Walpole, is indeed unknown; but other influences, scarcely less deleterious, are actively at work, and public opinion does not exert itself with sufficient power to check or remedy the evil. The House of Commons is notoriously a favourite field for adventurers—men who have not the hardihood or perseverance to rise to eminence in the professions, but who think that fortune may be achieved by a short cut, and a bold push through the thorny brake of politics. Nor are they altogether mistaken in that view, for a little talent, unscrupulous service, and dexterous servility will usually suffice to attract notice, and to secure a footing upon the lower rounds of the coveted ladder of promotion; and that step once gained, it is the aspirant's own fault if he does not proceed in his ascension. These are the place-hunters, who are not to be blamed for their ambition, which in itself is a noble quality; nor for their obedience to their political chief, which is tantamount to an honourable duty. To serve the State in any capacity is a good and creditable thing; and though we may well doubt the prudence of the man who, without private means or fortune, selects politics for his profession, and may dread the temptations which await him, we cannot found upon the mere fact a proper ground of censure.

We have called politics a profession; and we have done so purposely and deliberately. Its gains may be uncertain. It may be an indifferent and most precarious means of earning a livelihood. It may never lead to any tangible result, or receive the slightest reward. A representative of the people has no right to expect that, as a matter of course, he must be promoted to office, and made free of the doors of the Treasury. Service is his duty and obligation; but if in the course of that service he displays any signs of unusual capacity, it is clearly for the interest of the party to which he belongs that he should receive encouragement and promotion. That is, or ought to be, the universal rule. The chiefs of Administration ought to select none but the most capable subordinates—a maxim, however, which requires more Spartan virtue for its due observance than is lodged within the bosom of a Russell. Not until the whole tribe of Odos and Dodos, Greys and Elliots, was glutted with excess of patronage, did that veteran appropriator distribute to his really able but savagely hungry supporters the remaining crumbs from the basket—but we have no wish to disinter buried griefs; and heaven forbid that we should measure duty by the practice of the Foreign Secretary! We simply state what ought to be the policy of an honest and well-regulated Administration with regard to its political adherents; and having said thus much, we have indicated all that the aspirant after fortune, in this exceptional line, has the slightest reason to expect.

We are assuming, of course, that the young man who devotes himself to politics as a profession, contemplates pursuing it to the end. There is such a thing as being shelved, after a few years' service, in some snug nook or cove, beyond the reach of the waters of tribulation, which ever and anon, like the bore on the Hooghly river, sweep Ministers remorselessly to destruction; and to our unsophisticated taste, such calm retreats commend themselves exceedingly. But into real political life there enters a good deal of that excitement which is the chief fascination of the gambler. Once fairly engaged in play, you can hardly abandon the table. If you are a winner you are flushed

with the hope of still further success—if, on the contrary, you lose, you are bent upon retrieving your position. No statesman willingly retires. In office or in opposition he remains at his post until his head is white and his hand palsied, and until younger men, who have been reared under his eye, are thoroughly wearied of the obstinacy which postpones their chance of succession. Our remarks apply to men who enter Parliament with the hope, however remote, of taking some day a leading part in the administration of the affairs of State, and who therefore must devote their attention to public questions and to public business in order to fit themselves for undertaking the responsibilities which the tenure of high office entails. Whatever may have been the nature of their previous training, they have much to learn before they are competent to discharge the duties even of a subordinate station; and many a young man of high promise has been spoiled for political life through the grasping anxiety of his friends and connections to secure for him immediate promotion, and a maintenance at the public cost. The sweets of office thus early tasted, and too often procured for him without any active exertion of his own, become so familiar to the palate of the recipient, that he ceases to regard them as luxuries which may be suddenly withdrawn, and insensibly settles into the conviction that they belong to him by right unalienable. A placeman from the first, his whole energies are directed towards the retaining or the regaining of office. He is bound to his party by no ties save those of personal interest. He estimates the measures of his friends, not according to their value or their usefulness, but as affecting the stability or existence of administrations. He has no sympathy for that high honourable feeling which prefers surrender of power to abandonment or betrayal of principle; and in his secret heart he despises, or at all events detests, the chief whose pigheaded obstinacy on what he deems to be a mere point of expediency, has resulted in a change of Administration, and his own forcible ejection from the little Eden wherein he was wont to dwell.

This is not a nice picture; but it is a true one, and its truth will be recognised by many. The late Sir Robert Peel was a notable dry-nurse for this stamp of politicians, always keeping some half-score of them supplied with the fattening milk of patronage; and it is no injustice to the Whigs to say that they have profited by his example. Nay, judging from recent revelations, they have even improved upon it. Witness the case of Lord Amberley, the cost of whose maintenance, during his pleasure-trips, has to be defrayed from the public purse—an instance, though a small one, of meanness which we venture to say is unparalleled. Had such a cause of scandal arisen on the other side, how loud would have been the outcry—how terrible the indignation! But the Liberal press, especially on the eve of a general election, can afford to overlook such errors, or to treat them with a fond indulgence—

"Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas."

What matter a few paltry pounds to the public, if so be that they are spent on the personal pleasures of the son of a Whig Minister? At all events, this is a mere foretaste of the good things to come; for should the Liberals still be able to claim a majority in the coming Parliament, and Lord Amberley be returned for Leeds, it needs no prophet to assure us, that before the arrival of the Ides of March that young scion of the house of Russell will be in receipt of a handsome salary.

It may be quite natural for Mr. Gladstone, who is himself a politician, and one of high mark and consequence, to desire that his son should follow in his footsteps. Sel-

dom, it is true, is genius found to be hereditary; for nature is not prodigal of her gifts, and the distinction of the father is often made more conspicuous by the marked incompetency of the son. Still the wish is natural, and it is not impossible of fulfilment. That young Gladstone should get into Parliament, and there endeavour to win distinction as an orator or a man of business, is on the part of the Chancellor of the Exchequer a most proper aspiration, and a highly laudable object. And had he, when addressing the electors of Chester, confined himself to the expression of such a wish, no reasonable objection could have been taken. But it is not so. His speech, as reported, contains not so much a vindication of the policy of sending young and untried representatives to Parliament, there to gather experience, and gradually to work their way—as a deliberate but ingenious argument that office, and office alone, should be the aim of the aspiring politician. Lest it should be said that we misinterpret his meaning, let us quote the very words:—

"The future wellbeing of the country depends mainly on the manner in which the House of Commons is composed. Now, gentlemen, what is parliamentary or political life? *What is the life of a man in office? It is a profession, and it is as much a profession and a trade as any profession or trade driven in this city;* and allow me to say, that if you intend to have that profession carried on, experience has proved that you must have it carried on in the main by men who have taken to it when they were young. Now, gentlemen, I will elucidate this, if you please. Suppose there is any man among you who is a master carpenter or a master smith, and I was to knock at his door one morning, and say, 'I want you to take me in as a journeyman,' he would say to me, 'My good fellow, do you know anything about the business?' and I should say, 'No; but I am willing to learn.' He would say, 'You are a great deal too old; go and think of something else.' Now, there are ample space and accommodation in the House of Commons for what are called men of business — country gentlemen and magistrates from the rural districts, manufacturers, merchants, shipowners, railway directors, and all other sorts, generally speaking, from the towns. What the House of Commons wants is every possible diversity of elements. You see diversity of elements in this very hall—you are not all absolutely of one mind. In the House of Commons you want every class, every interest, every faculty and capacity of mind; but if you want to have the business of the country carried on you must be content to return to the House of Commons a certain number of men who are to make it the profession and occupation of their lives."

A very pretty piece of argument truly, and most eminently Gladstonian in its way. Observe,—the object for entering Parliament, in so far as these young harpies are concerned, is, according to this eminent moralist, not a high and laudable desire to serve their Queen and country, but pure lust of office, which they are to consider as a profession or trade. To that all other considerations are subsidiary. Patriotism, truth, honour, fidelity —all these go for nothing if placed in the balance against the preponderating influences of place. Probably there does not exist among us another public man who would have ventured to make such a statement, or to use such an argument as this. Constituencies are, almost proverbially, jealous of the independence of their representatives. As a general rule, they would rather give the preference to a candidate who is not likely to receive any offer of active employment from a ministry; inasmuch as they know

that the holders of office must strictly and unhesitatingly obey the ministerial mandate, and register their votes accordingly, without reference to their personal inclinations. It is obvious, however, that such a rule cannot be made universal, otherwise all placemen, including the political leaders, would be shut out from Parliament; and, accordingly, we find that the occupation of office, or the probability of hereafter regaining it, are held to be no valid objections to men who have already attained to distinction. But who ever heard of a young man, without reputation and without experience, presenting himself for the first time to a constituency, and asking their suffrages on the ground that he intended to make a trade of politics? Would not that be tantamount to saying, "Gentlemen, if you will do me the great kindness of returning me to Parliament, I pledge myself thus far, and shall strictly adhere to my promise, that I shall make the very best bargain I can for the promotion of my own interest. I am assured by my Right Hon. friend the Chancellor of the Exchequer—who knows pretty well what is what, and, like Ulysses, has been familiar in his day with a variety of men and governments—that the term 'politician' is synonymous with that of 'placeman,' and that trading is not only allowable but quite necessary in the profession. In fact, I take quite a business view of this matter, and am going in for trade. Now, I need not explain to you, who are persons of intelligence, that no man trades except with a view to immediate profit. I make no mystery of this; for, though the city of Chester was in old days famous for its Mysteries, times have altered, and, after all, plain-speaking is a jewel. So, as I said before, I am going in for trade. I have been bred to no regular profession; I have no advantages of private fortune. I am not a broad-acred squire, like many of those fellows who sit for counties, and who are always grumbling about the malt-tax. I am not a manufacturing *millionaire*, who can count his chimneys by the score, and the operatives whom he employs by thousands. I am not an engineer who has realized a colossal fortune by contracts; or a railway director who has become rich through systematic rigging of the market. I never sate as a magistrate at quarter-sessions; nor owned a ship, nor defiled my hands with merchandise. I make no pretensions to literary attainment, and doubt whether I could translate into tolerable English verse a couple of lines of Homer. There are plenty of men in the House of Commons who can do such things, and who possess such advantages—and it is quite right that it should be so, for the good of the country requires that each class, and more especially each interest, should be duly represented—only, let it be distinctly understood that, so far as official life is concerned, these men should be carefully excluded. You see they are either too old, or too rich, or too much occupied with their own pursuits, to pay proper attention to the details of the public business. Now I stand in quite a different position. I have nothing whatever to do—there is nothing whatever to interfere with my discharge of the duties of that office, which I expect to have, nay, which has been promised to me, if you will kindly favor me with your suffrages. Office is to me an absolute necessity, because I intend to live thereby. I could indeed enter the public service in another capacity, and might, with the interest I possess, look forward to some snug appointment, which, without exposing me to the vicissitudes of Parliamentary change, would keep me handsomely in raiment and in food—but, then, I am told that the work is sometimes rather hard, the promotion slow; and if there

is one thing that I abominate more than another, it is that pedantical system of examinations! You laugh, gentlemen; but it is a melancholy fact that I cannot afford to be plucked. Now it is wisely provided that no such liberties shall be taken with a Member of the House of Commons. He is supposed, in virtue of his seat, to be thoroughly acquainted with every branch of knowledge—an hypothesis which is much strengthened by observation of the remarkable intelligence of members who serve upon Parliamentary committees. But, not to digress; I was observing that I have made up my mind to go in for a trading politician, and I wish you to aid me in that object. You may ask—and it is perhaps natural you should do so—whether it is altogether prudent in me to incur such a hazard; seeing that in politics changes do very frequently occur, and that it is by no means impossible that the party to which I attach myself may be defeated. That, allow me to say, is a consideration purely personal to myself. If I choose to run the risk, no one else has a right to cavil; but, according to the view that I take of politics as a trade, there seems to me but little real ground for apprehension. Take the instance of my Right Honourable friend, to whom I have already referred, and with whose opinions, upon that subject at least, I am proud to say, I most thoroughly coincide. Some of you may remember that, when he was first introduced into public life—that is, when he began to trade in politics—he was not merely a Tory, but, if I may use the expression, *Torius Toriorum*. He went so far in his professions, that he even frightened the old bob-wigs of his party, who muttered their apprehensions that the lad was inclined to push matters to an extremity, and that he would injure himself, if not the whole of his alliance, by the excess of his intemperate zeal. Yet did not he swallow, without a grimace, the bolus of free-trade when it was offered for his acceptance? Did he not, still coquetting with the Tories, though nominally separated from their fellowship, accept a lucrative mission from the Earl of Derby, which kept him occupied until the opportunity came, when, gay as a chaffinch, he hopped along with the Whigs into office under the stolid presidency of Aberdeen? Does he not now hold office under Palmerston, though upon many important points notoriously at variance with his chief? And is he not, by the common consent of mankind, marked out as the coming Radical leader, when Whiggery, now sorely on the wane, shall be virtually extinguished, and the triumphant democrats shall advance to take the Cabinet by storm? Think of all this, gentlemen, and you will see how weak, how foolish, how miserable a thing is that same consistency of which bigots make so bountiful a boast. The best patriot is he who can serve his country with the least possible interruption—service in this case implying the receipt of proper wages and emoluments. The best politician is he who can so adjust his sails as to take advantage of every wind, and who regards every hour idly spent in the harbour as an awful pecuniary sacrifice.

"Am I right in supposing that the honourable elector in the fustian jacket wishes to have an explanation of my principles? I am very proud to have it in my power to gratify him. My principles, gentlemen, are, and always shall be, elastic in their nature. They are best comprehended under the term Liberal, which admits of the widest signification. You may, perhaps, consider this statement rather vague, seeing that no man, for a good many years past, has ventured to call himself the advocate of *illiberal* measures; but I wish you to understand this, by way of explanation—and it will make everything quite clear to you—that, while

I declare myself among you an adherent of Liberal principles, I don't profess to measure too nicely and too stingily the application of those principles, but to take the principles themselves.—(Great interuption, and cries of "bosh")—I assure you, gentleman, I am merely repeating the language which was suggested to me by my Right Honourable friend of the Exchequer, whose slightest utterance is to me equivalent to a sacred aphorism. But he went further than this. He put me through a sort of political catechism, taking care to dictate the replies; and I remember that one of the questions was to this effect—'What do you understand by Liberal principles?' Gentlemen, what do you think is the answer? I'll bet fifty pounds to one that none of you hit upon it, though you guess from this to supper time! Here it is for you. 'I understand, in the main, this by Liberal principles—the principle of trust in the people, only relieved by prudence; but, by the principles of their opponents, I understand mistrust in the people only relieved by fear!' Gentlemen, get that sentence by heart as quick as may be! It is a most beautiful summary of the truth, expressed in the clearest language, and I feel as if I should be offering an insult to your intelligence were I to attempt any other explanation.

"These are my principles—trust in the people tempered by fear—no, that's not so—relieved by prudence, whilst the other side—(what the deuce have I done with my notes?—mistrust the fellows whom they fear. It's as plain as the multiplication table, if you only think it over. I venture to assert that there is nothing whatever in these principles to preclude me from following out the career which I have indicated, and trading in politics as successfully as those who have gone before me. To you, gentlemen, I look for that valuable assistance which will at once enable me to become a placeman!"

This is not a caricature. Let any man read attentively and deliberately the speech delivered by the Chancellor of the Exchequer at Chester, on behalf of his offspring, and he will see that such are the sentiments which Mr. Gladstone has chosen to enunciate. It is a lamentable thing that such notions should be instilled into the mind of a lad. We are not partial to the Marcus Brutus style of oratory, which young gentlemen fresh from the study of the classics, and leavened, as is sometimes the case, by the old republicanism, occasionally affect; but we would far rather hear a youth declaim by the hour in eulogy of the "godlike stroke" that delivered Rome from Cæsar, or even in rapturous panegyric of those prototypes of Wilkes Booth, Harmodius and Aristogiton, than listen to a cold-blooded second-hand exposition of political platitudes, such as was uttered the other day by this new-fledged candidate for office. Evidently upon him the paternal precepts have made a deep impression. But we object to such teaching; because it is calculated to stifle honourable ambition, and to make hucksters and pedlars of our statesmen. Mr. Gladstone is a man of erudition, and is doubtless well acquainted with the history of the British worthies. Let him study the character of Andrew Marvell, that old incorruptible Reformer, and judge for himself how far that honest soul would have approved of his code of morals.

We have now simply to refer—and we shall do so very briefly—to that part of Mr. Gladstone's speech which may be termed prospective, and which was probably deemed by the mass of readers as the most interesting, inasmuch as from it they expected to gather some hints of the future policy of Government. Those who entertained any such idea must feel miserably disappointed. If the

collective Ministry had framed a policy, beyond the very obvious one of living from hand to mouth, and depending for their existence upon the sufferance and moderation of their opponents, Mr. Gladstone is the very last man whom they would have selected as their mouthpiece. He is emphatically the *bête noire* of the Cabinet, feared and disliked by his colleagues, from his restless and exorbitant ambition, his inveterate obstinacy, and his more than arrogant pretensions; and, but for his great oratorical attainments, which in this country are perhaps rated at more than their real value, and the command which he has thereby acquired of the public ear, they would very willingly be rid of a man who, with all his brilliancy, is leading them perpetually into scrapes. But the truth is, that the Ministry are at their wits' end for a policy which can be fabricated into a watchword, and used as a rallying-cry at the coming election. The one point that they might have taken up was the lowering or degradation of the suffrage; but to that Lord Palmerston, their sagacious chief, was most decidedly opposed, and the utter absence among the people of anything like excitement on the subject, coupled with the notorious objection of the aristocratic Whigs to such a measure, rendered such a step unadvisable, The debate in the House of Commons upon the bill introduced by Mr. Baines for establishing a six-pound franchise, proved beyond a doubt that no further impetus could be given to the course of democratic movement. The speeches of Lord Elcho, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Black, and Mr. Horsman—all of them usual supporters of the Ministry—showed how strong and general is the feeling among educated men against further tampering with the constitution; and we may fairly conclude that it is not now in the power of any demagogue to conjure with such a spell.

Mr. Gladstone, however, it would appear, thinks otherwise, or affects to think so, for reasons which are tolerably intelligible. Though blessed with the enjoyment of a vigorous old age, and with faculties still wonderfully unimpaired, Lord Palmerston cannot be expected to last for ever; and failing him, there will be a bitter contest for the leadership of the party. That has been long foreseen. Earl Russell, beyond all question, expects to regain once more his old pre-eminence; but neither Whigs nor Radicals would accede to any such arrangement; for his incompetency as a minister, always suspected, is now established beyond a doubt. Lords Clarendon and Granville may each have claims which the Whigs would willingly recognise; but the nomination of either would be the signal for a general secession of the Radicals. Beyond them there are none worth naming—with the one exception of Mr. Gladstone, who regards himself as the coming man, and is so regarded, we are bound to admit, by no inconsiderable section of the community.

The singular versatility of the right honourable gentleman, which has conducted him from extreme Toryism to the verge of profound democracy, has made him an immense favourite with the Radicals, who believe that nothing will check him, and that, after having revolutionised, so far as possible, the State, he will next turn his attention to the Church, and aid in the assault which they hope to make upon that venerable fabric. Nor are such expectations altogether unwarranted; for Mr. Gladstone has already used language in regard to the Established Church in Ireland, which is ominous of future operations, and which has excited most unpleasant doubts in the minds of many, who, notwithstanding his erratic behaviour in matters purely secular, had placed entire confidence in his integrity as an ecclesiastical champion and defender. Besides,

to the Radical party, the acquisition of such a man as Mr. Gladstone would be of the utmost importance. They have already among themselves some men of undoubted talent, rough and ready orators, who can address a mob with great effect, and even command an attentive hearing in the House of Commons; but not one possesses the qualifications required for a party leader, or has sufficient personal influence to command a general support. We cannot imagine, under any circumstances short of an absolute Revolution, John Bright maintaining himself as Premier of Queen Victoria's ministry. The intelligence of the country would revolt instinctively against such a profanation. But substitute Mr. Gladstone for Mr. Bright, and the incongruity disappears. Such an event appears improbable, but it does not strike us as preposterous; and where even possibility exists, an ambitious man may readily be prompted to the attempt. We have no idea that Mr. Gladstone will secede from the Whig connection until that is irretrievably broken up. He is fond of power, and fonder of office; and, despite the jealousies and dislikes of his colleagues, will remain by the ship till it is on the point of foundering. In the meantime, however, with admirable forethought, he is contriving the formation of a raft.

One thing is remarkable in his Chester speech, and that is the caution with which he separates his own views from those of his colleagues. He dwells with much gusto, and not a little self-glorification, upon what has been done—taking care however not to chronicle omissions, or to notice any instances of failure. He bestows a modified praise upon Lord Palmerston, whom he once vehemently denounced as the most dangerous of Ministers; and he is perfectly enthusiastic upon Earl Russell, who was once the object of his particular dislike. It is worth while reprinting the following sentence as a specimen of mixed panegyric and hyperbole: "And what is Lord Russell? Who will write the history of this country for this generation without giving in that history to Lord Russell one of the proudest places? It is the practice, gentlemen, and the just practice, to decorate the breasts of our soldiery with medals and with clasps for the gallant actions in which they may have fought; and if it were the practice, likewise, to decorate the breasts of statesmen with medals and clasps for the good laws they have passed, and for the benefits they have conferred upon the country, why, the breast of Lord John Russell would be nothing but one mass of clasps and medals!" Pretty well this for a gentleman who, for the greater portion of his political life, almost invariably gave his vote against the measures proposed by this monopolist of the clasps and medals!

The fact seems to be, that Mr. Gladstone thinks that Earl Russell, whose discontent with his old friends is notorious, may be of future use to him. Hence this extraordinary burst of enthusiasm in favour of the most incompetent Foreign Minister that ever bungled a despatch. But we have some doubt whether the bait, however dexterously thrown, will be seized. Earl Russell is now advanced in years—has professed himself to be, like Chrononhotonthologos,

> "Fatigued with the tremendous toils of war"—

and, less personally ambitious than Mr. Gladstone, may be content to look on, and see his youthful energies revived in the person of the aspiring Amberley. Mr. Gladstone may have to fight his own battle without a single historical ally. He has indicated very clearly, that he intends to take his stand upon extension of the suffrage—not opposing Mr. Disraeli's scheme for widening it laterally, and thereby giving a new infusion of intelligence and

education to the constituencies—but also lowering the qualification so extensively as to admit of the introduction of the masses. "There should," said, he, "also be given to the country at large an extension downwards, the effect of which would be that, in the borough constituencies in general, the working classes would exist as a sensible fraction or portion of the constituency, and that their voices would be more freely and surely heard in the House of Parliament." Considering the boast of Mr. Gladstone, that recent legislation has left nothing whatever to be desired in the way of real improvement (for he says, "Parliament has striven to heal differences and controversy, to extend the franchise, to mitigate penal laws, to improve and enlarge education, to make justice acceptable and the law respected, and to remove every occasion of collision and conflict between classes"), it may appear to some that further organic changes are not only unnecessary but unwise. Cicero has observed, with no less truth than brevity, "Semper in republicâ tenendum est, ne plurimum valeant plurimi;" but Mr. Gladstone doubtless esteems himself as a wiser person than Cicero; and for our part, if such be his opinion, we have no interest to disturb it.

THE PAST AND COMING PARLIAMENTS.

It is well understood that before we again meet our readers the present Parliament will have ceased to be. It has enjoyed a longer term of active existence than any other within living memory; and though we by no means profess to be satisfied with much that it has done, we cannot see it pass into the land where all things are forgotten, without some feeling of regret. Upon the whole, it has been the most Conservative Parliament which has legislated for this country since 1842. Like the Parliament of that date, it has indeed been dragged more than once through a good deal of dirt. Against the better convictions of a majority of its members, it consented too much to the vagaries of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and, rather than force Lord Palmerston to resign, sacrificed industries which it would have willingly maintained. But if it wrought mischief to some of our material interests, in the ruin of the paper, silk, and ribbon trades, it declined to go beyond certain limits in sapping the foundations of the great institutions of the country. It refused, at the bidding of the Liberation Society, to abrogate unconditionally the law of church-rates. Admitting Dissenters to the benefits of a university education, it would not admit them to a share in the government of these bodies. It excluded them also from using as their own the consecrated buildings and burial-grounds which belong to the Established Church. Because of these things, done in defiance of the arguments, threats, and remonstrances of Mr. Gladstone — the chosen of Oxford — the most zealous Tory cannot but forgive much to the moribund Parliament, and especially to that portion of it, the House of Commons, which is assumed, as we think very unfairly, alone to represent the political opinions of the masses.* Nor is the retrospect of its manner of dealing with the question of parliamentary reform less curious upon the whole, or less satisfactory. After rejecting Mr. Disraeli's bill, and compelling him and his colleagues to retire, it dealt so cavalierly with the Whig proposal that Lord Palmerston's Administration was glad to withdraw its measure; and now, at the eleventh hour, the same Parliament has pronounced, by a majority of seventy-four in a full House, that the qualification for voting for members of Parliament in boroughs shall not be lowered to the occupancy of a six-pound tenement. This is good in itself, but it is better still when we consider of what material both the minority and majority were made up. In the minority we find the names of all the Cabinet Ministers; of all, that is to say, who were present to take part in the discussion, and with the single exception, we believe, of the Attor-

* Since these sentences went to press, Mr. Goschen's bill for the admission of Dissenters to the degree of M.A. in the Universities has passed the second reading. We are not disposed on that account to cancel one word of what is written. Mr. Goschen's momentary success is to be attributed partly to the absence of many members who would have voted against him, partly to the feeling that the power of the House to do good or to do evil is gone. The most memorable feature in the debate was, to be sure, Mr. Gladstone's sudden conversion from the opinions which he held and expressed last year. But the cause for this is too transparent to escape notice. The general election is at hand; and it would not suit the book of a candidate for the honour of representing the University of Oxford to speak and vote at this time against the Established Church! *Eheu quam mutatus ab illo!*

ney-General, of every other member who is not in the Cabinet. The majority shows a list comprising not only the whole strength of the Conservative party, but the names of about thirty gentlemen on whom the Government were accustomed, up to the commencement of the discussion, to reckon as among the stanchest and most influential of their supporters. This fact alone, if it stood alone, would remove the late reform debate out of the category of common political incidents; but it does not stand alone. The speakers against Mr. Baines's motion spoke almost exclusively from the ministerial benches. Lord Elcho, Mr. Horsman, and the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, among others, denounced the scheme with a force of argument which defied confutation. Indeed, Mr. Lowe's speech was worthy of the best days of parliamentary eloquence: it carried conviction to the minds of all who listened to it.

We cannot look back upon all this, observing as we do the steady advance of Conservative feeling in the Parliament year by year as it grew older, without deriving from the retrospect ground of good hope in reference to the future. Members, when they first take their seats in a new Parliament, are not unapt, under the persuasion that they are safe, to play fast and loose with pledges uttered or implied, and to treat their constituents a little *de haut en bas*. But as year after year steals on they become more guarded in what they do and say; and at last, with a dissolution inevitable before them, they take care, if it be their purpose to stand again, that both their votes and speeches shall be such as their constituents are likely to approve. Now it has been exactly as the Parliament grew older, and especially as it approached the term of its natural life, that the Conservatism latent all along in its composition came to light. Had Mr. Baines brought forward his measure last year, he would have commanded a larger measure of support than was given to him six weeks ago. Had he introduced his bill two years ago, the chances are that he would have carried the second reading by a small majority. This year, the House, recognising how the pulse of the constituency beats, has rejected his proposition by a majority larger in point of numbers — in the weight attaching to the names which compose it, more important by far — than has accepted or rejected any other measure since the present Parliament entered upon the discharge of its legislative functions. Now we cannot but regard this fact as vouching in no small degree for the return of the public mind out of doors to habits of more sober thought; and we are very certain that when the public mind begins to listen to the suggestions of common sense, it will soon subside into loyalty and contentment with the constitution as by law established in Church and State.

Nor are we seriously disturbed in this conviction by observing the amount of success which has attended Mr. Monsell's endeavour to reopen the settlement of 1829. With that settlement we never pretended to be satisfied; and we shall certainly not begin to make a profession of satisfaction with it now. Indeed, the marvel is how statesmen of the calibre of those who proposed and effected the settlement, could pretend themselves to be satisfied with their own handiwork, or assume that, by imposing a particular oath on emancipated Roman Catholics, they had provided adequate securities for the maintenance of the Protestant institutions of the country. Oaths, frame them as you will, are binding only upon men of honour, and men of honour need no oaths to keep them to engagements into which they may have entered. And political oaths are, above all others, the most worthless. They never have prevented, and they never will prevent, revo-

lutions anywhere. Moreover, the particular oath required of Roman Catholic members by the settlement of 1829 was not, like that imposed upon Protestant Dissenters, a simple declaration that they would not employ their influence as members of Parliament to injure the Established Church in its rights or property. Had this been all, the probability is that we should have been spared the agitation which is now going on, and that Roman Catholic peers and commoners, like Nonconformist members of the House of Commons, would have given to their promises just as much force as the sense of honour in individuals might suggest. Such men as Lord Edward Howard, for example, and one or two others whom we could name, would have rigidly abstained from speaking and voting on all questions affecting the Church and her interests. Others would have seized every opportunity of doing as Mr. Childers and Sir Joseph Paxton used to do—spoken, voted, and brought in bills in the very teeth of the pledge which they had deliberately given, and with the undisguised purpose of reducing, if possible, the Established Church to the same level with the sects which surrounded her. But the authors of the Emancipation Bill, intending, no doubt, partly to conciliate Protestant opposition, partly to act fairly by the constitution, overlaid the oaths imposed on Roman Catholic members of Parliament with clauses which afforded a plausible excuse at least for reasonable complaint.

Consider for a moment what the points are to which Roman Catholic peers and members of the House of Commons are required to swear. Does any sane man believe that it is an article in the creed of an educated Roman Catholic layman in these days, "that princes excommunicated by the Pope, or any other authority of the See of Rome, may be deposed or murdered by their subjects, or by any other person whatsoever"? And if we, the Protestant people of England, resent as an outrage to ourselves the possible assumption of such a scandalous belief in regard to our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects, is it becoming,—was it ever becoming, — that peers and members of Parliament should be required to swear that such "is not an article of their faith, and that they do renounce, reject, and abhor it"? So likewise the clause with which the Roman Catholic oath concludes, reads very much as if the noblemen and gentlemen who had just sworn were called upon to swear again to their own veracity: "I do solemnly in the presence of God profess, testify, and declare that I make this declaration, and every part thereof, in the plain and common sense of the words, and without evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation." Observe, we by no means pretend to assert, probably no honest Roman Catholic will assert, that the doctrine of "evasion, equivocation, and mental reservation," is not justified, and even enjoined under peculiar circumstances, in the class-books that are used in Roman Catholic places of education. A candidate for the priesthood learns to regard all obligations of moral right and natural affection as secondary to the interests of his Church. To promote these he may swear and violate a dozen oaths with impunity; but to assume the same thing of Roman Catholic laymen,—of such among them, at least, as are qualified to sit as members of the Legislature in either House of Parliament,—is to insult gratuitously a body of men whose sense of honour is as keen as that of English gentlemen in general. For surely you can have no right to exact from them this latter solemn declaration, unless there is reason to believe or to suspect them of paltering in all that goes before with the truth. Indeed, your doing so places you at once between the horns of a

dilemma. If you do not suspect them of so paltering, why act towards them as if you did? If you do suspect, and have good ground for your suspicion, what protection against the impending evil will be afforded by the new form of words which you put into their mouths? He who deliberately intends to break one oath, will not be deterred from doing so because he is compelled to take another. He will only remember the outrage offered to his self-respect, and be the more ready, as soon as the occasion rises, to violate both engagements.

It is impossible to deny that such may be the impression made on honourable minds by the state of things which now exists. It is certain that into this channel the thoughts, not of Roman Catholics only, but of Protestants likewise, have of late years been turned. And if the conviction be generally established, that of the Roman Catholic oath a good deal is at once worthless and offensive, there can be little indisposition anywhere to throw aside, by fitting means and on a fitting occasion, all that really deserves so to be designated. But there are times and seasons for everything, as well as instruments peculiarly suited for trying conclusions so important as these. In the matter as it lately came before Parliament, times, seasons, and instruments seemed all to be out of joint. It was the duty of Ministers, assuming them to be convinced of the reasonableness of Mr. Monsell's proposal, themselves to make it, and to stake their existence as a Government on the success of their measure. And it was especially their business to have brought in a bill, such as in their deliberate judgment they felt themselves able to approve, long ago. They have not made the measure their own, nor staked their existence as a Government upon it; but they have encouraged a private member, and he too a Roman Catholic, to propose the change, and have done so on the very eve of a dissolution. There may be party cleverness in all this, but there is neither dignity nor patriotism. It is clear that the grievances of the Roman Catholic laity gave her Majesty's present Ministers no concern. They were willing that things should remain where the settlement of 1829 had placed them, so long as they saw reason to hope that the Roman Catholics, as a political party, would support them in their general policy. But now, when they learn to their dismay that the more respectable portion of that party has become Conservative, they are willing to run any risk, and to give up any prejudice, so long as there is a chance of sowing, by such means, dissension between the Roman Catholics and the Tories.

On the other, it won't do for the Government to take the lead in proposing this change. Democratic Scotland is likewise anti-papal Scotland; and is as likely as not, when the elections come on, to prefer an ultra-Protestant Conservative to a pro-Papal Whig. It will not answer the purpose of the Government, therefore, to stand boldly forward as the authors of this measure. But they flatter themselves that in supporting it, not as Ministers of the Crown but as individuals, they will give no mortal offence to any body of persons whose general cry for electioneering purposes is, "Civil and Religious Liberty all over the world!" And thus thinking, they encourage Mr. Monsell to introduce his bill at the exact moment when it seems calculated to bring the greatest amount of embarrassment upon their rivals. That the bill would not pass in its integrity, Ministers knew perfectly well from the beginning. If it made its way through the Commons—which was doubtful—the Lords would deal with it as seemed expedient to themselves. But forasmuch as the fate of the bill was never an object of any real importance to the Government, they encouraged their instrument to

bring it forward, hoping as much from its rejection as from its success. A fierce and haughty resistance to the whole scheme must, of course, exasperate even the most moderate of Roman Catholics; while any appearance of a disposition to trim, or play fast and loose with old engagements, could hardly fail to dissatisfy strong Protestants. Such is the motive which stirred the Queen's Ministers to take the line which they are following in the matter of the Roman Catholic oath. How far it will serve their purpose remains to be seen. In the meanwhile, it may not be amiss if we recall to the recollection of our readers certain circumstances connected with the Emancipation Act of 1829, which the speakers in the late debate in the House of Commons appear on both sides to have ignored, and with which the general public out of doors seem to be very little acquainted.

The repeal of the laws which excluded Roman Catholics from Parliament was about as bungled and mismanaged a piece of legislation as ever occurred in this country. The measure may or may not have been inevitable, but there can be no doubt as to these two conclusions: first, that it was proposed and carried by men who ought never to have touched it; and, next, that it was marred in the concoction. That the Duke and Sir Robert Peel believed what they said in extenuation of their fatal policy, we cannot for a moment profess to doubt. They considered that the time was come when farther resistance to the demands of the Roman Catholics was impossible; that even civil war itself, had the country been willing to face so dire a calamity, would but retard the inevitable issue; and yet that they, the elected chiefs of the Tory and anti-Catholic party, were the only statesmen possessed of influence enough to carry a measure of emancipation through Parliament. Now, without stopping to argue the former of these points, we beg to enter a direct contradiction to the latter. The Duke and Peel had only to resign, assigning as their reason that they found it impossible to maintain any longer the policy of former days, and a Ministry would have been formed for the express purpose of doing that from attempting which old pledges compelled them to turn away. Will anybody pretend to argue that they would have been less influential as private members of Parliament than as Ministers of the Crown in persuading their friends, under the circumstances, to submit to what had become a dire necessity? And would not their position have been far more commanding in the political world had they followed this course than it was in pursuing its opposite! What a difference between the case of statesmen who voluntarily lay down place, power, and patronage, saying to their followers, "We have well considered the whole matter—we make this painful sacrifice to duty and to the force of irresistible circumstances—we entreat you for the sake of our common country to make a similar sacrifice," and that of the same statesmen holding on to office, and, without a word spoken, without an apology offered, dragging their party through the mire! Nor can we be fairly met by the platitude that a Minister's first thought should be for his country; his second, and that at a wide interval, for his party. The interests of the country cannot be separated from the interests of such a party as that which had chosen the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel to be its leaders. The country might require—perhaps in the case of the Catholic question it did require—that the views of the party should be crossed; but the country could gain nothing from the shipwreck of the public characters of those to whom it had so long been accustomed to look up as the very models of all that was trustworthy. This, then,

was the first great blunder committed, that Tory leaders did what Whigs ought to have done and could have done quite as effectually as they, the country gaining nothing, the party losing everything, by the manœuvre. And next to that, though certainly a far way behind it, comes the clumsy manner in which the deed was executed. In the first place, the Protestant institutions of the country were guarded by a mere form of oath, so ingeniously composed that it irritated the Roman Catholic swearer without in the slightest degree giving confidence to the Protestant hearer. In the next place, a Roman Catholic gentleman, already returned to Parliament before the bill became law, was not allowed to take the oath and his seat at once, but on a mere point of technicality, and with a full assurance of what must ensue, was sent back to his constituents, who immediately re-elected him. This might be Spartan justice—no doubt it was, but it was very bad policy. It erased from his mind all kindly recollection of the benefits conferred on himself and his coreligionists, and fixed him for ever in opposition to the Government which had opened for him the doors of the House of Commons.

For the clumsy and inefficient manner in which emancipation was conceded, the Duke of Wellington is not, however, entirely responsible. This is a point of which the Tory party ought never to lose sight; not alone because it becomes them to do justice to the memory of the most honest statesman whom any age and country has produced, but because from the errors of the past lessons may be learned against the future, in which the bravest of us cannot fail to see that serious difficulties are looming. The Duke's measure, as originally submitted to the King and to his colleagues, embraced all the points which Mr. Pitt could have introduced into his plan, had he been permitted to mature one, with an additional arrangement of which the importance cannot be overrated. Besides getting rid of the forty-shilling freeholders, created for purposes of corruption by the Irish Parliament, and the source of all the evils which subsequently afflicted the country, —besides doing this, and giving to the Crown a right of controlling, visiting, and inspecting religious houses, the Duke proposed to pay the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland out of the consolidated fund, and to impose upon them in return for this boon, from the highest to the lowest, the necessity of taking out licences from the Crown, as hereafter they should be ordained, in order to qualify them for the exercise of their functions within the realm. His object was to bring the Romish clergy as much under the influence of the civil government of Great Britain and Ireland as they are under the influence of the civil governments of Prussia, Holland, Russia, and other non-Roman Catholic states of Europe. And as our laws forbade us in 1828 to enter into public relations of any sort with Rome, it appeared to him that this was the one feasible means of accomplishing so desirable an end. For concordats can be concluded only between Powers which are acknowledged on both sides to have legitimate influence in the districts to which they refer;—as between Protestant Prussia on the one hand and the See of Rome on the other, in reference to Silesia and to the Rhenish provinces, both of them recent conquests from Roman Catholic Powers, and both Roman Catholic in their religious establishments. But England could not enter into concordat with Rome in reference to Ireland, because Ireland has, in its established religion as well as in its civil institutions, followed in the wake of England for many centuries back. Neither could the King of England accept a veto on the appointment of Roman Catholic bishops in Ireland, because of the existence of such bishops in Ire-

land the law took no cognisance. And if he could not veto, far less could the King nominate to Roman Catholic Sees, as the heretic Emperor of Russia nominates in the Roman Catholic provinces of his empire. It appeared then to the Duke, looking to the political influence exercised by the Romish priests in Ireland, and to the causes of it, that no measure of emancipation would be safe which failed to bring them under the legitimate control of the civil government; and that the sole means of effecting that end within his reach was to pay them out of the consolidated fund, accompanying the boon with a licence, without which they should not be permitted to officiate, and the withdrawal of which would at once put them to silence. Nor could he contemplate on their part, or on the part of their friends and adherents among the laity, any serious opposition to this arrangement. In 1828, the laws prohibiting the celebration of public worship, and the performance of other religious rites by Roman Catholic priests in Ireland, were still unrepealed. They had long fallen into disuse, no doubt; and there was the strongest possible disinclination even among Orangemen, under any circumstances, to act upon them. Still there they were hanging, though scarcely *in terrorem*, over the heads of the Romish hierarchy in Ireland, and capable at any moment of being resuscitated. There was small probability, therefore, that the Irish Roman Catholic hierarchy would remonstrate against the enacting of a law which would at once deliver them from the state of jeopardy in which they stood, and secure to them a maintenance, if not superior in value, at all events more certain in its payments, than that which they then enjoyed, and at least as respectable in the source whence it came. And if they did remonstrate, no regard would be paid in or out of Parliament to the remonstrance. So believing, the Duke opened his scheme to Sir Robert Peel, and to the heads of the English Church, in the confident expectation that they would approve it, justified as the measure was by precedents long established in the payments made out of the consolidated fund to the ministers of two Protestant nonconformist bodies in Ireland.

The Duke had not properly weighed the force of prejudice in the minds of those whom he consulted on the subject. Peel was ready enough to remove the Catholic disabilities; but he could not, on financial grounds, bring himself to agree to the payment of the Irish priests. The heads of the English Church shrank from the sin of connecting in any way the State with the errors of the Church of Rome, by either subsidising its priests, or giving them licences from the Crown to teach these errors. And so an arrangement which would have taken all political power out of the hands of the priests, and given it to the landed proprietors of Ireland, whether Protestants or Roman Catholics, fell to the ground; and no alternative remained, except either to force matters on to the arbitrament of civil war, or to admit Roman Catholics to all the rights which their Protestant fellow-subjects enjoyed, on such terms as it might be possible to enforce.

Thwarted in his own mode of effecting his purpose, yet too far committed to recede from it, the Duke looked back into history, and found that so recently as 1825 the leaders of the Roman Catholic party had themselves proposed the very pledges of security to the Established Church, which their successors find to be intolerable at the present day. Archbishop Murray, Daniel O'Connell, Laulor Sheil, and many more, had declared their readiness to enter into whatever engagements might be required of them not to use the powers with which emancipation should invest them to the detriment of the

Established Church, or the disturbing of the rights of property. The very terms subsequently embodied in the Roman Catholic oath were made use of by those gentlemen to explain their own views on the subject; and a proposal was made to swear to the truth of the declaration, in any form of words which the King's Government might approve. Here was, at all events, something to go upon. Since his own people, the members of his own Cabinet, and the heads of the Church which he was desirous of guarding, condemned his scheme and refused to support it, what other course could the Duke follow, pledged as he was to carry emancipation as a Government measure, than embody in his bill the sort of oath which the persons seeking to be emancipated had declared themselves willing to take? And thus, neither through his fault nor through their skill, but because of the narrow-minded obstinacy of men who ought to have known better, the Settlement of 1688 was broken in upon, without any other safeguard for the Established Church than oaths lightly uttered by Roman Catholic members of Parliament, and ostentatiously denounced as nowise binding upon them by the whole body of Irish priests, to whom the Irish Roman Catholic members are mainly indebted for their seats in the House of Commons.

Few of our readers who are old enough to know anything, can have forgotten how very soon the worthlessness of this verbal security began to make itself apparent. Amid the confusion incident to what Lord Russell calls "the bloodless revolution of 1831," every institution in the country became an object of attack, and among the rest the Irish branch of the United Church of England and Ireland, in assailing which Mr. O'Connell and his tail took the lead. As yet, however, the Whigs, satisfied with their great triumph, and not less timid about its issues than the Tories, whom they had defeated, stood by Peel and Gladstone, and their adherents, in resisting these aggressions. They had secured to themselves, as they imagined, a long lease of power, and were not, being Ministers of the Crown, at all anxious to throw the empire into confusion. But no sooner was the tide seen to turn than they changed their policy. In the cold shade of opposition the Whigs coalesced with Mr. O'Connell and the revolutionists. They threw over Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Gladstone, on Lord John Russell's famous motion for confiscating and applying to secular uses a considerable portion of the property of the Irish Church. And they have ever since, though quietly dropping that wild scheme, kept the revolutionists in good-humour by going with them down the decline a considerable way, and when they felt it necessary to stop, by making it appear that Tory resistance had stayed their onward progress. At last we have come to this, that an Irish member, more conscientious than his neighbours, brings in a bill to do away with the necessity of taking that oath, against which, when first proposed, no Roman Catholic prelate, priest, or layman, uttered the faintest protest; and encouraged by a recent speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and supported by the votes of the whole of the Liberal Cabinet, he has carried his measure in the Commons.

It appears to us that a great lesson is read, or may be read, by all who take the trouble to consider these past transactions, and apply them, in the moral which they teach, to the future. The Roman Catholic oath, like the oath of the Protestant Dissenter, is, so far as concerns the interests of the Established Church, the veriest idle air. For if either class felt themselves in bygone days restrained by it, no single member, whether he be a Papist or sectary, will consider that it has hereafter the slightest control over

him. To think, therefore, of fighting for the Roman Catholic oath as it is, seems to us to be as Quixotic as it would be mischievous. You cannot now, after all that has happened, pretend to take their religious opinions into consideration, when throwing open to any of the Queen's subjects the doors of either House of Parliament. You cannot hope to muzzle them, once admitted to a place in the Legislature, on any subject which may by any process be brought before them. Experience has shown that to enforce laws to this effect is impossible; and it is neither politic nor dignified to cling to the form of a regulation which, as often as its validity comes to be tested in practice, men set at naught every day. Jews, sectaries, Romanists, Quakers, sitting side by side with Churchmen, claim that, though in a minority, their consciences shall be considered as well as the consciences of the majority. It is idle to say to them, being members of the great council of the nation, that they are not to speak and vote on such and such of the subjects as are from time to time submitted to the council for consideration. On the other hand, Churchmen, being in the majority, have a perfect right to affirm that the constitution of the country, in Church and State, shall not be revolutionised, and to take such steps as shall appear to themselves best calculated to insure the triumph of their own principles. How is this to be done? By clinging to customs wholly unsuited to a state of society which was never contemplated when these customs began? Surely not; but by meeting the minority on their own ground, and beating them there. As oaths and declarations go out of fashion, there is increased need for unwearied attention to duty, if we desire to maintain in their integrity institutions to which we profess to be attached. In other words, members of Parliament and candidates for seats must now, more than ever, learn to feel that, in undertaking to legislate for this great empire, they incur the gravest responsibility; that he who, through carelessness or misunderstanding its object, allows a bad measure to pass, commits an offence quite as heavy as the officer commits who, by lack of vigilance at the outposts, or blindness to what his enemy is about suffers an army to be surprised and defeated.

The Tory party did well in surrendering what it has surrendered in the Roman Catholic oath, and in insisting on the insertion for the present of what could not, without going more fully into the whole question, be given up except at the sacrifice of principle. But the Tory party will do better if during the recess it consider, through its leaders, whether or not some oath —since oaths we must have—can be devised such as members of Parliament, whatever their religious opinions may be, shall be able and willing to take without "evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation." The more simple and concise the form of oath can be made, the better it will serve its avowed purpose. A plain declaration enunciated in the presence of Almighty God, that the individual making it will bear true allegiance to the Sovereign, and to the utmost of his power defend and maintain the constitution as by law established, seems to be all that is necessary. Members after swearing to this will be thrown, just as they are thrown now, upon their own consciences; and conscience being their guide, struggles which have been waged heretofore will be waged hereafter, each party taking its own view of the principle to which it is pledged, and of the essential points in the constitution which it has sworn to maintain.

Another manifest token of growing Conservatism in the constituencies appears, first in the multiplication of coming contests in places heretofore given up entirely to Liberalism; next in the miserably

abortive issues of attempts at agitation got up by the extreme section of the Liberals in the manufacturing districts. What the ultimate results of these contests and this attempted agitation may be, it is, of course, impossible to prognosticate. But, looking to the points really at issue between the Tories and the Liberals everywhere, we cannot believe that the former will come out with loss from the struggle, provided they fight their battle with common energy and frankness. The Tories have no cry, and they desire none, beyond the preservation of the great institutions of the country at home, and the maintenance of peace abroad—as long as it can be maintained without dishonour. This is the single inscription on their banner, and they acknowledge no other. The Liberals, on the contrary, however anxious they may be to conceal the fact, broke off into separate camps on the occasion of Mr. Baines's lost motion, and have never since been heartily reconciled. In the Cabinet itself there are two factions, each of which has its supporters in the House of Commons and among the constituencies. Lord Palmerston, Lord Granville, Lord Clarendon, Mr. Cardwell, and the Greys have no real desire to see the borough or any other franchise lowered. Lord Russell, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Milner Gibson, and Mr. Villiers are prepared to go all lengths in a downward direction. What the sentiments of the Duke of Somerset and Earl de Grey may be we do not know—it may be questioned whether they know themselves. We doubt, however, whether, with the great stake which they hold in the country, these two noblemen can have any real desire to increase the influence of the democratic element in the constitution; and we are quite sure that both Lord Palmerston and Mr. Cardwell, though they followed Mr. Baines into the lobby, were well pleased, when the division was taken, to find themselves in a minority.

Corresponding with this division in the Cabinet itself is the split, well known, though not owned, among professing Liberals elsewhere. All the old Whig houses—the Grosvenors, the Fitzwilliams, the Greys, the Cavendishes, the Pettys—follow the lead of the more moderate of the Whig Ministers, or their own family traditions. Mr. Bright, Mr. Baines, Mr. J. Potter, Mr. Stansfeld, Mr. Goschen, gave every support in their power to Mr. Gladstone and his coterie. Both sections, however, when they go to the hustings, put their differences as much as possible out of sight, and talk again, as they have talked before, about the great Liberal party, the good which it has done, and its designs for the still better government of the nation. These tactics are, so far, not wanting in cleverness, though cleverness is all that can be fairly predicated of them. In order to effect the single purpose which they have in view the Whigs dwell mainly upon past legislation, contenting themselves by alluding in the most general terms possible to what may be in store for the future. The Radicals, on the other hand, make much mention of what they intend to do hereafter, being satisfied to refer to the past with very cautious and very modified approval. Individuals belonging to both sections, more adroit than the rest, manage to disguise their true opinions if the occasion seem to require it. These enunciate neither Whiggery pure nor Radicalism pure, but a medley of both, such as shall leave upon the minds of their constituents, under whatever category classed, a vague impression that all is right, and that they have been listening to men eminently qualified to make their peculiar opinions known and respected in the House of Commons. And the reasons for all these dodges are, that however little they may trust each other, Whigs and Radicals unite in fearing the Tories:—rather than

make way for whom, in Downing Street, both are prepared to sacrifice very much of what, under different circumstances, they would regard as the fundamental principles of their policy.

Having this bond of union between them, Whigs and Radicals go to the country apparently one, in reality two parties. Which is ultimately to yield to the other, the results of the general election must determine. Meanwhile their common object is to defeat a Tory candidate wherever he appears. In order to effect this, a Whig will at once make way for a Radical, and a Radical for a Whig, as the case may be; but where the balance hangs at all even between mere shades of Liberalism, a Whig will fight a Radical to the knife, and a Radical a Whig. A very hollow alliance this, as a moment's thought given to its inevitable consequences must show; but not on that account to be thought lightly of by Tories, far less to be accepted as justifying the smallest relaxation on their parts of that energy and determination at every hustings in the empire, upon which issues so important to us and to our children may turn.

As yet the adherents of the old Whig houses have made little sign. That they are mustering their strength for the coming contest we all know; but their utterances have been, for the most part, few, and these few, vague and uncertain. Lord Grosvenor, as he voted in the expiring Parliament against Mr. Baines's motion, so in his address to the electors of Chester, he declares himself indisposed to support any similar proposal in a new Parliament. His cousin, Captain Grosvenor, canvassing in Westminster, is, if not less explicit, certainly much less resolute. He began by pronouncing against the six-pound franchise, went on to express himself in doubt as to its expediency, proceeded further as the pressure from behind became more urgent, and is now ready to give any possible promise, and come under any possible engagement. The Radicals are far more active, far more resolute, far more enterprising. Manchester early had its public meeting, whereat some five thousand persons attended, to shout for the ballot and manhood suffrage, towards the accomplishment of which Mr. Baines's Bill is to be accepted as an instalment. The same course of action has been followed at Leeds, at Bolton, and wherever else democratic principles happen to be in the ascendant. As yet only three Cabinet Ministers have spoken—one of them in the gentlest and most general terms. Indeed, Mr. Cardwell seems to have little else to say for himself than that he is a Liberal, and a faithful follower of Lord Palmerston. But Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone are made of sterner stuff; and each, in his own peculiar fashion, has issued his manifesto. Of Lord Russell, speaking through his son Lord Amberley, it would be labour lost to take any notice. Even the 'Times' newspaper, tied as it is to Lord Palmerston's chariot-wheels, laughs at the unlucky lordling. A more influential person than he has, however, taken the field; and to him and to his proceedings, as characteristic as they are curious, we propose very shortly to draw the reader's attention.

Haywarden Castle, the property, we believe, of Lord Lyttleton, lies within a few miles of Chester. It has been for some years back occupied as a summer residence by Mr. Gladstone, who, with his family (Mrs. Gladstone is Lord Lyttleton's sister), is in the habit of dealing, though not very extensively, with Chester tradesmen. We never heard that Mr. Gladstone owned a tenement or a rood of land within the walls of the ancient city or near them. We know that between him and the citizens there is no hereditary connection whatever. In this respect he stands towards them on

a very different footing from the Marquess of Westminster, whose ancestors have through many generations exercised among them that legitimate influence which property, not unmixed with kindly personal feeling on both sides, is apt to create. It is fair to add, that the house of Grosvenor has never, so far as we have heard, abused the influence thus created. A member of the family usually sits in Parliament as one of the representatives of the borough; the other representative the citizens choose for themselves, being guided in their selection by the claims of citizenship or by the assumed fitness of the candidate to look after their local interests. So matters have gone on for ages, the Grosvenor interest being generally applied to secure the return of two Whig members, yet never offensively or overbearingly so, as is manifested by the fact that Lord Grosvenor's colleague in the Parliament of 1859 was a Tory. It was natural that the Chester Tories should desire a continuance of this system of compromise, and they accordingly bring forward Mr. Raikes to succeed their Conservative member, who declines to stand again. It is equally natural that the Chester Whigs should wish to recover a monopoly of the borough, and they accordingly, not without the concurrence of their powerful neighbour, bring forward Mr. Fenton. Mr. Fenton is a Whig; he is also, like Mr. Raikes the Tory candidate, a native of the place, and possesses, besides, the advantage of being connected with it by business relations. Here is a very constitutional and honest trial of strength. Two Whigs aspire to fill the two seats which will soon become vacant; a gallant and able Tory enters the lists for one of these seats. All three may be described as moderate men; but Mr. Fenton is understood to be a little in advance of Lord Grosvenor in his liberalism. It is a fair fight, of which the issue will be, either to strengthen the Tories in Parliament as opposed to the Liberals in general, or to strengthen the more Conservative section of the Liberal party, when the time comes for deciding whether they or their more advanced allies are to assume the lead in legislation.

In Chester, as in other manufacturing towns, Radicalism has many adherents, and the Radicals of Chester are as easily stirred to action as the Radicals of Rochdale or Birmingham. They have not far to look for a champion, little formidable, it may be, in himself, to any one, but, considering the position in the country which his father holds, just the man to fight their battle. A requisition is got up—how started is still a mystery—requesting that the son of the Chancellor of the Exchequer will allow himself to be put in nomination as a candidate for the borough. Now, it appears to us that Mr. Gladstone's acquiescence in this manœuvre is a subject more for the consideration of the Whig section of the Cabinet than for us. He has nothing to say against the Liberal already in the field. It is admitted that Mr. Fenton has personal claims upon the Liberal electors, on the ground that he is known and respected in the city, and that his political opinions coincide with those which Lord Grosvenor has enunciated. Why is he interfered with? The common answer received is, that Mr. Gladstone desires to get his son into Parliament, and that the names appended to the requisition leave no reasonable ground of doubt that, standing for Chester, the youth will certainly be returned. Is this all? Certainly not. Mr. Gladstone has chosen his side in the great battle which the new Parliament will be called upon to fight. He neither loves nor trusts the Whigs, nor is by them loved nor trusted. He is persuaded that Mr. Raikes, the Conservative candidate, has comparatively little chance, and

rather than not try for an additional vote in his own and Mr. Milner Gibson's favour, he will risk increasing that chance by bringing his own representative into the field. If the results of the contest be, as we hope and believe they will be, to insure Mr. Raikes's return, the Whigs will have still less reason than he has given them of late to be satisfied with the place which he has worked out for himself in the Liberal party,

It is not our purpose, in the present paper, to dissect, as they deserve to be dissected, the details of Mr. Gladstone's extraordinary conduct throughout the whole of this business. Our readers will find that matter thoroughly sifted and discussed elsewhere. But the audacity of some of his statements in the curious speech which he delivered when vouching in the Town Hall of Chester for his son's efficiency, and recommending him to the support of the electors, renders it impossible to be altogether silent on the subject, even though we may be compelled, in part at least, to say over again what has been better said already. Take as the first example of this quality the tenor of his reply to an address by Mr. Raikes, in which that gentleman said, with perfect truth, that for the last six years there has been an Administration, but no Government, in this country:—

"Mr. Raikes is reported to have said that for the last six years there has been no Government in this country. Well, there has been no Government of the kind Mr. Raikes wishes to have. There has been no Government such as there was fifty years ago, when the Corn Laws and Six Acts were passed. There has been no Government of any description, Mr. Raikes says; but I submit to you that there has been a Government of some kind or another. Who are the men forming the Government of the country? Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell. Lord Palmerston is a man who has established what I may justly call a world-wide reputation. Almost wherever the name of England is known his name is known along with it; and I must add that he is a man whose services, whose experience, whose estimable and popular qualities have given him a high place in the favour and in the affection of his countrymen. And yet, forsooth, there has been no Government during the last six years! And what is Lord Russell? Who will write the history of this country for this generation without giving in that history to Lord Russell one of the proudest places? It is the practice, gentlemen, and the just practice, to decorate the breasts of our soldiery with medals and with clasps for the gallant actions in which they may have fought; and if it were the practice likewise to decorate the breasts of statesmen with medals and clasps for the good laws they have passed, and for the benefits they have conferred upon the country, why, the breast of Lord John Russell would be nothing but one blaze of clasps and medals."

Does Mr. Gladstone suppose that the people of Chester in particular, and the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland in general, have all lost their memories,—that they cannot recall the time, not very distant, when of Lord Palmerston his present eulogist declared—

"Sir, I say that the policy of the noble Lord tends to encourage and confirm in us that which is our besetting fault and weakness, both as a nation and as individuals. If he can, he will quarrel with an absolute monarchy; if he cannot find an absolute monarchy for the purpose, he will quarrel with one that is limited; if he cannot find even that, he will quarrel with a republic. He adopts, in fact, that vain conception that we, forsooth, have a mission to be the censors of vice and folly, of abuse and imperfection, among the other countries of the world; that we are to be the universal schoolmasters, and that all those who hesitate to recognise our office can be governed only by prejudice and personal animosity, and should have the blind war of diplomacy forthwith declared against them"?

Are not the electors of Chester and the whole people of England aware that on an occasion still more recent this same Lord Palmerston was charged by Mr. Gladstone with "bringing forward a bill and recommending it upon

spoke with a little more energy than usual; but the offenders were so well aware of their guilt, and so thoroughly satisfied of the justice of the reproof addressed to them, that no other explanation was necessary; and, little by little, Miss Marjoribanks felt herself restored to her natural calm.

"You know I don't like to scold you," she said; "but what would anybody say? — nice clean frocks, that I am sure were put on fresh this morning — and you, Mary Jane——"

"Please, Miss, it was only for a young cabbage. Missis is fond of a bit of vegetable," said the little maid. "I knew *she'd* not say nothing;—and just as I had told 'em all to have done and be good—and nobody knew as *you* was here," said Mary Jane. There was something even in that small and humble testimony to Lucilla's sovereignty which helped on the process which was operating in her mind. She regained bit by bit that serene self-consciousness which places the spirit above the passing vexations of the world. What did it matter what other people might be doing or saying? Was not she still Lucilla Marjoribanks? and when one had said that, one had said all.

"It is time you were all going home to your dinners," said Lucilla; "and I have asked Mrs. Mortimer to give you a half-holiday. As for you, you little Linda, you are not fit to be seen, and I am sure if I were your sister I should send you off to bed. Now get all your hats and things and run away; and if you are not awfully good tomorrow, I shall never ask for another half-holiday again."

Saying which, Miss Marjoribanks herself saw the hats brought out, and the little scholars sent away. She took matters into her own hand with the confidence of a superior nature. "After all the long talk they are having she will not be able for her scholars to-day," Lucilla said to herself, with magnanimity; and she again made the tour of the garden, inspecting everything, to see that all was in order. With every step that she took, Miss Marjoribanks became more and more herself. As we have already said, it was a grand and inspiring sight; but then, to be sure, as in the former case, her affections, fortunately, were not engaged. She was not in love with the Archdeacon, any more than she had been in love with Mr. Cavendish;—though it is true love is not everything. And to think how he had been looking and talking not much more than half an hour ago, and to reflect that now he had most likely forgotten her very existence, and was explaining himself, and placing that position which would have just suited Lucilla at the feet of the object of her bounty, was enough to have driven a young woman of ordinary mind half out of her senses with disgust and indignation. But, fortunately, Lucilla's mind was not an ordinary one; and every step she took round the garden restored her more and more entirely to herself. Instead of conceiving any jealous dislike to Mrs. Mortimer, she had already, as has been stated, exerted herself with her usual benevolence to leave her free for the rest of the day. "After all, it is not her fault if she knew him before, or if he was in love with her," Lucilla said to herself. And when she had arrived at this perfectly true and profoundly philosophical conclusion, it may be said that the crisis was at an end.

But then where personal offence and indignation (if the natural shock to Miss Marjoribanks's feelings could be called by such hard names) ended, bewilderment and curiosity began. Who could this Archdeacon be who had frightened the most popular man in Carlingford out of the place, and whose unlooked-for appearance had driven Mrs. Mortimer back out of her recovered good looks and cheerfulness into pallor and trembling?

To be sure, Lucilla knew quite well who he was, the second son of Mr. Beverley of Trent Valley, a family as well known as any family in England. Everybody knew all about the Archdeacon: his career from his youth up was as clearly traceable as if he had been killed in a railway accident and had had his memoir published in the 'Times.' There was nothing in the smallest degree secret or mysterious about him; and yet how could it come about that the sight of him should frighten Mr. Cavendish out of his senses, and make Mrs. Mortimer, who was utterly unconnected with Mr. Cavendish, all but faint, as she had done on a former occasion? Was it his mission to go about the world driving people into fits of terror or agitation? To be sure, he was a Broad-Churchman, and not the type of clergyman to which Lucilla in her heart inclined; but still a man may be Broad Church, and speak a little freely on religious matters, without being a basilisk. As these thoughts went through her mind, Miss Marjoribanks's eyes could not help observing that the branches of the pear tree, which was all that the garden contained in the shape of fruit, had come loose from the wall, and were swaying about greatly to the damage of the half-grown pears; not to say that it gave a very untidy look to that corner. "I must send Crawford down this evening to fasten it up," Lucilla said to herself, and then went on with what she was thinking; and she made one or two other remarks of the same description in a parenthesis as she made her tour. After all, it is astonishing how many little things go wrong when the man or woman with a hundred eyes is absent for a few days from the helm of affairs. It was nearly a week since Miss Marjoribanks had been round Mrs. Mortimer's garden, and in that time the espalier had got detached, some of the verbenas were dead in the borders, and the half of the sticks that propped up the dahlias had fallen, leaving the plants in miserable confusion. Lucilla shook her head over this, as she asked herself what mysterious influence there could be in the Archdeacon. For her own part, she was not in the slightest degree afraid of him, nor could she confess to having felt agitated even when he walked with her into this fated garden; but there could be no doubt of the seriousness of the effect produced by his appearance on the two others. "They have broken half of the props, the little nuisances," Lucilla said to herself as she pursued her musings. For her large mind was incapable, now it had recovered its serenity, of confining itself, unless with a very good reason to one sole subject. When she had finished her inspection, and saw that nobody had yet appeared at the door, Miss Marjoribanks collected the books which the children had left lying in the summer-house, and put them under cover; for, to tell the truth, it looked a little like rain; and having done this, and looked all round her to see if anything else required her immediate care, and seeing once more that nobody was coming, Lucilla carried philosophy to its highest practical point by going away, which is, perhaps, a height of good sense which may be thought too much for humanity. It was not too much for Miss Marjoribanks's legislative soul and knowledge of human nature—for in thus denying herself she was perfectly aware of her advantages, and of the inevitable result. She knew, just as well as if she had already received it, that Mrs. Mortimer would write her a little three-cornered note, marked *Private*, as soon as the Archdeacon was gone; and she thought it was highly probable that Mr. Beverley himself would come to give some explanation. With that tranquil assurance in her mind, Lucilla turned her face towards Grange Lane. She began to

have a kind of conviction, too, since this had happened, either that Carlingford would not be raised into a bishopric, or that the Archdeacon at least would not be the first bishop. It was difficult to give any ground for this idea, but it came into her mind with a kind of quiet certainty: and with this conviction, in which she recognised that beautiful self-adjusting balance of compensations which keeps everything right in the world, Lucilla, quite recovered from her shock, had on the whole a pleasant walk home.

As for the two who were shut up together in Mrs. Mortimer's parlour, their state of mind was far from partaking of the virtuous peace and serenity which filled Miss Marjoribanks's bosom. It was more than an hour before the Archdeacon went away; and when Mrs. Mortimer had a little collected her faculties, the result arrived which had been foreseen by Lucilla. In the first place, terror seized the widow as to what had become of the pupils, whom all this time she had forgotten, and deep was her gratitude when she had ascertained that her protecting genius had sent them away. But with that gratitude came a sudden recollection of the manner in which Mr. Beverley and Miss Marjoribanks had been coming together up the garden path, before the mistress of the house showed herself. Mrs. Mortimer wrung her hands when she recollected the looks and attitude of the two, and the rumour which had reached her ears that the Archdeacon was paying attention to Miss Marjoribanks. What was she to do?—was her miserable presence here to dispel perhaps the youthful hopes of her benefactress, and make a revolution in Lucilla's prospects? The poor woman felt herself ready to sink into the earth at the thought. She went to the window and looked out disconsolately into the rain—for it had come on to rain, as Lucilla supposed it would—and felt like a creature in a cage, helpless, imprisoned, miserable, not knowing what to do with herself, and the cause of trouble to her best friends. A little house in a garden may look like a little paradise in the sunshine, and yet feel like a dungeon when a poor woman all alone looks out across her flowers in the rain, and sees nothing but the wall that shuts her in, and thinks to herself that she has no refuge nor escape from it—nobody to tell her what to do, nothing but her own feeble powers to support her, and the dreadful idea that she has done harm and can do no good to her only protector. To be sure, to be there in her own house, poor enough certainly, but secure, and no longer driven lonely and distressed about the world, was a great matter. But yet, after all, the walls that shut her in, the blast of white sweeping, downright rain, which seemed to cut her off from any succour outside, and the burden of something on her mind which by herself she was quite unable to bear, was a hard and painful combination; and wringing one's hands, and feeling one's mind ready to give way under a new and unexpected burden, could not advance matters in the slightest degree. She was not strong-minded, as has been already proved; nor, indeed, had she the ordinary amount of indifference to other people, or confidence in herself, which stands in the place of self-control with many people. After she had wrung her hands and looked out again and again with a vague instinct of perhaps finding some suggestion of comfort outside, Mrs. Mortimer relapsed by necessity into the one idea that had been a support to her for so many months past. All that she could do was to consult Lucilla—it might be to wound Lucilla, for anything she could tell; but when a poor creature is helpless and weak, and has but one friend in the world who is strong, what can she do but apply

to her sustainer and guardian? When, after beating about wildly from one point to another, she arrived ultimately, as might have been predicted, and indeed as Miss Marjoribanks had expected from the first, at that conclusion, there remained the further difficulty of the means of communication. Lucilla had settled quite calmly in her own mind that it would be by the medium of a three-cornered note, a matter in which there was no difficulty whatever, for the widow was sufficiently fluent with her pen; but then Lucilla had not thought of Mary Jane, who was the only possible messenger. It was to this point now that Mrs. Mortimer's ideas addressed themselves. At that moment the rain poured down fiercer than ever, the bricks of the uncovered wall grew black with the wet, and the Wisteria crouched and shivered about the porch as if it wanted to be taken indoors. And then to get wet, and perhaps catch cold, was a thing Mary Jane conscientiously avoided, like the rest of the world; and it was with a sense of alarm even stronger than that excited by the possibility of injuring Lucilla, that Mrs. Mortimer very gently and modestly rang her bell.

"I don't think it rains quite so heavily," said the timid experimentalist, feeling her heart beat as she made this doubtful statement. "Have you a pair of goloshes, Mary Jane?"

"No," said the little handmaiden, with precaution; "and, please, if it's for the post, it rains worse nor ever; and I don't think as mother would like——"

"Oh, it is not for the post," said Mrs. Mortimer; "it is for Miss Marjoribanks. You can take mine, and then you will not get your feet wet. I go out so very little; you may have them—to keep—Mary Jane. And you can take the big shawl that hangs in the passage, and an umbrella. I don't think it is so heavy as it was."

Mary Jane regarded the rain gloomily from the window; but her reluctance was at an end from the moment she heard that it was to Miss Marjoribanks she was going. To be sure, the distance between the Serenissime Nancy and Thomas, and the other inmates of the Doctor's kitchen, and Mrs. Mortimer's little handmaiden, was as great as that which exists between an English duke and the poorest little cadet of a large family among his attendant gentry; but, correspondingly, the merest entrance into that higher world was as great a privilege for Mary Jane, as the Duke's notice would be to the Squire's youngest son. She kept up a momentary show of resistance, but she accepted the goloshes, and even after a moment agreed in her mistress's trembling assertion about the rain. And this was how the three-cornered note got conveyed to its destination in the heaviest of the storm, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon. Mrs. Mortimer still sat at her window, wringing her hands from time to time, with her head aching and her heart beating, and a dreadful question in her mind as to what Lucilla would say, or whether perhaps she might reject altogether in her natural indignation the appeal made to her; which was an idea which filled the widow with inexpressible horror. While at the same moment Miss Marjoribanks sat looking for that appeal which she knew was sure to come. The rain had set in by this time with an evident intention of lasting, and even from the windows of Dr. Marjoribanks's drawing-room the prospect of the garden walls and glistening trees was sufficiently doleful. Nobody was likely to call, nothing was doing; and Lucilla, who never caught cold, had not the least fear of wetting her feet. And besides, her curiosity had been rising every moment since her return; not to say that the widow's pathetic appeal, "Come to me, my dearest Lucilla. I have nobody whom I can talk to

in the world but you!" had its natural effect upon a mind so feeling. Miss Marjoribanks got up as soon as she had read the note, and changed her dress, and put on a great water-proof cloak. Instead of thinking it a trouble, she was rather exhilarated by the necessity. "Be sure you make your mistress a nice cup of tea as soon as we get there," she said to Mary Jane. "She must want it, I am sure, if she has not had any dinner;" for the little maid had betrayed the fact that Mrs. Mortimer could not eat anything, and had sent away her dinner, which was naturally an alarming and wonderful occurrence to Mary Jane. The widow was still sitting at the window when Lucilla appeared tripping across the wet garden in her water-proof cloak, if not a ministering angel, at least a substantial prop and support to the lonely woman who trusted in her, and yet in the present instance feared her. But anything more unlike a disappointed maiden, whose wooer had been taken away from her under her very eyes, could not have been seen. On the contrary, Miss Marjoribanks was radiant, with raindrops glistening on her hair, and what Mrs. Chiley called "a lovely colour." If there was one thing in the world more than another which contented Lucilla, it was to be appealed to and called upon for active service. It did her heart good to take the management of incapable people, and arrange all their affairs for them, and solve all their difficulties. Such an office was more in her way than all the Archdeacons in the world.

"I saw you knew him the moment I looked at you," said Lucilla. "I have seen other people look *like that* when he appeared. Who is he, for goodness' sake? I know quite well, of course, who he is, in the ordinary way; but do tell me what has he done to make people look like that whenever he appears?"

Mrs. Mortimer did not directly answer this question—she fixed her mind upon one part of it, like an unreasonable woman, and repeated "Other people?" with a kind of interrogative gasp.

"Oh, it was only a gentleman," said Lucilla, with rapid intelligence; and then there was a little pause. "He has been here for six weeks," Miss Marjoribanks continued: "you must have heard of him; indeed, you would have heard him preach if you had not gone off after these Dissenters. Did you really never know that he was here till to-day?"

"I did not think of him being Archdeacon—he was only a curate when I used to know him," said poor Mrs. Mortimer, with a sigh.

"Tell me all about it," said Lucilla, with ingenuous sympathy; and she drew her chair close to that of her friend, and took her hand in a protecting, encouraging way—"You know; whatever you like to say, that it is quite safe with me."

"If you are sure you do not mind," said the poor widow. "Oh, yes, I have heard what people have been saying about him and—and you, Lucilla; and if I had known, I would have shut myself up, I would have gone away for ever and ever—I would——"

"My dear," said Miss Marjoribanks, with a little severity, "I thought you knew me better. If I had been thinking of that sort of thing, I never would have come home at all; and when you know how kind papa has been about the drawing-room and everything. Say what you were going to say, and never think of me."

"Ah, Lucilla, I have had my life," said the trembling woman, whose agitation was coming to a climax—"I have had it, and done with it; and you have been so good to me; and if, after all, I was to stand between you and—and—and—anybody——" But here Mrs. Mortimer broke down, and could say no more. To be sure, she did not faint this time any more than she did on the first occasion when

she made Miss Marjoribanks's acquaintance; but Lucilla thought it best, as then, to make her lie down on the sofa, and keep her quite quiet, and hasten Mary Jane with the cup of tea.

"You have been agitated, and you have not eaten anything," said Lucilla. "I am going to stay with you till half-past six, when I must run home for dinner, so we have plenty of time; and as for your life, I don't consider you gone off at all yet, and you are a great deal younger-looking than you were six months ago. I am very glad the Archdeacon did not come until you had got back your looks. It makes such a difference to a man," Miss Marjoribanks added, with that almost imperceptible tone of contempt which she was sometimes known to use when speaking of Their absurd peculiarities. As for Mrs. Mortimer, the inference conveyed by these words brought the colour to her pale cheeks.

"It will never come to that," she said, "no more than it did in old days; it never can, Lucilla; and I don't know that it is to be wished. I couldn't help being put out a little when I saw him, you know; but there is one thing, that he never, never will persuade me," said the widow. Lucilla could not but look on in surprise and even consternation, while Mrs. Mortimer thus expressed herself. A warm flush animated the pale and somewhat worn face—and a gleam of something that looked absolutely like resolution shone in the yielding woman's mild eyes. Was it possible that even she had one point upon which she could be firm? Miss Marjoribanks stood still, petrified, in the very act of pouring out the tea.

"If it is only one thing, if I were you, I would give in to him," said Lucilla, with a vague sense that this sort of self-assertion must be put a stop to, mingling with her surprise.

"Never," said Mrs. Mortimer again, with a still clearer gleam of resolution. "In the first place, I have no right whatever to anything more than my uncle gave me. He told me himself I was to have no more; and *he* was very, very kind to poor Edward. You don't know all the circumstances, or you would not say so," she cried, with a sob. As for Miss Marjoribanks, if it is possible to imagine her clear spirit altogether lost in bewilderment, it would have been at that moment; but she recovered as soon as she had administered her cup of tea.

"Now tell me all about it," said Lucilla, again sitting down by the sofa; and this time Mrs. Mortimer, to whom her excitement had given a little spur and stimulus, did not waste any more time.

"He is my cousin," she said; "not my real cousin, but distant—and I will not deny that long, long ago—when we were both young, you know, Lucilla——"

"Yes, yes, I understand," said Miss Marjoribanks, pressing her hand.

"He was very nice in those days," said Mrs. Mortimer, faltering; "that is, I don't mean to say he was not always nice, you know, but only ——I never had either father or mother. I was living with my uncle Garrett—my uncle on the other side; and he thought he should have made me his heiress; but instead of that, he left his money, you know, to *him;* and then he was dreadfully put out, and wanted me to prosecute him and change the will; but I never blamed him, for my part, Lucilla—he knows I never blamed him—and nothing he said would make me give in to go to the law with him——"

"Stop a minute," said Lucilla, "I am not quite sure that I understand. Who was it he wanted you to go to law with? and was it to the Archdeacon the money was left?"

"Oh, Lucilla!" said the widow, with a momentary exasperation, "you who are so quick and pick

up everything, to think you should not understand me when I speak of a thing so important. Of course it was not to Charles Beverley the money was left: if it had been left to him, how could he have wanted me to go to law? It has always been the question between us," said Mrs. Mortimer, once more lighting up with exceptional and unwonted energy. "He said I was to indict him for conspiracy; and I declare to you, Lucilla, that he was not to blame. Uncle Garrett might be foolish, but I don't say even that he was foolish: he was so good to him, like a son; and he had no son of his own, and I was only a girl. He never was anything to me," said Mrs. Mortimer, wiping her eyes—"never, whatever Charles may choose to say; but if ever I was sure of anything in the world, I am sure that he was not to blame."

Lucilla's head began to whirl; but after her first unsuccessful essay, she was wise enough not to ask any more direct questions. She made all the efforts possible, with ears and eyes intent, to disentangle this web of pronouns, and failing, waited on in the hope that time and patience would throw a little light up n them. "I suppose Mr. Beverley thought he was to blame?" she said, when the narrator paused to take breath.

"Is not that what I am saying?" said Mrs. Mortimer. "It was through that it was all broke off. I am sure I don't know whether he has regretted it or not, Lucilla. It is not always very easy to understand a gentleman, you know. After I was married to poor Edward, naturally I never had any more correspondence with him; and to see him to-day without any warning, and to find him just as bent as he was upon making me prosecute, and just as full of bad feeling, and speaking as if there was some reason more than truth and justice why I should be so determined. No, Lucilla," said Mrs. Mortimer, raising herself up on the sofa, "it is just the same thing as ever, and the same obstacle as ever, and it never will come to *that*."

"You are agitating yourself," said Miss Marjoribanks; "lie down—there's a dear—and keep quite still, and see whether we cannot make anything better of it. Tell me, what would you go to law with him for?" Lucilla continued, with the natural humility of imperfect comprehension. It was perhaps the first time in her life that such a singular chance had happened to Miss Marjoribanks, as to have a matter explained to her, and yet be unable to understand.

"He says he could be indicted for conspiracy, or for having too much influence over him, and making him do what he liked. But he was very good to him, Lucilla, and to my poor Edward; and when I was married to him——"

"Goodness gracious! were you married to him as well?" cried Lucilla, fairly losing the thread and her balance in this confusing circle. Mrs. Mortimer grew pale, and rose quite up from the sofa, and went with the air of an insulted woman to seat herself in her usual chair.

"I don't know why you should address me so," she said. "He is nothing to me, and never was. It is an insult to me to think that I must have a personal reason for refusing to do a wicked and unjust thing. I could give up anything," said the widow, losing a little of her dignity, and growing again pathetic. "I would give in in a moment if it was any fancy of mine—you know I would; but when I am sure it would be wicked and unjust——"

"I am sure I am not the person to bid you do anything unjust or wicked," said Lucilla, who, in the utter confusion of her faculties, began to feel offended in her turn.

"Then I beg you will never speak to me of it again!" cried Mrs. Mortimer. "How is it possible that either he or you can know the rights of it as I do, who was in the house at the time and saw

everything? He may say what he likes, but I know there was no conspiracy; he was just as much surprised as you could be, or Charles, or anybody. Of course it was for his advantage—nobody denies that—but you don't mean to say that a man is to reject everything that is for his advantage?" said the widow, turning eyes of indignant inquiry upon her visitor; and Miss Marjoribanks for once was so utterly perplexed that she did not know how to respond.

"But you said when you were married to him," said Lucilla, who felt that the tables were turned upon her for the moment. "I am sure I beg your pardon for being so stupid; but whom were you married to?" This was said in the most deprecating tone in the world, but still it irritated Mrs. Mortimer, whose mind was all unhinged, and who somehow felt that she was not finding in Miss Marjoribanks the help and support to which her clear and detailed explanation entitled her. Though her head was aching dreadfully, she sat up more upright than ever in her chair.

"I don't think you can mean to insult me, Miss Marjoribanks," said the widow, "after being so kind. Perhaps I have been trying you too much by what I have said; though I am sure I would have given up everything, and gone away anywhere, rather than be the cause of anything unpleasant. You know that it was my poor dear Edward I was married to; you know I have a—a horror," said Mrs. Mortimer, faltering, "in the general—of second marriages."

"Oh, yes," said Lucilla, "but there are always exceptions, you know; and when people have no children, nor anything—and you that were so young. I always make exceptions, for my part; and if you could only get over this one point," Miss Marjoribanks added, making a dexterous strategical movement. But Mrs. Mortimer only shook her head.

"I don't think I am hard to get on with," she said; "but my poor Edward always said one must make a stand somewhere. He used to say I was so easy to be persuaded. He was glad to see I had a point to make a stand on, instead of being disagreeable about it, or thinking he was anything to me. And oh, Lucilla, he was so kind to him," said the widow, with tears in her eyes. "We mét him quite by chance, and he was so kind. I will never forget it, if I should live a hundred years. And why should Charles be in such a way? He never did him any harm! If any one was injured, it was me, and I never felt myself injured—neither did Edward. On the contrary, he *always* did him justice, Lucilla," Mrs. Mortimer continued, fixing a pathetic look upon her friend. What could Lucilla do? She was burning to take it all in her own hands, and arrange it somehow, and unite the two lovers who had been so long separated; but unless she could understand what the point was on which Mrs. Mortimer made her stand, what could she do?

"I never could understand," said the widow, who began to feel her heart sick with the disappointment of that hope which she had fixed in Miss Marjoribanks, "why he should take it so much to heart. Poor Edward never thought of such a thing! and why should he be so set against poor Mr. Kavan, and so —— Lucilla! oh, tell me, do you see anything? what do you mean?"

"So it is Mr. Kavan he wants to prosecute," said Miss Marjoribanks; and she drew a long breath as she emerged from her difficulties. Certainly the work before her was no trifle; but still it began to grow intelligible, which was the first grand advance on the way.

Mrs. Mortimer uttered a sigh, and pressed her two hands together, and gave her companion a pathetic look, as people naturally do when they are talking to somebody who will not understand. "I have been telling you

of nothing else ever since you came in," she said, with an air of resignation. "But, Lucilla, dear, forgive me—oh, forgive me, if it is too much for you," she added, in a moment after, as another idea struck her. "It was not with the idea of—of anything coming of it, you know; it will never come to that—not now; —I don't know as it is to be wished. I am sure he is quite free so far as I am concerned. It was not with that idea I asked for your advice, Lucilla," said the poor woman, in piteous tones. If Miss Marjoribanks had pressed her, and insisted upon knowing what *was* the idea which had moved her friend to ask her advice, Mrs. Mortimer would no doubt have found it very hard to reply; but Lucilla had no such cruel intentions; and the widow, notwithstanding her piteous denial of any motive, now that her mind was cleared, and she had caught the comprehension of her auditor, began to regard her with a certain instinct of hope.

As for Miss Marjoribanks, her ideas went forward at a bound to one grand finale of reconciliation and universal brotherhood. She saw the tools under her hands, and her very fingers itched to begin. Large and varied as her experience was, she had never yet had any piece of social business on so important a scale to manage, and her eyes sparkled and her heart beat at the idea. Instead of shrinking from interference, her spirits rose at the thought. To vanquish the Archdeacon, to pluck out from the darkness, and rehabilitate and set at his ease the mysterious adventurer, whom, to be sure, *she could not say she knew*—for Lucilla was very careful, even in her own thoughts, not to commit herself on this subject—and to finish off by a glorious and triumphant marriage—not her own, it is true, ut of her making, which was more to the purpose. Such was the programme she made out for herself with the speed of lightning, the moment she had laid hold of the clue which guided her through the labyrinth. It would be too lengthy a matter to go into all her tender cares for the widow's comfort during the rest of her stay, and the pains and delicacy with which she managed to elicit further particulars, and to make out her brief, so to speak, while she cheered up and encouraged the witness. Miss Marjoribanks jumped to the conclusion that "poor Edward" had been, after all, but a temporary tenant of the heart, which was now again free for the reception of the Archdeacon, if he could be got to accept the conditions. When half-past six arrived, and Thomas came for her with the great umbrella, she went off quite resplendent in her waterproof cloak, and utterly indifferent to the rain, leaving Mrs. Mortimer worn out, but with a glimmer of hope in her mind. Such was the great work which, without a moment's hesitation, Lucilla took upon her shoulders. She had no more fear of the result than she had of wetting her feet, which was a thing Mrs. Mortimer and Thomas were both concerned about. But then Lucilla knew her own resources, and what she was capable of, and proceeded upon her way with that unconscious calm of genius which is always so inexplicable to the ordinary world.

CHAPTER XXV.

It was the most unlucky moment for the weather to change, being the middle of July, and as near as possible to St. Swithin's day; but the season had been so delightful up to that time that nobody in Carlingford at least had any reason to complain. So far as Miss Marjoribanks was concerned, she was rather glad, on the whole, that the

next day was wet, and that she could not go out all the morning, nor was likely to be interrupted by visitors. She had all her plans to settle and mature for the great enterprise which she had taken in hand. By this time, so far from feeling any personal interest in the Archdeacon, or considering herself injured by his sudden desertion, that little episode had gone out of Lucilla's mind as completely as if it had never been. In one point, however, Miss Marjoribanks's conviction remained firm; it was impressed upon her mind that Carlingford would not be made into a bishopric, or, if made into a bishopric, that it was not Mr. Beverley who would be chosen to occupy the new see. It was one of those instinctive certainties which are not capable of explanation, which was thus borne in upon her spirit, and she could not have felt more sure of it had she seen it under the Queen's own hand and seal. While she went about her usual morning occupations, her mind was full of her great and novel undertaking. Mr. Beverley was not a man to be revolutionized in a moment; and many people would have shrunk from the attempt to work in a few days or weeks, with no better arms than those of acquaintance, a change which the influence of love had not been able to do in so many years. But it was not in Lucilla's nature to be daunted by a difficulty so unimportant. There was, thank heaven, some difference between herself and the widow, who, in a strait, could think of nothing better to do, poor soul! than to faint; and Miss Marjoribanks had the advantage of never as yet having been beaten, whereas Mrs. Mortimer had undergone numberless defeats, as was natural. The hardest matter in the whole business, however, was the identification of the Mr. Kavan whom the Archdeacon thought he had seen in Carlingford, and was not afraid to speak of as a clever rascal and adventurer. Mr. Beverley had never seen the fellow again, as he had told Lucilla not many days back, and Miss Marjoribanks had been unfeignedly glad to hear it; but now matters had changed. In the course of her reflections, she decided that it would now be better that these two men, if possible, should meet and recognise each other, and that the business should once for all be definitively settled. If all the offence he had committed against society was to have had a large sum of money left him by a childless old man, Lucilla saw no reason why this mysterious culprit should conceal himself; and even if he had taken a little liberty with his name, that was not a crime —his name was his own surely, if anything was his own. At the same time, Miss Marjoribanks took pains to impress upon herself, as it is to be hoped a friendly audience will also have the goodness to do, that she had *no real foundation* for her suspicions as to the identity of this personage, and might turn out to be completely mistaken. He might have made no change whatever on his name; he might be flourishing in some other quarter of England or the world, with all his antecedents perfectly well known, and unconscious of anything to be ashamed about; which, to tell the truth, was, as Lucilla confessed to herself, a much more likely hypothesis than the supposition which had taken such possession of her mind. But then Miss Marjoribanks had a just faith in her instincts, and in those brief but telling pieces of evidence which supported her conclusion. She was thinking over this important branch of the subject with the greatest care and devotion, when, looking out by chance into the rain, she saw the Archdeacon cross-ing the garden. Perhaps it was just as well that she thus had warning and a moment to prepare for his visit—not that Lucilla was a person to be taken at disadvantage; but still, in a matter so practical and pressing, it was always better to be prepared.

Mr. Beverley came in with an air and expression so different from that which he had borne in their intercourse no farther gone than yesterday, that, notwithstanding the corresponding revolution in her own mind, Miss Marjoribanks could not but regard him with mingled admiration and surprise. She judged him as the general world so often judged herself, and gave him credit for skill and courage in taking his position, when the fact was he was only preoccupied and natural, and did not think of his position at all. It did not occur to the Archdeacon that he had sinned towards Lucilla. He thought it right to explain to her his extreme surprise at the sight of Mrs. Mortimer, and possibly to make her aware, at the same time, of his grievances, in so far as Mrs. Mortimer was concerned; but perhaps Mr. Beverley was, on the whole, innocent of those intentions which Mrs. Chiley had attributed to him, and which even Lucilla, more clear-sighted, had seen dawning in their last interview; for, to be sure, this is one of the questions which the female intellect is apt to judge in a different light from that in which it is regarded by a man. The Archdeacon, accordingly, came in preoccupied, and with a cloud on his brow, and not the smallest appearance of penitence or deprecation, by which demeanour he gained, without deserving it, the respect, and to a certain extent the admiration, of Lucilla. His expression was not that of a man repentant, but of a man aggrieved. He had a cloud upon his countenance, and a certain air of offence and temper; and when he sat down, he breathed a short impatient sigh.

"Thank you for receiving me so early," he said. "I called yesterday afternoon, but found you out. You must have had very particular business to take you out in that rain," Mr. Beverley continued, with subdued exasperation; for naturally, being a clergyman, he was a little impatient to find, when it was *he* who wanted her, any of his female friends out of the way.

"Yes," said Lucilla, who thought it was best to open her battery boldly and at once. "I was spending the afternoon with poor Mrs. Mortimer; poor dear, she is so solitary!" and to meet Mr. Beverley's ill-temper, Miss Marjoribanks put on her most heavenly air of sympathy, and rounded her words with a soft sigh, as different from his as a flute is from a trumpet. It was with an exclamation of impatience that the Archdeacon replied—

"*Poor* Mrs. Mortimer!" he cried; "I don't know whether you are aware how much her obstinacy has cost me; and herself, I suppose," he added in a parenthesis. "Not to depreciate your kindness, or the truly human and Christian way in which you have conducted yourself—fancy what my feelings naturally must have been to find her an object of charity—actually of charity! I don't mean to say," said Mr. Beverley, controlling himself, "that it is degrading to accept succour when given as from man to man—quite the contrary; but you will excuse me from entering into the general question. She knew perfectly well that if I had known where she was—if she had consented to yield to me on one point—solely on *one* point——"

"And she such an obstinate woman!" said Miss Marjoribanks, with fine scorn. "How could you ever think of such a thing? A woman that never gives in to anybody. If you knew her as well as I do——"

The Archdeacon glanced up with a momentary intense surprise, as if it was within the possibilities that such a change might have taken place in the widow's nature; and then he caught Lucilla's eye, and grew red and more aggrieved than ever.

"Mrs. Mortimer happens to be a relative of mine," he said, in his authoritative voice. "I have known her from her youth. I am better

instructed in all her affairs than she can possibly be. When I urge her to any step, however much it may be against her inclinations, she ought to know that it can only be for her good. I beg your pardon, Miss Marjoribanks. It will give me great grief to find that you, upon whose superior good sense I have so much calculated, should support her in her folly. I know how much she owes to you——"

"Oh, no, she does not owe me anything," said Lucilla. "It was just my luck, you know. I knew she would turn out to be a lady. I don't want to stand up for her if she is wrong; but I have only heard *her* side. When you tell me about it, I shall be able to form an opinion," Miss Marjoribanks added, prudently; "for of course everything has two sides."

"Most things," said Mr. Beverley, "but this is precisely one of the things which have not two sides. Nothing except some sort of infatuation or other—but never mind, you shall hear the facts," said the Archdeacon, once more making an effort upon himself. "Her uncle, Mr. Garrett, was above eighty. Why Providence should have let him live to such an age to do so much mischief, heaven alone knows. Some different rule seems to exist up *there* about those matters, from what we find to answer on earth," the Broad-Churchman said, with a certain air of disapproval. "He had this young fellow to see him and then to live with him, and took some sort of idiotic fancy to him; and when the will was made, it was found that, with the exception of a small sum to Helen, everything was left to this impostor. No, I can't say I have any patience with her folly. How could any man have two opinions on the subject? He was neither related to him, nor connected with him," cried Mr. Beverley, with a momentary inclination, as Lucilla thought, to get aground among the pronouns, as Mrs. Mortimer had done. "I do not suspect my cousin," the Archdeacon continued, with an air so severe and indignant that it was evident he was contradicting his own sentiments, "of having any partiality for such a person; but certainly her obstinacy and determination are such——"

"Hush, please," said Lucilla; "you are only laughing when you use such words. Now, tell me one thing, and don't be angry if it is a stupid question—If there was any one that knew her and you, and perhaps him, and was to try—don't you think it might be arranged?"

"By money?" said the Archdeacon; and he smiled one of those disagreeable smiles which youthful writers describe by saying that his lip curled with scorn. "You take me for Mortimer, I suppose, who could go into that sort of compromise? I suppose he did give them money before — before she was left a widow," said Mr. Beverley, grinding his teeth slightly with a savage expression. "No, Miss Marjoribanks. Where everlasting truth and justice are concerned, I do not understand how things can be arranged."

After such a truculent statement, what was the peacemaker to do? She left the fire to blaze out by itself for a minute or two, and then she came down upon the enemy on another wind.

"I am sure I am very sorry," said Lucilla, softly, "to think you should be so fond of her and she so fond of you, and nothing but this standing in the way; and then she is too good for this world, and never thinks of herself. I often think, if anything was to happen to me—and my life is no safer than other people's lives," said Miss Marjoribanks, with a sigh—"what would become of her, poor dear! I am sure, if I knew of any way—— As for obstinate, you know it is not in her to be obstinate. She thinks she is right, and you think you are right; and I suppose neither of you will give

in," cried Lucilla. "What is anybody to do?"

"If any one gives in, it should be she," said the Archdeacon. "For my part, I will never stand by and consent to such a robbery,—never. In these matters, at least, a man must be a better judge than a woman. If you are her friend you will persuade her of her duty," Mr. Beverley added; and he did not show so much as a symptom of yielding. To say that Miss Marjoribanks was not discouraged would be more than the truth: but she was still at the beginning of her forces, and no thought of giving in was in her courageous soul.

"I will tell you what occurs to me," said Lucilla, frankly. "Let us find out something about him. Do you know anything about him? If she were to hear that he was, as you say, an impostor, you know, and a villain?—What is his name?—Where does he live? Is he a very, very wicked man?" said Miss Marjoribanks, and she looked up with that ingenuous look of appeal which was always so touching in her, to the Archdeacon's face.

As for Mr. Beverley, in his haste and excitement he gave vent to two very contradictory statements. "She knows all about him. I don't know anything about him," he said with some heat. "I mean, she knows as much as I do, though she draws such a different conclusion. I am sure I saw him in Carlingford the first day I was here. For anything I can tell, she knows more of him than I do," said the Broad-Churchman, with a sudden flash of jealousy and anger. It occurred to Lucilla then for the first time that she had found the grand clue to the whole.

"That would be dreadful," said Miss Marjoribanks, "if she knew him, and was keeping him out of the way till you were gone. I did not think of that. If such a thing should be the case, fond as I am of Mrs. Mortimer, I never could go near her any more," said Lucilla, sadly. "Oh, don't say you think so, please. I should have to give her up, and that would be dreadful: for I owe it to papa, when he gives me so much liberty, to be very careful. Oh, Mr. Beverley, don't say you think so," cried Lucilla, deeply moved. She put her handkerchief to her eyes, and yet she kept watch upon the Archdeacon through one of the corners. He had got up by this time, and was walking about the room like any other man in trouble. To throw any suspicion on the widow, or separate her from so effectual a protection, was the very last thing he had any inclination to do: for, to tell the truth, he made that jealous suggestion only in order to receive an indignant denial, and to be assured that such a thing was impossible. But then Mr. Beverley did not know whom he had to deal with, nor that he was not the first man whom Miss Marjoribanks had reduced to his proper place.

"If that was the case," said Lucilla, drying her eyes — "dreadful as it is to think of it — oh, Mr. Beverley, if such a thing were the case — it would be far better for her to marry him, and then she would have all the fortune without prosecuting. If things have gone so far, though it is miserable to think of it, and to believe that she could be so unkind," said Miss Marjoribanks, with a sob, "and so double-minded, and so deceitful to *me*——"

"In heaven's name what are you thinking of?" said the Archdeacon. He had grown as pale as he was before red, and came to a dead stop in front of Lucilla, and stood lowering and menacing over her. His shadow was so big and strong, and stood so directly between her and the window, that Miss Marjoribanks's heart gave one bound of something like alarm.

"Dear Mr. Beverley," said Lucilla, "try and compose yourself. It would be a dreadful trial to me, but I should endeavour to bear it.

If we love her, we should, on the contrary, urge her to do it," said the young moralist, with solemnity, "however hard it may be to us. It would be better than—than dreadful concealment and misery,—it would be better than knowing and not telling, as you say. Oh, Mr Beverley, if you are sure that is the case, let us both go to her, and beg her to marry him. I could never, never, never see her again," sobbed Lucilla, "but she would be happy, and that would be the end of all."

The Archdeacon, though he was not a weakling, was altogether stunned by this address. He sank into the nearest chair, and drew it closer to Lucilla, and looked perfectly flabby and ghastly in his white tie, with his alarmed countenance. "For the sake of all that is sacred," said Mr. Beverley, bending forward towards her, "tell me what foundation you have—tell me all you know?"

Now was the critical moment, and Lucilla felt it. If Mrs. Chiley, for example, had only advised herself to come in then instead of interrupting people's proposals, and driving a likely suitor to desperation! But such happy chances do not occur at the real crises of life. What she wanted was, naturally, not to explain herself, but to let that arrow rankle in her opponent's heart until it should have served her purpose. All that she said in answer to Mr. Beverley's appeal was to hide her face in her handkerchief, which was the only means that occurred to her for the moment of gaining a little time for reflection.

"It is so hard to have such thoughts put into one's head," said Lucilla, "of a person who has been one's friend. And she always looked so nice and so true! I never thought she would deceive any one. I thought she was so transparent, you know. Oh, Mr Beverley, it is so dreadful to be disappointed in one's friends! I wish I had never heard of it—I wish you had never told me. I almost wish, though it is dreadful to say such a thing, that you had never come to Carlingford and found it all out."

"My dear Miss Marjoribanks," said the Archdeacon, solemnly, "I implore you as the greatest kindness you can do me, to tell me all you know."

"Indeed I don't know what I know," said Lucilla, partially raising her face out of her handkerchief; "I don't think I know anything, for my part. I always thought if one could rely upon any one, it was her—for truthfulness, and for yieldingness, and doing what any one asked her. I did think so; and I am all in a whirl to think, after all, she should be obstinate and deceiving, and yet look so different!" said Lucilla. "But if it has come to that, we must be firm, Mr. Beverley. If you ask my opinion, I say she should be allowed to marry him. That would solve everything, you know," Miss Marjoribanks added, with sad decision. "She would get all the fortune without going to law, and she would be settled, and off one's mind. That would be my final advice, if everything has happened as you say."

Mr. Beverley was driven as nearly out of his senses by this counsel as it was possible for a man of ordinary self-control and warm temper to be. He got up again and made a stride to and fro, and wiped the moisture from his forehead, which, as Lucilla remarked at the moment, had a Low-Church look, which she would not have expected from him. But, on the other hand, he gave vent to some stifled and unintelligible exclamations which, whatever they might be, were not blessings. Then he came to himself a little, which was what Miss Marjoribanks was most afraid of, and stood over her, large and imposing as before.

"Tell me, for heaven's sake, what you mean!" cried the Archdeacon. "You do not think, surely, that I for a moment meant to imply that Helen would waste a thought upon such a miscreant. Good heavens,

marry him! You must be raving. She would as soon think of—going for a soldier," said Mr. Beverley, with a hoarse and perfectly unmirthful laugh, "or doing anything else that was mad or unnatural. That is how you women stand up for your friends—always ready to suggest something inconceivably horrible and debasing! Happily you always go too far," he added once more wiping his forehead. It was a very Low-Church, not to say Dissenterish sort of thing to do, and it unconsciously reduced her adversary's dignity in Miss Marjoribanks's opinion, besides affording a proof that he was not nearly so much convinced of what he said, as he professed to be, in his secret heart.

"Mr. Beverley, I think you forget a little," said Lucilla, with dignity. "I know nobody but yourself who has any suspicions of Mrs. Mortimer. If it had been anybody but you, I should have laughed at them. But to return to the question," Miss Marjoribanks added, with calm grace; "I always used to be taught at Mount Pleasant, that feelings had nothing to do with an abstract subject. I don't see for my part, now you have mentioned it, why she should not marry him. It would arrange the money matter without any trouble; and I have always heard he was very nice," said the bold experimentalist, fixing her eyes calmly upon the Archdeacon's face. "I am sure I should never have thought of it, if it had been left to me; but speaking calmly, I don't see the objections, now it has been proposed. Oh, it is only the bell for luncheon that Thomas is ringing. Is it actually half-past one? and I expect some people," said Lucilla. She got up as she spoke and went to the mirror, and looked at herself with that beautiful simplicity which was one of Miss Marjoribanks's distinguishing features. "When one has been crying it always shows," she said, with a little anxiety. As for Mr. Beverley, his state of mind, as the newspapers say, could better be imagined than described.

"I must go away," he said, taking up his hat. "I don't feel capable of meeting strangers after this exciting conversation. Miss Marjoribanks," continued the Archdeacon, taking her hand, and holding it fast over his hat to give emphasis to his address, "at least I can trust to you not to breathe a word to Mrs. Mortimer—not a syllable—of the horrible suggestion which has got utterance, I don't know how. I may surely trust to your honour," Mr. Beverley said, with emphasis; but by this time Miss Marjoribanks considered it time to bring the crisis to an end.

"I wish you would stay to luncheon," she said; "there are only one or two of my friends. As for *honour*, you know you gentlemen say that we have no sense of honour," said Lucilla, airily; "and to think that two women could be together and not talk of what might perhaps be a marriage——"

At this moment some one rang the door-bell. Lucilla knew perfectly well that it was only the baker, but it could not be expected that the Archdeacon should be similarly initiated into the secrets of the house. He thought, as was natural, that it was the people she expected, and almost wrung her hand as he let it go. "You will let me see you again first," he said, in a tone of entreaty. "Before you see her, you will let me see you again. For heaven's sake don't refuse me," cried Mr. Beverley. If anybody had but heard him! as Lucilla said to herself the minute he was gone. And the truth was that Thomas did hear him, who had just opened the door to tell his young mistress that her luncheon was waiting, and whom the Archdeacon did all but knock down stairs in his sudden and unlooked-for exit. The impression naturally conveyed to Thomas by these words was of the clearest and most distinct description. He was

even known to say afterwards, "As he never knew a gentleman as spoke more plain." But Mr. Beverley rushed down-stairs, without thinking of Thomas, in a most unenviable frame of mind, into the rain. He was more afraid of meeting Miss Marjoribanks's friends than a man of his size and principles should have been afraid of meeting anybody; but then there is a vast distinction, as everybody is aware, and no one more than the Archdeacon, between physical and moral strength.

As for Lucilla, her tears and anxieties passed off in a miraculous manner as soon as her visitor was gone. She went down-stairs and ate her luncheon with the serenest brow and a most agreeable lady-like appetite. And it was not a fib, as may perhaps be supposed, that she was expecting people—for at that hour Miss Marjoribanks always did expect people, who, to be sure, might be kept back by the rain, but whom she was always justified in looking for. Perhaps, on the whole, notwithstanding her warm sense of the duties of hospitality, Lucilla was glad that it rained so heavily, and that nobody came. She had a great deal to think of as she took her maidenly and delicate repast. The first step had been taken, and taken triumphantly. Henceforward, whatever the Archdeacon's illusions might be, he could no longer stand calm upon his eminence, and conclude that it was he, and he alone, who could raise the widow from her lowly estate. To be sure, Lucilla knew that no such idea as that of marrying her uncle's heir would ever present itself to Mrs. Mortimer; and that—at least so far as Miss Marjoribanks's information went—such a thought was equally removed from the mind of the personage unknown, whom Mr. Beverley denounced as an impostor. But that did not in the least affect the value of the suggestion as an instrument to be used against the Archdeacon, who was big enough to defend himself, and on whose account the young philanthropist had no compunctions. But after that first step had been taken, and even successfully, all the real difficulties began; and Lucilla knew no more as yet how she was to find and identify, not to say assail and vanquish, the other side, the mysterious Mr. Kavan, the man whom the Archdeacon abused and the widow defended, than even the greatest military genius knows at the commencement of the first campaign how to conduct the second. This was what she considered so closely as she sat alone in the dull afternoon. She did not go to Mrs. Mortimer, because it was impossible that every day could be a half holiday, and because, on the whole, she judged it best not to subject herself, in the present undeveloped state of the position, to much questioning; but she sent her a little note to satisfy her mind, telling her to keep herself easy, and not to let the Archdeacon bully her, and to confide in the devotion of her affectionate Lucilla. When she had thus satisfied the immediate demands of friendship, Miss Marjoribanks took her work and sat down to reflect. Nothing could be more exciting than the position in which she found herself; but the difficulties were only such as stimulated her genius; and then it was not any selfish advantage, but the good of her neighbour in its most sublime manifestation—the good of her neighbour who had injured her, and been insensible to her attractions, which, according to the world in general, is the one thing unpardonable to a woman—which Lucilla sought. And it was not even the scriptural coals of fire she was thinking of as she pondered her great undertaking in her mind. The enterprise might not be free from a touch of human vanity, but it was vanity of a loftier description: the pleasure of exercising a great faculty, and the natural confidence of genius in its own powers.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The fruit of Lucilla's long and mature reflection was, that, next morning being fine and all the clouds dispersed, she went out with her usual firm step and self-possession, and, what was rather unusual with her, except on necessary occasions of ceremony, knocked at Mrs. Woodburn's door.

Mrs. Woodburn and Miss Marjoribanks had never, as people say, taken to each other. They were as different in their ways as it is possible to imagine. The mimic was a little indolent, and would not take the trouble to make any exertions for the good of the community, except in the exercise of her peculiar talent, though she had been known, when excited, to go through real fatigue for that: but she had none of the steady force, the persevering energy—or, to sum up all in one word, the genius—of Miss Marjoribanks, who, for her part, recognised the *use* of such an instrument of entertainment as Mrs. Woodburn possessed without appreciating it in her own person; for Lucilla had in reality no sense of humour, as she candidly admitted, with that consciousness of her own faults, and slight disposition to consider them virtues, which is common to persons of great endowments. It was accordingly with a slight sense of effort on both sides that they met thus in the familiarity of an early visit, at a moment when people doing their duty to each other in a ceremonial way would not have thought of calling. She was aware that Mrs. Woodburn regarded her, even when she kissed her in the most neighbourly and affectionate manner, with a look which seemed to say, "What can she want, coming here so early?" As for Lucilla, she was too wise to pretend that it was a mere visit of regard. She was too wise, and her interlocutor was too clever, and prone to catch every touch of expression, though Miss Marjoribanks flattered herself she had sufficient experience to enable her to dismiss, when there was occasion for it, all expression from her face. But such was not her policy at this moment. When the two faces had touched each other in that loving and sisterly salutation, their owners immediately separated, and regarded each other from two opposite chairs, without decided hostility, it is true, but with the watchful air of two people whom the fates may range on different sides, and whom it behoves to be mutually watchful. And, Lucilla thought it the most expedient course, under the circumstances, to begin her investigations at once.

"I have come to make an inquisition," she said; "I may as well confess it at once, for you would find me out if I didn't. Mrs. Woodburn, where is Mr. Cavendish? I am not going to put up with it any longer. He must be written to, and had back again. The only man that was to be depended upon in Carlingford!" said Lucilla; "and to think he should disappear like this, and never say a word!"

Mrs. Woodburn fairly gasped in her companion's face. She could no more tell what this meant, than if she had been a person utterly unacquainted with human motives and ways of working; and, indeed, it was only the tricks of the surface for which she had any real insight. "My brother!" she exclaimed, with something between an impulse of defence and denial, and a quite opposite instinct of confidence. Had he proposed, after all, without telling his sister? Had Lucilla a right to ask the question she uttered so frankly? had he been prudent for once in his life, and secured this sensible alliance and prop to his position? All these questions rushed at lightning-speed through Mrs. Woodburn's mind; but she

was not so prompt as Miss Marjoribanks would have been under the circumstances, and all she did was to open her eyes wide, and give a start on her chair, and say, "My brother?" with a voice which trembled, and was half-extinguished by surprise.

"Yes; Mr. Cavendish," said Lucilla. "Do tell me his address. There is not a man in Carlingford who is good for anything, now that he is gone. You must see that as well as I do. As for flirting, I have always said he was the only man that knew anything about it. Do tell me where he is, and I will write to him; or, please, send him word for me, that absolutely he must come back. We are all dying for him, you may say."

Mrs. Woodburn had recovered a little, and found a moment to think, but her faculties were not so handy, except in her own particular way, as might have been expected from such a clever woman. She could even at that moment have taken off Miss Marjoribanks to the life, but she was in the most profound bewilderment as to what Lucilla could mean; whether she was really laying herself out to "catch" Mr. Cavendish, or whether she was merely talking nonsense without any particular meaning; or whether she was feigning indifference by way of getting information; and the stupidest person in Carlingford would have acquitted herself as well as Mrs. Woodburn felt able to do in the emergency. "I should think he would rather hear that some of you were willing to live for him," she said, in a tremulous way; finding nothing better come to her lips than the echo of an old compliment, which went against her nature, but yet with an instinct of serving her brother so far as it might be in her power.

"Not me," said Lucilla, frankly. "Some people once thought so, you know; but I can't say I ever thought so. There never will be anything about living or dying between him and me. I hope we know better," said Miss Marjoribanks; "besides, if I were so much as to think of that sort of thing I should feel I was swindling papa. Oh no; I assure you I am quite disinterested. I want him for my Thursdays. Do write, and say he must come home."

"I don't like people to be too disinterested," said Mrs. Woodburn; "and I don't think Harry would be at all glad to hear it. I wish he would come back, I am sure. I am always bullying him about it. I thought perhaps some of you young ladies had been unkind to him," said the anxious sister, who had recovered her head, and thought it might be possible to get at the secret, if there was a secret, by means like this.

"No," said Miss Marjoribanks; "*I* have not been unkind to him; and there is nobody else I know of," said the candid Lucilla, "unless poor Barbara; and *she* will never be unkind, you know. I will write him a letter if you will give me his address. Is it true that somebody has left him a great deal of money, and he is going to change his name?"

"His name!" said Mrs. Woodburn, with a little cry, like an imprudent woman; and then she recovered herself. "I have not heard of anything of the kind," she said, "and he would be sure to tell me of it; but in Carlingford people know things before they happen. I should be very glad to know that somebody was going to leave him a great deal of money; but I don't know about the name——"

"Oh, I heard it only in a confused sort of way," said Lucilla, "or that he *had* changed his name. I am sure I don't know if it was past or present. Did he ever make any change to be somebody's heir? Oh, I beg your pardon; but you know people do it every day."

Mrs. Woodburn had grown quite pale—perhaps because she began to

see that there was some method in these questions, perhaps with simple and unreasonable fright at the suggestion. She could not say a word for a moment, so startling was the question; and then there was something in Lucilla's early visit, and in her instant onslaught upon Mr. Cavendish, which was alarming. She was so frightened and driven into a corner that she could not tell how to answer. It occurred to her all at once that perhaps Mr. Cavendish had opened his heart to Miss Marjoribanks, and given her an inkling of his secret; and what would Lucilla think if she contradicted her brother? Never was a poor woman in a greater difficulty. All her fun and her mimicry collapsed. She no more noticed the peculiarities of Lucilla's look and manner than if she had been an ordinary inhabitant of Grange Lane. "Changed his name?" she faltered, in a blank sort of interrogative way; and in spite of herself faltered and shook, and conveyed to Lucilla the most perfect assurance that what she supposed was true.

"When it is for a great deal of money there is some sense in it; when it is only for a prettier name it is dreadfully stupid. Don't you think so? As if we all could have pretty names!" said Lucilla. "I should like so much to have a talk with Mr. Cavendish. I picked up some very very old friends of his the other day—people who used to know him long ago. I am sure he would be interested if he were to know."

"I don't think it could be him," said Mrs. Woodburn, with something like the instinct of despair; "I don't remember any very old friends he has; it is so long a time ago——" and then the poor lady stopped short, as if she had something choking her in her throat. "I don't think it could be he."

"Not such a very long time," said Lucilla, in her easy way. "It is dreadful to give him a character for being old. Do write him, please, and tell him about those people. He is sure to be interested if you say it is a lady, and a pretty woman, and a widow," continued Miss Marjoribanks. "She says he was once very kind to her when her poor husband was alive."

Mrs. Woodburn recovered herself a little as Lucilla spoke. "It must have been some other Mr. Cavendish," she said. "Harry was—so much abroad—so long away from home——" At that moment there was a sound in the house of a heavy step, and Mr. Woodburn's whistle became audible in the distance. Then the poor woman who had a secret, fixed haggard eyes upon Miss Marjoribanks. She dared not say, "Don't speak of this before my husband." She dared not utter a word to awaken suspicion on one side or the other. She knew very well that if Mr. Woodburn heard of the existence of any old friends of his brother-in-law, he would insist upon having them produced, and "paying them some attention;" and at the same time Mrs. Woodburn could not so far confide in Lucilla as to beg her to keep silent. This was what her brother's poltroonery brought upon the unfortunate woman. And when the emergency came she was not as equal to it as she expected to be. Her talents were not of a nature to do her any good in such a strait. She collapsed entirely, and looked round her in a flutter of fright and despair, as if to find some means of escape.

But this terror all arose from the fact that she did not know Miss Marjoribanks, who was generous as she was strong, and had no intention of going to extremities. Lucilla got up from her chair when she heard Mr. Woodburn's whistle coming nearer. "I hear somebody coming," she said, "and I must not stay, for I have quantities of things to do. Only mind you tell Mr. Cavendish I have something quite serious to say to him from his old friend; and

from me, please to tell him, that it is *impossible* to get on without him," continued Lucilla, as Mr. Woodburn entered the room. "There is not a soul that can flirt or do anything. I should write to him myself if I knew his address."

And then, as was natural, Woodburn, with his usual absurdity, as his wife explained afterwards, struck in with some boisterous *badinage*. As for Mrs. Woodburn, in her mingled terror and relief, she was too much excited to know what he said. But when Lucilla, serenely smiling, was gone, the mimic, with her nerves strung to desperation, burst into the wildest comic travesty of Miss Marjoribanks's looks and manners, and her inquiries about Harry, and sent her unsuspicious husband into convulsions of laughter. He laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks, the unconscious simpleton: and all the time his wife could have liked to throw him down and trample on him, or put pins into him, or scratch his beaming, jovial countenance. Perhaps she would have gone into hysterics instead if she had not possessed that other safety-valve, for Mrs. Woodburn had not that supreme composure and self-command which belonged to Lucilla's higher organisation. She wrote a long letter that afternoon, and had a dreadful headache all the evening after it, which, considering all things, was to be expected under the circumstances, and was a weak-minded woman's last resource.

No headache, however, disturbed Miss Marjoribanks's beneficent progress. She went home conscious that, if she had not acquired any distinct information, she had at least gained a moral certainty. And besides, she had measured the forces of Mr. Cavendish's body-guard, and had found them utterly unequal to any prolonged resistance. All that was wanted was prudence and care, and that good-luck which was as much an endowment in its way as the other qualities by which Lucilla might be said to have secured it. She went home meditating her next step, and with a certain enjoyment in the sense of difficulty and the consciousness of how much skill and power would be required to carry on three different threads of innocent intrigue with the three different persons in the drama, without ever letting the general web get confused, or confounding one strand with another. She had to frighten the Archdeacon with the idea that Mrs. Mortimer might marry the impostor, and she had to keep the widow in the profoundest ignorance of this suggestion, and she had to manage and guide the impostor himself, to save his position, and deliver him from his enemies, and make his would-be persecutor for ever harmless. If by chance she should forget herself for a moment, and say to Mr. Beverley what she meant for Mr. Cavendish, or betray her mode of dealing with either to the third person interested, then farewell to all her hopes. But when all that was required was skill and self-possession and courage, Miss Marjoribanks knew herself too well to be afraid.

She came in with that sense of having done her duty which is so sweet to a well-regulated mind. But it was not to that internal satisfaction alone that Providence limited Lucilla's reward. There are exceptional cases to be found here and there even in this world, in which virtue finds its just acknowledgment, and disinterested well-doing is recompensed as it deserves. While Miss Marjoribanks was still occupied with the arrangement of her plans she was interrupted by a visitor, who entered with a brow clouded by care, and yet exalted by the sense of a charge and dignity which is not afforded to every woman. It was Mrs. Centum who thus came to unfold to Lucilla the new event which was about to happen in Carlingford. She had a great deal to say first, as was natural, of the dreadful vexa-

tion of such a thing happening in holiday time when the boys were all at home, and when she did not know what to do.

"But you know, Lucilla, it will be delightful for all you young ladies to have the officers," said Mrs. Centum; "it keeps a place lively; though, for my part, I always say in six months there will not be a servant in the house that one can depend upon. It is dreadful for servants — especially young ones, and if they are nice-looking, you know; but it is very nice for the young ladies, and for all the picnics and dances and everything——"

"What officers?" said Lucilla, pricking up her ears—for, to tell the truth, the very name of officers in a place like Carlingford, where nobody could flirt but Mr. Cavendish, was as water in the desert to Miss Marjoribanks's soul.

"Has not the Doctor told you?" said Mrs. Centum—"but, to be sure, very few people know as yet. Mr. Centum says it must be all on your account, because you give such nice parties—but of course that is only his fun, you know. However, I suppose somebody has told Lord Palmerston of all those great buildings that were meant for the factories, and of Carlingford being such a healthy place. And so the General is coming to us to-morrow, Lucilla — General Travers, you know, that was in all the papers for something he did in India; Charles used to know him at school. He is quite handsome, and has ever so many medals and things. It is a dreadful addition to one's troubles in holiday-time, you know; but, my dear, I hope you will ask him to your Thursdays, and help us to make Carlingford pleasant to him. It all depends upon him," said Mrs. Centum, solemnly; "if he likes the place, and thinks it will do, and finds nice society, whether it is here or at Hampton, that they establish the depot."

"At Hampton!" cried Miss Marjoribanks, naturally excited—"the stupidest, wretchedest little place ——"

"That is just what Mr. Centum says," said the visitor, with a sigh; "what I am nervous about is the servants, Lucilla; and you know that under-nurse of mine, what a nice steady girl she has always been, and what a comfort—but as soon as the soldiers come it turns their heads. I want you to tell me, if you'll be so very good, Lucilla, how Nancy makes that *paté* that Mr. Centum is so fond of. I know it is a good deal to ask; but I am sure you are one to stand by your friends; and if the General should take a dislike to Carlingford through any fault of mine, I never could forgive myself; and I want you to ask him to your Thursdays, Lucilla—there's a dear."

"Dear Mrs. Centum," cried Miss Marjoribanks, "papa must call on the General and ask him to dinner; as for my Thursdays, I always say they are not parties; they are only *evenings*," said Lucilla, sweetly, "and not worth a gentleman's while."

"And about the *paté*, Lucilla," said Mrs. Centum, anxiously, "I hope you won't think it too much of me to ask;—you are so clever, you know, and so is Nancy: and what with the noise, and the nursery dinners, and all those big boys home from school——"

Mrs. Centum fixed her eyes with true solicitude on Lucilla's face. Miss Marjoribanks was magnanimous, but the *paté* in question was one of the greatest triumphs of the Doctor's table. She thought, and with truth, that it *was* a great deal for any one to ask; but then it is true that genius has duties as well as privileges: and to impress upon mediocrity the benefit of loyally following and copying superior intelligence, is of itself a moral effect of the greatest importance. And besides, the woman who at such a moment produced a live General

in Carlingford, and held out hopes of officers, was not a woman to be denied.

"I will write it down for you," said Lucilla, graciously, "if you think your cook will understand; or perhaps Nancy might step in and show her how—if I can persuade Nancy. Dear Mrs. Centum, I hope you will always feel sure that I am ready to do anything for my friends."

"Oh, thank you, dear," cried the grateful woman; "I knew you were not one to mind; and if Nancy would be so very kind—— I am sure you will like the General," added Mrs. Centum, with effusion; "he will live here, you know, if the depot comes, and be such an addition! I said to Charles, the moment he told me, That would just be the very thing for Lucilla! And he is quite young-looking, and so nice and pleasant," she added, in the fulness of her enthusiasm and gratitude. As for Miss Marjoribanks, she shook her head, but nevertheless received the assurance with a smile.

"It is not that sort of thing I am thinking of," said Lucilla: "if it had been, I need never have come home; and now, after papa has been so kind about the drawing-room——; but I am always glad to hear of nice new people," said Miss Marjoribanks; "and to meet a man that has been in the world is such a pleasure to papa."

With this benign acknowledgment of the General's merits, Lucilla received Mrs. Centum's affectionate leavetakings. To be sure, she knew nothing, and did not occupy herself much at that moment about General Travers. But at the same time Miss Marjoribanks, with her usual piety, recognised the approval of Providence in this new occurrence, and was naturally both encouraged and exhilarated. It is but in rare cases, as has been said, that the reward of virtue is given so promptly, and with such beautiful discrimination; and there are even people in the world who profess to have no faith in any prompt or visible recompense. But Lucilla was not of that new and heretical school. For her own part, she felt it very natural that her exertions for the good of her kind should thus be recognised and acknowledged, and returned to her plans with that sweet and exhilarating sense of moral harmony which an approving conscience, and an approving heaven, and a sense of blessings earned and goodness recompensed, are so well calculated to give.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD UPON MEN AND WOMEN, AND OTHER THINGS IN GENERAL.

PART XVII.

O'DOWD'S EXPERIENCES: "EN VOYAGE."—ACT I.

The ordinary channels of information—as the late Sir Robert Peel, by a neat but unnecessary periphrase, designated the newspapers—have just informed me that "Cornelius O'Dowd passed through Paris" on a certain day "*en route* to his seat on the Lago Maggiore."

I read the paragraph with a pleased vanity. It seemed, first of all, to imply that the fact had a certain importance and interest for the world at large, who, knowing who Cornelius O'Dowd was, would gladly learn something of his whereabouts; and secondly, there was in the mention of his "seat on the Lago Maggiore" what, to the uninitiated at least, smacked of worldly goods and material guarantees, very captivating to one who is often obliged, as Sheridan phrased it, "to call upon his imagination for his facts."

The paragraph in question would have left nothing to be desired had it added, "Mr. O'Dowd in crossing the Alps waved his grateful adieux to his friends north of them.—No cards sent."

I borrow the latter formula from those people who announce to the public that, having just got married, they are too much engrossed by the honeymoon to select objects for their gratitude, and yet desire to include in one wide swoop all their well-wishers and admirers: and so say I, once more, "No cards sent." Indeed, I know of no amount of pasteboard that could convey even a tithe of my gratitude. What have I not had of flattery, attentions, and civilities—of fine compliments and fish dinners—of dry champagne and dulcet courtesies—of all, in fact, that can gratify, nourish, and captivate! I have attained to that pinnacle to which aldermen and poets alike aspire as the summit of human wishes. I have been flattered and I have been fed.

Some six weeks ago I issued forth from the solitude of my rocks and wild olives to see a little of that great and busy world of whose doings for years I have had only cognisance at second-hand; and second-hand opinions, like second-hand clothes, have the same disadvantage, that they reach one with the gloss off, and no small share, besides, of patching and reparation. It was, therefore, no small matter to me, humble Hermit of the Encumbered Estates Court, that I could go out and see for myself, charter my own craft, and be my own pilot.

You gentlemen of Piccadilly who lounge in Rotten Row know very little of the overwhelming excitement produced on one who lives the dreary life of Italian do-nothingness, by the mere sights and sounds of that everyday world in which you move; nor can you measure the mingled confusion and enjoyment of him who hears more in half-an-hour than he had imagined in half a year; and who, just as a man in a balloon sees in one sweep of his vision more of the earth than in a whole lifetime, gains by one fleeting glance a wider, broader, more far-stretching view of humanity than ever before he had attained to.

When I started on my "outing"—as a Cockney would call it—I issued to myself a sort of instruction. I said something like this: Cornelius you are about to revisit a world which is no longer what it was when you last saw it. Many thing

has it forgotten—much has it learned since then. Not to weary with enumeration, bear in mind that the telegraph now usurps all prophecy, except for the winner of the Derby, and that men walk with a light their fathers had not, in the matter of Colenso, and the "Call for trumps." Great movements are also in progress. Wise statesmen have discovered that to redress the inequality of worldly wealth it would be well to intrust the least responsible with political power, to rule those above them, and that a man who pays annually six pounds for his domicile has both the capacity and the leisure to be a politician. Bethink you also that in Ireland the discontent with landlordism is such that grave and profound thinkers have thought of transferring the right of property to the tenant, and seeing if, by a nice adjustment of claims, the peasant might not be disposed to accord some moiety of his surplus gains to the assistance of the once-proprietor.

The Senate and the Stage are also not what you remember them. Canning, nor Plunkett, nor the great Kean or Macready, would now be tolerated. The nation has risen above mere sound and cant; they demand the practical, the palpable, the plainly effective, and hence they prefer to hear Cumming in the pulpit, and Darby Griffith in the House, and would rather have a raw-and-bloody-bones novel of the sensational school than Sir Walter and all his works.

Socially, too, great changes are in operation. The Volunteer movement has gone far to efface class distinctions. The "swell" lies down with the snob; and the influence of this spirit has even extended to the Church, who are beginning to bethink them that even common people have occasionally souls to be saved, and that all ragged folk are not as essentially shut out from heaven as they are denied the franchise. Hence is it that we see bland curates go down among the heathen of the Haymarket, and doctors of divinity drink tea with Delilahs—perilous temptation, that nothing short of piety would confront.

Lastly, I enjoined myself to inquire what progress socialities were making—how about dinners—was the cooking better—was conversation more brilliant—were the talkers wittier—were the *entrées* hotter—was opinion more moderate—expression neater—banter more refined—was there less melted butter—had, as I was taught to believe, positiveness gone out with port, and a more courteous spirit come in with claret—above all, had the influence of woman increased—were the opportunities of its exercise more extended—and were men more cowed by crinolines than their fathers once were by limp petticoats?

Were not these subjects enough for a Special Commission? were not these matters for a very Blue-book itself?

Of course I directed a special attention to Ireland, and to report if I could whether the country was more prosperous in the repletion of her raggedness, or in the debility of a diminished population and a deserted soil. I was also to inquire if the wit had expired with the temperance movement, and whether the drollery of the Irish bar had died out with the decline of fun in the hackney-car men—two facts far more copulative than the connection of Tenterden steeple with the Goodwin sands.

In a word, I was—to use the vulgar but significant expression—to keep my weather eye open on all around me, and so to employ my opportunities that I might return to my mountain fastnesses wiser than I had quitted them. Let me own—for what I am now saying to my readers has the substance of a confession—that my greatest difficulty was to discard from my mind the influence of certain preconceived opinions, and not to find myself an advocate where I ought to be the judge. It would have been, I acknowledge

it, more than agreeable to me to be assured that England was not only stronger, and richer, and greater, but that she was also more tolerant, more charitable, more conciliating in manners, more courteous in forms than I had left her; that Ireland was improving, her people better fed and clothed, and her fields better tilled, with a wider contentment over the land, and the dawn, at least, of a more conciliatory spirit between hostile classes.

I was not sanguine as to certain things. The newspapers had shown me that the attempts to elevate public taste in the matter of public amusements had scarcely been a success. The aspirations of those who would make England artistic were yet to be realized; but I hoped and believed that something had been accomplished in that direction, and that these great raree shows, in these gigantic glass houses, must have had something to produce as fruit.

I did not expect great eloquence anywhere, parliament or pulpit. I did not calculate on any extraordinary dramatic ability; neither did I hope to meet learned conversationalists or original talkers, and I had my reward: "Blessed are they who expect little."

From what I have said it will be seen that if hopeful I was moderate, and that if I wished for much I would still be amply satisfied with a mere moiety of my expectations; and thus thinking and feeling, I set forth on my journey.

Paris is a very trifling portal to those who visit England. Just as the splendid glitter of a gorgeous drawing-room, resplendent with gold and ablaze with wax-lights, is a fierce contrast to the dingy obscurity of the dining-room, dark with mahogany and solemn in its stately sideboard, the pulse of life bounds lightly with gaiety in the one city, and in the other throbs with the laboured force of a plethora. The mass of England strikes one as more powerful, but wanting in elasticity. London is a hypertrophied heart; it has almost outgrown its functions, and has to labour immensely to maintain the circulation; while in Paris the life-blood bounds freely along, animating, stimulating, and invigorating. I know there is a good deal of "make-up" in all this; no small share of rouge, and pearl-powder, and whisker-dye. But, strange to say, the wearer is imposed on by his own artifices, and when he looks in the glass fancies himself as youthful and as fascinating as pearl and enamel would make him.

This self-satisfaction goes a great way in the charming captivation of the French nature. It is out of the perennial spring of this self-esteem that they give us those intoxicating sips that turn all our heads with enthusiasm for their delightful qualities.

Now, we are so bent on being valued for our sterling gifts in England that we put on a little extra ruggedness to make the discovery of them more meritorious. We are so resolved to be prized for our good qualities that we look upon it as a sort of fraud to have graceful ones.

It was on a bright May morning I found myself in that car-drivingest city called Dublin, which, with a few and not very important changes, was exactly as I had left it more than a dozen years before. The most significant alteration was the taking down the railing around the statue of King William, so that the obstruction caused by him of pious memory to the free passage of College Green no longer existed. I wonder, small as the change was, how it was ever accomplished. What a triumph it must have been to Dr. Cullen! and what grief and shame to the Grand Purple somebody in a northern county. There was a statue of Moore, too, a dirty little man hailing a cab! Was this all that Ireland could do for her great lyric poet? It may gratify those who cherish the Union to know that in some points at least the Irish are intensely English, and that in our love of the fine arts,

and especially in what regards sculpture, we are as intensely imbued with bad taste and barbarism as the Saxon himself.

Why cannot we hit upon some perishable material wherewith to commemorate our celebrities, so that our shame should not be perpetual? When a distinguished Irish gentleman once heard that royalty had been graciously pleased to declare the intention of conferring upon him a baronetcy, he pleaded that he was unconscious of any act in his life which could have justly exposed him to his sovereign's displeasure. "At all events," said he, "my innocent child of three years of age could in no way have offended his Majesty. May I entreat, therefore, that the King would graciously commute the sentence to knighthood, so that the disgrace might die with me?"

Could we not hit upon something like for our statues? Why not make them of bog-oak, or better still, of turf?—the material would have its appropriateness in its very nationality; and how pleasant it would be to feel that the ridicule to which we expose our distinguished countrymen should not be transmitted to a late posterity.

Dublin was, as I have said, unchanged. I verily believe that the same carman that used to take me down to the Pigeon-House as a boy drove me to Morrison's. The orangewomen were, in that snug nook next the Provost's house, the same representatives of battered beauty that I remembered them in my freshman days, and the ancient porters, or "Senior fellows," I forget which they call them, at the college gate, looked as austerely academic as in the times of my youth. Shall I own that all this was very gratifying to me? and I felt that I loved the trees in Merrion Square all the more that they were the same little scrubby abortions I had known in my boyhood. What an inexhaustible mine of conservatism is Ireland! how persistently she stands fast where she doesn't go backward; how indolent, how lazy, how devil-may-care looked the whole population!

The International Exhibition was open, a very beautiful and a very interesting sight, but comparatively few went to see it. A review in the Phœnix, or a flower-show, "drew" far better than all the display of foreign art or native manufacture. The forty-something regiment carried the day, as it always did, and the bright-eyed belles of Dublin bestowed their sweetest smiles on those dull Dundrearies, not one of whom did not believe that he owed his success to his personal captivations instead of to that intensely national tendency which induces everything Irish to do the honours of Ireland. I sauntered down to the Four Courts, and it did me good to hear an equity pleading in a brogue that sounded like an Æolian harp over the bog of Allen. Some of those I remembered as jesters were here as judges, not looking so happy at the change as gratitude might have made them. The idlers with the red noses were there still, a shade duskier in garment and a tint rosier in proboscis, but the same in the tone of slang, jocoseness, and slovenly despair as I had ever seen them. A sort of everlasting Decree *nisi* seemed to hang over them, and unless they could be born again, nothing could make them barristers.

Here, however, there was great change. The large incomes that the bar yielded in the days of O'Connell, existed no longer—the leading men not making even half of what the great pleaders realised in those times. I asked often for the explanation: whether the Irish had grown less litigious or more economical in their litigations? Was property less worth fighting for? or were the men who conducted the battle less estimated as pugilists? None could tell me. Perhaps, after all, the crew never work so vigorously at the pumps where the ship has many leaks, as

where the craft has only started a plank and can soon be made stanch again.

There was a look of dreary weariness, of tired-out attention, over every court I entered; and it was only when the crier bawled out Silence! that I knew the court was sitting, and that it was not respectful in the jurymen to yawn so loud.

If there were no fortunes to be made, as little was there any fun. The wit and the wisdom of Ireland were more closely banded together than people usually think. The days of Irish statesmanship were the days of her oratorical brilliancy and her power in reply. The sparkle of the diamond was the test that vouched for the compact structure of the gem; and it was when Burke and Grattan thundered in the House that the lightning of Sheridan's wit dazzled the dinner-table, and the brilliant flashes of Curran's genius lighted up the whole atmosphere of social life.

Talk of being old! I envy the man whose recollection can recall the days of such companionship; and I would rather live in the memory of these giants of old than go down to Star and Garter festivities with our puny jesters and small-fry epigrammatists.

These men's wit was but the subtilisation of their wisdom. In the marvellous chemistry of their minds they could so reduce the substance of long thought that it became capable of administration in the almost impalpable lightness of a jest, and they gave you in an epigram the matter of an epistle.

I must say no more on this theme lest some of my critics, as one has already done, should infer that I was already on the shady side of life at the time of the Union, and that it is out of a head racked with a century of reminiscences I have called forth these memories of bygones.

Dining-out is much cultivated still in the Irish capital, and with no small success. There is a great deal of good looks, some actual beauty, excellent fish, and very tolerable claret. There is, besides—and long may it survive those scores of English imitations Dublin affects—a hearty cordiality that greets you at the threshold, follows you to the drawing-room, goes with you to the dinner-table, and never leaves you till the last shake-hand at parting. Of this I know of no equal anywhere. England assuredly has nothing like it, nor has France, nor Germany, nor Russia, nor Italy. Nowhere that I have ever been have I felt the same atmosphere of kindly geniality—of that courtesy that will not be satisfied with mere politeness, but asks to be accepted as evidence of goodwill, even to friendship. What a priceless charm is shed over intercourse when this element of liking is diffused through it, when the magic of hospitality makes each guest imagine that he sits in a seat of honour, and is there through no mere ritual of a conventionality, but through the claim of real affection!

It was when coming home one night after one of these dinners I began to question myself whether, in sending a foreigner to Great Britain, I should advise him to begin or to end his experiences with Ireland. There was so much to be said for each mode of procedure, that I felt, as Lord Plunkett once said of a doubtful issue, "I'd like to have a hundred pounds to argue it either way."

I believe the analogy of the Turkish bath decided me at last. Begin with the hot stage and end with the cold ablution. It will be more invigorating, not to say that in the temperature you come out you will be fitter to deal with the rest of the world. Hence I say, Take out all your fervour in Ireland, and rely on it the wet-blanket that awaits you across the Channel will soon reduce you to the normal standard, and make you, if not as cool as a cucumber, as cool as a Cockney.

Perhaps I care more for all this than other people with "better regulated minds" would care. Perhaps long absence, perhaps peculiarity of temperament, dispose to make these cordial graces especially dear to me, giving them that character which, in native air, is supposed to retain all its virtue of curability. Perhaps I fancy that in such companionship I feel more myself, more sure of my own resources, more sensible of my own identity. Whatever the cause, I know that I never experience the same lightness of heart, the same capacity for enjoyment, the same readiness to employ whatever faculties I possess, as in Ireland; and as I walked through the old courts of Trinity the other day, I felt a thrill through me as though thirty hard years of struggle and conflict were no more than a troubled ocean, and that there I stood, as ready for heaven knows what of fun or frolic, of freshman's folly, and hot youth's wild gaiety, as when I lived yonder, over there, at No. 2 Chambers, with Frank Webber for my chum, and poor old Gannon — the junior Dean — over my head.

Amongst the most pleasing, though certainly amongst the saddest of my Irish experiences, was the every now and then meeting some grave and reverend signor, a judge mayhap, a law-adviser of the Crown, a vicar-general, or something as dignified, who had once been a member of a strange club, of which, in the hot days of youth, I was an ardent and very devoted upholder. We called ourselves Burschen, with as little resemblance to our German brethren as need be, and we supped together, and made speeches, and sang songs of our own making, and were altogether as I then thought—and now, with thirty more years of life, still think — the wittiest, pleasantest, jolliest, and most *spirituel* fellows that ever sat round a punch-bowl. Our men were the pick of the learned professions, with a small sprinkling of country squires; and if I could only point out the careers which many of them made in after life—the honours they won, and the high rewards they attained to—it would be seen of what stuff that brilliant youth consisted, who chorused the charter song of our order, "The Pope he leads a happy life." Oh dear, when I think of writing that song, and bringing it down to the club, and teaching my comrades the grand old German Lied, I am half ready to believe that it was but yesterday we met; and I think I see the great meerschaum on the red cushion, the symbol of our union; and as my eyes grow dimmer, visions of the gay company in their scarlet waistcoats come thronging round me; and what fine generous hearts beat under those bright vests, and what good-fellowship linked us!

It was very fine fooling, let me tell you; and for a witty doggrel on the topic of the hour, a smart epigram, or a clever bit of drollery, all I have ever since met of *beaux esprits* in my own or in other countries, could not approach comparison with the "Burschen."

I met a few survivors of that *vieille garde*, and in the emotion with which they recalled those glorious nights, I could mark how bright these spots shone through all the dreary savannahs of life; how they clung to them, and treasured them, firmly persuaded that no accident, no hazard, no fortuitous concurrence of events, could ever bring together again such spirits as made the Burschenschaft. Let no one tell me that there is not a soul in a hearty, racy conviviality, and that in those gatherings where men who like each other blend emotions as they mingle in song, rising with the exaltation of the hour to interchange of friendly pledges, that in such there is not a spirit of affectionate attachment that survives time and distance, so that he on the Himalaya shall toast

nim on the Baltic coast, and the icebound sailor in Behring Strait remembers him who is toasting away under the sun of India.

For myself I can say, the sight of one of my old brethren of the Burschenschaft is such a renewal of gone-by triumphs as few actual pleasures can compete with. It is enough to bring up not alone youth, and its warm friendships and strong attachments, but hopes and high ambitions; and though these be not realised in my own case, I can look around me and think how many of those who were amongst our wittiest and best have lived to charm larger audiences and be the delight of more widespread circles than gathered around the board of the Burschen.

In a city so eminently hospitable as Dublin, it must be exceedingly difficult for any Viceroy to represent adequately the high duties that pertain to his station as a host. Where every one entertains, and entertains too at his best, what can the Lord-Lieutenant do to make his receptions distinctive? Certain men endowed with great graces of manner and demeanour were able to infuse the charm of their personality into their hospitalities, but for the most part Viceroys have relied upon their dignity for their social success; and there is a something of Brummagem about the Castle and its officials which to a fun-loving people like the Irish invariably suggests more matter for ridicule than reverence. Indeed, I have heard it gravely propounded that if the Lord-Lieutenancy were to be withdrawn there would be nothing left to laugh at in Ireland.

So far, then, from curtailing, I would increase its splendours. I would restore the privileges and honours of which time has robbed it. There should be ladies in waiting and maids of honour, as well as male followers. Glass-coach days, boards of green cloth, knightings, and such like, should be of more frequent occurrence. The affectation of distinguished Englishmen to play the high-comedy part with a melodramatic gravity is downright insufferable. They know well, or they might know if they do not, that the whole is *pour rire*, and that though we mere Irish pretend to cling to it as a remembrance of our once greatness, a souvenir of a time when our city was a metropolis, we like it better for its blunders, its mock magnificence, its fictitious greatness, and its real insignificance.

The Irishman is the only man in Europe who could laugh at the mistake of the pilot who was wrecking the ship he was aboard of; and in this way he enjoys with a racy drollery the blunders that actually lead to disasters. Fun has a stronger hold on his nature than fate, and you may always pinch his diet if you give him food for a joke.

The women dress better in Dublin than formerly. There is less of that over-decoration about the head, and that neglect of the lower extremities, which poor Thackeray remarked on. In the evening there was far more "freshness" in toilette than I remember of old. They dance, too, with great grace, and all the more to their praise that they have the most execrable ball-music in Christendom. As to good looks, there is not a city of Europe can compete with Dublin. The brows and eyes are of exceeding beauty, the tint of skin and hair is exquisite; the mouth is weak, the chin ill-marked; indeed, it is in the lower part of the Irish face in persons of condition that all that is deficient in expression is found. Amongst the peasants the lower jaw is only too much charged with meaning, and the meaning, ferocity.

I was consoled for the insult that has denied a Volunteer force to Ireland by remarking how comparatively clean shaven were young Irishmen. Clerks in the custom-house were not, as I have seen elsewhere, got up to resemble the Im-

perial Guard; nor were respectable shopmen like *Sapeurs.*

And now I want to say a word about the Exhibition, and I have no time, for my portmanteau is packed, my bill paid, and, as the waiter informs me, Mr. O'Dowd's carriage is at the door.

I am truly sorry to go. I have a sort of lurking fear that I am looking at that old College Park for the last time; that I am taking a long adieu of these *cari luoghi* where as a youth I was wont to saunter of afternoons in that peripatetic flirtation which we freshmen cultivated, singeing our poor wings till we were left past flying. Oh dear! is there a stone in Dame Street we have not sighed over?

"You'll be late, sir," whispers the waiter, and I'm off.

O'DOWD'S EXPERIENCE: "EN VOYAGE."—ACT II.

The night was rough as I crossed the Channel, and though I slept tolerably well, I awoke at times to hear a somewhat active discussion carried on by a party of four, whose accents unmistakably declared them from the north of Ireland. So far as my unwilling ears compelled me to overhear, I gathered that they were Belfast men going over to be examined, or to tender instruction to others about to be examined, as to the late riots in that city.

One of them was evidently a person of some importance, either locally or officially. He was a fat, red-faced, bold man, with an expression of blended bull-dog and purse-pride that haunted me through my dreams; and in the deference shown him by the others, and his own assumption thereupon, there was that which, added to an expression he constantly employed —"I am ready to do much for Belfast"—kept me in a state not far from fever.

If there were only three like him in the Town Council, I can well imagine the city becoming the scene of lawless outrage and savagery. His Dogberry insistance, his violence, and his self-conceit were worse to me than the tossing of the boat and the head-wind; and the refrain of "much for Belfast" rang through my brain amid all the turmoil and trouble of the sea. Punch, too, stimulated his patriotism, and by the time we reached Holyhead he was eminently calculated to do much for Belfast, for he could do nothing at all for himself.

I believe it is fated that by whatever way we approach London some incongruous sight or hideous object should appear to mar the effect and injure the impression which the greatest city of the world ought to produce on the beholder. This is peculiarly the case as you cross the river to the new Charing Cross Station, and in which the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey are totally effaced by that monster of ugliness—that gigantic telescope tube—that forms the new station. Indeed, it may be feared that Exhibition Palaces and vast railway stations will be the grave of all architecture. Perhaps bee-hives and mole-hills should be the appropriate types for the homes and haunts of an industrial people, far more eager in the pursuit of wealth than careful to display themselves in a picturesque attitude.

I think we have a notion, too, that a certain ugliness is essential to all this practical and business life; and just as we hate to see a city man deeply immersed in affairs come out as a dandy, we are satisfied to have the haunts of our industry made as shapeless, as monstrous, and as tasteless, as a refined ingenuity can devise them. The Charing Cross Station, then, must be deemed a great success to the lovers of this school. Glass, iron, and asphalt have combined in it

to do their very utmost towards deformity.

I do not know how much longer the smaller hotels are likely to hold their own against these immense caravansaries which are springing up around us; but I own that they have a great attraction for me in their quietness, their order, and in the absence of those imposing details of accommodation which larger establishments demand, and where the guest has to learn almost as much as the head-waiter; and, for my own part, I am free to confess that I arrive in general far too much fatigued at the end of my journey to care to perfect myself in the manifestoes which are framed and glazed about my room, or to cultivate my faculties in the telegraphic system of signals which summon the housemaid or ask for hot water. I am content to abide by a bell-rope to ring, and a little patience to respond to it; and I never can divest my head of the notion that of those black-coated ushers, who move about with massive chains round their necks, I am destined to find more reminiscences in my "bill" than are altogether agreeable. On the whole, I am disposed to think that the overdone splendour of decoration, and the enormous amount of attendance, are devised rather to captivate those whose habitual mode of life is peculiarly modest and quiet than for such as are accustomed to more of daily luxury and comfort. To the former, a short absence from home in one of these gilded palaces like the Langham or the Grand Hotel must be a sort of enchanted existence. To lounge on silk and be served on silver—to be waited on by an official more imposingly dignified than his own uncle, must have its ecstatic delight for Jones, and impart an amount of enjoyment to his journey far more intense than what he derives from strange sights and sounds—a new place and a new people. What convinces me of this is that these over-gorgeous establishments are the peculiar haunts of the Americans. It is the Yankee who delights in the thousand appliances of modern luxury. It is the rough son of toil who has made his bed on the hard ground, and himself split the log over which he has cooked his own dinner, that loves to sleep on a down mattress, and feed on turtle; and there is no feature of these splendid saloons so striking as the disparity between the furniture and the company.

I was glad to find myself in the old B—— again, so quiet, so orderly, and so scrupulously clean, compared with one of the new-fangled hotels. It was the repose of a country-house after the bustle of a railway station. Your individuality, too, has its respect in these smaller houses. You are not merely 412 or 510—you are Mr. Y., or Mr. X. Your breakfast is served like a meal, not given out as a ration; and in the respectful smile of the waiter as he hands you the 'Times' you have a recognition that you are an admitted member of the great human family, and not a mere accident of humanity with a carpet-bag.

I maintain, too, that you breakfast and dine better in one of these smaller hotels. There is more care taken about the *matériel*, and the cookery is to the full as good. The superiority of the wine is incontestable.

I do not know how it may be with others, but to myself I own a noisy coffee-room is peculiarly disagreeable. There is a decorous solemnity about meal-times which is cruelly jarred on by loud speech or active discussion. When you have disposed the 'Morning Post' against the tea-urn, you want quietness to peruse its columns, far more than to hear how Brown got out of that scrape with the Colonel, or what Jones did at Cremorne. I hope I am not cursed with more irritable nerves than my neighbours, but I have to confess that

the disjointed bits of conversation of strangers around me generally jar upon me most unpleasantly. The small drolleries you would have laughed at from your friends, come to your ears in this way as violations of all taste and all morality. Sensible remarks sound as dreary commonplaces, and little jokes, not too bad to laugh at, appear the most dreary attempt at fun, all because you know nothing of the speakers, have no interest in their natures or their lives, and are even ignorant of their names.

And this may show us what a good thing is that which we call sympathy —how tolerant it makes us—how human! How well it repays us for all we cede to it, and what an admirable investment we make when we like our neighbours!

I have summed up all I can say of London, when I say that it was as new to me, just as noisy, as confounding, as addling, as exciting, as tantalizing and never satisfying, as when first I saw it, thirty-odd years ago.

Just as I feel the roll of the Atlantic is the finest bathing in the world if you be a strong swimmer, so do I believe there is nowhere like London to live in if you be rich enough. It's very poor fun, though, if you can only scramble and struggle, hold on by another, or shout for a life-belt. In such sad plight as this, I fancy, I am just as well in shallow water, stagnant though it be, and a little muddy at bottom.

To be rich enough for London means, to be able to enjoy the best society of Europe, in the midst of more material comforts than ever met together elsewhere. "Non contigit cuique" to live in Park Lane, however; and fortunately for us, small minnows of the great fish-pond, there are little pools and rivulets where we can disport ourselves very pleasantly, and where none of us is so ill mannered as to hint at there being such creatures as whales. Now, though I cannot afford a box at the opera, I should like to go occasionally, of an extra night say; so I would be well pleased if Fortune permitted me now and then to visit this marvellous place for a week or so, to cross over the great bridges —lounge in its parks—eat its fish-dinners—hear a good debate in the House — or, better still, listen to a good dinner conversation, such as I have heard many lately.

I certainly enjoyed myself more in England than I ever remember doing before; and I am graceless enough to believe that I owe it to myself, mainly at least and for this reason, that I found there were scores of things which once on a time used to irritate and annoy that now vexed me no longer. Whether it was that when younger the current of life was more turbulent in its very buoyancy, or that a craving ambition to be something, or to do something, quite beyond me, left me restless and fevered, but so it was. I always found myself in London very cross that I was not rich, that I had not a house in Piccadilly and a seat in Parliament, that I was not as much sought after as this, or as much in request as that other; in fact, that I was such a mere "waif" there was no one so poor as to claim me. Well, time has rolled on and made me no better—far from it, only so much older, more wayworn, and more stupid; but as a sort of compensation it has made me more patient. I no longer fret that my place is below the salt; the fare is very good after all, and scores of pleasant fellows, I well know how much better than myself, sit there also. Our own fault is it, if we keep our eyes on those at the head of the table, and long for the costly viands that are served to them; our diet is good and wholesome, and very pleasant is the company who partake of it.

I recognise in the world now innumerable traits of kindliness, good nature, good feeling, and generosity, that I should once have denied it.

I am certain when men are in good health the right predominates in their nature over the wrong; and I am equally sure that to enjoy this conviction, a man must arrive at the no less wholesome conviction that he himself has got fully as much as he deserves from his fellow-men. Now, it was this same sentiment acting in a variety of ways that made me enjoy London immensely. I had lived long enough in the world to survive many delusions of my own weaving. And I have also come to find out that there is much of solid good—much that is worthy and much that is amiable—in many things that I once disparaged, just as if a man who, having kept by him the notes of a broken bank, were one day to be told that the concern was paying a dividend. There you have at once something of what I experienced in London.

So far as my opportunities extended, I should say that they dine better in England than of yore, they talk better, and they dress better. I don't think the House of Commons so eloquent as I once remember it; and I am sure that the drama is just as dull, and the acting as intensely vulgar as ever; but what is to be done with an audience who never laugh except at old jokes that they are used to, and must have their drollery, as infants have their food, made easy for mastication before it reaches them?

There is more beauty amongst the women, and more boredom amongst the men of England, than in all the rest of Christendom. The official people are a pestilence of pomposity and dulness that overlays the nation like a sea-fog, and there is no human thing I hold in so much dread as a Government chief-clerk, except it be the little man with the long body and the gauze spectacles, who sits at the door of the House of Commons and flings back your card so disdainfully when you have omitted the name of the member you fain would ask to protect you.

I don't know how I should feel in the body of the House, but if the Speaker were to renew in me the mingled awe and abhorrence with which he of the blue gauze inspires me, I am almost glad that I have not a seat amongst the collective wisdom of Great Britain.

As to the House itself, I believe I can understand why it is that foreigners generally are so very little impressed by its forms or by its appearance. It is eminently commonplace—the dignity of a few does not leaven the mass, and the mass, there is no denying it, have a sort of vestry-quarter-session-like air that is neither distinctive nor elevated. Nor is it the abode of high eloquence. I heard what I was informed was an animated debate. It was on the Catholic Oaths Bill. Perhaps I expected too much—perhaps (and I suppose it may be the better "perhaps") I have too little experience of the forms of these discussions to know the class of arguments that are effective; but it certainly seemed to me that the speakers always took a very low estimate of the question they supported, advocated their opinions from low grounds, and appealed to very small sympathies besides.

Compared with a good debate in the French Chamber, the speaking, as speaking, was very inferior. I am told, and I am willing to believe, that in proportion as we are illogical we are practical, and that our national good sense is never so very conspicuous as when we do something that no amount of casuistry could maintain.

My very brief experience as a listener under the gallery sent me away thinking that all the fluent men were the feeble ones, and that the two or three bungling stammering speakers had really something to say, if they could only hit upon the way to say it. Very poor jokes had a great success, but there

was little mercy extended to solemn stupidity, and the grave bore was treated with much indignity.

On the whole, I think I'd rather read of them all in my 'Times' than hear them; and though I am free to own it would be a great triumph to my *amour propre* to be able to pass on before my friend of the gauze spectacles uninterrogated and unstopped, I suspect that, after the first burst of exultation were over, I am just as well off here under my vines and fig-trees.

I have heard it said that able men, when gathered into a compact union, by no means maintain the great superiority which their separate and individual excellence would seem to warrant; at the same time, that inferior capacities benefit immensely by amalgamation; and thus is it parliaments disappoint and military messes astonish us. I leave the problem to wiser heads than my own—and, I hope, even to a cooler season than the present—to decide upon.

One thing there was which never ceased to surprise me, the great uniformity of thought and sentiment in each of the two great party divisions of the empire. Every man and every woman either thought Mr. Gladstone a phœnix of statecraft or an infuriated dangerous democrat. Each saw in Lord Russell the hope of English foreign policy, or a meddling, obstructive, obtrusive minister—ever offering unwanted advice, and whenever snubbed and insulted, pointing to his patience under indignity as the sign of a pacific policy:—the avowed respect of all sides for Lord Palmerston only showing how far greater a gift it is that a ruler of men should understand human nature—its many-sided moods—than that he should be a great orator, a great financier, a great rhetorician, or a profound thinker.

It says a good deal for the man, it says something for the nation, when qualities such as his should have this immense success—when the sentiment of the "family" should so extend to a whole people, that they would consent to be governed by the same sort of homely dictates as would apply to a household. What a precious gift is this same geniality! How it binds up together, too, a mass of other qualities—a sort of moral "annular ligament" that imparts strength and symmetry together!

The man who, with an instinctive rapidity, can say what scores of other men separated from him in class, station, and sentiment will pronounce upon any measure—how they will regard it, what hope and what fear from it—whether dread its consequences or laugh at its provisions, such a man will always have great qualities for the leadership of an assembly like the House of Commons.

And it is in this very fact we see the vast superiority of the House to every other parliamentary assembly in Europe. In England, Parliament is a living thing. It is not a debating society, nor an arena; it is a thing of human feelings and passions. It has a heart—a somewhat hard heart at times—but it never ceases to beat boldly and bravely. I have never met with but one foreign statesman who either could comprehend this characteristic, or who could himself, had he been born an Englishman, have displayed in his own person the advantages of our system. This was Cavour. Cavour would have been as great in Westminster as he was in the Palazzo Carignano. Indeed, I am by no means certain England would not have been to such a man his truest, most appropriate field of action.

How well the women ride in the Park! how easily—how jauntily—how confidently! How little does that hot-tempered chestnut interrupt the attention that pale girl with the blonde ringlets is bestowing on the whiskered cavalier at her

side! and how pleasantly that laugh rings out from her yonder, whose mettlesome grey plunges like a fish! They sit like centaurs. I can't say as much in praise of their "hands" —some are "hard"—almost all are careless. Now the fact is, riding, like whist, demands an undivided attention. You must be a perfect master of either. You must, so to say, have imbibed every precept and every knack into your system as a part of yourself, before you can dare to divert your attention from either your horse or your "hand."

Not talk because I'm on horseback—not flirt because my mare is a buck-leaper! Oh! Mr. O'Dowd, you are not serious? I am, my dear Julia, perfectly serious; and I say if the nag be worth riding, he will require far more of your watchfulness and devotion than you are disposed to withdraw from Cornet Blaze of the Blues.

Mind, I do not pretend that you will either smash his knees or be thrown. I do not anticipate any serious mishap to your horse or yourself. I only say you will do both your dumb beasts more justice if you will think of your hand when you are "out," and of your heart when you come home.

And why do I give you these counsels? Because you are not alone more beautiful and more graceful, more charmingly feminine and more fascinating in every way, than all the other women in Europe; but you are more sweet-voiced and more gentle, and ten thousand times more lovable, than them all. Be perfection, then—and it is so easy for you! And when you only remember how lamentably devoid of any individual interest in these counsels is he who gives them—he who only saw you passing by, and may never see you again—take them at least forgivingly.

I had a number of things in my head a minute ago about fish dinners, railroad smashes, poisoning, Mr. Fechter, and 'The Owl,' but these charming canterers have scampered off with me, and I am away over imaginary prairies, and I know I shall never be back in time for the post.

PICCADILLY: AN EPISODE OF CONTEMPORANEOUS AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

PART VI.

I AM now about to venture upon the very thinnest ice upon which fool ever rushed. The fact is, I am morally trembling like an aspen; but somebody must do it. I have put it off for five months, and tried to work up my courage by hammering away at the fashionable world, but they take it like lambs. Dear people, whatever their vices may be, they never resent criticism. Whether their consciences tell them they are superior to it, or whether they have not got consciences, I don't know, but, on the whole, the fashionable world is an easy, good-natured world; but oh, not so that other world, which is still essentially "the world," and very necessary to keep unspotted from, though it is thankful that it is not as that other world is, from which in its humility it takes care to distinguish itself by the self-applied epithet of "religious." It grieves me to think of the number of my friends whom I will pain by presuming to touch upon this subject, to say nothing of the righteous indignation I shall call down from those whose function it has been to give, not take, reproof. The great art of the "worldly-holies"—not, I believe, deliberately practised, but insensibly acquired—is to confuse in the minds of the poor dear "wholly-worldlies" the sublime religion which they profess, with their mode of professing it. So they would have it to be understood that, when you find fault with their practices, you are reflecting upon that very religion, the precepts of which they seem to some utterly to ignore. The "religious world" is no more composed of exclusively good men and women than the Episcopalian Church is. I will even venture to go further, and say that the good men and women in it are a very small minority, judging only from the public performances of the "worldly-holies" in matters in which humility, sincerity, self-sacrifice, and toleration are concerned. And if you want a proof of it, ask your friends in the religious world if they agree in what I say of it, and the very few you may find who do, will be that small minority of whom I spoke.

I am perfectly ready to admit that I have no more right to preach to them than they have to preach to me. I only ask those among them who are sincere, to believe that I am actuated by the same desire to improve them that they are to do good to me. It is not merely in their own interest, but in the interest of their fellow-men, that I venture to write thus, and to point out to them that, if they "live the life," instead of talking the talk, they might attract instead of repelling that other world which they condemn. It is not living the life to form a select and exclusive society, with its vanities and its excitements, and its scandals and its envyings and jealousies, which keeps itself aloof from the worldly world, on the ground that it embodies and represents a religion of love. Those who sit in Moses's seat are not on that account examples of the "life;" on the contrary, "whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do; but do not ye after their works, for they say and do not."

Above all, do not confound the Pharisee with the religion, or suppose that an attack on the one in any way implies irreverence towards the other. This is a very important distinction to make, as I am about to describe a religious entertainment at Lady Broadbrim's with the religion left out, which will draw down

upon me much odium. There is, in fact, no stronger proof of the force and despotic power of the Phariseeism of the present day, than the unpopularity which one incurs by attempting to expose it. Christians, in the real sense of the term, were always told to expect persecution, and now, as in old time, the quarter from which it comes is the religious world. It is a hard saying, and one which, unfortunately, nobody has yet been found worthy to prove; but whenever he comes into this city of London, who can embody in himself the life and live it, he will be repudiated by "the worldly-holies."

"The Countess of Broadbrim requests the pleasure of Lord Frank Vanecove's company at a conversazione on Thursday the 22d, at nine o'clock.

"The Bishop of the Caribbee Islands will give some account of mission work in his diocese."

That was the form of the card; and at nine punctually I responded to the invitation which it contained.

For the benefit of those of my readers who have never been admitted within the sacred precincts of the religious world, I should tell them that there is nothing in their outward appearance to distinguish them from the other world. The old ladies come in, followed by trains of daughters, furbelowed and flounced by the same dressmakers who clothe worldly people: but there is a greater variety of men—the older ones are often snuffy, and look unwashed. They constantly wear thick boots, and their black waistcoats are not embroidered, and button higher up, which gives them a more staid appearance. They are generally pervaded by an air of complacency and calm superiority, and converse in measured unctuous accents, checkered by beaming smiles when they are not contradicted. The youths, on the other hand, present in most cases an intellectually weak aspect. They are quite as much addicted to flirting with the young ladies as if they belonged to the other world, but want that hardihood, not to say impertinence, which characterises the lavender-gloved tribe who are still heathens. The arrangement of the room is somewhat that of a private concert, only instead of a piano is a table, behind which are seated Joseph Caribbee Islands, Chundango, and several other lay and clerical performers. In the centre of this table is a vase, which Joseph hopes to see filled with subscriptions before the proceedings terminate. There is a suspicion, however, that things may not go off quite smoothly, as a lay member present, who does a good deal of amateur preaching, intends to take him to task about certain unsound views which we know our friend Joseph entertains. I am sorry to say that some of the young gentlemen leaning in the doorway, where I stand, anticipate this encounter with apparent satisfaction. Among them is Broadbrim, who has never once taken his eyes off "Wild Harrie." That young lady is more plainly dressed than anybody else in the room. Her hair is neatly and modestly drawn back. She might have risked a *chignon*, but she had never been to an entertainment of this kind before, and did not know how they dressed; her eyes are only now and then furtively raised, and she takes a quick glance round the room, winding up with Broadbrim; and a twitching at the corners of her mouth makes me envy Amy Rumsort, who will, no doubt, receive a most graphic and embellished report of the whole affair. There is a good deal of murmuring and rustling and getting into places, and a few hardy men manage to squeeze themselves next the crinoline of their especial desire, and then they go on whispering and tittering to each other, till Joseph says, in a very loud tone—Ahem!

On which a general silence. It seems as impossible and incongru-

ous for me to write here what now takes place, as it did at the time to take part in it. It requires no stretch of imagination on the part of my readers to divine what movement it was which caused the next general rustle. Remember that a great proportion of these young ladies were brought here by their mammas, and in their secret souls would at that moment have rather been at a ball, but their mammas disapproved of balls, and made them do this instead. Now, tell me which was most wrong? I knew of one young lady, at least, whose object in coming was not to do what she was then doing. How many young men would have been there had there been no young ladies? and what were they all thinking about now? And as I looked at the subscription vase, and listened to the monotonous voice of a "dear Christian friend" behind it, who had been called upon to open the proceedings, I thought, Can it be possible that these are those of whom it is said, "they devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayer"? Can it be possible to put anything into that vase without the right hand knowing what the left hand is doing, and all the people seeing both hands? Is not "the trumpet" even now being "sounded" by "the hypocrites" "that they may have glory of men"? Is there in fact any difference, practically, between kneeling in Lady Broadbrim's drawing-room, by way of an after-dinner entertainment, and loving "to pray standing in the synagogues, and in the corners of the streets, that you may be seen of men"? Is there any part of a clergyman's dress called a phylactery, and if so, when he becomes a bishop, does the hem of it become broader? and if it was wrong for a priest in Jerusalem, eighteen hundred years ago, to be called "Rabbi, Rabbi," is it less wrong for one in London now to be called "My lord, My lord"?

I was thinking how much more usefully Bishop Colenso would have been employed in pointing out these anomalies in the practice of his religion, instead of the discrepancies in its records, and what a much stronger case the Zulu might have made out against Christians if he had known as much of the countries which they inhabit as I do, when the rustling again became general, and the monotonous voice ceased.

"Dear Christian friends," began Joseph — and here I may remark that this epithet is only applied by the worldly-holies to one another — one of the chief characteristics of those who belong to the religious world being constantly to talk as though they were a privileged few, a chosen flock, and as though that new commandment, "that ye love one another," was applicable only as among themselves, and consisted chiefly in addressing one another in affectionate and complimentary terms. Even these they withhold, not merely from the wholly-worldlies, but from those who differ from them upon all points of doctrine which they assume to be vital. Hence, by constantly toadying and flattering each other, they insensibly foster that description of pride which apes humility, and acquire that air of subdued arrogance which is so displeasing to society at large. So when Joseph said, "Dear Christian friends," there was clearly written on the self-satisfied faces of most of the audience, "that is the least you can say of us," or words to that effect.

Now let me in a little more detail tell who some of these friends were. The religious world in London being a very large and well-to-do world, they want religious lawyers, and religious bankers, and religious doctors; they like to get their wine from somebody who holds sound views, but I think they cease to be so particular about the principles of those from whom they get their bonnets.

However that may be about trades, the demand is immediately met in all the professions, and young men starting in life with a "connection" in the religious world must belong to it if they wish to succeed. This is another anomaly. In former times it involved stripes, persecution, poverty, and contumely to be a "Christian:" but a "dear Christian friend" of the present day need be afraid of none of these things. He would never be called mad for making a profession of the views of the early Christians; but he would if, with a good religious opening in a professional point of view, he declined to take advantage of it. Then look what society it gets you into—you become a sort of brother; and, I am sorry to say, I know several young men who saw no chance of getting into the fashionable world, and who took to the other as a good introduction. In fact there was one standing in the doorway with me, the son of a solicitor I knew at Dunderhead, who was in the office of his uncle, who was Lady Broadbrim's solicitor. Do you think either he or his uncle were sincere, or that he would have ever had the slightest chance of paying attention to Lady Bridget, which he positively had the presumption to do, if he had not enrolled himself in the band of "dear Christian friends"? He is a very good hand at the doctrine of love when the people to be loved are the aristocracy. He has just invited me on the part of his uncle to a conversazione, at which will be exhibited a converted Aztec, and at which that Christian solicitor, whose wife is a fat woman fanning herself in the front row, will positively induce the great majority of those now here, including a fair sprinkling of persons with titles, to be present.

Now far be it from me to imply that there are not earnest, sincere, and to some extent self-sacrificing, professors of the Christian religion, who I know will persist in mistaking me, and imagine that by writing thus I bring the religion itself into contempt. I say again that those who bring it into the most contempt are those who profess it most, and that it is to counteract their prejudicial influence upon society that I venture to incur their animosity.

I shall not report Joseph's speech at length, still less attempt to follow Chundango in his unctuous remarks, in the course of which he lavished flattery upon his audience to an extent even beyond what they could bear; they swallowed it, however, with tea and ices, which were handed round, but I got so worked-up at last by a smooth-faced man who was describing what he had gone through for the sake of the heathen, while he was living luxuriously in one of the most charming little mission establishments which I have ever visited, that I made the following remarks:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—When I came here this evening nothing was further from my purpose than to address you. I cannot allow, however, the remarks of the Bishop of the Caribbee Islands of Mr. Chundango, or of the Rev. Mr. Beevy to pass unnoticed.

"The Bishop of the Caribbee Islands, in the course of the very graphic account which he has given you of the progress of conversion in his diocese, and of the number of interesting and instructive death-beds which he has witnessed, has entered into a calculation by which it would appear that the average cost of the conversion of a human soul in those islands is a little over £6. Ladies, you pretend to believe that, but you don't. It would be impossible for you to sit there with strings of lost human souls round your necks, and what would keep an infant school in each ear, if you really believed that you could save a soul for six pounds. You come here and listen to gentlemen who give you an account of the sacrifices they make for the heathen, and of results which do not look

so well on the spot as on paper; and because you throw a pound into that vase in the presence of the company, you think that you have done something for them too. 'They may give up all,' you say, 'but you can't afford to save more than two or three souls per annum.'

"Ladies and gentlemen, as far as my experience goes, you neither of you give up anything for the heathen. I cannot, therefore, share in your wonder at the barren results of your missionary efforts. The Church Missionary Society, for instance, offers to a young man of the lower middles" (Mr. Beevy's father was a butcher, so I did not like to enter more fully into this part of the subject) "the opportunity of becoming a reverend and a gentleman, and thus advancing a step in society. It gives him £300 a-year to begin with, £80 a-year more with his wife, £20 a-year with his first child, and £10 a-year with each succeeding olive branch. It educates these free of expense at Islington, and it pays an indefinite number of passages between England and the "mission field," according as the health of the family requires it; and permit me to say that, if to receive between £400 and £500 a-year in a tolerable climate, with a comfortable house rent free, and the prospect of a pension at the end, is to give up all for the heathen, I have myself made the experiment without personal discomfort. Perhaps I speak with a certain feeling of bitterness on this subject, for I cannot forget that upon one occasion while residing among the heathen a gentleman who had sacrificed his all for them outbid me for a horse at an auction after I had run him up to sixty guineas. With such a magnificent institution as this for supplying 'purse' and 'scrip' and for 'taking thought for the morrow' in the way of pensions, &c., tell me honestly whether you think you deserve real, not nominal conversions? You have instituted a sort of 'civil service,' with which 'you compass sea and land to make one proselyte.' You go to him with a number of bibles, Armstrong guns, drunken sailors, and unscrupulous traders, a combination which goes to make up what you call 'civilisation,' and you wonder that your converts are actuated by the same motive which my own servant once told me induced him to leave his own religion, in which he could not venture to get drunk, and become a Christian.*

"Do you think it is the fault of the religion that you don't make converts, or the fault of the system under which it is propagated? If you gave up 'the enticing words of man's wisdom,' and tried a little of 'the demonstration of the spirit and of power,' don't you think the result would be different? If you are only illumined by 'a dim religious light' yourselves, how do you expect to dissipate the gross darkness of paganism? You have only got an imitation blaze that warms nobody at home, and you wonder when you take it abroad that it leaves everybody as cold and as dead as it finds them.

"My dear Christian friends, in the face of the living contradiction which we all present in our conduct to the religion we profess, our missionaries can only convince the heathen of the truth of Christianity by living the life upon which that religion is based, by means of which it can alone be powerful, and which is only now not lived by Christians, because, as was prophesied, there is no 'faith on the earth.' I have spoken to you faithfully, even harshly, but, believe me, I have done so in a spirit of love. If you can take it in the same spirit, I shall feel I have done you a great injustice."

I was so excited while delivering myself of these observations that I

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* *N. B.*—Both this and the incident of the horse are facts which did actually occur to the writer.

was quite unconscious of the effect I was producing. I remember there was a deathlike silence, and that when I sat down the gentlemen behind the table looked flushed and agitated. Mr. Beevy first rose to reply to observations which, he said, reflected upon him personally, no less than upon the society to which he was proud to say he belonged. He then explained the circumstances under which he had been induced to give £65 for the horse; and retaliated upon me in language which I will spare my readers now, as they will see it in the 'Record,' when that organ of the "worldly-holies" does me the honour to review this veracious history. The religious world has a more choice catalogue of epithets for their enemies than any other section of the community. I need not therefore suggest "ribald" as appropriate to the present occasion. It was the term applied to me by the amateur lay-preacher after Mr. Beevy sat down. Finally, the proceedings terminated in some confusion; before they did, however, I rose again to point out how completely the conduct of those present had proved my case—either the faults to which I alluded existed, and there was nothing more to be said; or I had buffeted them without cause, and they had *not* "taken it patiently," a course of conduct quite inexcusable in a meeting composed exclusively of dear Christian friends. If there is a thing I yearn for, it is the love of my fellow-men. By making the "worldly-holies" consider me an enemy, I ought to secure an unusual share of their affection. Remember, now, if you abuse me for this, it is unchristian; if you leave me alone, you will be treating me "with the contempt I deserve," and that is unchristian too; the right thing for you to do is to take the charitable view, to admit that my motives may be good, even if the means employed are injudicious. When I am abruptly asked in an omnibus, by an entire stranger, who may happen to belong to the "straitest sect," the most solemn question which one man can put to another, I do not resent it. I believe he is sincerely trying to "awaken me" with "a word in season." I question the taste, but I respect the motive, Do the same to me, dear friends. We are all bad, and I am far worse than any of you; but still I may show how bad the best of us are. By living in a fools' paradise here, we shall not qualify ourselves for the other one to come. Depend upon it, we are all a great deal too comfortable to be safe.

"Lord Frank," said Lady Broadbrim while Joseph was emptying the vase and pocketing the contents, and the rest of the world was beginning to circulate, "had I known that your object in coming here this evening was to insult my guests, I certainly should not have asked you."

"You do me an injustice, Lady Broadbrim," I said. "Nothing was further from my purpose when I came here this evening than to have said anything. I supposed by your sending me the card that you wanted to see me, and came; but my conscience would not allow me to remain silent under the circumstances."

"Nothing can justify such conduct," said her ladyship, more angry than I had ever seen her. "I cannot say how truly grateful I am that it is all at an end between you and Ursula;" and Lady Broadbrim shuddered at the idea of my having exhibited myself as I had done, if I had been her son-in law.

"It was to show you what an escape you had made, and reconcile you to the disappointment, that I expressed my sentiments so strongly," I said, maliciously. All my better nature seemed to leave me as I found myself involved in a fresh encounter with this woman, who certainly possesses the art of raising my devil beyond any one I ever met.

"I can't talk to you now," said Lady Broadbrim, who did not wish to be too manifestly discovered without her Christian spirit, though there was not much of it left in anybody in the room. "I see Mr. Beevy coming this way, and to avoid any unpleasantness you had better not stay any longer just now. Come to-morrow at twelve;" and she intercepted the missionary as he was advancing towards me with a somewhat truculent air. All this time I had seen, but not had an opportunity of exchanging a word with, Ursula, who occupied an obscure corner, and seemed anxious to attract as little notice as possible. I made my way to her now. She looked careworn and nervous.

"I am afraid your remarks do not seem to have given satisfaction, Lord Frank," she said; "and if I may venture to say so, I think you might have said what you did in language less calculated to give offence. I quite agreed with you in the main, but do you think you will do good by thrusting truths home with so little ceremony?"

"I caught the habit from the class I was attacking, I suppose. They seldom realise the harm they do by their disagreeable mode of inculcating precepts they don't practise, and they never get preached to, though they listen to sermons twice every Sunday."

"But don't you think you fairly lay yourself open to the charge of presumption in thus taking to task men who have made theology their study, and in condemning a whole set of people, who, if they occasionally are indiscreet, are most of them sincere, and certainly do a great deal of good? Are you sure your own religious opinions are sufficiently formed to warrant you in commenting so strongly on the views of others?"

"I don't comment on their views, but on their conduct. While we are not to judge others, we are also told that by their fruits we shall know them. It does not require a profound knowledge of the dogmas of a creed to perceive the effect it has upon those who profess it. Fortunately I have thought for myself, and if I have come at last firmly to believe in the religion, I should never have done so had I attempted to believe in its professors."

"Then you think the form in which Christianity is professed and practised prejudices the cause of true religion?" said Lady Ursula.

"I have not a doubt of it. Our friends here 'bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders, but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers.' If you will substitute charitable bazaars for races, oratorios for operas, conversaziones like this for balls, and otherwise conform to the 'letter' which they have established, they accept you as a brother, but there is very little difference in the 'spirit' which pervades the so-called religious, and that which pervades the worldly excitements. The 'mint, anise, and cummin' are there; but the 'judgment' is perverted, the 'mercy' limited, and the 'faith' barren. However, we are getting into rather too theological a discussion, and Broadbrim looks as if he was anxious to interrupt us."

"I think he is quite happy where he is," replied Lady Ursula. "You know Miss Wylde, whom he got mamma to ask here to-night, don't you?"

"A little. By the way, did he go down to Ascot after all, and did he tell you the especial motive he had in view?"

"Yes, I recommended him to go, as I think he is too much accustomed to walk in the groove in which he has always found himself, and as I do not see much difference, in a matter of that kind, between wanting to go and going. He came back thoroughly dissatisfied, having failed to do more than exchange a few words with Miss Wylde, by whom he seems thorough-

ly infatuated. Can you tell me something about her?"

I gave Ursula an account of "Wild Harrie," based on Spiffy's information, not very flattering, I am afraid, to that young lady, and wound up with something about putting Broadbrim on his guard.

"I don't quite agree with you there," she replied; "opposition will not improve matters in his case, and you must forgive me for not taking the unfavourable view of Miss Wylde's character that you have given me. I really think Broadbrim has, for the first time in his life, fallen in love, and the best way to take care of him will be to know intimately the lady of his choice, so I shall interrupt their *tête-à-tête* with the view of cultivating Miss Wylde."

"But what will Lady Broadbrim say to such an alliance? Miss Wylde has not got a farthing."

"I don't think he need anticipate any opposition from mamma, —at all events not just now," said Lady Ursula, with a sigh, and I knew there was a secret grief which she could not tell hidden in her words. "I am so glad that Broadbrim is above the consideration of money, and has really allowed himself to be carried away by his feelings, that I feel quite grateful to Miss Wylde, and inclined to love her already."

"I think they are going to commence operations of some sort again," I said, as I saw the enemies I love, but who don't return the affection, ranging themselves behind the table; "part two is about to begin, so I shall make my escape. Perhaps I shall see you to-morrow; I am coming to call on Lady Broadbrim," and I left Lady Ursula, and had to squeeze past Broadbrim and Wild Harrie. "You seem interested," I said to the latter, "as you are going to stay."

"I suppose you don't intend to show any more sport, Lord Frank, as you are going, so the best of the fun is over. I was just telling Lord Broadbrim how I enjoyed that brilliant burst of yours; it was worth anything to watch the expressions on the countenances of the gentlemen who thought they were having it all their own way till you got up. I want Lord Broadbrim to follow your lead, but it seems he considers himself 'a dear Christian friend.' We must break him of that, mustn't we? It is a very bad 'form.' I suppose you don't know what that expression means," Wild Harrie went on, her eyes dancing with mischief as she turned to Broadbrim.

The struggles which that young gentleman's conscience was having with his affections were manifestly portrayed on his countenance, and Wild Harrie evidently was amusing herself by shocking his feelings. I must do her the justice to say that I don't think she could play the hypocrite if she tried; and I began to hope, as I looked at her frank reckless face, that her sins were more on the surface than in the heart. "I suppose you mean a form of worship," said Broadbrim; "I wish you would not talk in this way. Whenever I try to have a little serious conversation with you, you turn it off with a joke. I must say," he added, sententiously, "that the style of young ladies' conversation in the present day is open to great improvement."

"I tell you what, Lord Broadbrim," she retorted, "we will put each other through a course of training; you shall improve my conversation and 'style of going' generally, while I try to bring you into a little harder condition than you are at present. You have no idea of his innocence, Lord Frank, considering that he is a rising statesman upon whom the hopes of the Liberal party are fixed. I asked him just now, *apropos* of the speech he threatens us with, 'if he felt fit,' and he blushed to that degree that I felt quite shy. There was no harm in my saying that, was there?"

"None that I know of," said I;

"but we are attracting general attention by talking so loud. Good-bye, Miss Wylde. I am afraid I must disturb you, Broadbrim; your sister can't hear where she is, and wants your place," and I walked off the young gentleman, to Wild Harrie's disgust, and saw with satisfaction that Lady Ursula took his vacated seat.

"What a curious thing it is," said Broadbrim, "that I should find in Miss Wylde something which is to me so attractive! I daresay you think it odd my taking you so much into my confidence; but, except Ursula, I have no one to whom I can speak openly, and it is such a relief sometimes."

"On these occasions specially," said I.

"Do you know, I think that if I had her all to myself I could cure her faults, for I am quite alive to them. Don't you think there is something very fresh and natural about her?"

"Fresh, certainly, in what she would call the 'skittish' sense. As for the natural part of it, I should require to know her better before giving my opinion."

"You know," he went on, "she is the last person in the world with whom I imagined it possible I could have been in love: she says the most dreadful things sometimes—and I am afraid they amuse me more than they should; there is no doubt about her being immensely clever, but she is quite taken up with the world as yet."

"Not more than you are, my dear Broadbrim; come and walk home with me: you will be back in time to put the Wyldes into their carriage, and I want to speak to you.' I led him unresistingly to his coat and hat in the hall, and braved the stern gaze of a butler who apparently dressed after Mr. Beevy, and who, when I arrived, had smiled blandly upon me as being 'one of us,' for all the servants in Lady Broadbrim's establishment were guaranteed converted—"No servants whose principles are not strictly evangelical, and who are unable to produce unexceptionable testimony as to their personal piety, need apply"—that was the form of the advertisement, and the consequence was that every menial in the house had brought a certificate of his or her entire change of heart from their last place. Lady Broadbrim was also very particular about the theological views of the family they had just left.

The butler frowned severely upon me now, for he had been standing in the doorway with the curaçoa when I was addressing the meeting, no doubt sympathising keenly with Mr. Beevy (I found out afterwards that Lady Broadbrim was educating his son for the "work"), and said to Broadbrim, "does her ladyship know you are going away, my lord?"

"No," said Broadbrim, with some hesitation. "I don't think she does. I am coming back again soon."

"I think, my lord, I shall have to let her ladyship know—perhaps your lordship will wait. James, mind the door." This meant that James was not to open it.

"Stop, my friend," I said; "your conscience tells you that you should not be a party to this irregularity on the part of his lordship,—is not that so?" I asked.

"Yes, my lord," said the butler, rigidly.

"I will accompany you to Lady Broadbrim, then, to explain the circumstances. Be good enough to follow me," and I led the way upstairs. I should like to try a practical experiment upon this blackguard, I thought, as I found myself alone with him. I have no doubt he knows a great deal of what is going on, and that his character is not unimpeachable. I will assume him to be a rogue, capable of any amount of 'pious frauds,' and, as such, to be well informed.

"Look here, my man," and my

manner totally changed. "I remember you of old; there is a certain little episode of yours connected with a police court." I watched eagerly for a moment, as it was just possible, though not probable, that I might be mistaken in this hypothesis, but his lip quivered and his cheek blanched. I was right: he could not have answered Lady Broadbrim's advertisement and been unacquainted with police courts.

"My lord," he interrupted, indignantly.

"Hold your tongue, you mealy-faced scoundrel, and listen to me, or I will make a few enquiries into your present mode of life which will not suit you. I want to know what is going on here, d'ye hear?" And I pulled a five-pound note from my pocket. "I want to know when Lady Broadbrim goes into the City, what she does there; and when she stays at home, who comes here; and, in fact, I want to know what she is up to at this moment?" Now I know my readers will think I am as unprincipled as the butler, with whom this transaction, and the terms in which it was conducted, placed me on a level; but they must remember that I have been much neglected in my youth, that I have mixed much with ruffians in all parts of the world, and that there is a certain reckless defiant vein in me which now and then breaks out in spite of every effort on my part to repress it. I never made any attempt to conceal this defect in my character from the first. In the long-run I manage to go pretty straight, but I take spasmodic jumps off the line sometimes before I know where I am. So I am very sorry for what I did about the butler. I don't defend it; I only narrate it because it actually happened, and because it was productive of a curious and important result.

He looked at me, and then he looked at the five pounds. "Shall I brazen it out and still hold on to the square? or shall I say, Blow the square, and go in for the ready?" That was the sentiment, expressed probably in words to that effect, which was passing through his mind. He decided on "blowing the square" after another glance at my face,—it is astonishing what an expressive countenance one may acquire after a few years at the diggings,—and slowly opened his palm.

"This way, my lord," and I followed him through a door on the landing, from which I emerged five minutes later, a wiser if not a better man.

"What a time you have been!" said Broadbrim. "I suppose you have been arguing the point with my mother?"

"No, I left that to Drippings here." I did not know his name, but my spirits were high, and I gave him the first my imagination suggested. "You have no idea what a treasure your mother has got in this man. I assure you there is no knowing what you may not owe to the influence for good of one devoted Christian servant of this kind—the proof of it is, as you see, that Lady Broadbrim is perfectly willing that you should do what you like for the rest of the evening. Good-night, Drippings," and I passed the bewildered James, who evidently thought that both I and the terrified-looking butler had gone suddenly mad.

"Broadbrim," said I, "I have hit upon an entirely new and original idea. I am thinking of trying it myself, and I want you to try it too."

"Well," said Broadbrim, "I am never surprised at anything you say or do; what is it?"

"It has been suggested to me by what I have seen at your mother's this evening—and you may depend upon it there is a great deal to be said in its favour; it is an odd thing it has not occurred to anybody before, but that leaves all the better opening for you and me."

"Well, go on," said Broadbrim, whose curiosity was getting excited.

"Don't be in a hurry; it is possible you may not like the idea when you hear it, and under no circumstances must you tell it to anybody."

"All right," said Broadbrim. "But I hope it has nothing to do with companies—I hate dabbling in companies. I believe one does more harm to one's name by making it common than one gets good through the money one pockets."

"Well, there is more truth than elegance of expression in that remark: it need not have to do with companies unless you like."

"Now, if it has anything to do with politics, I am your man."

"You would make a great *coup* in politics with it; it is especially adapted for politics, and has never been tried."

"You don't say so," said Broadbrim, delighted; "don't go on making one guess as if it was a game; has it anything to do with the suffrage?"

"It has to do with everything," I said; "I don't think I can do it myself; I made a lamentable failure just now by way of a start," and I paused suddenly—"Who am I," I thought, "that I should venture to preach? What act have I done in life which should give weight to my words?" but the fervour was upon me, and I could no more check the burning thoughts than the trumpet can control the sound it emits.

"Well," he said, impatiently.

"LIVE THE LIFE."

"I don't understand you," said Broadbrim.

"If you did," I said, "do you suppose I should feel my whole nature yearning as it is? What better proof could I desire that the life has yet to be lived than that you don't understand me? Supposing, now, that you and I actually put into practice what all these friends of your mother profess, and, instead of judging people who go to plays, or play croquet on Sunday, or dance, we tried to live the *inner* life ourselves. Supposing, in your case, that your own interest never entered your head in any one thing you undertook; supposing you actually felt you had nothing in common with the people around you, and belonged neither to the world of publicans and sinners, nor to the world of scribes and pharisees, but were working on a different plane, in which self was altogether ignored—that you gave up attempting to steer your own craft any longer, but put the helm into other hands, and could complacently watch her drive straight on to the breakers, and make a deliberate shipwreck of every ambition in life,—don't you think you would create rather a sensation in the political world? Supposing you could arrive at the point of being as indifferent to the approval as to the censure of your fellow-men, of caring as little for the highest honours which are in their power to bestow now, as for the fame which posterity might award to you hereafter; supposing that wealth and power appeared equally contemptible to you for their own sakes, and that you had no desire connected with this earth except to be used while upon it for divine ends, and that all the while that this motive was actuating you, you were striving and working and toiling in the midst of this busy world, doing exactly what every man round you was doing, but doing it all from a different motive,—it would be curious to see where you would land—how you would be abused and misunderstood, and what a perplexity you would create in the minds of your friends, who would never know whether you were a profound intriguer or a shallow fool. How much you would have to suffer, but what a balance there would be to the credit side! For instance, as you could never be disappointed, you would be the only free man among slaves. There is not a man or woman of the present day who is

not in chains, either to the religious world or the other, or to family or friends, and always to self. Now, if we could get rid of the bonds of self first, we could snap the other fetters like packthread. What a grand sensation it would be to expand one's chest and take in a full free pure breath, and uplift the hands heavenward that have been pinioned to our sides, and feel the feeble knees strong and capable of enabling us to climb upwards! With the sense of perfect liberty, we should lose the sense of fear, no man could make us ashamed, and the waves of public opinion would dash themselves in vain against the rock upon which we should then be established."

The nations of the earth are beating the air for freedom, and inventing rifle guns wherewith to conquer it, and they know not that the battle-field is self, and the weapons for the fight not of fleshly make. "Have you ever been in an asylum for idiots, Broadbrim?" I asked abruptly.

"No," he said, timidly.

"Then you are in one now. Look at them; there is the group to which you belong playing at politics. Look at the imbecile smile of gratified vanity with which they receive the applause that follows a successful hit. That poor little boy has just knocked a political tobacco-pipe out of Aunt Sally's mouth, and he imagines himself covered with a lasting glory. There is another going to try a jump: he makes a tremendous effort before he gets to the stick, but balks, and carries it off in his hand with a grin of triumph. Look, there is a man with a crotchet; he keeps on perpetually scratching his left ear and his right palm alternately, and then touching the ground with the tips of his fingers. He never varies the process. Look at the gluttons who would do nothing but eat if they were allowed, and see how spiteful they are, and what faces they make at each other, and how terribly afraid they are of their masters, and how they cringe for their favour, and how naughty they are when their backs are turned; and how some are drawing, and carpentering, and gardening, imagining that they are producing results that are permanently to benefit mankind; but they are drawing with sticks, and carpentering with sham tools, and planting stones. And see, there is a fire-balloon going up; how delighted they all are, and how they clap their hands as the gaudy piece of tissue-paper inflated with foul gas sails over their heads. Is there one of the noisy crowd that knows what its end will be, or that thinks of to-morrow? Is there one of them, I wonder, that suspects he is an idiot? If you find out, Broadbrim, that you are one of them, they will call you an idiot—be prepared for that. The life of a sound and sane man in such company cannot be pleasant. Every act of it must be an enigma to those around him. If he is afraid of them they will turn and rend him; if he is fearless, they will hate him, because 'he testifies of the evil.' His life will be a martyrdom, but his spirit will be free, his senses new-born; and think you he would exchange the trials and labours which his sanity must entail upon him for the drivelling pleasures which he has lost? Tell me, Broadbrim, what you think of my idea!"

"It is not altogether new to me, though I did not exactly understand what you meant at first," said Broadbrim, who spoke with more feeling than I gave him credit for possessing. "I have never heard it put in such strong language before, but I have seen Ursula practise it, and I was wondering all the time you were talking whether you did."

"I never have yet," I said. "I began by telling you that the idea only occurred to me lately in its new form. I had often thought of it as a speculation. I began by

assuming that purely disinterested honesty might pay, because an original idea well applied generally succeeds; but when I came to work the thing out, I found that there was a practical difficulty in the way, and that you could not be unselfish from a selfish motive a bit more than you could look like a sane man while you were really still an idiot. And so the fact is, I have talked the notion out to you as it has been suggested to me, though Drippings nearly drove it out of my head. I think the reason I felt impelled to do so was, that had it not been for your sister I should never have thought upon such subjects as I do now. I know her love for you, and the value of her influence over you. Even now she is devoting herself to guarding your interests in the most important step of a man's life, and I seem instinctively to feel how I can best please her. Don't you think she agrees in what I have said to-night, and would approve of the conversation we have had?"

"Yes," said Broadbrim. "Do you know you are quite a different sort of fellow from what I always imagined. I always thought that you did not believe in anything."

"That was because I lived exactly like my neighbours, without adding to my daily life the sin of professing belief in a religion to which it was diametrically opposed. Most of the sceptics of the present day are driven to their opinions by their consciences, which revolt against the current hypocrisy and glaring inconsistencies that characterise the profession of the popular theology. As a class I have found them honester, and in every way better men than modern Christians."

"How have you come to change your views so completely? it could not surely have been what you heard to-night at my mother's?"

"No" I said, "it was not;" and at that moment we turned into Piccadilly, and an arm was passed through mine. "Good-night, Broadbrim. You had better go back now, or you will find your friends gone. Think over what I have said. The one thing certain in this world is, that in a very few years we must leave it. Once realise the fact of another world, and the martyrdom, if that is to be our fate in this one, will lose half its terrors."

"Let Him sacrifice us if He will," said he who had just joined me, and the clear solemn voice startled Broadbrim, who had scarcely noticed my new companion, so that I felt his arm tremble upon mine. "The true man is but a cannon-shot, rejoicing most of all when the Divine Artillerist shall send him irresistible and flaming against some foeman of the race risen from Pandemonium. Man—the true man—is like the Parthian's arrow, kindling into fiery flames as it leaves the bow. Man—the true man—is the Spirit-sword, but the sword-arm is moved by the heart of the Almighty."

"Who is that?" whispered Broadbrim. "I never saw him before."

"I want to be alone with him now," I replied. "Good-night again," and I dropped Broadbrim's arm and left him standing bewildered under a gas-lamp.

Ah Piccadilly! hallowed recollections may attach to those stones worn by the feet of the busy idiots in this vast asylum, for one sane man has trodden them, and I listened to the words of wisdom as they dropped from the lips of one so obscure that his name is still unknown in the land, but I doubted not who at that moment was the greatest man in Piccadilly.

It was late when I let myself in to my abode, but I found Grandon still up. I had heard something from Drippings that made me wish to recur to the subject which had to some extent estranged us. I felt that my conduct was still incomprehensible to Grandon; there was much of it, now that I came calmly

to reconsider it, of which my own conscience disapproved; but then my own conscience was becoming enlightened.

"I have just been at Lady Broadbrim's, Grandon," I said, "and I have reasons for wishing to know whether you have had any communication with the family lately. I think the time is coming when I shall be able to explain much of my conduct which I can well understand has perplexed and distressed you."

"It would be a relief to me to feel that there was no more mystery between us," he replied. "You have certainly at last most effectually contradicted the report you were the means of originating, but the reparation was tardy, and should never have been rendered necessary. However, there is no use in recurring to the past; but I am entitled to ask what your object is in making your present inquiries?"

"I am to see Lady Broadbrim to-morrow," I said, "and I wish to be prepared on all points. I have heard something this evening which may influence your future far more seriously than mine; and it is in fact in your interests, and not in my own, that I wish to be well informed."

"What do you want to know?"

"I want to know whether you have ever actually proposed to Lady Ursula, and, if so, what was the result?"

"Frank," said Grandon, "after what has passed you are pushing my confidence in you, and my friendship for you, to their utmost limits, in expecting me to answer you in this matter. Still I cannot believe your motives to be unworthy, though they may be unintentionally perverted; nor do I think that it is in your power to affect the position of affairs either for good or harm. The fact is, then, that Lady Ursula does know precisely the state of my feelings towards her, and I feel that, though there may be insuperable obstacles to our union at present, she would never consent to yield to any pressure exercised by her mother in favour of another."

"In other words, the situation is unchanged, for I think I knew as much as that before. Have you never spoken to Lady Broadbrim directly on the subject?"

"No," said Grandon—"never."

"I think," said I, "the time is coming when you will be able to do so with advantage. I cannot tell you more now, but to-morrow I shall hope to retrieve myself in your estimation by being the bearer of some good news. By the way, what are you going to do about your election?—they say your prospects are getting cloudy."

"Say rather, utterly obscured," he replied. "You know the borough I sit for is in Lord Scilly's pocket, and he says I have not sufficiently stuck to my party. They have never forgiven me for understanding the Schleswig-Holstein question; and Scilly has extracted a promise from his new nominee that he is never to inform himself upon any question of foreign politics. The Government is so weak in this department, that they are more afraid of their own *enfants terribles* than they are of the Opposition, which is not saying much for the latter."

"Who is Scilly's new nominee?" I asked.

"No less a person than our old friend Chundango," he replied. "It seems Lady Broadbrim put pressure upon his lordship in his favour, and he at last consented, though I suspect it was with a bad grace."

"Well, I don't think the Government need be afraid of Chundango on foreign policy, though he probably knows as much as the others."

"I think I used to prefer our old name of *Perfide* Albion to the new one of *Stupide* Albion. There must be something in the climate adverse to the developement of the peculiar

description of talent required for conducting the relations of the country with foreign nations. It will end by our having to import it if we can't breed it ourselves. It would not be a bad idea to create a new department in the Foreign Office, to be called the Contract Department, which should invite tenders from distinguished foreign statesmen for foreign policy, and which should be prepared to treat with such persons as might be willing to contract for supplying forms of despatches couched in conciliatory language, items of information not more than six months old, and common sense ideas as to the use to be made of such information. While I am in the vein I will write out the sort of form which I should take the liberty to suggest:—

"'*Contract for Foreign Policy.*

CONTRACT DEPARTMENT.

Foreign Office, Whitehall Gardens,
1*st July* 1865.

"'The chief of her Majesty's Contract Department for Foreign Policy hereby gives notice, That he is instructed by the nation to hold himself ready, on any day, or at any hour of the day, to treat with such Continental statesmen as may be willing to contract for suggesting, and afterwards carrying out, to the satisfaction of Mr. Bright and the country, a sound practical foreign policy. Tenders may be made for the supply of ideas, of forms of despatches, of correct information, and of good grammar. The chief of her Majesty's Contract Department reserves to himself the power, when the tenders are opened, of contracting either for the Continental statesman himself, together with his policy, or for his policy without the Continental statesman, if it is so simple that any Englishman can carry it out; or for such part of his policy as he may deem fit, or for a greater quantity, or of not contracting for any.

"'No reason will be given for rejection of tender. No tender will be received unless made on the printed form provided for the purpose, which, together with the conditions of the contract, will be found lying about in all the waiting-rooms of the Foreign Office. As parties tendering will probably be the Foreign Ministers of other countries, and unable to quit their posts, agents duly authorised by them in writing will be noticed. Every tender must be addressed to the Head of the Contract Department, Foreign Office; and bear in the left-hand corner the words "Tender for Foreign policy ideas, grammar, &c.;" and must also be delivered at the Contract Department, Foreign Office, Whitehall, accompanied by a letter signed by two bishops of the Church to which the tenderer belongs, engaging to become bound with him, in the value of their respective sees, for the due performance of the contract.

By Order,

(Signed) M. or N.,

Registrar of Contracts for the Department of Foreign Affairs.'"

"It is no use," said Grandon, laughing, after I had read this aloud to him; "the nation would not stand the sagacity or foresight of a foreigner in that department. The great merit of our institutions is, that they represent the ignorance of the majority. One does not know how great that is till one sees it condensed in an organisation expressly designed for the purpose. I suppose there never was an instance in history of a country more completely self-governed than this is. The head of a department is no more bound to do what he knows to be right than a member of Parliament is bound to vote according to his conscience: the one is obliged to act under the dictate of the nation to keep himself in office, the other under the dictate of his constituency to keep himself in his seat. The principal questions discussed in the British Cabinet are not 'how

shall we get the country out of the mess we have got her into,' but 'how shall we get ourselves out of it;' not 'how shall we advance the interests of the nation at the risk of our own,' but 'to what extent shall we advance our own at the risk of those of the nation.' It is an inevitable result of popular government, and if it pleases the people to bungle their own affairs they have a right to invoke their last hobby of non-intervention in their own favour. After all, the present system involves lesser evils than are entailed by the opposite extreme of absolute despotism on the part of one individual, such as we see in Washington and St. Petersburg."

Grandon had warmed to his theme, and I was glad to see that either the prospect of the intelligence I promised him for to-morrow, or the excitement of our discussion, had dispelled the cloud which for many weeks past has rested upon him. At last, I thought, as I said good-night to him, there is some hope of a solution of this problem in which Lady Broadbrim has hitherto been "the unknown quantity." If it rests with me, the result of our interview to-morrow will be—Q. E. D.

THE LONDON ART-SEASON.

The kingdom of Art has its seasons, like Nature's times of spring and harvest,—first when the seed is sown, and then when the wheat is gathered. The realm of Art too, like the face of the outward world of hill and valley, has soaring heights as well as lowly walks. The domain of Art also, like the checkered surface of society, is sometimes placid as a lake, and ofttimes agitated as storm-driven waves; and so it is, that this territory wherein imagination holds sway, is vast as the circuit of Nature and varied as the life of man. The London Art-Season, which in some degree is an epitome of the world's art, has now swelled into such magnitude of dimension, it puts on aspects so diversified, it is the expression of so much thought, the product of such untiring toil, the representative of wealth so considerable, that to survey its vast extent, or to grasp it in its grand entirety, were more than we can hope to compass within the limits of a single article. In order to escape, then, the confusion incident to overcrowded detail, we shall seek out and endeavour to emphasise the general truths and the governing laws, which may serve as the basis of a defined classification. As in the kingdom of Nature, so in the province of Art, broad lines of demarcation there are that enable the intellect to map out clearly the phenomena which otherwise were distracting. Art, in fact, is a second nature, and the principles applicable to the criticism of the one, differ in little from the laws which govern the other. In these days, indeed, when naturalism has laid firm and almost tyrannous hold upon the arts, the critic of a picture-gallery thinks he needs nothing else than an eye conversant with the common show of things. Provided he can distinguish between a granite rock and a chalk cliff, or can tell a horse-chestnut from a weeping willow, he believes himself competent to pass discriminative judgment on the quality of every painting. Certain it is, as we have said, that the outward forms of nature, and the laws which mould visible phenomena, are the materials and the vital energies which conspire to true and vigorous growth in art. But beyond and beneath this material side or surface there are a life and a spirit which come not so much from nature as from the genius of the

artist, who, while he copies, creates. And thus the critic, entering the Academy or other Exhibitions, must bring to his scrutiny two senses—the outward sense of vision and the inward sense of intuition; by the one he recognises fidelity to nature, by the other he discovers the correspondence between a picture and the mind that conceived it. Here, then, we arrive at the basis of a broad classification; here we at once come to the essential elements which mingle in and mould the entire art-creation. Nature brings material, the artist adds mind. The one is the world of matter, the other the sphere of spirit, and the two conjoined constitute a well-blended art.

How far our English school is thus happily balanced, remains to be seen in the sequel. The points on which at present we insist are merely these: that the London Art-Season, which, as a mass, is overwhelming, must be marshalled into rank and file, analysed to its constituent elements, and so passed in detailed review; that pictures, whatever be their multitude, or however great their diversity, must be judged by a twofold standard—first, as products of nature, and subject to the laws of nature; and, second, as phenomena of mind, and therefore amenable to the ordinances of the intellect and the imagination. We have written thus much under the conviction that the distinctions here drawn are by artists and writers in danger of being overlooked. Pictures which may rank as the higher manifestations of creative imagination have simply ceased to exist. And after a survey of the Academy we would, in the words of Lord Bacon, ask, Where are the works which, as feigned histories, "give some shadow of satisfaction to the mind of man in those points wherein the nature of things doth deny it"? where are the pictures which testify that "the world is in proportion inferior to the soul, and that there is, agreeable to the spirit of man, a more ample greatness, a more exact goodness, and a more absolute variety, than can be found in the nature of things"? Where, in fine, is the art-creation that "doth raise and erect the mind by submitting the show of things to the desires of the mind"? It must be confessed that the products of modern art, when contrasted with the soul-moving forms of Greece and of Italy, are of the earth, earthy. In classic and medieval works there is a strain of divine melody which in the art of our times is lost in silence or breaks forth only in dissonance. Materialism has choked the channels whence in other ages flowed streams of inspiration, and the fogs and vapours that encircle the lower world have intercepted the light that once shone within the chambers of the artist's mind. Nevertheless, styles which are present to us naturally exert a power, schools which are now the vogue necessarily have fashion on their side. But if there be any value in essential principles, if there be any use in time-established standards, it is in the appeal thereby rendered possible to a law and to a precedent which shall weigh truth as in a balance, and apportion beauty according to the measure which God hath given to things made perfect. Our English art cannot live unto posterity unless it be built on a basis which time will not shake, unless it be shaped out of the elements which know not decay, unless it be fashioned in the symmetry of those eternal verities which change not with time and place.

The principles just propounded may seem to threaten universal denunciation. We will at once, then, relieve the mind of the reader from any such dread, by the admission, that scarcely within living memory has there been known an Academy so excellent in general quality, or so exceptional in peculiar merit, as that which has just closed.

Hardly, however, is it to be expected that the standards we have raised can be reached when indeed they are not so much as aimed at. It is not to be anticipated, in the present material phase of our English School, that spiritual beauty or transcendental truth should find their way to the walls of our exhibitions. And even when the attempt is made to leave the beaten track of everyday life — when, for example, as in the drawings exhibited by Mr. Burne Jones in the gallery of the Old Water-Colour Society, mystery and mysticism, and a style which may be pronounced positively non-natural, are put on view in uncompromising form—we feel perhaps more than ever how far we have wandered from the old paths, how grievously we are wanting in that inspiration which in the master-works of prior times has been manifest in lines and forms, in shades and colours, wrought into concerted harmony. But it were obviously mere waste of time to mourn over deficiencies which there is no immediate prospect of supplying. Rather let us take our English school just as we find it, and having ascertained its latitude and longitude in space and time, we may now, for closer review, approach under some sense of thankfulness the healthful and right-minded works given unto us for joy and edification.

High art, whether sacred or secular, has been, of course, in the Academy at a discount. However, some pictures may be quoted, such as 'The Sower of Good Seed,' by Mr. Herbert; 'Queen Esther's Banquet,' by Mr. Armitage; 'Helen of Troy,' by Mr Leighton; 'The Night of Rizzio's Murder,' by Mr. Ward, which fulfil in good degree the conditions imposed on high historic works. A well-known French painter, M. Signol, sent a large, and in some degree a grand, composition, 'Christ descendu de la Croix,' which has been of service in our English Academy as a landmark to indicate the whereabouts of our national art, and to show the relative positions of European schools, ancient and modern. This picture is the nearest approach we have seen in this country, for some years, to the manner prescribed by academies and practised by time-honoured historic schools. The traditions handed down from the days of Raphael, cherished by the Carracci, upheld by Vandyke, are in this studious but coldly-calculated composition preserved in dead petrifaction. In contrast stands our English school, naturalistic, picturesque, and altogether unideal. Mr. Leighton's 'Helen of Troy' is in its classic and Continental reminiscences the most deliberate departure from the modes habitual to this country; hence, perhaps, it happened that this startling product proved a bone of no small contention. Persons, standing in judgment on a mere naturalistic platform, have denounced the work for the very qualities which people pledged to the opposite party recognise as merits. For ourselves, we would say that in these days there is too little of ideal beauty, too little of scholarly culture, too little of gentlemanly refinement; and so we receive gladly a work which, whatever be its defects — and they are not few—stands apart from the common herd in the possession of these rare qualities. There was scarcely, as we have said, in the Academy, another picture which fell under the same category. The grand figure of 'Esau,' by Mr. Watts, showed, we admit, decided predilections for the old masters; but its power — to its praise let us say—rests on its reality. Realism, indeed, look where we will, on all sides stares us boldly in the face. Even Mr. Herbert's symbolic reading in the parable of 'The Sower' is no exception. The late Mr. Dyce, it will be remembered, allied himself obediently to the schools of Italy: Mr. Herbert, who is now the chief representative of religious art

in England, has taken a more independent course. The great mural picture in the Houses of Parliament, 'Moses coming down from the Mount,' and this subsequent and minor work, 'The Sower of Good Seed,' are alike directly realistic. It is, however, worthy of remark, that the nature which Mr. Herbert selects is not accidental, but essential and typical; that the details which he so studiously brings together, become instinct with thought and purpose, and so every touch is a letter, every object a word wherefrom may be read accumulative meaning. The literal rises close to the ideal under such treatment. Dissimilar, yet as marking the tendencies of our school approximate, is the most successful work yet painted by Mr. Armitage, 'Queen Esther's Banquet.' This composition is in some points allied to styles Academic; the lines have been subject to careful calculation, the draperies are cast in symmetric folds, the figures pass from individual form to generic type. But, on the other hand, there is the accumulation of objective facts, the bringing together of accessories and appurtenances to the banquet and the palace, which prove that the artist has fallen under the realistic force of the age. The manner in which a painter three centuries ago would have treated this subject it is not difficult to conjecture. He would have commenced by placing the scene nowhere, or perhaps would have boldly transferred the action from the Tigris to the banks of the Tiber; he would have changed the Assyrian monarch and Queen Esther into Tuscans or Romans; the architecture might have been borrowed from an Italian villa; and the costumes, probably, would have come from the backs of men and women walking the streets of Florence! But, as Earl Stanhope took occasion to point out at the dinner of the Academy, the archæologist in these our days comes to the assistance of the artist. Thus the objects buried from the sight of our predecessors, now disinterred by the antiquary, it is the privilege of our painters to portray. Hence, in the picture before us, the banquet of Queen Esther has been furnished, and the chamber of the palace of King Ahasuerus adorned, with spoils brought by Mr. Layard from the ruins of Nineveh. The work is hereby made a truer transcript of the actual event; but what is gain to the intellect is loss to the imagination. Mr. Ward's composition, 'The Night of Rizzio's Murder,' is a further example of the realistic rendering of history now in vogue. The artist made studies on the spot of the chamber in Holyrood Palace known as "Queen Mary's boudoir;" the elaborate execution bestowed upon the accessories of arms, armour, and dress, imparts to the scene circumstantial verity, and thus the completed work takes the spectator back to the very times. We all know that a like treatment obtains in literary composition; the art of miniature word-painting is now applied to the detailed description of smallest incidents. It is now the fashion to introduce a daguerreotype delineation of still life into the pages of popular novels—a manipulative feat not surpassed by the tricky transcript of pots, pans, and copper kettles in a Dutch canvass. On the other hand, the Greeks, in sculpture, knew how to preserve the due balance between detail and broad generalisation. Likewise, in the drama, Shakespeare teaches the way in which the photograph of an individual character may obtain the largeness and gain the colour which Michael Angelo concentrated within his statues, and Titian reflected in his portraits. Our modern artists are either supremely detailed or exclusively generalised: the one aim or the other, separately, is within their rich; but, conjointly, the finish, which is the measure of labour, and the large-

ness, which indicates the scale of genius, are by painters in the present day seldom reconciled.

The pictures of the Academy, if classified under and tested by the faculties of the mind whereunto they appeal, do not take a high stand. Pictures simply faithful and true, the products of powers of perception, are plenteous. But works the emanation of what the Germans call the pure reason—conceptions which glow with the fire of the soul—are few indeed. If we hold imagination to be for art the master faculty, and if we look to the weaving of poetry as the super-excellent function of the mind, the paucity of pictures which are poems, or which sparkle in the flame of fancy, must be taken as a severe comment on the shortcomings of our native school. An Idyl of 'Gentle Spring,' by Mr. Sandys, illustrative of lines written by Mr. Algernon Swinburne, the poet newly born to the long-buried genius of Keats and Shelley, is the work of the year which soars on boldest wing into the realms of unreality. "Gentle Spring," "virgin mother of gentle days and nights," scatters in her path "fervent flowers," which, born of her breath, lie fragrant at her feet. We cannot but think that Mr. Sandys has overstepped the bounds of moderation. The colours have been mixed with chalk and water, and the sentiment is diluted and sweetened with sugar and water. Mr. Poole has of old given abundant proof of the stuff that is in him; he has long been known as an artist who can paint a sentimental poem, or enact a terror-striking tragedy. He comes upon the stage of this year's Exhibition in both characters. 'Parting Moment,' between two lovers clasped in long and last embrace, the boat waiting on the shore to bear away the youth to distant lands, is a lyric in which the human heart and responsive nature beat in melodious unison. In contrast, discord, of course, breaks upon the tragic drama, 'The Destruction of Pompeii.' The sky is darkened, birds are stricken down upon the wing, and grimmest death prowls along the streets. Each accumulative circumstance swells the wail of universal woe. The picture has caught terrible inspiration from Poussin's 'Plague of Athens'—a tragedy which, it is understood, gave deep tones to that appalling spectacle painted by Mr. Poole, 'The Plague of London.' Such works are fortunately few; yet, interspersed sparingly among the bright and gay crowd, they serve the same end as shadows cast across a sunny landscape. Mr. Poynter's picture, 'Faithful unto Death,' also taken from the last days of Pompeii, has deservedly obtained commendation. Poems, as we have said, are not in the Academy plenteous; yet here and there crystal founts of beauty are found to flow. 'The Lay of King Canute,' by Mr. O'Neil, recalls one of the loveliest works in modern European art, the 'Reverie,' by Gleyre, in the Gallery of the Luxembourg; in each alike a soft suffusion of colour, and a subdued quietism of sentiment, maintain a strain of delicious melody. In technical qualities Mr. O'Neil's work leaves much to be desired. Mr. Elmore's episode from the gambling-table of Homburg is a melodrama somewhat too meretricious. With rare and subtle beauty Mr. Goodall has imbued the panorama of the Nile—a poem wrought of exquisite tissues, lines interwoven in beauty, colours softly iridescent, like light on opal. Thus, though the Muses have scarcely made a Parnassus of Trafalgar Square, yet will it be seen that some few drops of true nectar may be distilled from the flowers which bloom under the shelter of the Academy.

The five pictures which Mr. Millais contributes, merit a paragraph set apart to them alone. Mr. Millais having sown the wild oats of youthful genius some years ago, and

having in those days reaped the reward of at least notoriety, he now settles down soberly, and gathers the harvest which ripens on matured powers. He certainly at length takes rank as one of the most remarkable artists of our times. For versatility he is almost without parallel: he startles by his boldness, he carries away captive by the spell of originality. That mighty composition, 'The Romans leaving Britain,' is not without the eccentricity which in earlier works moved to wonder; but unaccustomed strangeness is here no longer an outrage on common sense; novelty has been attained by boldness which yet conforms to pictorial usage; the theme, like its accessory landscape, stretches through suggestive thought into a wide horizon; the histories of two peoples, the world's conquerors and the race that Boadicea led to battle, here meet and part at a diverging point; in a moment hence a captive nation is free, yet a betrothed heart has broken. This power of calling up in imagination a train of thought, so that the whole mind becomes peopled with ideas—this adroitness, whereby the single moment of time to which a picture in its action is necessarily limited, becomes extended backwards into the past, and is made to stretch forward into the future—has found further and forcible illustration in the only other work of Mr. Millais we shall stop to scrutinise—'The Parable of the Tares:' "But while men slept an enemy came and sowed tares. Now the tares are the children of the wicked one, and the enemy that sowed them is the devil." This theme, which has been handled by Overbeck and others, is dark in terror-moving mystery. The origin of evil, the personality of Satan, the harvest at the end of the world, when the tares shall be gathered and burned in the fire, are a few among the many topics for reflection which such a picture inevitably suggests. Mr. Millais, as usual, has been trenchant in treatment; each circumstance is significant in meaning, and serves to add fulness and emphasis to the story. The "enemy," a very Mephistopheles of evil, with crafty step, leering eye, mouth of guile, and nose of sinister intent, prowls through the night, and scatters from a well-filled pouch the tares which will grow up to choke the good seed. A serpent lies upon the ground, and a wolf keeps stealthy watch in the distant gloom. The artist who has taken courage to depart from common routine, and to grapple boldly with a subject strange and repellant, deserves our thanks. Such a work in its success serves to show that the prescriptive series of incidents chosen by the old Italian and German masters exhaust not the resources of art. Originality has in all ages been difficult to compass; but to a mind endowed with originating powers, novelty of invention is not now more hard than at any prior epoch in the world's history.

'The Early Career of Murillo' is a picture which would command a master position in any gallery in Europe, ancient or modern. A work of this signal power and resource might serve as a landmark to show the goal whereunto contemporary art had reached; it also might be used as the measure of the progress made under recent revivals, and will probably stand as a point of departure whence future developments may date. In this composition, the artist, Mr. Phillip, has concentrated accumulated stores, collected year by year in a country proverbially rich and all but exhaustless in pictorial resource. It is a happy thought to have made Murillo himself the centre round which to congregate the forms picturesque and noble which even unto this day render Seville, the painter's birthplace, brilliant beyond compare among her sister cities of the south. This, the master-work of Mr. Phillip, is

indeed on many accounts noteworthy: specially is it to be commended for the bold breadth of its handling, which stands out as a protest against that littleness of manner, that niggling detail in execution, which some years ago threatened to sink our English School into contempt. Likewise this picture will be remembered as one of the decisive triumphs of realism, strong throughout in graphic character, emphatic in local circumstance, truthful in all essential features of time and place, and thus actual to the last degree, and, because actual and real, impressive even as truth and nature. In the presence of such a work we have the less cause to regret that "high art" is extinct, and that ideal treatments are at a discount.

Mr. Frith, in his brilliant chronicle of 'The Royal Marriage,' has succeeded in surmounting the proverbial difficulties of an intractable subject. By sparkle of execution, glitter of colour, telling traits of character, and contrasts and harmonies in light, shade, and composition, Mr. Frith has transmuted a formal state ceremony into a dazzling work of art. The company assembled represents England's power, wealth, and greatness, and the architectural proportions and decorative pomp of the Royal Chapel, Windsor, add state to the imposing pageant. It has been objected that the likenesses are not quite successful. Crowds incessantly have gathered before the barrier placed for the protection of the picture; nevertheless we remark that people fail to kindle with enthusiasm over a ceremony which even the ingenuity of Mr. Frith has scarcely redeemed from dull routine. From this picture of congregated portraits we will pass to the general art of portrait-painting — an art which avowedly has not advanced since the days of Reynolds. The Old Venetian masters might upbraid our modern men with the taunt, "You paint not in gold, in purple, or in rainbow light, but with chalk and water." Washy and weak, for the most part, are the works of our native portrait-painters. The head of Dr. Bowman, as rendered with force and colour by Mr. Watts, is almost the only canvass that Titian, the greatest portrait-painter the world has known, would have cared to look at. Yet, not to accord some commendation to our native school were indeed unjust. Sir John Watson Gordon, the prince of contemporary limners, has left some men to emulate his style, and other painters develop the art in new directions. We incline to think that the heads contributed by Mr. Richmond, such as those of the Bishop of Oxford, the Duke of Buccleuch, and her late Highness Maharanee Chund Kowr, attain to that character and colour, that detail and breadth, which, in happy balance, make a portrait, as a work of art, complete. Mr Knight is a painter accustomed to finish his sitter with a knock-down blow on the head; no artist wields his brush as a weapon of greater power. Mr. Knight's portrait of Mr. Anthony Denny strikes us as the nearest approach now attained to the style of the late President of the Scotch Academy. Mr. Boxall is so vaporous and cloudy that his heads will some day go off into smoke. Mr. Sant, though inclined to be meretricious, is always charming, and even occasionally, strange to say, simple. Mr. Wells mixes the luminous colours of the Venetian lagoons with the mud of Father Thames. Mr. Grant holds his ground; though poverty-stricken in colour, he can paint a horse, a gentleman, or a lady, with nobility, manliness, and lady-like refinement. That is a master-work, the likeness of Lord Westbury, a portrait which for capacity, not to say by subtle cunning, might be companion to Lord Bacon —a head which, in its destined place among the Benchers of the Middle Temple, will be pointed at, even as that greatest and meanest

of mankind, the Chancellor of James, because signal in its rise and shameful by its fall.

Such as are the patrons of art, so are the painters—men not encumbered by any very decided principles or troubled with any superlative aspirations—men whose ambition it is to pass through the world pleasantly and prosperously; and so art is to them not a mission, but a luxury, a show, and a means of livelihood. Hence, in some measure, it happens that our English School is marked by inconstancy of aim; that the large mass of our pictures are simply miscellaneous; that they defy classification; that they belong, in fact, to no school; that they are pretty, and little more. They attain the end for which they were produced when they bring to the artist money, and to the patron fugitive pleasure and ostentation. The larger proportion of the pictures produced for the London market, and sold during the London season, claim at our hands this damning praise. Some individual works, however, though still miscellaneous, merit commendation not so faint. What a lovely picture, for example, has Mr. Lewis given us in that 'Bey's Garden,' where the fair though weak-minded pet of the harem comes to gather flowers, each petal-cup brimful of light and sparkling in the sun! Miss M. E. Edwards, by that beauteous and refined picture, 'The Last Kiss,' makes a reputation, and places herself for the year at the head of the band of female artists who in the present season, it must be confessed, have proved neither strong-minded, interesting, nor painstaking. The rights of women, having in the Academy suffered loss, must seek to avenge injuries at the approaching Social Science Congress in Sheffield! Under this head of miscellaneous we pass from pictures which are pretty to subjects that are picturesque. Mr. Nicol is the Jan Steen of the Academy: his satire, 'The Deputation,' has a humour in its depths, and a decorous gravity on its surface, often met with in the current literature of the day, but comparatively rarely found within the province of pictures. Mr. Marks, who somewhat in the same roll of characters played in past years the part of clever buffoon, has latterly grown more grave. 'The Beggars are Coming to Town,' and 'Francis Feeble, the Woman's Tailor,' are, however, works of that grotesque form, and savouring of that drollery, which always bring the relief of laughter, whether the scene be laid on the stage, in society, or on the walls of a picture-gallery. Stately propriety reigns with such sober rule within the Academy, that any small digression on the side of merriment is all the more joyfully greeted. Young Mr. Weekes, son of the Academician, has within the last few months taken a successful start in the same comic line. One of the most decided hits made by new and coming men is that effected by Mr. J. Pettie in the graphic incident, 'A Drumhead Court-Martial.' Part of the work, however, is crude and random to a degree that shows the painter must take care lest he lose the advantage now won. Mr. Burgess, in 'Bravo Toro!' has achieved a decided success. So also has Mr. Archer in those gravely comical little girls, intent on the game of 'Old Maid' and its consequences. Mr. John Faed, on the other hand, has fallen into luckless failure in 'Kinmont Willie, Prisoner,' a picture dense in its darks, crude in its colours, and in execution elaborate to excess. His brother the Academician, however, in that pathetic scene, 'The Last of the Clan,' goes far to redeem the fortunes of the family. Scottish national character finds in Mr. Thomas Faed its most happy exponent: the Wilkie School, it may be hoped, will never want a representative equally worthy.

The past season seems not to have been favourable to land-

scapes. The leading works, however, in this department, though far from commanding, are one and all pronounced in those naturalistic lineaments whereunto, as we have seen, recent developments incline. Our native school of landscape art has become, in fact, directly and dogmatically "objective." The ideal school founded by the Italians; the historic and the mythologic style as practised by Claude, Wilson, and Turner; the poetic and romantic manner which only the other day became extinct with the death of Danby—have each and all given way to a naturalism plodding in its industry and painstaking for its reiterated detail. It cannot be questioned that the teachings of Mr. Ruskin tended in this direction; but the danger which at one time beset our artists in the too slavish following of the master's precepts, has safely gone by. The revolution, however, which has come upon our English art, both in the mode of studying nature, and in the ends sought to be attained by that study, is sufficiently patent on the walls of the Academy in common with our other Exhibitions. Venerable artists at first put themselves in bold front of opposition to any change in the old routine; then, calculating the tenure on which they held their position, they first bent gracefully before a storm too strong to be resisted wholly; and at last, seeing that the prevailing wind blew no ill-luck to those who sailed with it, the veteran pilots craftily set their course anew, and, taking advantage of the breeze that was hourly freshening, wisely resolved to turn the helm towards the nearest harbour left as a refuge. And so now it has come to pass that Artists old and young, the Academic Cockney and the student who pitches his tent on the side of a Welsh mountain, are fagging for the same result, are uttering the same cry; for with one voice, nature, as the be-all and the end-all, is the watchword proclaimed. Thus it happens that Creswick, Redgrave, four Linnells (father and three sons), Leader, Cole, Brett, Carrick, M'Callum, and many others, each with a distinctive style properly his own, are yet collectively of but one school, that school which is naturalistic and literal, and therefore real and vigorous. And we are glad to believe that the mania which once raged under the misnomer "Preraphaelite"—a madness that was scarcely to be distinguished from imbecility—having recovered sane mind, young men are now delivered from the danger of beguiling error, and are permitted to go on their way soberly, in the trust that industry, guided by knowledge, will in good time gain reward. Such landscapes as Mr. Leader's 'Autumn Gleam' prove that the final issue of the struggle through which our school has passed need occasion little anxiety. Already the balance seems to be fairly struck between the old conventional method derived through tradition from Gasper Poussin, Claude, and Salvator Rosa, and the new mode which looks to nature direct: already do we find an accommodation come to between a system of broad undefined generalisation on the one side, and the mere student's work of dotting and drivelling on the other. And the conclusion of all this appears now near at hand—a consummation which shall reach unto such truth as may be permitted unto the works of man, such detail as shall speak to the eye and the mind of nature's minuter thoughts, combined with a breadth and a boldness which may give to the landscape unobstructed outlook into regions of the infinite.

The survey of the Academy is not without shadow of melancholy. Time-honoured artists are still among us, whose works we watch year by year with anxious eye as the last grains of sand which fall through the hour-glass. But other painters their accustomed places know no more. In our review,

twelve months ago, we had to mourn the loss of the chief of portrait painters, Sir John Watson Gordon. Since then, a man no less the honour of Scotland, and not less dear to many of us through long years of friendship — true-hearted, straightforward David Roberts—has been taken away in the midst of his labours. The Academy just closed confesses to incompleteness in the want of those works which, without intermission, have been for many years its conspicuous ornaments. The early friend and fellow-labourer of David Roberts, the venerable Clarkson Stanfield, the greatest of marine painters, we rejoice to have still working among us.

The two Water-Colour Exhibitions, the new General Exhibition, the French and other Galleries, having closed, it will not be worth while to do more than note such works therein as are entitled to hold a permanent position in the memory. The Old Water-Colour Exhibition scarcely reached average merit, and the three hundred drawings which the Gallery contained conformed so closely to usual routine that we may spare ourselves the tedium of repeating a thrice-told tale. We cannot, however, excuse ourselves from the duty of denouncing those abortions whereof Mr. Burne Jones delivers himself. Such impertinences as 'Green Summer,' 'Cupid and Delight,' from Chaucer's 'Assembly of Fowls,' and other like monstrosities, demanded severest castigation. It is no sufficient justification to urge that these productions betray a certain sentiment and sense of colour, because such extravagances are so essentially and irredeemably wrong that no plea in mere mitigation of damages can secure to the culprit a verdict of "Not guilty." It is certainly monstrous in the present day, when our knowledge of nature has grown clear and true, when Science has dispelled the fogs which clouded the dark ages, that any artist should presume to serve up a concoction cooked out of the refuse left from medieval times. It is indeed passing strange that any painter can be found holding a faith so absolute in things obsolete as to ignore known facts in anatomy, and contravene pictorial principles which are now established with a certainty scarcely less sure than the law of gravity. We honour Mr. Burne Jones with these strictures, because, in paying tribute to him, we are, in fact, offering indirect courtesy to the whole brotherhood of Preraphaelites, whereof Mr. Jones is the illustrious, consistent, and uncompromising representative. We have already spoken more than once of the naturalistic tendencies of our English School. To any such mere mundane proneness Mr. Jones is assuredly superior. That he does, however, occasionally look at nature we have reason to know, for we learn that some of his most nonnatural faces were, strange to say, studied from one of the finest female models in London. The perversity of the process by which he thus transmutes beauty to his peculiar purpose, seems to make the case all the more hopeless. By the law of contrast and contrariety we may here mention works no less remarkable than those just passed under censure, the strange and startling productions of Mr. Madox Brown, which very properly obtained a distinct exhibition all to themselves. Mr. Madox Brown and Mr. Burne Jones have at least one thing in common, that each belongs to the so-called "Preraphaelite" school, with this difference, however, that Brown pertains to the naturalistic branch thereof, and Jones takes to the non-naturalistic and medieval department. The eccentricities of Mr. Brown's performances we must acknowledge to lie somewhat beyond us. But after making large deduction for unpardonable peculiarity, there yet remains good sterling stuff on which we cannot but set some value. Mr. Madox Brown is an original thinker,

a tireless labourer, an uncompromising truth-seeker, and he certainly does not shrink from appearing in public as a bold and fearless innovator. The picture by which, above all others, the artist would wish to be judged is entitled 'Work.' Mr. Brown tells us in a circumstantial catalogue, which merits preservation as a literary curiosity, that he wishes to immortalise "the brain-workers," "sages such as in ancient Greece published their opinions in the public square." For the groves of Athens the painter has substituted the town of Hampstead, and for Socrates and Plato he has got to stand for their portraits Thomas Carlyle and the Reverend Frederick Maurice. This "gentleman without pride," and this "priest without guile," serve as presiding deities over the brute mass of "work" personated by a community of "navvies." The painter's realistic brush is more at home among the sansculottes than with the philosophers.

The Old Water-Colour Exhibition has in some degree renewed its youth through the accession of talent brought into the Gallery by the elections of the last two or three years; and, on the whole, the Society was never in a stronger position than at present. It is a proof of the steady, not to say the rapid, advance made in the art of water-colour painting, that the number of candidates seeking admission into this close and exclusive Society is now greater than at any prior period, and that the standard of excellence required of Associates and Members has been never so high as at the present moment. The rush made by aspirants for the honours conferred by the Society is so great, that it becomes a question whether the ranks of this Society may not with advantage be extended. It is also worthy of consideration whether a limit should not, at the same time, be set to the number of drawings which members are permitted to exhibit. The somewhat startling fact that three members monopolised space in the Gallery for forty-nine drawings, many whereof distended to inordinate dimensions, points to an abuse which calls for remedy. As a matter of policy, too, it may be wise to take some measure which will serve to draw away from the lately-born General Association a strength that may prove formidable in opposition. Moreover, should the Royal Academy, in its new and extended abode in Piccadilly, be enabled to offer to water-colour painting a consideration and an opportunity for display which have hitherto been wanting in Trafalgar Square, even the oldest and the strongest of the Water-Colour Societies may be glad to have fortified its position betimes against the severest contest it has yet been required to meet. In the world of Art great changes are impending, and those Associations which have the wisdom to take time by the forelock will best arm themselves for the coming struggle. The first "General Exhibition of Water-Colour Drawings," held in the Dudley Gallery, is a sign of the times; the experiment, which proved a success, serves to show that the superabundant talent of the country, ignored by close corporations, is content no longer to brook neglect, and will assert for itself a position, and wrest from the public merited reward. We do not claim for the Dudley Gallery any singular merit; the works there collected were of a quality below the average standard maintained in the two existing Exhibitions. But the mere fact that the public were pleased, and that patrons spent money freely, will secure to the trial repetition, with the possibility, under judicious management, of improved prospects year by year. The all but boundless power of art-production, the unrestricted facility for voluntary association, and the vast moneyed resources which offer to even the moderately-successful painter tempting reward, give to

the art-developments of the country a magnitude and an ever-changeful variety for which history affords no example. This phenomenon is collective rather than individual, for it must be admitted that the grand accumulative result is co-ordinate with a mediocrity of personal genius, which grows formidable only when the unit becomes indefinitely multiplied.

The French Gallery is chiefly to be remembered for a remarkable picture by Rosa Bonheur, which arrived in time to give eclat to the closing weeks of the Exhibition. The scene is laid in that favourite sketching ground of French artists, the forest of Fontainebleau, where Rosa Bonheur has pitched her tent and home. The landscape, the summit of the Long Rocks, in which the company of deer are set, is lovely for quality of colour; liquid dewy greens lie tenderly upon the grass and herbage, the clouds are of silvery grey, and the sky in its blue fades into a passage above the horizon, of a tone still more delicate. The whole scene, simple in the extreme, is of exquisite poetry, and comes in its softness as a surprise upon the cast-iron harshness of some of the painter's earlier works. The genius of Rosa Bonheur certainly gains year by year wider sweep in its onward development. Each successive and distinctive species of animal portrayed receives from the painter its specific characteristics. In the 'Horse Fair' was massive power, and now in this colony of deer, blithe, facile, and graceful, there is gentle sensitiveness, which shows that the artist has in mind entered into the inmost nature of the beings she delineates. And yet is Rosa Bonheur untainted by what has sometimes been termed, though not with absolute strictness, the anthropomorphism which besets Sir Edwin Landseer. The horses and the dogs of our own unapproachable and all but irreproachable Landseer cease to be animals and become men. This their merit has been sometimes also their reproach. The artist's pictures of the present year, 'Prosperity' and 'Adversity,' are touched with human sympathies; and in a third work, 'The Connoisseurs,' the dog on either side eyeing critically the painter's sketch, is intentionally endowed with the wisdom and the dignity of a judge. One of the most noteworthy pictures of the Royal Academy, 'The Strayed Herd,' by Mr. Davis, is obviously less closely allied to the manner of Landseer than to the French school of Rosa Bonheur. We have watched Mr. Davis for some years past, but we certainly were not prepared for the success he has now achieved. The cattle he paints are worthy of Paul Potter.

The yearly progress which marks the Architecture of our country cannot be wholly overlooked in a review of the season. In architecture as in painting, we have been fighting battles and passing through crises: some architects have suffered shipwreck on the Scylla of styles classic, others have been driven into the Charybdis of styles Gothic, and a few again have tried to steer in safety between the two. In what a chaos of styles we have been and still are confounded, that worst of all abortions and monstrosities, the Music Hall in the Strand, painfully shows. Yet, on the other hand, more hopeful signs of the times are not wanting. The days of dead stagnation and dull routine are over, and architects exist of clear head and correct taste who are able to educe out of confusion order, and to give to tides of tumult an onward swell of progression. Then, again, men are not wanting of wealth and position —such, for example, as Mr. Beresford Hope — who act the part of Mæcenas, clothe Art in honour, put her in holiday attire, and crown the brow of Genius with bay. And hence has grown up in the community an earnest, vital, and all

pervading art-life, which becomes the animating soul to architecture and the allied arts. Thus seldom passes a year which does not add some work that manifests right-minded development. The Law Courts of Manchester, the design of Mr. Waterhouse, and the Town Hall of Northampton, recently completed by Mr. Edward Godwin, are successful applications of Gothic styles to secular and municipal uses. In the province of ecclesiastical architecture, Cork Cathedral, now in course of construction by and from the designs of Mr. Burges, is the first example of a cathedral built under our own eyes in these modern times. That funds should have been subscribed for this arduous undertaking, is evidence that popular ardour in the cause of religious art, though latent, has not ceased to exist, and is furthermore proof of the vitality yet abiding in the much-maligned Protestant Church of Ireland. And while it is found that money has not been wanting in various parts of the United Kingdom for the erection of great works, it is equally satisfactory to know that the best intellects directed to the maturing of national arts are adequate to the performance of the responsible duties imposed. The close alliance which in the middle ages bound the sister arts of Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting into one hallowed union—a union which unhappily has been severed—there is reason to believe, will again be restored. Mr. Burges, for example, in the decoration of Worcester College Chapel, Oxford, and Mr. Edward Barry in the restoration of the crypt of St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster, have brought, with signal success, mural painting, glass-painting, sculpture, and other subsidiary arts, to the enrichment, the one of a classic, the other of a Gothic interior. The formerly much-talked-of "battle of the styles" has perhaps lost somewhat of its original fury, but still there remains to be fought out the great problem of an architectural order which shall be consonant with the life and the needs of Britain in the nineteenth century, just as were the Doric, the Ionic, or the Corinthian orders, correspondent with the contemporaneous civilisations. Our Gothic architects have attempted a solution of the difficulty, through the intermingling of Gothic styles known to Italian, French, Belgian, and English nationalities. And certain it is, that in these days, when the barriers which formerly divided European kingdoms have been swept away, one cosmopolitan art becomes more and more accordant with reason, and correspondent with the character of the times. We live in an age vast in power and varied in resource, an age of great cities, and noble and giant undertakings; and it is not too much to ask of our architects that they shall fashion an art of like nobility and grandeur in proportion. We trust that year by year, as we may be permitted to resume the review of successive art-seasons, we shall have to record that this consummation is more nearly approached.

We will devote a few words to the art education of the people. It is not foreign to our purpose to observe that schools of art, which, by the testimony of the best authorities both in our own and foreign countries, have tended materially to recent advancement in the arts, were put, through the hostile measures of the Government some months ago, in absolute jeopardy. The Committee of Council on Education, in the exercise of their wisdom, and in accordance with their well-known mercy, launched against the art-masters and the gentlemen responsible for the conduct of the ninety schools of the country, new minutes absolutely destructive by their stringency. The provincial authorities were indignant, flew to arms, and under the support of Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. Beresford Hope, and a goodly array of mem-

bers of Parliament, a remonstrance was laid before Earl Granville as President of the Council. The Government under this salutary pressure, wisely relented, and presented to Parliament ere the close of the session a mitigated minute, which relieves for the moment masters and managers from threatened disaster. On the one hand, however, the schools have received a blow, and sustained a fright, from which they will not easily recover; and on the other the Bureaucracy of Brompton has so lost the confidence of the country, as now to enjoy the utmost possible measure of unpopularity. The avowed policy of the Department of Science and Art is to render the schools self-supporting; and for this end, which in itself is not wholly to be disapproved, the screw is put on with such sharp cruelty, that masters are crushed, and the gentlemen who generously sustain the burden of management grow disheartened, and are ready to turn aside from a good work in absolute digust. Government officials, enjoying the ease and reaping the reward of office, make little allowance for the pecuniary and other perplexing difficulties that have beset the establishing and the working of schools which had become, even in the interests of our staple manufactures, an imperative need. They seem to forget that the apathy and the prejudice of the people had to be overcome, that financial embarrassments had to be averted, that the opposition of art-manufactures, and the ignorance of art-consumers, had to be encountered. Difficulties such as these will for many years call for the kindly care of the Government, and necessitate the grant of liberal subsidies. That the schools have done, and are doing, a good work in the kingdom, no one whose opinion is worth a rush ventures to question. Already the art-manufactures of the country have undergone a renovation; even shop-windows show that producers and consumers alike seek to associate beauty with utility. In like manner, the decorative interiors of our English homes indicate growing taste in the occupants, and prove that the arts are, year by year, more and more interwoven into the tissues of daily life.

Notwithstanding some blunders that have been committed, and must certainly be deplored, it may be conceded that the authorities of South Kensington who have the conduct of the schools and the direction of the Museum, deserve well of the country. This record of the Art-Season would certainly be incomplete did it not contain some mention of the busy doings within "the Boilers of Brompton." The buildings that have been recently erected afforded the best and most novel examples with which we are acquainted in this country, of the application of terra cotta to architectural enrichment. The new courts of the Museum also show the possible adaptation of iron construction to internal decoration. Furthermore, the distribution and the fulness of the added colour constitute undoubtedly a successful example of polychromatic harmony. It is fitting that a museum which in its contents illustrates the arts of the middle ages, should in its structure and incidental adornings manifest the uses whereunto those arts can in our own times be made subservient. And it is fortunate that the skilled executants of these art-products, Mr. Godfrey Sykes, Mr. Burchett, Mr. Bowler, and others, for example, can be quoted in proof of the good training which the Government schools give to their scholars, and of the advantages which, through these scholars, are conferred on the country at large. The wall mosaics are in good degree a success. The force of the outline wherewith the figures in these works is pronounced, and the brilliancy obtained through the vitreous colours employed, give to mosaics the advantage over frescoes. Furthermore, the Depart-

ment of Science and Art has done good service by the initiation of various exhibitions. First of all there was the Loan Collection, then the Mulready Exhibition, and now we are treated to the most complete assemblage of portrait miniatures ever brought together. The removal, too, of the Raphael cartoons, works absolutely priceless, holding a position in the history of painting in no way inferior to that occupied by the Elgin Marbles in the sister art of sculpture—the removal, we say, of these cartoons from Hampton Court, where they were seen chiefly by holiday idlers, to a museum the resort of students, is a boon for which we cannot be too grateful. The dignitaries at South Kensington, including their enterprising secretary, provoke no inconsiderable jealousy by the vaulting ambition which marks their proceedings. A fear seems to be engendered among the no less self-important officials of other great national institutions, that the people of Brompton have a gorge and stomach ready to swallow and eager to assimilate the collective science and art of the entire metropolis. The opposition that has been raised to several schemes which would have tended to the aggrandisement of the Department, will be received as a hint that limits must be set to a line of action deemed obnoxious. Yet, notwithstanding a certain noisy hostility which meets the measures concocted at Kensington, there cannot be a question that the administration has been on the whole wise, and that the schools and the Museum have proved, in their general issues, conducive to the public weal. The strength of the Department is, after all, shown in the amount of good work done; and as long as season by season the fact can be made manifest that knowledge is extended, and correct taste diffused through an organisation foreign perchance to the instincts of our people, even so long will Parliament not begrudge the grants demanded for its sustenance.

During the London season it is a wholesome practice to withdraw at intervals from the glare and the crowd of the Academy, and seek a quiet retreat among the old masters in the rooms of the National Gallery. Even in matters of art it is well to escape from the immediate tyranny of the prevailing fashion—it is wise to release the mind from the ties and the associations of the present and the passing time, and to come into close contact and communion with epochs in the world's history far remote, and to make appeal to master-works which, built on principles that change not, are themselves the standards by which modern artists may be measured, and the pictures of our own times estimated. Our National Gallery has, indeed, now reached a completeness so rare even among the great museums of Europe—it has grown into so faithful and full an epitome of leading masters and schools—that our painters and students are left without excuse if they remain ignorant of the history of art in its rise and maturity—if they do not through best examples acquaint themselves with the principles inculcated, and the practices enforced, by the illustrious predecessors in their profession, and if, when so taught, they do not infuse into their own creations dignity, beauty, and essential truth. This collection of master-works receives from year to year important additions, and the recent acquisitions are far too interesting to be omitted from our annual register. The sum of £13,875 has been expended in the current year in the maintenance of the Gallery, and out of this amount £8000 went to the purchase of pictures. In the financial year (1865–66) the estimate submitted to Parliament has, for a reason which will shortly be apparent, become augmented to £23,336. Among the purchases recently effected may be mentioned two works by Velasquez, one christened 'Orlando

Muerto,' a picture from the Pourtalès Gallery, representing a dead warrior in armour clad, stretched flat upon his back in a place of skulls, a lamp just extinguished hanging from a tree above. The work is vigorous in hand, brilliant in the painting of the steel armour, sombre in colour, altogether grand and ominous of mysterious story. The other picture is a portrait of that proud, scornful, and stupid face, the well-known head of Philip IV. of Spain. Velasquez immortalised his master with realistic vengeance. For the sake of history and of art it is a great thing to be in possession even of this minor work, known as the Demidoff Velasquez. We are also glad to notice among recent acquisitions a characteristic head by Moroni, purchased at the Pourtalès sale. This portrait of a lawyer may be turned to good account by native artists who addict themselves to portraiture. Indeed, it is not too much to assert that all which can be said in praise or done in honour of the noble art of portrait-painting may now find illustration within the walls of the National Gallery. Such heads as those of Ariosto by Titian, of a gentleman commonly called Gevartius, by Vandyck, and of the Doge Leonardo Loredano, by Bellini—works almost unsurpassed in the history of the portrait art—might, if turned to due account, redeem our school from besetting failings. It remains that we should mention the highest prize which for many a year has fallen to the good-luck of the Director and the Trustees of the Gallery. While we write, 'The Garvagh Raphael' has been hung side by side with 'The Vision of a Knight' and the figure of 'St. Catherine;' so that now the greatest master of the Roman School is not without choice elucidation in our national collection. The Knight belongs to Raphael's first manner, while yet the style of his master Perugino remained intact. 'St. Catherine' pertains to the second period, while Raphael was still in Florence; and the small 'Holy Family,' now acquired, coming down five years later, falls under the third, last, or Roman division of the painter's career. The 'St. Catherine' bears date about the year 1507. In the following year Raphael was invited to Rome by Pope Julius II., and about 1512, one year before the death of Julius and the accession of Leo, Raphael found leisure to paint the little gem now come into our possession. Already the Stanza della Segnatura in the Vatican was decorated with the fresco paintings of 'Theology,' 'Philosophy,' 'Poetry,' and 'Jurisprudence,' works which mark the master's culminating powers. 'The Garvagh Raphael,' therefore, belongs to the period when the 'St. Cecilia,' the 'San Sisto,' and the 'Spasimo' were executed, and consequently immediately precedes the time and the style pronounced by the artist's last easel-painting, 'The Transfiguration.' The little picture before us, in the type of the heads, and especially in the rich harmony of colour for which Raphael, during his residence in Rome, began to seek, contains internal evidence of its reputed date and style. This 'Holy Family,' like the 'St. Catherine,' was formerly part of the Aldobrandini collection in the Borghese Palace, and both were purchased from that gallery by Mr. Day, towards the close of last or the beginning of the present century. Mr. Day long endeavoured to sell for 1500 guineas the picture which Lord Garvagh subsequently purchased in Paris for a still smaller sum—a work which we now deem ourselves fortunate in obtaining at the startling price of £9000! Such is the astounding rise in the value of pictures, which in the nature of things cannot be multiplied to meet the exigencies of a growing demand. The purchase-money which the son and the widow of Lord Garvagh now realise is at the rate of nearly fifty pounds to the square inch of panel sold; or, in other words, reaches to

ten times the ratio at which the works of Turner are valued. On examination we are glad to find that the picture is in a comparatively good state of preservation—little more than a slight rubbing here and there can be detected on an otherwise intact surface. From the love we are known to bear to art in general, and to Italian works in particular, it will be readily believed that we do not deem the price paid exorbitant. As on the completion of the bargain for the Paul Veronese at the cost of £13,000, so now on the purchase of the Raphael for £9000, we say that to a nation of wealth all but boundless, a thousand pounds or two, more or less, can matter little, while the possession of master-works of genius is for us of an import which cannot be measured by money. A great desideratum has been now attained; the untravelled Englishman can in the capital of the empire measure the extent and estimate the exquisite quality of the mind and the works of the artist whom all the world combined to worship. The Cartoons at Kensington display the genius of Raphael in its magnitude; the Garvagh 'Holy Family' in Trafalgar Square gives of his talent an epitome in finished miniature.

The British Museum, in shame be it spoken, exerts scarcely an appreciable influence on our modern English art. Yet the relation we have pointed out as subsisting between the old masters and modern painters, ought to hold equally good between classic marbles and the works of our contemporary sculptors. The Elgin Marbles, which are perhaps the most perfect known examples of that high art which reconciles individual nature with ideal treatment, ought certainly to have saved our country from the melancholy display of modern sculpture made year by year in the cellar of the Academy. The treasures long possessed by the British Museum have received during the past year valuable additions. Adverse fortune, fallen upon the Neapolitan branch of the house of Bourbon, has led to the final dispersion of the Farnese statues. The large and imposing Farnese Palace in Rome, designed by Sangallo, crowned by Michael Angelo with a noble cornice, and decorated by Annibale Caracci with frescoes, once contained classic works of rare merit. The chief ornaments of the collection—the Flora, the Hercules, and the Farnese Bull, for example—were years ago carried away to Naples, where they remain to this day in the museum. The figures, nine in number, left behind in the Roman palace of the Bourbons, and which it must be admitted were of secondary merit, are those that have been acquired by the British Museum at the inconsiderable cost of £4000. Of these the equestrian statue, probably of Caligula, the figures of Apollo, of Mercury, and of a young athlete, though far from rising to a first-rate standard, at any rate serve to fill up gaps in a museum which still remains small and fragmentary. These marbles belong to the time of the Roman decadence, and are marked by a corresponding mannerism, often far removed from nature. It may be some comfort to the student to know that these defects receive exposure and correction by the earlier and purer works in the Museum itself. The consecutive series now brought together reaches towards completeness: the rise and the fall of the sculpture art are made manifest, and the shortcomings or the offences of any one epoch find supplement and remedy in its antecedents or sequence. The Lycian remains, the Elgin Marbles, the spoils from the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus, and the now added Farnese statues, compose into one broad sweeping panorama which traverses diverse kingdoms, connects two quarters of the world, and covers half a millennium of years. But the gem of the recent purchases, and gem of

first water and cutting indeed it is, remains to be named. At the Pourtalès sale was bought, at the rather alarming cost of £2000, a head of Apollo, a work almost matchless for its ideal beauty, and rare for its finished elaboration. On close examination of these various works, the student is met on the threshold by that ever-recurring stumbling-block, delusive restoration. Travellers given to inquiries, even the most cursory, are well aware that many a showy figure in the galleries of Europe owes its display to telling adjuncts supplied by the ready ingenuity of modern Italian sculptors. The importations into this country from the Farnese Palace offer some rather glaring proofs of a practice which is often little short of nefarious. For example, the Farnese Apollo, which by the non-critical crowd will be admired for its apparently perfect preservation, is said to owe its present attractions to restorations of members no less vital than the head, two arms, the thigh and left leg, the right foot, together with accessories, including the plinth! The Trustees of the Museum are perhaps scarcely to be blamed for retaining what they found already in existence. It is indeed too much to expect that any body of men should for the sake of antiquarian truth reduce an attractive figure into an uninviting and unintelligible fragment. In visiting foreign galleries, however, we have always been glad when it has so happened that some means, either on the face of the statue itself, or by an inscription or catalogue, has been afforded whereby to distinguish between the classic original and the medieval or modern restoration. We trust, as a matter of conscience, and in the cause of popular education, which is worse than useless if not truthful, that the trustees will boldly set forth the simple facts of the case just as they are. Several reasons might be adduced why existing restorations should be retained; among others, that such additions, when confessed to, may in themselves teach lessons which we should all regret to lose. One cause why the British Museum has not been by artists and students of all sorts turned to better account is, that the knowledge locked up in the brains of its learned staff is not put before the public in any intelligible popular or available form. The suggestion that the superintendents and keepers of Departments should be created professors, and accordingly deliver lectures, to which the natural-history collections, the marbles, vases, and coins in the Museum might serve as illustrations, is certainly worthy of further consideration. In default of some such thorough scheme, it were at least desirable that cheap popular catalogues or handbooks should be prepared and placed on sale at the Museum door, similar to the catalogue *raisonné* of the pictures in the National Gallery, written by Mr. Wornum, and to the handbook compiled by the late Mrs. Jameson, in elucidation of the Sculpture Courts of the Crystal Palace. When the learned staff of the Museum confer on the public this boon, they will create in their favour an additional claim to the augmentation of salaries confessedly inadequate.

The Royal Academy, the National Gallery, the British Museum, the South Kensington Museum, and other institutions which have yielded materials for our present review, are on the verge of reconstructions and revolutions which must change the aspect of the art-seasons in future years. Our various institutions of science and art have grown up something as our political constitution, in rather a fortuitous hap-hazard manner, which in the end may be found to result in freedom of action, and to bring about practical conclusions which seldom materially deviate from the line of the main chance. Still it must be admitted that a point has now been reached, when disconnected bodies called

into being without relation the one to the other, and museums of art and of science scattered widely over the metropolis, require concentration, or at any rate systematic distribution. We are at present doing at two or more places what at less cost and with redoubled force could be better accomplished on one spot. We have for instance a Medieval department at the British Museum, and a second Middle Age Museum at Kensington. That some change is imperative there can be little doubt. It would, for example, be wise to place all such works as bear directly on the art-education and the art-manufactures of the country, under the care and control of the Department of Science and Art. The British Museum then might remain the undisturbed centre for the concentration of classic works, and of those antiquarian remains which, having no practical application on art-products, are yet invaluable for the elucidation of history and for the illustration of the great epochs of civilisation. Again we incline to think that the original drawings in the British Museum would be better placed in immediate connection with the paintings for which these drawings were often preliminary studies, an arrangement whereby, as in the Louvre, artists' designs form adjuncts to galleries of pictures. Again, the natural-history collections, together with the vast assembly of stuffed whales on which Professor Owen has set his heart, some people would transfer from Russell Street to South Kensington, others to the region already set apart for living species of the animal kingdom in Regent's Park. We believe that the Government are prepared with some scheme which we trust may serve to reconcile conflicting claims.

But of all impending changes, the most radical are those which lie over the future of the National Gallery and the Royal Academy—two cognate institutions which unfortunately are assumed to be hostile in interest, and are consequently usually pitted in warfare the one against the other. We have reason to know that the scheme advocated in these pages for the erection of a truly noble National Gallery at Burlington House, whereby the Academy and the Academy schools would retain the existing building in Trafalgar Square on condition of assenting to a thorough reform, obtained the approval of the art-leaders in the country. But the House of Commons having expressed a strong opinion that the National Gallery should remain in Trafalgar Square, it is understood that opposing parties, wisely acquiescing in that decision, are willing to surrender preconcerted plans, and for the sake of the union which gives strength, and with a view to obviate further delay, are now prepared to direct their forces towards one common and concerted end. This prearranged conclusion is drawing to a determinate issue. It is proposed that the present National Gallery shall receive additions in the rear; and furthermore, that the half of the existing building hitherto held by the Academy shall be surrendered to the uses of the united collections of the Foreign and the English Schools. Thus space will be obtained for displaying under one roof the ancient works already in Trafalgar Square, the modern pictures temporarily housed at Kensington, the portraits at Westminster, and the artists' drawings in the British Museum. The Academy, thus driven out of doors, will need to seek a house and a home elsewhere. The Government, in order to meet the impending exigency, and with the desire to foster an institution which deserves well of the country, have offered to give to the Academy an adequate site at Burlington House under certain conditions still subject to negotiation. These conditions fortunately accord with the general line of policy toward which the Academy inclines.

It is proposed that the constituency of Academicians and Associates shall be augmented from 60 to 90; that the Associates shall receive an accession of powers and privileges, among which is included the right of voting in the election of Academicians. Fortunately, the Academy possesses funds amply sufficient for the erection of a building which, being thus entirely its own, will enshrine the independence rightly guarded by the Academy with jealousy. We confess to considerable anxiety as to the actual details of an arrangement which cannot fail to influence for evil or for good the wellbeing of Art for many years yet to come. But we trust, on the one hand, the Government may act with the liberality which befits a great nation, in a matter that in no slight degree affects the glory and the honour of our people; and on the other, we hope that the Academy will be ready to surrender its exclusive and obnoxious prerogatives, to enlarge its too narrow boundaries, and to act generally for the welfare of the entire profession, and for the best interests of the collective arts intrusted to its guardianship.

Enough has been said to indicate that England is rushing into what in history is called an art epoch. National wealth, the exigencies of commerce, and the growth of luxury, all tend to the same result. In this, our northern renaissance, we incline to think less is due to genius than to the force of circumstances. In Italy of the middle ages giant artists came upon the stage, who of themselves made an epoch, and the mind of the whole people also was instinct with beauty. Under such conditions architecture, sculpture, and painting find spontaneous birth: the act of creation is indeed a second nature. Those phenomena, however, which are now in course of evolution under our own eyes present a different aspect. There is little reason to believe that Englishmen are specially gifted with art-instincts, and certainly few great architects, sculptors, or painters have risen to mould the age anew. This in some measure is the reason why art is with us less a creation than a compilation. This is in good degree the cause why in architecture we have no style, why in sculpture there is little originality, and why in painting we are reduced to naturalism. We copy, but do not create; and thus it happens that the congregated works of an art-season testify to keenness of eye, to fulness of memory, to facility of manipulation, but do not confess to imaginative power.

CLEOPATRA.

Here, Charmian, take my bracelets,
  They bar with a purple stain
My arms; turn over my pillows—
  They are hot where I have lain:
Open the lattice wider,
  A gauze on my bosom throw,
And let me inhale the odours
  That over the garden blow.

I dreamed I was with my Antony,
  And in his arms I lay;
Ah, me! the vision has vanished—
  Its music has died away.
The flame and the perfume have perished—
  As this spiced aromatic pastille
That wound the blue smoke of its odour
  Is now but an ashy hill.

Scatter upon me rose-leaves,
  They cool me after my sleep,
And with sandal odours fan me
  Till into my veins they creep;
Reach down the lute, and play me
  A melancholy tune,
To rhyme with the dream that has vanished,
  And the slumbering afternoon.

There, drowsing in golden sunlight,
  Loiters the slow smooth Nile,
Through slender papyri, that cover
  The sleeping crocodile.
The lotus lolls on the water,
  And opens its heart of gold,
And over its broad leaf-pavement
  Never a ripple is rolled.
The twilight breeze is too lazy
  Those feathery palms to wave,
And yon little cloud is as motionless
  As a stone above a grave.

Ah, me! this lifeless nature
  Oppresses my heart and brain!
Oh! for a storm and thunder—
  For lightning and wild fierce rain!
Fling down that lute—I hate it!
  Take rather his buckler and sword,
And crash them and clash them together
  Till this sleeping world is stirred.

Hark! to my Indian beauty—
  My cockatoo, creamy white,
With roses under his feathers—
  That flashes across the light.

Look! listen! as backward and forward
  To his hoop of gold he clings,
How he trembles, with crest uplifted,
  And shrieks as he madly swings!
Oh, cockatoo, shriek for Antony!
  Cry, "Come, my love, come home!"
Shriek, "Antony! Antony! Antony!"
  Till he hears you even in Rome.

There—leave me, and take from my chamber
  That wretched little gazelle,
With its bright black eyes so meaningless,
  And its silly tinkling bell!
Take him,—my nerves he vexes—
  The thing without blood or brain,—
Or, by the body of Isis,
  I'll snap his thin neck in twain!

Leave me to gaze at the landscape
  Mistily stretching away,
When the afternoon's opaline tremors
  O'er the mountains quivering play;
Till the fiercer splendour of sunset
  Pours from the west its fire,
And melted, as in a crucible,
  Their earthly forms expire;
And the bald blear skull of the desert
  With glowing mountains is crowned,
That burning like molten jewels
  Circle its temples round.

I will lie and dream of the past-time,
  Æons of thought away,
And through the jungle of memory
  Loosen my fancy to play;
When, a smooth and velvety tiger,
  Ribbed with yellow and black,
Supple and cushion-footed
  I wandered, where never the track
Of a human creature had rustled
  The silence of mighty woods,
And, fierce in a tyrannous freedom,
  I knew but the law of my moods.
The elephant, trumpeting, started
  When he heard my footstep near,
And the spotted giraffes fled wildly
  In a yellow cloud of fear.
I sucked in the noontide splendour,
  Quivering along the glade,
Or yawning, panting, and dreaming,
  Basked in the tamarisk shade,
Till I heard my wild mate roaring,
  As the shadows of night came on,
To brood in the trees' thick branches
  And the shadow of sleep was gone;

Then I roused, and roared in answer,
  And unsheathed from my cushioned feet
My curving claws, and stretched me,
  And wandered my mate to greet.
We toyed in the amber moonlight,
  Upon the warm flat sand,
And struck at each other our massive arms—
  How powerful he was and grand!
His yellow eyes flashed fiercely
  As he crouched and gazed at me,
And his quivering tail, like a serpent,
  Twitched curving nervously.
Then like a storm he seized me,
  With a wild triumphant cry,
And we met, as two clouds in heaven
  When the thunders before them fly.
We grappled and struggled together,
  For his love like his rage was rude;
And his teeth in the swelling folds of my neck
  At times, in our play, drew blood.

Often another suitor—
  For I was flexile and fair—
Fought for me in the moonlight,
  While I lay couching there,
Till his blood was drained by the desert;
  And, ruffled with triumph and power,
He licked me and lay beside me
  To breathe him a vast half-hour.
Then down to the fountain we loitered,
  Where the antelopes came to drink;
Like a bolt we sprang upon them,
  Ere they had time to shrink.
We drank their blood and crushed them,
  And tore them limb from limb,
And the hungriest lion doubted
  Ere he disputed with him.

That was a life to live for!
  Not this weak human life,
With its frivolous bloodless passions,
  Its poor and petty strife!
Come to my arms, my hero,
  The shadows of twilight grow,
And the tiger's ancient fierceness
  In my veins begins to flow.
Come not cringing to sue me!
  Take me with triumph and power,
As a warrior that storms a fortress!
  I will not shrink or cower.
Come, as you came in the desert,
  Ere we were women and men,
When the tiger passions were in us,
  And love as you loved me then!

W. W. S.

THE LATE ELECTIONS.

THE elections are over, and to all outward appearance they have resulted less favourably to the cause of constitutional government than we had hoped rather than anticipated. The Liberals tell us that they have gained twenty seats at the least. It remains to be seen whether in this, as in many other incidents in human life, that which seems to be really is. A gain of twenty seats, counting as forty votes on a division, would, however, be something to boast of—were it quite sure. But is it quite sure? We think not. In the first place, the Liberals, looked at as a party, are but a heap of sand. There is no real bond of union among them, and the absence of such bond will, unless we greatly deceive ourselves, become even more apparent in the new Parliament than it was in the old. In the next place, the new House of Commons is made up of a larger number of untried men than any which has met for the transaction of business since 1832. Till the push comes, no one can say how six out of eight of these gentlemen will vote. No doubt there has been, to a greater extent than on any previous occasion since the Reform Bill, a readiness among Liberal candidates to pledge themselves to whatever seemed to be the favourite crotchets of their constituents. But this circumstance, among others, goes some way to assure us that the measure of the Ministerial success is by no means what it seems to be. Men most prompt to take pledges are not always the most firm in redeeming them. It is a lax notion of morality which compels them, in the first instance, to substitute for their own convictions that which they believe will gratify their constituencies; and the same lax notion of morality which hurried them into rash promises at the hustings, will bear them out in falsifying their honour without a pang, whenever the proper inducements are presented to them after their seats are secure. It appears, then, to us, that the shout of triumph set up by the Government and their supporters in the Liberal press is, to say the least of it, rather premature. Wait till the Houses meet. Wait till we see what the policy of the Queen's Ministers is; and till it shall be clearly ascertained under whose auspices the business of the session is to be carried on. Then, and not till then, we shall be able to determine whether Liberalism, in the well-understood sense of that term, has really gained or lost by the issues of the general election. Meanwhile, our business is to look a little narrowly into the details of the contest which has just closed, and to draw from the premises thereby established such conclusions as the case may seem to warrant.

We begin by acknowledging that, however much we may regret, we can experience little surprise at the turn which events have taken. Not that our belief is at all shaken by it, in the spread of Conservative opinion throughout the country and among the constituencies. But Conservatism is still, what it has always been as a motive power, forbearing rather than aggressive; more prone to put up with ills which are not positively intolerable, than eager to stir up and mix in strife with a view to get rid of them. You cannot rouse this spirit to active exertion unless you are in a position to appeal to some obvious peril hanging over the constitution. Remote dangers, the slow but steady advances of the enemy, attract indeed the notice and rouse the vigilance of the observing few. But the masses ar

essentially men of retiring habits of thought, who either do not notice the connection between what is immediately proposed and what is ultimately arrived at, or else persuade themselves that, by yielding a little, they shall be the better able to make a stout fight for much. Such—and they compose the bulk of our Conservative constituencies—will come forth from their seclusion when they are satisfied that the Crown or the Church is really assailed, and that the democracy is seeking to ride rough-shod over the other estates of the realm. But to everything short of this they pay little heed; and it is next to impossible, circumstanced as the great Conservative party is, to rouse them from the lethargy in which for many years back they have been wrapped. For, strange to say, it is a principle with the class of electors of whom we now speak, to disturb as little as possible the existing order of things. They hold, and hold justly, that it is the prerogative of the Sovereign to choose her own Ministers. And so long as the Queen's Ministers seem to them indisposed to offer open outrage to the constitution, they are reluctant, even at the bidding of their own natural leaders, to disturb them. For any Government, provided it be not a tyranny, is, in their eyes, preferable to continual changes; and being in opposition they arrive at the unhappy conclusion that their party is not strong enough to keep the Government were they fortunate enough to achieve it. The fact, then, that the Tories have been so long out of office, has, in our opinion, exercised no small influence over the present elections, both in town and country. Had the position of parties been reversed, had the dissolution come from the Tories instead of the Whigs, then, for the twofold reason that it is good to keep things as they are, and better still to support our friends, the Tories would have come forth in greater strength at every hustings, and assured to Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli a larger, as it would have been a far more united majority, than will support Lord Palmerston if he ever meet Parliament again. As it is, the stream has flowed in an opposite direction.

Without doubt, Lord Palmerston owes not a little of the success which has crowned the efforts of his nominal supporters to the circumstance that he happened to be Prime Minister when the dissolution took place. For there is immense power in the Government, by whomsoever wielded, to sway voters. Apart from the command of patronage, which, though not what it once was, is still very considerable, the First Minister of the Crown bears about with him a prestige which is felt in all circles to an extent which the very men who yield to the spell scarcely acknowledge even to themselves. Nor would it be fair to deny that to Lord Palmerston, more perhaps than to any public man who has flourished in the present generation, this prestige adheres. It is hard to say why the case should be so. No public man of whom we have any recollection has so habitually broken his pledges, so often turned his back upon himself, as our veteran Premier. A Tory of Tories in early life—a Whig when Whiggery came into the ascendant—a Radical as soon as it suited his convenience to outbid his Whig colleagues, and latterly the most Conservative member of his own Cabinet, he has indeed been, in one sense of the expression, all things to all men. But how any one pretending to consistency of opinion on any subject can put the smallest confidence in him—that, we must confess, is to us a mystery which defies solution. Be this, however, as it may, there is no denying the fact that Palmerston's name has been a tower of strength to his party. It was that, even more than Mr. Glad-

stone's reputation as a financier, which carried all the seats in and about the metropolis. It was that, in connection with Reform and the lowering of the franchise, which gave to young Gladstone his seat for Chester. Our own county of Kincardine went from us mainly because the farmers look to Palmerston to put down the Pope and to repeal the malt-tax and the whisky duty; just as one of the seats for Dublin was lost because of the support which he gave to Mr. Monsell's bill; and Hull abjured its Conservative faith because the electors were satisfied that he would keep the malt-tax on. So varied is this old man's reputation, so popular has he managed to make himself among people whose views on almost every point of practical administration are the very antipodes one from another.

Palmerston's name and his position at the head of the Administration have, undoubtedly, between them, done great things for the Liberal party at the late elections. Another element of success—and it is even more effective than these—must be sought for in the spirit which animates every section of the so-called Liberal party. They are all, without exception, aggressive politicians. Some more, some less, seek changes; the Whig portion of them so far only as shall secure to them a monopoly of place and pay; the Radicals to the extent of the substitution of a pure democracy for the limited monarchy under which we live. Now, aggressive politicians are necessarily the very reverse of what we have described the bulk of the Conservative constituencies to be. They are nothing if they be not continually in action. In their eyes rest is the most hopeless and distressful of all conditions. They know no happiness except in agitation. They are very bold, likewise, and thoroughly uncompromising. Though in numbers and weight of character inferior to their Conservative rivals, they more than make up for these deficiencies by their strong determination of purpose. If it were possible to get at the private opinions of the ten-pound householders in Westminster, and even in the City, our conviction is, that they would express themselves by five to three favourable to a Conservative policy; yet, for the reasons elsewhere given, they keep their opinions to themselves. It is the three Radical voters who make all the noise, and by sheer dint of noise and clamour carry the candidates who pander to their prejudices. At the same time let us not throw the blame wholly on them, or give them all the credit. We have fallen upon evil days so far as regards the moral feeling of those who in vast numbers aspire to the honour of representing—they don't care what place in Parliament. These seek, in nine cases out of ten, neither the good of the country nor the promotion of the interests of boroughs or counties with which they and their fathers have been long connected. Their sole object is to establish for themselves a place in society, and to that they are ready to sacrifice their own most cherished convictions. Let anybody take the trouble to read the electioneering speeches of the noble lords and wealthy gentlemen who went in at the late elections for the representation of such places as Westminster, Leeds, and Chester. Does anybody suppose that Captain Grosvenor, for example, is honestly desirous of swamping the borough which has returned him to Parliament, by letting in upon it a shoal of six-pound householders? Is Lord Amberley to be believed when he professes himself an advocate of universal suffrage and a supporter of Mr. Baines's scheme as a step towards that happy consummation? And at Chester, who credits the sincerity of young Gladstone, while he repeats the cuckoo-cry which his father raised about "the natural right of every man to exercise the

franchise, against whom reasons to the contrary moral or intellectual cannot be proved." Yet these three politicians—all gentleman, be it observed, by birth and education—are but specimens of the class who have everywhere come forward to claim the support of Liberal electors, and have obtained it. Now we say, without hesitation, uncompromisingly, alive to the weight of the charge which we bring against them, that every man moving in the same sphere with Lord Amberley, Captain Grosvenor, and Mr. Gladstone, who makes such a confession of political faith as this, deliberately states what he does not believe, and disgraces both himself and his constituents by so doing. In our poor opinion, the exploded system of dealing out five pound notes fresh from the bank among the voters was not only more honourable in itself, but infinitely less injurious in its consequences than this. We don't bribe now; oh, no. We are too pure-minded for that. Besides, by not bribing we save our pockets, which is a consideration even to a scion of the house of Grosvenor. But we throw away our own honour, and buy constituencies with promises which either we do not intend to keep, or, if we do keep them, which pledge us to a line of policy of the extreme hurt of which to every institution in the country we are fully aware. If this state of things continue, whither will it carry us? When the Liberalisation Society in the City, and Mr. Churchwarden Westerton in Westminster, are permitted to dictate to candidates the terms on which they shall receive the support of the voters, is not the question forced upon us, how far, after all, the representative system of which we boast is or is not a matter to be proud of? For one of two consequences must inevitably follow. Either we must submit to see these and similar boroughs given up as a sort of preserve to demagogues without any character to lose, public or private; or we must witness, as we now do, gentlemen deliberately bartering away their self-respect in exchange for the empty honour of representing in the House of Commons a constituency with which they have not a single political opinion in common.

The opinions which we have just expressed are applicable, we regret to say, to all times and all places where affairs are managed, as they have been of late too much managed, at elections in this country. It is more degrading by far to the character of the House of Commons to have its benches filled with men tied and hampered by pledges, whether they keep them or not, than to receive under its roof the undisguised purchasers of venal constituencies. For the latter are at all events free to exercise their own judgment,—to take on every question the course which they may prefer; whereas the former, if they be true to their word, can aim at no higher place than to be the mouthpiece of those who sent them, not to deliberate, but to vote as they are bidden. But there are circumstances connected with the late elections, and with many of those who, as candidates and voters, took part in it, which take the operation quite out of the category of common affairs, and give to it a character peculiarly its own. The Liberals are, or profess to be, the enemies of corruption, whatever form it may assume—the stanch advocates of freedom of opinion—purists in morals, in manners, and in principles. And it is on the great Liberal party, in its various ramifications, that Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gladstone, and the Cabinet, as now formed, depend for the retention of office. Now, what was the position, in regard to these points, of the Liberal Cabinet just before the dissolution took place, and what is it now? There had sat at the same table with the Premier and his Chancellor of the Exchequer for three

years or more, sharing in their deliberations, and helping them to determine their general policy, a noble and learned Lord, whom, because of his great abilities, and exalted character in every respect, Lord Palmerston had raised to the highest dignity under the Crown. This lawyer was not personally a popular man, nor indeed could he be. His manners were often rude, his language offensive, his taste anything but refined, and his odour in society the reverse of savoury. But he had been a most successful advocate, had shown large acquaintance with the principles of jurisprudence; and having held office first as Solicitor, and afterwards as Attorney-General in a Liberal Administration, he could not well be passed over when the Woolsack became vacant. Sir Richard Bethel, much to the satisfaction of the Liberals in and out of the House of Commons, was, in consequence of his assumed merits in every respect, created Lord High Chancellor of England.

Lord Westbury, while yet a member of the Lower House, had greatly distinguished himself as a corrector of abuses. He had brought in various bills, some of which were carried, some lost, with a view to render the course of justice in this country at once more pure and less intricate than it had ever been. In particular, he struck a blow at the corruptions of the Court of Bankruptcy, which, through the obtuse determination of Lord Cranworth, then Whig Lord Chancellor, not to see its merits, failed in the House of Lords. Sir Richard was angry at the failure; and being thoroughly honest, he did not scruple to speak of his colleague and chief in the unmeasured terms which were usual with him. For this the Liberals, especially those of the more advanced order, praised him loudly. It was quite in their line to back up a subordinate who should speak bitter words of his superior; especially when the latter was represented to be the defender of abuses which the former desired to abate. Lord Palmerston did not much relish the squabble in his own camp—yet he bore with it: and, by-and-by, when the convenient opportunity offered, he showed his sense of the merits of his distinguished and high-minded attorney by advancing him to the Woolsack.

On the Woolsack, not less than in the House of Commons, Lord Westbury continued to profess the most exalted views of his own duty, and his determination to do it. He sneered at the proceedings of the clergy in Convocation, and put up some of the smallest of the livings in his gift to sale. We are far from blaming him for the latter of these proceedings, which has, we believe, worked well; and with regard to the former, the worst that can be said is — that sneers are at all times favourite figures of speech with Lord Westbury; especially when they can be brought to bear on sacred subjects. But his tinkering at the Bankruptcy Courts proved less effective than he had anticipated; and by little and little suspicion got abroad that the Liberal Chancellor was rather given to jobbing. The Cabinet and their supporters in either House of Parliament treated these suspicions, as became them, with contempt. The great party in and out of doors paid no heed to them. It was a mere slander, the whisper of a faction who hoped through the sides of the highest dignitary in the State to damage the Minister who had made him. At last, above the smoke which had long curled upwards, the fire broke. Sons, sons-in-law, cousins, and more distant relatives, had been saddled upon the public with a rapidity and to an extent quite unprecedented; when all at once the affair of Mr. Edmunds came to light. We have no desire to rake up that story, or, in any spirit of malice towards a fallen man, to dwell upon the still greater scandal

that followed in the matter of Mr. Welsh, Mr. Miller, and Mr. Richard Bethel. The Chancellor, if not guilty, was most unfortunate; unfortunate in his son, as all the world knows him to be; and scarcely less so in the characters of the men whom he appears to have taken most closely into his confidence. But what can we say of the Government of which he was a member; which first of all did its best to refuse inquiry into these scandals, and then, when forced by the pressure of public opinion to give way, yielded in a manner to which there is scarcely a parallel in parliamentary history. Just consider this case.

When Lord Derby, in the House of Lords, made a statement seriously affecting the public and private character of the noble Lord on the Woolsack, Lord Westbury repelled the charge then brought against him with greater warmth than judgment; and Lord Granville, speaking for himself and the rest of the Cabinet, professed to be entirely satisfied with the explanation which the Chancellor had given. The leader of the Opposition refused to be put down; and the Government, with undisguised reluctance, consented to bring the case before a committee. But the Government so manipulated this committee that it should include five Ministerial with only four Opposition Peers; and that of the Ministerial Peers four should be either members or ex-members of a Whig Cabinet. The consequence was a report, approved by five and objected to by four; which, while it acquitted the Lord Chancellor of personal corruption, of which nobody ever thought of accusing him, censured him in severe terms, on account of want of judgment and unbecoming haste in granting a pension to a person utterly and notoriously unworthy of it.

Lord Westbury, to give him his due, was anxious upon this to resign. He felt that no man with such a heavy charge proved against him could remain with propriety one hour at the fountainhead of justice, and keeper of the Queen's conscience. Not so thought the Prime Minister, the chief of the great Liberal party, and his immaculate colleagues. It would be most inconvenient to change the Chancellor at such a moment, and under such circumstances; so Lord Westbury was prevailed upon to keep his seat on the Woolsack. Whether our adroit Premier, knowing that a dissolution was at hand, meant no more than to tide over the remainder of the session, or whether he expected to carry his protegé through, and to make use of him as a victim narrowly delivered from Tory violence at the hustings, is uncertain. But whatever his purpose might be, he went forward with it bravely, and stood by his friend, as he always does, like a man. He had counted, however, beyond his host. Other delinquencies than those connected with Mr. Edmunds lay behind. Mr. Ferrand and the House of Commons got hold of them, and once more the Lord Chancellor stood a criminal on his trial before the bar of a less docile tribunal than the House of Lords. The results are of course fresh in the recollection of all our readers. After the Committee had made its report, and the evidence on which the report rested either was or ought to have been in the hands of every member, the Ministers made no sign of bringing the affair to an issue; — though they knew, and the House knew, that the dissolution might from hour to hour be expected. This was too much. An honourable member rose and demanded that issue should be taken in language so plain and so telling that there was no escaping from it. What followed? Did the Prime Minister apologise for the delay which had occurred, and promise that justice should be done, come what would? Nothing of the sort. Lord Palmerston's reply to Mr. Longfield was, even for

him, audacious in the extreme. "He was not only surprised but indignant that the honourable member should bring forward charges which there was no evidence before the House to support;" and, we write it with as much of surprise as of regret,—Sir Roundell Palmer, not heretofore mixed up in subterfuges and equivocations, had the bad taste to indorse the statement. Now see the end. The debate to which we have just referred took place, if we recollect right, on a Tuesday. On the Thursday following the whole of the evidence was in the hands of members. On Friday notice was given of a vote of censure on the Chancellor, to the discussion of which Lord Palmerston did his best to refuse a day; and, when foiled on that point, recourse was had to a system of tactics absolutely new in such cases. A prodigious whip was made. Many members who had quitted London that they might look after their interests in the places for which they sat were called back to fight the Chancellor's battle, and the battle going against him, Lord Palmerston himself moved an adjournment of the debate! An adjournment of the debate at a time when everybody present—the Prime Minister more accurately than the rest—knew perfectly well that prorogation and dissolution were both close at hand!! This was too much for the patience of the House. The motion was resisted: a division took place, and Ministers were left in a minority of 14.

We have gone into these details, not for the sake of blacking the late Chancellor, or even the Queen's present Ministers, for of that there is no need; but because it is worthy of universal observation that the 163 members who went out into the gallery with Lord Palmerston were to a man Liberals of the first water. He took with him, of course, Mr. Gladstone, Sir George Grey, Sir Charles Wood, Mr. Milner Gibson, and Mr. Villiers. The Attorney and Solicitor General, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, and all the other lesser stars in the Ministerial empyrean, likewise follow their leader. But who that did not know what Liberals are, could have suspected Mr. Goschen, Mr. Baines, Mr. Scholefield, and Mr. Bazley of helping to swell his minority? Yet so it was. And now these are the very men who, on the plea of upholding purity in the administration of public affairs, go to the country, and are by the country sent back to represent Liberal principles in the new House of Commons!

Among the incidents of the late general election, there has occurred none more significant—none, if we may use the expression, more touching—than the loss of his seat for the University of Oxford, by the Right Hon. William Gladstone. Of her distinguished living sons perhaps the most distinguished, as well in his University career as in after life, he enjoyed for many years the confidence, and more than the confidence—the devoted love, respect, and affection—of the most enlightened constituency in the world. Early elected to represent in Parliament the foremost scholars, the most profound thinkers of the age, he went and came, the freest and grandest man of all who had a constitutional right to legislate for this great empire. On him there were no checks imposed, no burdens thrown, no necessity laid of giving from time to time an account of his stewardship. The masters of Oxford took him up in a spirit of the most generous confidence; and had he but proved true to himself rather than to them, they would have continued to him, throughout the term of his public life, the same confidence unshaken. But Mr. Gladstone has not proved true to himself, and hence his fall. For a fall we know that he feels it to be, whatever his flatterers, and perhaps his own wounded vanity,

may say to the contrary; and never to his dying day will he forget, or in his more quiet moments cease to lament, that so great a calamity should have overtaken him.

Mr. Gladstone is not, however, the only person interested in this proceeding who mourns over it now, and will long continue to mourn over it. The feeling towards him of the great bulk of the constituency was rather that of brother for brother than anything else. All were proud of his scholarship, of his eloquence, of his great ability, of the place which he had won for himself in public estimation. They respected him for his piety, which they knew to be sincere, and for his benevolence, of which not one among them entertained the shadow of a doubt. They were ready to make every allowance for that waywardness which in him, as in other men, is not unfrequently the attendant on high genius, and forgave, as soon as the wound had ceased to smart, the outbursts of temper which from time to time ran away with him. But they could not forgive, they could not make allowance for the absolute abandonment of all those principles, the profession of which, in early life, had recommended him to their notice. That they would be abused and held up to ridicule for the step which they were taking, they well knew when they recorded their votes; and we should be doing them injustice if we pretend to believe that the abuse even of the 'Times' newspaper will give them no pain. No honourable man is gladdened by ill words, even if they come from those whom he cannot conscientiously respect. But over this feeling, which is strong in proportion to the integrity of its object, and perhaps the retiring habits of his life, rose among the electors of Oxford a stern sense of duty, which overshadowed every other consideration, this among the rest, and drove them, in nine cases out of ten loath and reluctant, to take the step which they have just taken. Probably there are not a dozen among all who have recorded their votes against Mr. Gladstone but lament now, as they lamented when their minds were, after a severe struggle, made up, that they had no choice in the matter. For with men of this stamp inclination can make no permanent head against duty; and rough though the path of duty was, and was seen to be, it was simply impossible for them to turn away from it.

It is an act of common justice to Mr. Gladstone to acknowledge that he has taken his defeat at Oxford in a spirit infinitely more becoming than that of which his flatterers and sycophants are making an exhibition. While the 'Times,' following the dictates of its nature, affects to sneer at the agency by which this result has been brought about, and Mr. Robertson Gladstone and the Liberals of Liverpool gloat over the idea that they have gained almost more than the Church has lost, Mr. Gladstone himself speaks with some bitterness perhaps—it would be strange if he spoke otherwise—but in a tone of deep, earnest, and, we are willing to believe, honest, though sorrowful affection, of the great institution with which his connection is now severed. "Gentlemen," so he spoke at Liverpool on the 18th of last month, "I have endeavoured to serve that University with my whole heart, and with the strength or weakness of whatever faculties God has given me; it has been my daily and my nightly care to promote, as well as I could, her interests, and to testify to her, as well as I could, my love. Long has she borne with me—long, in spite of active opposition, did she resist every effort to displace me. At last she changed her mind." This was well, indeed touchingly and beautifully, put. And it was the more touching, and the more beautiful, that it expressed simply the truth, and no more. Why did

the speaker mar it by adding, almost immediately, such a statement as this—"If I have clung to the representation of the University with desperate fondness, it was because I could not desert that post in which I seemed to have been placed. I have not abandoned it. I have been dismissed from it, not by academical, but by political agencies."

We have no wish to be severe upon a man who is labouring under the anguish of a disappointed yet honourable ambition; but we really cannot allow a statement of this kind to pass without shortly animadverting upon it. Mr. Gladstone is entirely wrong in the matter here assumed; it can hardly be that he is not aware that he is wrong. No political agencies, in the sense which he wishes to apply to the term, have been called into play for the purpose of severing his connection with Oxford. He might have defied the power of the whole Conservative party to sow disunion between him and his constituents, had he, in his Church principles, continued even partially to be what he once was. For the electors of Oxford have never as a body troubled themselves at all upon the subjects of free-trade and protection, and very little since the passing of the Reform Bill about the lowering of the franchise, or the redistribution of seats in the House of Commons. Individual Masters of Arts, both clerical and lay, do, indeed, and always have considered these points as worthy of the deepest consideration. And in their towns and counties they have voted and spoken just as in the Houses of Commons and Lords they spoke and voted every day, each in accordance which the opinions which they happen to entertain. But the University, considered as a great electoral college, has never regarded questions of this sort as coming under its legitimate cognisance. It has had higher objects to consider, higher and holier interests to promote. What are these objects—what are these interests?

The masters of Oxford, with few exceptions, hold that Church and State are, and always ought to be, in this country, interwoven one with another. They look upon their own University as a Church Institution. They are not willing to throw open the convocation which makes statutes for its government to persons professing different and hostile creeds. They deny that their college foundations, laid for the nourishment and support of the Church, belong of right to Dissenters as well as to Churchmen. The Oxford masters are, further, of opinion that the Church in England and the Church in Ireland are one, and that whatever tends to damage or uproot or overthrow the latter, injures the former, and must lead, sooner or later, to the downfall of both. For the Oxford masters have read and credit the statement, that when one member suffers, all the other members suffer with it. Again, the Oxford masters consider that to release the land from the obligation now imposed upon it, of keeping the old parish churches of England in decent repair, is to rob the poor of their right to the free worship of God, and to pave the way, at no very remote period, for an attack upon Church property in general. And the Oxford masters remember that there was a time when Mr. Gladstone not only thought as they think now, but wrote upon these different points with a force and clearness which only a scholar and a man of genius could have displayed when handling so dry a subject. But what has Mr. Gladstone done of late? He has fallen away, point by point, from that full confession of faith which it was his boast in the beginning of his public career to enunciate. "Long they bore with him"—that is indeed most true. When he came before them the colleague of Lord Russell—the deserter from the Conservative camp—the reviler of the

Conservative leaders—they still elected him, because as a Churchman they believed him to be unchanged. But from the hour when he began to show symptoms of wavering in that, to them, all-important subject, their confidence sustained a shock, and from that shock it never recovered. Mr. Gladstone has no right to say that he has been dismissed from his post by political rather than by academical agencies. It may be that of the men who now "devote their days and nights to the training of youths," in Oxford itself, a majority may have wished to keep him at his post still. But why are they exclusively to be regarded as "academical agencies"? Is not every regent master an academical agent? Are not very many of them, even though they be absent in the provinces, just as much occupied "in training youths" as the resident doctors and masters? And is it not the fact, that this resident majority of which he boasts is made up of "political agencies" to a far greater degree than the non-residents? What is Mr. Goldwin Smith but a political agent as well as a professor? What are all those Members of Parliament and Cabinet Ministers whose names appear in the list of his most respectable committee except political agents, exercising, each within his own sphere, large and very becoming influence? Let any impartial person compare the committee lists on both sides, and say whether that of Mr. Gladstone is not a thousand-fold more marked by political agencies than that of Mr. Gathorne Hardy. The fact is that Mr. Gladstone has been dismissed from his post, not by political, but by strictly academical agencies; because a majority of the Oxford masters were driven at last to the painful conclusion that he had ceased to be what he was when they put it in his keeping, and that however becoming it might be in the traders of South Lancashire to send a free-trader in religion to Parliament, he could no longer sit there as representing the opinions of the Church, and of the University which is intimately connected with the Church.

It is not uninstructive, taking all these facts into consideration, to observe how this becoming exercise of her rights by the University of Oxford is spoken of even by the least rabid of the agents of the Liberal party. "They have had their way," says a writer in the 'Times' of the 19th of June, "and they will not know what they have lost until the University again stands upon her trial before the public. Henceforward Mr. Gladstone will belong to the country, but no longer to the University. Those Oxford influences and traditions which have so strongly coloured his views and so often interfered with his better judgment, must gradually lose their hold on him. He will never again be subjected to humiliating pressure by theological constituents, or expected to suppress his convictions lest he should offend influential supporters. . . . Perhaps a time will come, if it has not come already, when he will rather wonder that he should have been able so long to retain such a seat as no other man of equal genius could hold without degradation. Something of this feeling may be traced in the farewell which he has addressed to the members of convocation."

All this is very natural coming from the mouthpiece of the Palmerston section of the Cabinet. It is at once a rebuke to Oxford and a pat upon the back to the able and excitable man whom it seeks to encourage and console; but it will not serve its purpose. Mr. Gladstone is not now, nor ever was, an admirer of Lord Palmerston; and less than ever will he henceforth be inclined to yield up his own deliberate opinions to those of his nominal chief. Neither are we willing to believe that Mr. Glad-

stone's parting address covers, as the writer in the 'Times' insinuates, a threat of coming hostility towards the body which has rejected him from being its representative. It reads, on the contrary, so far as we are able to judge, like the outpouring of a spirit wounded indeed, but not vindictive, though self-deceived to the greatest possible extent.

"Gentlemen, after an arduous connection of eighteen years, I bid you respectfully farewell. My earnest purpose to serve you, my many faults and shortcomings, the incidents of the political relations between the University and myself established in 1847, so often questioned in vain, and now at length finally dissolved, I leave to the judgment of the future. It is one imperative duty, and one alone, which induces me to trouble you with these few parting words—the duty of expressing my profound and lasting gratitude for indulgence as generous and for support as warm and enthusiastic in itself, and as honourable from the character and distinctions of those who have given it, as has, in my belief, ever been awarded by any constituency to any representative."

Mr. Gladstone could not have expressed himself in other terms than these. He is grieved but not angry, wounded but not infuriated. He believes what he says—for of all living men he is the most entirely carried away by false impressions—that from first to last he has, as member for Oxford, laboured to promote the best interests of the Church and of the University. He suffers because the Oxford electors cannot be brought to see, that what was white eighteen years ago has become black now, and what was black become white. That he will, with malice prepense, agitate in the House and out of it to damage the University for the sake of damaging it, we reject as a most unworthy assumption. It may suit the purpose of the 'Times' to insinuate as much, because it would probably fall in with the writer's disposition himself to do what he predicates of Mr. Gladstone. But Mr. Gladstone is incapable of being guided by motives so base. No. He will go on mining and sapping, sapping and mining—affirming and believing all the while that he is adding strength to the bulwarks both of the Church and of the University. And if both fall he will even then argue that it was good for them and for the nation that such results should follow; because nothing is so corrupting to a clergy as even moderate wealth, and to a University as exclusive opinions and exclusive teaching; and that both will best do their work when the privileges to which they now cling are taken from them, and the Church, freed from the shackles of a State connection, shall make laws for itself, and support its members by the voluntary contributions of the laity.

Meanwhile our thanks are due, and willingly rendered, to the gallant band of devoted men who freed themselves and the University from their connection with a genius too eccentric to be depended upon. The storm of abuse which now whistles round them will soon die away; and there will remain the pleasant conviction that they did their duty at great expense of suffering to themselves; and that they have sent to Parliament a statesman in every respect deserving of the very highest honour which a commoner of England can receive from an English constituency.

The defeat of Mr. Gladstone at Oxford, though a subject of mingled sorrow and rejoicing, does not, we regret to say, make amends for the loss of such places to the Tory party as Stirlingshire, Kincardineshire, and Renfrewshire. The defection of counties, and especially of Scottish counties, is more to be regretted than the falling away of boroughs; yet the circumstance is neither hard to be accounted for, nor pregnant with vital consequences. Scotland is paralysed, more than any other portion of the

empire, through the long continuance of Whiggery in office. It is the nature of the Scot too much to go where the chances of benefiting substantially by his journey seem to be offered. Let us get a Tory ministry in office again, for five or six years, and a wondrous change in Scottish politics will follow. Meanwhile there is no cause whatever for despondency. As we said at the beginning of this paper, it is impossible to predict how the new Parliament will act till it meets. Many men have taken pledges, who, to our certain knowledge, do not intend to be bound by them; and Lord Palmerston's days of place and power are numbered. When he drops, or retires into private life, mighty changes will follow. The Tories must bide their time; and the time of their accession to power may be, and we believe is, much nearer at hand than the Liberals imagine.

P.S.—Since the preceding article was written, more of the county elections have been decided, and we are happy to say that the constitutional party has every reason to be satisfied with the results. West Kent has been retained. Mr. Walter has been ousted from Berkshire; and though Mr. Gladstone has crept in for South Lancashire, it has been with extreme difficulty, and by a process which will not be forgotten when the House meets. The Roman Catholics took him up. Their leaders went with him to the hustings in Liverpool, and made no secret of their belief that he is the man through whom the Protestant Church is to receive its most deadly wound, and Popery to be advanced in the United Kingdom. So be it. We may regret all this for Mr. Gladstone's sake, because it takes away prodigiously from the respectful compassion which was felt for his failure at Oxford. But as far as the country is concerned, we look upon it rather with satisfaction than otherwise. Mr. Gladstone must have got into Parliament somehow; and it is far better for all concerned that he should march into the House under his own than under false colours.

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MEMOIRS OF THE CONFEDERATE WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE, BY HEROS VON BORCKE, CHIEF OF STAFF TO GENERAL J. E. B. STUART.

3 CLIFFORD STREET, BOND STREET,
August 1865.

[To the Editor of 'Blackwood's Magazine.'

I HAVE the pleasure of sending for your consideration the enclosed MS., being a part of my American journal which I kept during the greater portion of the American war, and which I have been urged to publish by many of my friends. I am very well aware that my narrative is too much of a private character, and that the time has passed when these war-pictures are of absorbing general interest; but I am proud and happy to be able to throw some new light on the history of a struggle which has been a glorious one, and to speak publicly of a cause for which to have fought and bled is the greatest satisfaction of my life.—Very respectfully your obedient servant,

(Signed) HEROS VON BORCKE,
Chief of Staff to General J. E. B. Stuart, C. S. A.]

ON the 29th day of April 1862, I embarked at Queenstown on board the fine new steamer Hero, a vessel which had been built for running the blockade into the ports of the Confederate States of America, and was soon upon the bright waters of the Channel, bound for the theatre of war in the New World. Several most agreeable companions shared with me the accommodations of the steamer, and with smooth seas and pleasant skies we made a delightful voyage of twenty days to Nassau, unattended by any other than the ordinary incidents of the ocean transit. Off the Spanish coast we skirted a heavy gale; but as we proceeded from high to low latitudes the weather became every day more and more charming, until we ran upon an even keel into the blue phosphorescent seas that lave the coral-reefs of the Bahamas. Here we met with an interruption which seemed likely for a time to terminate my American adventures, if I may be allowed the Hibernicism, before they had begun. As we were nearing the island of New Providence, within

sight of the island of Abaco, a steamer appeared on our quarter bearing towards us under English colours. The captain of the Hero, apprehending no trouble from a vessel which he mistook for the regular English mail-packet, kept on his course, though it would have been an easy matter to escape the pursuit of the stranger had he supposed her intentions were unfriendly. As we came within range, a light puff of smoke from the stranger's side, and the whizz of a shell through the air a little astern of us made it clear enough that the purpose was to board the Hero; and accordingly our engines were immediately stopped, and there speedily danced alongside a small boat, from which three Federal officers ascended to our decks. The steamer proved to be the U. S. gunboat Mercedita, and her commander, not doubting for a moment that he had made a valuable capture, had sent off a boat's crew to take possession of his prize. Whether the officers who represented him were annoyed at discovering that the Hero was not as yet liable to capture, or whether incivility was habitual to them, it is certain that they behaved towards us with a degree of rudeness such as I have rarely witnessed. After a detention of five hours, however, we were permitted to continue our course, the Federal officers rowed back to the Mercedita, and we had the satisfaction of seeing that vigilant cruiser soon become a mere speck on the evening horizon. I was the more disturbed by this most unwelcome visitation, because it deprived me of many valuable papers and MSS., letters of introduction, and the like, which, fearing they might be seized and read by our visitors, I burned upon their approach.

A few hours later the island of Abaco appeared plainly in view, and with the rich sunset we ran past the islets of coral, each tufted with tropical vegetation, which mark the entrance of the harbour of Nassau. The cargo of the Hero consisting in great part of powder, we were compelled, in accordance with the regulations of the port, to lay-to five miles off shore; but the vessel having been signalled, a boat was soon sent to us, from which stepped aboard a young English midshipman who could not have been more than fourteen years of age, but who seemed fully conscious of the importance wherewith he was clothed by Her Majesty's uniform. This beardless officer, having taken a look at the ship's papers and a glass of grog with becoming dignity, returned to Nassau, leaving us ill content to remain all night on the steamer, from which we saw the sparkling lights of the city and caught the delicious perfume wafted seaward from the island. At six o'clock next morning we found the ship surrounded by barges filled with negroes, who clamoured loudly for the privilege of taking us ashore. We had some difficulty in conducting negotiations from the ship's side amid the horrible din that assailed our ears, but we at last succeeded in securing a boat with six dusky oarsmen, two or three of them Africans by birth, who pulled us to the landing in two and a half hours. The sun poured down upon the sea with almost intolerable fervour, but there was refreshment in looking into the cool blue water, which was so marvellously clear that we could easily distinguish the pebbles strewn upon the bottom at the depth of forty feet.

New Providence is the smallest of the Bahamas, belonging to the West Indian Archipelago, and contains about 13,000 inhabitants, of whom two-thirds are free negroes, under the colonial government of Great Britain. Nassau, its only port, was a gay enough little place at the time of my visit, though, doubtless, with the discontinuance of its trade with the Southern ports, through the Federal blockade, it has subsided into its normal quietude; the busy population that

was then seen upon its wharves has most probably disappeared, and the buzz of animated conversation is heard no more on summer evenings along the verandahs of the Royal Victoria Hotel. This large and comfortable establishment occupies the highest point of the island, and looks down upon the town, which stretches away to the right and left, terraced from the sea in regular gradations of ascent. One is struck most forcibly in the external appearance of Nassau by the violence of the contrasts it presents to the eye. Nothing is subdued. The white Spanish houses absolutely glister in the overpowering glare of the sun. The roofs are as white as if they were covered with snow, being constructed, like the walls, of the coral formation of the island. The streets and roadways are dazzlingly white, and an impalpable dust rises in white clouds from every passing vehicle. The men are dressed in white *cap-à-pie;* they wear white muslin turbaned around their straw hats, and their feet are encased in white canvass shoes, like those worn by the boating crews of the Thames rowing-clubs. Such are the lights of the picture. The shadows are seen in the dark foliage of the orange and banana trees, in the dense shade of the laurel thickets, and in the—intensely black faces of the negroes. Black waiters at the hotel, black shopkeepers in the town, black soldiers on guard, black *belles* on the promenade—the effect was striking against the whiteness of the buildings and the thoroughfares. The "irrepressible negro" asserts himself immensely at Nassau. He seeks, and not altogether in vain, to unite the greatest possible amount of consequence with the least possible amount of work. But the negro women amused me most of any. In all their native hideousness of form and feature, they hang around their persons the costumes of Europe, of every description of fashion, fabric, and colour, and walk the streets with a *grandeza* that even a Spanish hidalgo might envy.

I had not supposed that I should be so much impressed with the variety and beauty of the vegetable and insect life of the tropics; but even the broiling sun did not deter me from making my daily little excursions around the island, armed with a white cotton umbrella, and wearing, after the manner of the foreign residents, the broad-brimmed panama hat with its encircling muslin turban. I must have afforded some amusement to the natives, and others familiar with tropical scenery, as I stalked about thus defended, stopping every now and then to examine some strange and beautiful flower, or to admire the innumerable humming-birds and gorgeous butterflies that fluttered above it, or to purchase, at the stalls of the incessantly chattering negresses, luscious fruits which they offered me, and of which I did not even know the name. The heat of the day was tempered, up to the hour of 10 A.M., by a mild sea-breeze, but the air then became perfectly calm and slumberous, and about mid-day the sun was burning with such power that one felt it like a leaden weight upon the chest. I rose generally at five in the morning and strolled down to the negro cottages, some of which were very pleasant little dwellings, and all of which were surrounded by small gardens filled with a profusion of fruit and flowers. Here I first saw the pine-apple growing in the open air, and the orange-tree at the same moment heavy with its golden globes and fragrant with its opulent blossoms, and the palmetto, and the cocoa-palm with its ripening nuts, and the cactus of every size, from the small creeper, winding along the rocks and walls, to the large tree-like specimen that lifts its head high above the ground, and flings out its scarlet bloom like a banner in the air. Near to the hotel was a magnificent cotton-tree of tremendous size, the trunk being fifteen

feet in diameter, and the branches covering nearly an acre of ground, which was justly esteemed as the pride of the island. Here, and everywhere else, were hundreds of lizards darting over the rocky surface, of which the most interesting was the chameleon with its strangely and rapidly changing colours.

Among the guests in the Royal Victoria Hotel at this time were many gentlemen of the Confederate States, who, as soon as my intentions were made known to them, manifested the liveliest interest in my behalf, and a number of captains of steamers destined for Southern ports, who, with perfect unanimity, offered me a free passage to the "sunny South." It was our custom to assemble on the highest verandah of the building to witness the setting of the sun, which seemed to dive into the blue ocean, reddening and gilding with transient splendours the distant reefs of coral. No lingering, pensive twilight, such as belongs to the latitude of England in the long days of summer, marked the approach of night in the Bahamas. A brief period of crimson tinges upon sky and wave, and then "at one stride came the dark." The decline of the sun was the signal for all the flowers, shrivelled and half-killed by the day's heat, to open their long-closed petals, rendering the air redolent of the voluptuous perfume they exhaled, which was borne to us by every passing breeze. Myriads of fireflies glittered all around us; the temperature was delightful; the stars shone with to me an unwonted brilliancy, and I enjoyed the strange, mysterious beauty of those tropical nights more deeply than I can express.

I had joined my fortunes upon the Atlantic to the fortunes of the Hero, but it very soon appeared that she would be obliged to unload a portion of her cargo at Nassau, and thus be detained at that port for several weeks. The news from America by every arrival became more and more exciting. It was inevitable that heavy battles would very soon be fought before Richmond, and I earnestly desired to take an active part in them. My position, too, was embarrassing. My letters of introduction and recommendation had been destroyed. I did not know a human being in the foreign country whither I was going, nor did I even speak the English language. I was at a loss, therefore, to conjecture how I should carry out my plans. At this juncture, one of my *compagnons du voyage*, Mr. W., readily apprehending my difficulty, gave me the best proof of his friendship by determining to run the blockade with me in the next steamer to Charleston, and accompany me, without loss of time, to Richmond that he might present me to the authorities there. Accordingly we found ourselves, five days after our arrival at Nassau, early on the morning of the 22d May, on board the steamer Kate, and soon Nassau, with its white houses and white streets, and dark laurel thickets, and harbour crowded with steamers, among which I regarded with peculiar interest the well-known Nashville, was far behind us. The tropics faded from me like a dream.

The first two days of our voyage to Charleston passed quietly without incident, but on the morning of the third we ran in sight of the coast of Florida, and the greatest excitement prevailed in our small community, the Federal blockading squadron being, as we knew, not far distant. Our furnaces were fed with the anthracite coal of America, which emits but little smoke to arrest the notice of blockaders, yet we proceeded very cautiously at half-speed, until we arrived within fifty miles by chart of Charleston harbour, when we stopped to await the protecting darkness of the coming night. At that time running the blockade was not thought so easy a matter as it afterwards

proved to be, and the anxiety of many of our passengers began to be gravely and, in some cases, ludicrously exhibited. The vigilant captain did not leave the mast-head, and whoever could procure a marine glass swept the line of sea and sky for hours together, looking out in every direction with the greatest solicitude for the dreaded sails of the Federal cruisers. I had myself put my arms in readiness, and gathered together such of my effects as I supposed I should need most in future campaigning, so that in case we should be chased and obliged to abandon the vessel I might be able to carry them with me in the small boat. But no cruiser appeared, all remained quiet, and about dusk the sky began to be darkened with heavy clouds which were greeted by us with extreme satisfaction. There was a large quantity of powder on board the Kate, and this powder for some reason had been stored immediately beneath the decks, and we had therefore an uncomfortably reasonable prospect of being blown into eternity by the first shell from the Federal fleet that should be only too well directed. The captain had informed us of this circumstance before he consented to receive us as passengers, but we willingly accepted the risk, "trusting to luck" as to the steamer and ourselves. At nightfall our engines were again set in motion; the clouds had overspread the whole firmament; only here and there a star twinkled through the black canopy; and the sombre silence was unbroken save by the sound of the paddles striking against the water, and the whispers of our ship's company, who were all on deck peering out most anxiously into the surrounding darkness.

It was about an hour past midnight when, reaching the entrance of the harbour of Charleston, we discovered a red light on our right hand, a green light on our left hand, and seven or eight others of various colours at a little distance all around us. These were the Federal blockaders awaiting their prey, and right between them had we to pass. The excitement now mounted to its highest point. The reflection of the red light upon the water ran out towards us like the fiery fang of a serpent, seeming to touch the wheelhouse, and to sport with the reflection of the green light from the opposite quarter, and we expected every moment to hear the booming of the blockaders' guns; but God held His protecting hand over us, the dreaded lights were soon glimmering in our wake, and from the frowning fortress of Sumter there thundered what at first we interpreted as a friendly salute that found a joyous echo in every heart. This gun was not, however, fired in our honour. We had been mistaken for an enemy, and we made a narrow escape from going down at the hands of Confederate cannoneers, after having safely passed the perils of the blockade. But the uniform good fortune of the Kate attended her in this critical moment. Our engines were immediately stopped, a boat came off from the fort, explanations and congratulations were interchanged, and then we moved in perfect security up the harbour. Nature demanded rest after so much fatigue, watchfulness, and excitement, and I was fast asleep when the Kate ran slowly into her dock.

The early morning found me awake and looking with great interest upon the strange land where my immediate future had in store I knew not what of action, of duty, of danger, of adventure. Charleston lay before me in the full splendour of the newly risen sun, and presented, with its harbour full of vessels, its commodious villa-like private dwellings, its luxuriant gardens, its straight streets lined on either side by noble trees, its sparkling sea-front, against which the blue wave broke gently, a mag

nificent appearance. As I walked into the town I could not fail to remark the absence of that bustle that one usually finds in a large city. This was explained by the fact that an attack by the Federal fleet was daily expected, in consequence of which many places of business were closed, and many families had gone into the interior. But if the commercial energies of the town were quiescent, the streets gave evidence everywhere of great military activity. Companies of infantry in every variety of dress and armed with all sorts of weapons were marching about, and cavalrymen in costumes the most picturesque were galloping up and down on fine-looking horses. I must confess that with me, accustomed as I was to European discipline and uniform, the first impression of our Confederate soldiers was not a favourable one, and I had then no idea how soon these same men would excite my highest admiration on the battle-field. But I had small opportunity for extended observation of Charleston. The train for Richmond left the station about noon, and I was of its passengers, wondering much at the odd-shaped, long, lumbering railway carriage or "car," which was rolling, with me and more than fifty other occupants, rapidly and dangerously towards the scene of military operations in Virginia. I need say nothing of the wretched railway system, or want of system, of America; the single line of rails, the loosely-built road-bed, the frightful trestle-work over deep gorges, the frail wooden bridges thrown across rushing rivers, and the headlong speed at which the train is often urged on its perilous way. With every month of the war the railroads of the Southern States became worse and worse, until a long journey by rail—say from Montgomery to Richmond—was as hazardous as picket duty on the Potomac. But our journey to Richmond was safely and comfortably accomplished. Whizzing through the rice-fields, cotton-fields, oozy swamps, and dark pine-woods of the two Carolinas, we came at last to forests of oak and hickory, which alternated with peaceful-looking farms and fertile estates in the fair land of the "Old Dominion," and then, crossing the James River upon a bridge of giddy elevation, we were received within the walls of the Confederate capital.

Richmond, the seat of government of Virginia, and, for four years, of the Confederate States, had at that time about 70,000 inhabitants. Unrivalled in America for the picturesque beauty of its situation on the north bank of the James River, it impressed the stranger most agreeably by its general air of comfort, cleanliness, and thrift. Opposite the upper portion of the city the river flows between lofty hills on either bank over a rocky bed, and is thus broken into innumerable cascades, the murmur of which in the stillness of the night serves as a perpetual lullaby to the inhabitants. In the immediate centre of the town there is a pretty little park, with some fine statues and trumpery fountains and umbrageous lindens, surrounding the Capitol, a large building of brick and stucco, erected in 1785, which is noble in the distant view, but mean and paltry upon near approach. The streets are long and straight, intersecting each other, with few exceptions, at right angles, and shaded throughout the larger part of the city's limits by native trees, the maple and tulip-poplar predominating. Pleasant dwellings, with porticoes and trellised verandahs, embowered in gardens, crowned the summits of the hills—dwellings that still remain to render more painful by contrast the ruin of the great conflagration which, three years later, laid the whole business quarter of the town in ashes. The external aspect of Richmond, at the period of my first acquaintance with it, was indeed

very striking. It was the season of roses, and nature, unknowing of war, had arrayed herself in all her pomp to welcome the ardent and prodigal Southern summer. Nothing could seem more peaceful than Franklin Street at evening, with groups of ladies and officers in the porticoes enjoying the cool hours that succeeded to the fierce heats of the day. Nothing could more plainly denote the condition of war than the appearance of the principal thoroughfares and the highways leading into the country. The din of active preparation struck continuously upon the ear in the roar of the forge, and the clatter of the army-wagon, and the heavy tramp of armed men. Large bodies of troops were marching and countermarching through the streets, orderlies, and couriers were galloping about in every direction, and the notes of the fife and drum had hardly died away in the distance before the echoes were waked by the stormier music of a full military band. The vast army of M'Clellan hovered upon the northern and eastern skirts of the city, and over the line of the Chickahominy, which might be faintly traced from the tops of the highest buildings, his camp-fires could even be seen by night, and his balloons of observation, hanging like oranges in the sky, were clearly discernible in the afternoon. It was plain enough that an attack of the enemy in heavy force was expected at any moment. Under such exciting circumstances it was no less remarkable than gratifying to see how calmly and with what perfect confidence the people awaited the momentous events which were so near at hand.

In the uncertain state of affairs at Richmond, the prices of all articles in the shops augmented daily, but I converted my gold into Confederate money at a broker's at the liberal rate of two for one, and thought it a very clever financial operation. The difficulties I met with, however, in securing a position in the army were far greater than I had expected. The ashes of my letters of introduction were floating about on the unquiet surface of the Atlantic. The Government, I found, was disinclined to give commissions to foreigners, all the officers of the Confederate army at that time, except the general and staff officers, being elected by the men; and although Mr. W., by repeated applications to the different authorities, had done all in his power to further my interests, he had met with no success whatever. At length, on the evening of his departure from the city, he informed me that he had seen the Secretary of War, General Randolph, who had manifested much interest in my situation, and would grant me an interview at one o'clock the next day. Accordingly the next day at the appointed hour I repaired to the War Department, where I was received with great kindness by General Randolph, whom I found to be a most intelligent and amiable gentleman, and who, after I had endeavoured to explain to him my plans and wishes in execrable English, gave me a letter to General J. E. B. Stuart, then commanding the cavalry of the army defending Richmond, and, at the same time, an order to procure a horse at the Government stables, with the advice to lose not a moment if I desired to see something of the impending battles. The Government stables were full of good horses, and I had no difficulty in finding an excellent chestnut mare, which afterwards carried me nobly on many a hard ride. At the earliest dawn of morning, on the 30th, an orderly reported to me with the mare in front of my hotel, and I jumped into the saddle, well equipped from head to foot, full of strength and buoyant in spirits, to ride forward to the field.

So we trotted out of the city, and across the wooded plain through which runs the Brooke turnpike,

passing the extensive fortifications and the long lines of the Confederate army. With the liveliest interest I looked upon these masses of warrior-like men, in their dissimilar costumes, who had come with alacrity from the Carolinas, from distant Mississippi and yet more distant Texas, from sunny Florida, from fertile Georgia, from Alabama, land of mountain and cane-brake, from the regions of Louisiana, to imperil their lives in the defence of their much-loved South, and for the expulsion of the invader from its borders. Brigade after brigade we saw awaiting the summons to the battle which was so soon to come. It was no easy matter to find General Stuart, who, as commanding officer of the outposts, was anywhere along the extended lines, and the sun was near its setting when we reached the camp of the First Virginia Cavalry. Here I presented myself for information to the officer in command, Colonel Fitzhugh Lee, who assured me that it would be next to impossible to find General Stuart that night, and offered me kindly the hospitality of his tent. As threatening thunder-clouds were driving up the western horizon, and I was much fatigued by my day's ride, I gladly accepted the invitation. The camp was a novelty to me in the art of castrametation. The horses were not picketed in regular lines as in European armies, but were scattered about anywhere in the neighbouring wood, some tethered to swinging limbs, some tied to small trees, others again left to browse at will upon the undergrowth. In a very short time I was perfectly at home in the Colonel's tent, where the officers of his regiment had assembled, and where the lively strains of the banjo alternated with patriotic songs and animated discourse. During the evening a supper was served which, under existing circumstances, was really luxurious, and one of the chief dishes of which consisted of the eggs of the terrapin found in a creek near the camp by Colonel Lee's faithful negro servant, who was at once *chef de cuisine*, valet, and *maître d'hôtel*. I am sure that no work of art from the kitchen of the Café Riche could have been more gratifying to my hungry appetite than these terrapin's eggs taken out of a Virginia swamp and cooked upon the instant in a cavalry encampment. Soon after supper we retired to rest, but little sleep came to my weary eyelids; for a terrible hurricane, accompanied by thunder and lightning, raged throughout the night, the peals of thunder shaking the earth and the flashes of lightning almost blinding one with their incessant vivid glare. I was awake and fully dressed the next morning when, with the first glimpse of the sun breaking through the exhausted clouds, the trumpet sounded to saddle, and Colonel Lee informed me that he had just received marching orders. He added that he should start in fifteen minutes, and that my best chance of meeting General Stuart was to ride with the regiment. It was marvellous to see how readily those unmilitary-looking troopers obeyed the orders of their colonel, and with what discipline and rapidity the breaking up of the camp was managed. I suffered the whole regiment, 800 strong, to pass me, that I might observe more narrowly its *matériel*. The scrutiny called forth my admiration. The men were all Virginians, whose easy and graceful seat betrayed the habitude of horseback exercise, and they were mounted mostly on blooded animals, some of which the proudest guardsman or the most *exigeant* "swell" in London would have been glad to show off in Hyde Park. Looking back across three eventful years to that morning's march, I feel how little I then thought that I should be joined so closely to these brave fellows in fatigue and fight, and that I should have to mourn the loss of, alas! so many who afterwards fell around me in battle.

After a ride of three hours, passing directly through Richmond to the opposite side of the city, we reached the point of our destination, and Colonel Lee pointed out to me a man, galloping rapidly along on an active, handsome horse, as Stuart, the man whose arrival I awaited so anxiously, and who subsequently became to me one of the truest and best friends I have had in this world.

General Stuart was a stoutly-built man, rather above the middle height, of a most frank and winning expression, the lower part of his fine face covered with a thick brown beard, which flowed over his breast. His eye was quick and piercing, and of a light blue in repose, but changing to a darker tinge under high excitement. His whole person seemed instinct with vitality, his movements were alert, his observation keen and rapid, and altogether he was to me the model of a dashing cavalry leader. Before the breaking out of hostilities between the North and South, he had served in the First United States Cavalry, of which regiment General Joseph E. Johnston was the Lieut.-Colonel, against the Indians of the Far West, and was severely wounded in an encounter with the Cheyennes on the Solomon's Fork of the Kansas River, in July 1857. In that wild life of the prairie, now chasing the buffalo, now pursuing the treacherous savage, whose steeds were almost as fleet as the wind, Stuart had passed nearly all his waking hours in the saddle, and thus became one of the most fearless and dexterous horsemen in America, and he had acquired a love of adventure which made activity a necessity of his being. He delighted in the neighing of the chargers and the roll of the bugle, and he had something of Murat's weakness for the ostentation of the parade. He betrayed this latter quality in his jaunty uniform, which consisted of a small grey jacket, trousers of the same stuff, and over them high military boots, a yellow silk sash and a grey slouch hat, surmounted by a sweeping black ostrich plume. Thus attired, sitting gracefully on his fine horse, he did not fail to attract the notice and admiration of all who saw him ride along. This is not the place to submit any remarks on the military character of General Stuart. His deeds will form the most considerable portion of this humble narrative, and out of them my estimate of his soldierly qualities will naturally arise.

At the moment of our first meeting we could exchange but a few words with each other. The battle was just about to commence, and my presentation to him was necessarily hurried and informal. After reading General Randolph's letter, he said to me that he should be glad to have me at his side during the day's fight, and then presented me to a number of well-mounted young officers, members of his staff, and to General Longstreet and his suite. At this instant the roar of the artillery gave the signal that the "ball had opened," and the whole cavalcade, the generals leading, proceeded in rapid gallop to the front.

THE BATTLE OF SEVEN PINES.

May 31, 1862. — This sanguinary fight owes its strange name to seven solitary pine-trees, standing just at the place where death raged most terribly, and where the battle was decided in favour of our arms. About 30,000 men were engaged on our side, whilst the enemy brought about 45,000 into the field. The ground was very unfavourable for operations on either side — a broad wooded flat, intersected with morasses and open spaces; and the roads were

bad and marshy beyond description, owing to the late violent rains.

I do not propose giving a general description of the engagement, but shall confine myself to my personal experiences and impressions, because, having no military position as yet, and taking part in it only as a deeply interested spectator, I had no insight into the plan of the commanding general.

As General Stuart's cavalry could be of little service in the fight, he had been ordered to place it in reserve at the centre, and on the right and left flanks; but he himself was as usual in the thickest of the fray, giving assistance, counsel, and encouragement to the others, and letting nothing escape his observation.

General Longstreet commanded the right wing, and had taken up position on a hill from which there was an extended view.

The battle was beginning: along the whole line rang the sharp irregular fire of the skirmishers, only now and then broken by the thunder of one of the numerous batteries; soon, however, the cannonade became general, and the rattle of small arms preceding the boom of the heavy guns, sounded like the continued rumbling that one hears before a thunder-clap.

Bullets came whizzing near us through the air, and from time to time a shell, aimed too high, rushed us over and fell upon the damp earth, exploding with a loud crash, and scattering the deadly fragments on all sides.

It was at this moment that General Stuart sent me with the first order to Colonel Lee. To reach him I had to ride more to the front, and to cross a morass, where some horses belonging to the ambulances were standing. Just as I rode past I heard a loud whiz in the air, and saw one of the horses struck down, and at the same moment was almost deafened by an explosion, which covered me with mud and water. This was the first shell that had burst so close to me, and a strange feeling came over me at the thought of having been so near unto death. It was not fear that seized me, but a strong realisation of the pitiless power of destruction which is let loose in war. I discharged my commission without farther adventure, and returned to the Generals.

The battle had meanwhile been going favourably for us; our troops were slowly pressing back the whole Federal line; only in the centre of our right wing a North Carolina brigade had begun to give way a little before the superior strength of the enemy. Instantly General Stuart was spurring towards the spot that he might encourage the troops, and hold the position until our reinforcements could arrive. I followed him into the hail of bullets, of whizzing grape and bursting bombs, one of which rolled between my horse's legs.

Our men had now expended almost all their ammunition, and were falling back, when General Stuart, here threatening, there employing all his eloquence, rallied them, and brought them forward again into the battle to check the enemy as they pressed hard upon us.

A Virginia brigade soon came up as reinforcement. With banners flying, and loud war-cries, they threw themselves unhesitatingly on the foe, driving them before them, and taking their earthworks, which bristled with cannon.

The setting sun lighted up with crimson splendour a broad and bloody battle-field, strewn with the dead and wounded of the enemy, and as many brave Confederate soldiers whose lives had been required as a sacrifice to victory. Numerous prisoners were being brought up from all sides, whom every man and officer not absolutely required to fill the thinning ranks, was employed to convey away. Thus I was commissioned by the General to convey eight soldiers and a Lieu-

tenant-Colonel, who had been wounded in the neck, to join the other prisoners already on their way, by hundreds, to Richmond. These men had been captured by General Stuart and myself in the *mêlée* that succeeded the impetuous onset of the Virginians. Terrible was it to see on every side the wounded returning from the battle: here a man with his head bleeding, there another with shattered arm or leg, reddening the path with his blood; then the more severely wounded in the ambulances, groaning and wailing in a manner that made my heart shrink. I was then little accustomed to scenes like this.

In this battle, though it could not be called a general one, and though its consequences were of no great importance, the victory was complete, but costly. Thousands of our brave soldiers were killed or wounded, and amongst them several generals, one being Johnston, the General-in-Chief, who, just at the close of the fight, was wounded in the shoulder by a ball.

General Stuart remained on the battle-field till late at night, and we galloped off together after the last cannon-shots had died away. The road to headquarters was a dreadful one: hundreds of conveyances, some taking the wounded to Richmond, some coming out from the city with provisions for the troops, were crossing each other in the almost impassable turnpike, and the groans and cries of the wounded were mingled with the curses and shouts of drivers, whose vehicles obstructed the way with broken wheels or exhausted horses.

Many of the inhabitants of Richmond had sent their carriages, and the hotels their omnibuses, to bring off the wounded: the greater number of these slightly-built equipages lay broken in the road, and would never again be available for any purpose whatever.

General Stuart's headquarters were at a farmhouse named Montebello, which was situated on a hill near Richmond, and from which we had a splendid view of the town, the river, and the environs. To this house we galloped for a short night's rest. Here General Stuart thanked me with only too much warmth for the small services I had rendered during the battle, and said that he would have much pleasure in placing me on his staff as a volunteer aide-de-camp.

Sunday, June 1.—We returned very early the next morning to the battle-field, where they seemed to be renewing the fight; faint musketry fire was audible, and the thunder of cannon roared through the morning air.

It was not without risk that we reached the field, the way was so rotten and so full of holes, often from four to five feet in depth, filled with water, so that one could not ride a hundred yards without slipping, and falling with one's horse. Hundreds of waggons were stuck fast in the road, many of them upset, with the horses lying drowned in front of them, and several still filled with wounded men groaning piteously.

After a considerable time we reached the scene of the previous day's victory. Never shall I forget the impression made upon me by this first sight of death and devastation to which I afterwards became so well accustomed.

The most horrible spectacle was that presented near the bastions and earthworks which the day before had been stormed by our men. Friend and foe were lying here indiscriminately side by side, mown down in multitudes by musketry and by the guns which we had afterwards taken. The enemy's artillery had here lost all their horses, which lay by dozens, piled one upon another, and all around the ground was strewn with weapons, haversacks, cartridge-boxes, ammunition, &c. These articles, abandoned by the enemy, were used by us most profitably for

the better equipment of our own troops.

A South Carolina brigade had taken up its position in the intrenchments near us, and the men lay behind the breastwork full of confidence and good-humour, quite unmindful of the heaps of slain, and breakfasting on the enemy's provisions, which had been left behind in great quantities.

General Stuart had scarcely ridden with us into the intrenchments, when a cannon-ball hissed over our heads and tore up the earth about fifty yards behind us. Other shots followed in rapid succession, and each time the balls came nearer and nearer to our little group. General Stuart, paying no attention to the cannonade, remained until he had completed his observations of this portion of the field, and then desired me to ride with him to our extreme right. We had to cross an open field, and as soon as we had reached it the firing began anew. Nearer and nearer to us fell the shells, exploding with an infernal report, and covering us with earth. We were evidently the mark for the fire of a whole battery, and even General Stuart, who till now had tranquilly pursued his way, turned round in surprise when the fragments of an exploding grenade flew hissing between us, and said, "Lieutenant, they are firing at us here; let us ride a little faster!"

We had still about three hundred paces to go before a friendly grove would hide us from the enemy, but this short distance seemed to me like so many miles, and was one of the hottest rides I ever had in my life. The Federals divined our intention only too well, and overwhelmed us with the fire of a whole battery, so that it is almost a miracle that the General and I escaped uninjured.

As we afterwards learned, the Yankees had stationed a scout at the top of a lofty pine-tree, who had perceived the General and given the artillery the first direction: he paid for it with his life, for one of our sharpshooters detected him, and by a well-directed bullet brought him down.

The battle was not renewed; the firing grew fainter and fainter, until towards one o'clock it ceased almost entirely. About this time we returned to the spot where General Longstreet had taken his position the day before, and where several of our generals were assembled, to whom I was presented by General Stuart. President Davis soon came up, congratulating the Generals, and expressing his great satisfaction at the issue of the day.

I had now the opportunity of closely observing General Longstreet for the first time. He was a stout man, of middle height, and most agreeable countenance; his long brown beard gave something leonine to his appearance; an engaging simplicity was his prevailing characteristic, and this was manifested not less in his manners than in his dress, which consisted, like that of most of the leading generals of the Confederate army, of a small black felt hat, a tunic-like grey coat, much faded, on the collar and sleeves of which the devices indicating his rank were scarcely distinguishable, a pair of grey trousers, and military boots with Mexican spurs; a small sword constituted the whole of his armament. His coolness in battle, his steady courage, which was displayed rather by perfect composure under fire, and serene indifference to the extremest peril, than, like that of Stuart, in fiery charges and daring emprise, his energy in the campaign and obstinacy in the fight, and his strict obedience to orders, made him one of the most useful, as he was always among the most conspicuous, officers in the Confederate service, and gained him the full confidence of the army and its commanding general, Robert E. Lee, who used to call him his war-horse. Long-

street's soldiers were perfectly devoted to him, and I have frequently heard friendly contentions between officers and men of his corps, and those of Stonewall Jackson's, as to which of the two was the most meritorious and valuable officer.

President Jefferson Davis is a tall thin man, with sharply defined features, an air of easy command, and frank, unaffected, gentlemanlike manners. I had the honour of being presented to him, and much admired the simple friendly way in which he conversed with me. He looked with great interest at an excellent Damascus blade, an old and tried friend of mine, and said he was very glad to know that he had so good a sword and so strong an arm to wield it in his army.*

The next day did not pass without excitement. A renewed attack from the enemy was expected, and our troops were kept for the greater part of the day under arms. From time to time a single report of cannon was heard, generally fired from our side at the air-balloon which the Yankees had sent up for reconnoitring. General Stuart, who commanded our outposts, was constantly in motion, and we were seldom out of the saddle. Our rendezvous and momentary halting-place was near a small farmhouse standing peacefully among hickory and oak trees, which served as an hospital, where the ghastly features and mutilated limbs of the wounded men stretched upon their beds of pain within the building, formed a dreadful contrast to the cheerful exterior.

On the 5th everything was quiet again. On the 6th General Stuart changed his headquarters, and we removed with bag and baggage to a farmhouse about four miles distant, inhabited only by an old man named Waddle. This place, standing at some distance from the highroad, was surrounded by copses and thickets, and afforded us a capital opportunity of recovering from our fatigues. We had to provide our own food, which, in consequence of the prevailing scarcity, was scanty and bad; a little bacon and maize-bread composed our breakfast, dinner, and supper, and we thought it an extraordinary luxury when we could gather wild strawberries enough in the wood to make a dish to add to our repast.

General Stuart sometimes employed me to carry reports to the different generals, and he usually took me with him on his short reconnoitring rides, in order to make me acquainted with the surrounding country, the position of the army, and the commanders of the divisions and brigades.

Towards dusk on the 8th we set out on one of these expeditions, escorted by half-a-dozen of our couriers, and I soon perceived that our ride was to be extended to a greater distance than usual. It was late in the evening when we reached the last of our outposts, and I was not a little surprised when the General here dismissed his escort and desired me alone to accompany him farther. Silently we rode through the lonely wood, whilst the darkness grew deeper and deeper around us, and the stillness of the forest was only broken by the strange tones of the tree-frog, and the melancholy cry of the whip-poor-will.

We soon found ourselves within the enemy's lines; at any moment we might stumble upon one of their patrols, and General Stuart smiled significantly when he saw me examining the loads of my revolver, and observed that we would not employ firearms except in the last resort, and that in case of an encounter we must make use of our

* We have seen Colonel Von Borcke, and are not surprised that President Davis should congratulate himself on the addition of such a *sabreur* to his army. —Ed. B. M.

sabres. This ride was strangely exciting to me; now that I have become so accustomed to such expeditions, I could go through it with the most perfect composure, but then I was feverishly agitated, and every rustling bough, every bird flying past, increased the strain.

After a ride of about five miles we reached a small house, and on General Stuart's knocking at the door in a peculiar manner it was opened to us. The house was inhabited by an Irishman and his family, and here General Stuart had appointed a rendezvous with one of his spies in order to obtain an authentic report of the enemy's position. This man had not arrived, so we fastened our horses to the fence and went into the house. Hour after hour went by, and the man came not, and it was past midnight when General Stuart became convinced that some unlooked for hindrance must be detaining him. Not all our powers of persuasion and promises of money, not even my offer of accompanying him, could prevail on the old Irishman or his son, a lad of seventeen, to walk over to the spy's abode, which was about two miles distant and near one of the enemy's camps, and so the General and I were obliged ourselves to undertake this dangerous expedition. With the first glimmer of daylight we mounted our horses and cautiously set off on our way. The peculiar repugnance of the Yankees to patrolling at night, and the heavy rain which favoured our enterprise, allowed us to arrive without misadventure at the man's dwelling just as the reveillé was sounding in the camp only 400 paces distant. The spy was very ill in bed, and General Stuart had to dismount and go to his bedside. I felt infinitely relieved when the General, extremely well satisfied with the information he had obtained, swung himself into the saddle, and we galloped back to our lines, where we were greeted with delight by our men, who had begun to entertain considerable anxiety on our account.

Such rides and expeditions were habitual with this bold General, and we often escaped as by a miracle from the dangers which surrounded us. It was only by this exposure of himself that he could insure the extraordinary success which invariably crowned his expeditions and military operations.

The object of this excursion soon appeared. Our cavalry force received orders to provide themselves with rations for three days, and on the 12th we commenced that ride round the army of General M'Clellan which attracted so much attention even in Europe.

THE PAMUNKEY EXPEDITION.

June 12, 1862.—It was two o'clock in the morning, and we were all fast asleep, when General Stuart's clear voice awoke us with the words, "Gentlemen, in ten minutes every man must be in his saddle!"

In half the time all the members of the staff were dressed, and the horses had been fed; and the ten minutes had scarcely passed when we galloped off to overtake the main body, which we reached by about five o'clock. Our command was composed of parts of the different regiments of the brigade, and consisted of about 2500 cavalry, with two pieces of horse-artillery. None of us knew where we were going; General Stuart only communicated the object of the expedition to the colonels commanding; nevertheless every one followed our honoured leader with perfect confidence. We marched the whole day long without halting, and towards evening bivouacked near the little town of Taylorsville in Han-

over County, where we were already within the enemy's lines. At daybreak we again mounted our horses, and our vanguard was soon reported to have met with a party of the enemy's dragoons, who on their approach had hurried off in hasty flight. Without waiting to pursue them, we continued our march, greeted everywhere with enthusiasm by the inhabitants, especially by the ladies, who for a long time had seen none other than Federal troops. I was in company with Stuart the whole time, constantly near the vanguard, and had occasion to see that every operation was initiated and superintended by the General himself. A few miles from Hanover Court-house we surprised a picket of the enemy's cavalry, every man of which fell into our hands from the suddenness of our attack. Whilst we were occupied with sending the prisoners to the rear, our advance-guard came back at a run, a large body of the enemy's dragoons being in hot pursuit of them. Our leading squadron spurred immediately forward to meet the attack, and, having obtained General Stuart's permission, I joined them as with loud war-cries they hurled themselves against the blue masses of the enemy. The Yankees were not able to withstand the impetuous onset of the Virginia horsemen, and, after a *mêlée* of a very few minutes, there commenced a most exciting chase, which was continued for nearly three miles. Friend and foe were soon enveloped in blinding clouds of dust, through which pistol and carbine shots were seen darting to and fro like flashes of lightning. The larger number of the enemy escaped, thanks to their fresher animals, but we took many of them prisoners, and their dead and wounded men and horses encumbered the road as we pushed along. Half an hour later our advance-guard again came in collision with the enemy, who had rallied, and, with strong reinforcements, were awaiting us. Two squadrons of the 9th Virginia Cavalry were immediately sent forward to the attack, and I received orders from General Stuart to hasten with our main column to the scene of action. I rode at once to bring on the main column; but though I used the utmost speed to get back in time to take part in the charge, when I arrived at the scene of the sharp conflict the work had already been done. The enemy's lines were broken and in full flight, leaving many of their dead and wounded, and a large number of prisoners, among whom were several officers, in our hands. We had to lament the loss of the gallant Captain Latané, who, while boldly leading his men, fell pierced by five bullets. In a few seconds the 1st Virginia Cavalry had arrived, and we instantly dashed forward in pursuit.

The enemy made one more attempt to rally, but their lines were broken by our furious attack; they fled in confusion, and we chased them in wild pursuit across an open field, through their camp, and far into the woods.

When we had returned to their camp the work of destruction began. Every one tried to save as much as possible of the articles of luxury with which the Yankees had overloaded themselves, but few succeeded in the end; for, in obedience to the well-laid plan of our leader, flames flashed up, now in one place, now in another, and in a few minutes the whole camp was in a blaze, and with the hundreds of burning tents presented a wonderfully beautiful spectacle.

Many horses and mules, and two captured standards, were all that we carried off with us.

After half an hour's halt our destroying cavalry again set forth; our track of blood and fire pointing out to the enemy the path which we had taken.

We now found ourselves in the very midst of the hostile army, and their encampments lay around us

on every hand. At one point of our journey, the house occupied by the Federal Commander-in-Chief, General M'Clellan, as his headquarters, surrounded by the white tents of a very large camp, was plainly visible at the distance of about two and a half miles. Our situation would have been one of extraordinary peril, had not the boldness and rapidity of our movements disabled and paralysed our adversaries.

On either side of the road we constantly seized upon unsuspecting Federal soldiers who had no idea of the close proximity of the dreaded Stuart until collared by his horsemen. A considerable number of waggons laden with provisions and goods fell into our hands, among them one containing the personal stores of General M'Clellan, with his cigars, wines, and other dainties. But we could not be burdened with booty, so the entire train was committed to the flames, the champagne popped prematurely, and the Cabanas were reduced to anticipatory ashes.

Three transport-ships which lay in the river Pamunkey near at hand, laden with wheat, corn, and provisions from all quarters, were seized by us, together with the guard and the agents stationed there, and ere long the flames mounting towards heaven proclaimed how complete was our work of destruction.

A brigade of the enemy's cavalry here sought to intercept our way and to detain us till the troops, which were marching upon us from all sides, could arrive; but it was broken by our first attack, and crossed our path no more.

Thus towards evening we reached the railroad which was so useful to the enemy in giving them communication with the north; and just as the demolition of the road-bed was about to begin, the train was seen coming up. Without delay General Stuart posted a portion of his men on either side of the embankment, with orders to fire if the train refused to stop at the station. The train moved slowly nearer and nearer, puffing off the steam, and we could soon perceive that it was laden with soldiers, most of them being in open carriages. As the command to stop was disregarded, but on the contrary the movement of the train was accelerated, firing began along our whole line. The engine-driver was shot down by Captain Farley, to whom I had lent my blunderbuss; but before the deadly bullet reached him he had put the train in somewhat quicker motion, so that we could not make ourselves masters of it.

A battle of the strangest description now arose. Some of the soldiers in the train returned our fire, others sprang out to save themselves by flight, or lay down flat at the bottom of the carriages. The train, though its motion had been quickened, was not going at so rapid a pace that we could not keep up with it by galloping hard. Meantime, having had my hat almost knocked off my head by one of the enemy's bullets, I became so wildly excited that, without heeding our own fire, I spurred my horse over the embankment and very soon had discharged all the five charges of my revolver at the foe.

We heard later that few of the occupants of the train had escaped unhurt; the greater part were either killed or severely wounded.

I reproached myself afterwards with having so given the reins to my passion; but after all I only acted in obedience to orders and the requirements of war.

After having done as much injury as we could to the railroad, we proceeded on our march, whilst the last beams of the sun lighted up the scene of destruction.

It had been a hard ride and a hard day's work, and my parched tongue was cleaving to the roof of my mouth, when one of our men galloped up to me, and held out a bottle of champagne, saying, "Captain, you did pretty hot work to-

day. I got this bottle of champagne for you out of M'Clellan's waggon. It will do you good."

Never in my life have I enjoyed a bottle of wine so much.

Late in the evening a baggage-train and two sutler's waggons fell into our hands, and we took possession of a large quantity of luxuries *assortis*, such as pickles, oysters, preserved fruits, oranges, lemons, and cigars.

About ten o'clock we had an hour's rest to feed our horses, and then rode on all the night through towards the Chickahominy River, which we reached at five o'clock in the morning. From the reports we had received we expected to find little difficulty in fording the stream, but who can describe our astonishment at finding it so swollen by the rain which had fallen in the mountains during the past twenty-four hours that the water was more than fifteen feet deep! At the same time our rear-guard announced that a whole division of the enemy was on our track.

Every one felt the weight of the danger that threatened us, every one looked with anxiety towards our leader, of whom once again I have occasion to speak with the warmest admiration. With the greatest possible calmness and coolness he gave his orders and made his arrangements.

Two regiments and the two pieces of horse-artillery were ordered, in case of an attack, to cover our retreat; whilst all the other available men were dismounted, some of them being employed to build bridges, the others to swim the river with the horses.

A bridge for foot passengers was hastily constructed across the stream, which was about ninety feet in breadth, and the saddles, &c., were carried over it.

All the swimmers took the unsaddled horses through the river, some riding them, others swimming by their side, with one hand holding the mane and the other directing the horse. This last expedient I thought the best, and in this manner I took sixty-five horses myself through the angry torrent.

After about four hours' work a second bridge for the artillery was completed, and more than half the horses had reached the other side of the river; also the prisoners, about five hundred in number, and hundreds of captured horses and mules. Then the first cannon was drawn by the soldiers across the bridge, which stood the test well, and soon the second followed, and then the reserve regiments.

Towards noon all were in safety on the other bank. General Stuart was the last man to cross the bridge, which we then destroyed.

Hitherto I had had no sensation of fatigue, but after this hard work in the water I felt it severely in all my limbs, and we had still to march the remainder of the day and all the night before we could rest in security. Both horses and men performed wonders during this expedition. We were in the saddle almost uninterruptedly for two days and two nights, fighting for a considerable part of the time, and for ten miles working our way through the swamps of the Chickahominy, which had been hitherto considered impassable.

On the morning of the 15th we arrived safely within our lines, and bivouacked about six miles from Richmond. As soon as I had attended to my horse, who had carried me nobly through the severe fatigue, I fell fast asleep, and so continued during the whole day and night.

We had been wonderfully successful in our expedition, having made a wide circuit through the enemy's immense army, and thoroughly acquainted ourselves with its position, which had been our chief object.

At the same time we had destroyed the enemy's communication, burned property to the amount of millions, captured hundreds of

prisoners, horses, and mules, and put the whole Federal army in fear and consternation.

We were warmly greeted everywhere on our return, and every sort of honour was paid to General Stuart's name. This ovation was extended to officers and men, and wherever any one who had taken part in this famous expedition was seen, he was besieged with questions, gazed at as a hero, and entreated to relate his own adventures, and the story of the ride.

The Richmond press teemed with praises of General Stuart and his followers, and even the journals of New York did not fail to render homage to the conception and execution of this bold enterprise. The fate of the gallant Latané was touchingly lamented in verse by one of Virginia's poets, J. R. Thompson, whose verses I beg to introduce, as keeping in memory both the devotion of the noble women of the State, and the ruthless conduct of the enemy. The extract from a private letter which prefaces the lines is retained, for a better understanding of them by the English reader:—

"THE BURIAL OF LATANÉ.

"The next squadron moved to the front under the lamented Captain Latané, making a most brilliant and successful charge with drawn sabres upon the enemy's picked ground, and, after a hotly-contested hand-to-hand conflict, put him to flight, but not till the gallant Captain had sealed his devotion to his native soil with his blood."—*Official Report of the Pamunkey Expedition: General J. E. B. Stuart, C.S.A.*

"Lieutenant Latané carried his brother's dead body to Mrs. Brockenbrough's plantation, an hour or two after his death. On this sad and lonely errand he met a party of Yankees, who followed him to Mrs. Brockenbrough's gate, and, stopping there, told him that as soon as he had placed his brother's body in friendly hands, he must surrender himself prisoner. . . . Mrs. Brockenbrough sent for an Episcopal clergyman to perform the funeral ceremonies, but the enemy would not permit him to pass. Then, with a few other ladies, a fair-haired little girl, her apron filled with white flowers, and a few faithful slaves, who stood reverently near, a pious Virginia matron read the solemn and beautiful burial-service over the cold, still form of one of the noblest gentlemen and most intrepid officers in the Confederate army. She watched the sods heaped upon the coffin-lid, then sinking on her knees, in sight and hearing of the foe, she committed his soul's welfare, and the stricken hearts he had left behind him, to the mercy of the All-Father."—*Extract from a private letter.*

"The combat raged not long, but ours the day;
And through the hosts that compassed us around
Our little band rode proudly on its way,
Leaving one gallant comrade, glory-crowned,
Unburied on the field he died to gain,
Single of all his men amid the hostile slain.

"One moment on the battle's edge he stood,
Hope's halo like a helmet round his hair;
The next beheld him, dabbled in his blood,
Prostrate in death, and yet in death how fair!
Even thus he passed, through the red gate of strife,
From earthly crowns and palms to an immortal life.

"A brother bore his body from the field,
And gave it unto strangers' hands that closed
The calm blue eyes, on earth for ever sealed,
And tenderly the slender limbs composed:—
Strangers, yet sisters, who, with Mary's love,
Sat by the open tomb, and, weeping, looked above.

"A little child strewed roses on his bier—
Pale roses not more stainless than his soul,
Nor yet more fragrant than his life sincere
That blossomed with good actions—brief but whole:—
The aged matron and the faithful slave
Approached with reverent feet the hero's lowly grave.

"No man of God might say the burial rite
Above the 'rebel'—thus declared the foe
That blanched before him in the deadly fight;
But woman's voice in accents soft and low,
Trembling with pity, touched with pathos, read
Over his hallowed dust the ritual for the dead.

"'Tis sown in weakness, it is raised in power.'
Softly the promise floated on the air,
And the sweet breathings of the sunset hour
Came back responsive to the mourner's prayer:
Gently they laid him underneath the sod,
And left him with his fame, his country, and his God."

I had been very fortunate during the expedition in rendering services of various kinds to General Stuart, which obtained his cordial recognition in the Official Report, and in this manner secured for me at once a position in the Confederate army.*

A quiet time now followed at headquarters. Both horses and men needed rest after exertions so long continued and fatiguing. The weather was glorious, and all nature had put on the full beauty of spring. Around the house which we inhabited white and red roses bloomed in sweet profusion, covering and climbing over the walls, and the wild honeysuckle added its fragrance to that of hundreds of magnolias blossoming in the neighbouring swamp. In the fierce heats of June no refreshment could be more delicious than that afforded by the shade and perfume that dwelt along the cool densely-wooded morass, as, in our rides about the camp, we frequently crossed the small tributary rivulets, and let our horses drink of the dark, clear water flowing over the pebbly bottom.

My relations with General Stuart had now become of a most friendly and intimate character. The greater part of my time was spent in his company. In this manner I became acquainted with his amiable and accomplished young wife, and his two bright-eyed little children, Flora and Jemmy, five and three years of age respectively, whose tender affections I was not long in securing. Mrs. Stuart, during a considerable period of the war, lived, from time to time, at her husband's headquarters, as they might be established at a point more or less safe and accessible; and I do not remember that I have ever seen a more interesting family circle than they presented, when, after a long ride or hazardous reconnaissance, General Stuart would seem to forget, for a brief interval, the dangers and duties of his exciting life in the enjoyment of his domestic happiness. The bold rider and *beau sabreur* playing with his children, or listening to his wife as she sang to him a much-admired ballad, was a sweet picture in the midst of arms, the lights of which were in effective and pleasing contrast with the Rembrandtish shadows of the dark wood and the rude warriors that lay there. General Stuart had married a daughter of Colonel Philip St. George Cooke, of the U.S. Dragoons, a Virginian by birth, and West-Pointer by military education, who had remained in the Federal service, and was now making war upon his native State as a brigadier-general of President Lincoln's appointment. On several occasions, during the campaigns in Virginia, General Stuart came very near making a prisoner of his father-in-law; and I believe it would have given him greater satisfaction to send General Cooke under escort to Richmond than to capture the mighty M'Clellan himself.

The military family of General Stuart consisted of fourteen or fifteen high-spirited young fellows,

* I trust I may be pardoned for introducing here that passage in the Report which refers to the part I took in the expedition. General Stuart says:—

"Amongst those who rendered efficient services in this expedition, I cannot forget to mention Heros Von Borcke, formerly of the Prussian Brandenburg Dragoons, who distinguished himself by his gallantry, and won the admiration of all who witnessed his bravery and his military conduct during the expedition. He highly deserves promotion."

boon companions in the bivouac, and excellent soldiers in the fight, of whom, alas! seven were afterwards killed in battle, three received honourable and dangerous wounds, the effects of which will follow them through life, and two were carried off by the enemy to languish in loathsome Northern prisons. It was, indeed, a hazardous service upon which we had entered; but little disturbed were we by a thought of the peril, or if such a thought ever intruded upon us, it was only to unite together in closer friendship the sharers of a common destiny.

On the morning of the 20th June, General Stuart, with a significant smile, gave me his official report of the Pamunkey expedition to carry to the Secretary of War, General Randolph.

I soon perceived the meaning of this smile when the commission of captain in the Confederate Cavalry was delivered to me by the Secretary, with the most flattering expressions respecting my conduct. Full of gratitude, I returned to headquarters with a sensation of hearty satisfaction such as I had not known for a long time.

We were not, however, to rest many days at headquarters on the laurels of the Pamunkey expedition. During the night of the 25th there came again to us marching orders: before midnight all were in readiness; but as there was no moon, the darkness detained us till the morning, when the rising sun found us in the saddle, fresh and eager for the performance of whatever duties the day might impose. Events were on the wing of the greatest military significance—events on which the eyes of the world were to be fixed, and by which the genius of more than one commander was to be determined—events whose proper place in history will for ever remain undisturbed by the unhappy issue of the American War.

(*To be continued.*)

MISS MARJORIBANKS.—PART VIII.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Miss Marjoribanks's mind had scarcely subsided out of the first exhilarating sense of a great many things to do, and a truly important mission in hand, when little Rose Lake sought her with that confession of family troubles, and prayer for counsel and aid in the extremity, which opened a new way and mode of working to Lucilla. Rose was proud, poor little soul, not only of her exceptional position, and that of her family, as a family of artists, but also with a constitutional and individual pride as one of the natural conservators of the domestic honour, who would rather have died than have heard the Lakes lightly spoken of, or upbraided with debt or indecorum, or any other crime. She had been silent as long as she could about Barbara's shortcomings, jealously concealing them from all the world, and attacking them with a violence which made her big elder sister, who was twice as big and six times as strong as she, tremble before her when they were alone. But little Rose had at length found things come to a point beyond which her experience did not go. When Barbara began to have secret meetings with a man whose presence nobody was aware of, and who did not come openly to the house to seek her—and persevered, in spite of all remonstrances, in this clandestine career—Rose could not tell what more to do. A vague instinct of greater evil behind impelled her to some action, and shame and pride

combined at the same time to keep her silent. She could not speak to her father, because the poor man lost his head straightway, and made piteous appeals to her not to make a fuss, and threw the burden back again upon her with a double weight; and besides, he was only a man, though he was her father, and Rose had the pride of a woman in addition to her other prides. In these painful circumstances, it occurred to her to consult Lucilla, who had been, as has been recounted in an early part of this history, a great authority at Mount Pleasant, where her heroic belief in herself led, as was natural, others to believe in her. And then Miss Marjoribanks was one of the people who keep counsel; and Rose felt, besides, that Lucilla had been injured, and had not revenged herself, and that to put confidence in her would be, to a certain extent, to make up for the offence. All these motives, combined with an intolerable sense of having upon her shoulders a burden greater than she could bear, drove the young artist at last to Grange Lane, where Lucilla, as we have said, was still in the state of mental exhilaration and excitement naturally consequent upon having a very important piece of work in hand.

"I don't know what to do," said Rose; "I made up my mind I never would say a word to any one. It is so strange she should have no proper pride! but you know, Lucilla, it is dreadful to think if anything should come of it! though I am sure I don't know what could come of it; but they might run away, or something; and then people are so fond of talking. I thought for a long time, if I only knew some nice old lady; but then I don't suppose there are any nice old ladies in Carlingford," added the Preraphaelist, with a sigh.

"Oh, you little monster!" cried Lucilla, "there is Mrs. Chiley, the dearest old——; but never mind, make haste and tell me all the same."

"Lucilla," said Rose, solemnly, "we are not great people like you; we are not rich, nor able to have all we like, and everybody to visit us; but, all the same, we have our Pride. The honour of a family is just as precious whether people live," said the young artist, with a certain severity, "in Grove Street or in Grange Lane."

This exordium had its natural effect upon Miss Marjoribanks; her imagination leaped forward a long way beyond the reality which her companion talked of so solemnly, and she changed colour a little, as even a woman of her experience might be excused for doing in the presence of something terrible and disastrous so near at hand.

"I wish you would not frighten me," said Lucilla; "I am very sorry for you, you dear little Rose. You are only a baby yourself, and ought not to have any bother. Tell me all about it, there's a dear."

But these soothing tones were too much for Rose's composure. She cried, and her cheeks flushed, and her dewy eyes enlarged and lightened when they had thrown off a little part of their oppression in the form of those hot salt tears. Miss Marjoribanks had never seen her look so pretty, and said so to herself, with a momentary and perfectly disinterested regret that there was "nobody" to see her—a regret which probably changed its character before Rose left the house. But in the mean time Lucilla soothed her and kissed her, and took off her hat and shed her pretty curls off her forehead. These curls were not by any means so strong and vehement in their twist as Miss Marjoribanks's own, but hung loosely and softly with the "sweet neglect" of the poet. "You would look very nice if you would take a little pains," Lucilla said, in her maternal way. "You must wear your hair just so on Thursday; and now tell me all about it—there's a dear."

"Lucilla, *you know*," said Rose,

drying her tears, "she has taken to going out in the evening, and I am sure she meets him every night. I can't be a spy on her, whatever she does, and I can't lock her up, you know, or lock the door, or anything like that. I am not her mother," said the poor little sister, pathetically, with a regretful sob. "And then she has taken to make herself *nice* before she goes out. I don't think she ever cared much for being nice—not for home, you know; but now she has pretty collars and gloves and things, and I can't tell where she gets them," cried Rose, her eyes lighting up passionately. "She has no money to spend on such things. Lucilla, I should die if I thought she would accept them from *him*."

"You dear old Rose, you don't know what you are saying," said the experienced Lucilla; "most likely, if she meets a gentleman, she is engaged to him; and They always give people presents, you know. If you would only tell me who it is."

"Lucilla, do not trifle with me," said Rose; "it is much too serious for that — engaged without papa knowing of it, nor me! You know very well that would be no engagement. I sometimes think she is—is—fond of him," said the reverent little maiden, whose voice changed and softened under the influence of that supposition; "and then again I think it is only because he is rich," she went on, with new vehemence. "Oh, Lucilla, if you only knew how dreadful it was to have such thoughts—and there is nobody to take care of her but me! Papa cannot be worried, for that would react upon everything. An artist is not just like other people. It is everybody's duty to leave him undisturbed; and then, you know, he is only a man, and does not understand; and if she won't pay any attention to me when I speak to her, oh, Lucilla, tell me, what can I do?"

"Let me think," said Lucilla, gravely. "You know I can't tell all in a moment. It is Mr. Cavendish, I suppose, though you won't say so. Now just wait a moment, and let me think.

"I once thought of going to him," said Rose; "perhaps he might be generous, and go away. An artist can do many things that other people can't do. We have an exceptional position," the Preraphaelist went on, faltering a little, and not feeling quite so sure of the fact on that special occasion. "I thought of going and begging of him, if it was on my knees——"

"My dear," said Lucilla, with great seriousness, "if you did, I think it is most likely he would fall in love with *you*, and that would not mend the matter; and I am sure Barbara would give you poison. I will tell you what we must do. I would not do it for everybody; but you know I was always very fond of you, you dear little Rose. You shall ask me for to-morrow evening to come to tea."

"To come to tea!" echoed poor Rose, in dismay. She had been waiting for Lucilla's advice with a great deal of anxiety; but at the present moment it would be vain to conceal that the proposed expedient seemed to her altogether inadequate for the emergency. The light went out of her face as she opened her eyes wide and fixed them on Lucilla; and for one moment, one desperate moment, Rose was disloyal, and lost faith in the only person who could help her; which, perhaps, under the circumstances, was not a thing to cause much surprise.

"My dear, you may be sure I would not propose it, if I did not feel it was the best thing to do," said Lucilla, with great gravity. "It happens precisely that I want to see Mr. Cavendish, and if he is at home he never shows himself, and I have been wondering how I could find him. I shall make him walk home with me," said Miss Marjoribanks, "so you need not be uneasy,

Rose, about the trouble I am taking. I am doing it to serve myself as well as you. We shall say eight o'clock, if that is not too late."

"But, Lucilla——" said Rose, with consternation; and then she stopped short, and could not tell what more to say.

"You don't understand it?" said Miss Marjoribanks; "I don't think it was to be expected that you should understand it. A little thing like you has no way of knowing the world. When Barbara knows I am there, she will be sure to bring him to the very door; she will want me to see that he is with her; and you may leave the rest to me," said Lucilla. "For my part, I have something very particular to say to Mr. Cavendish. It is my luck," Miss Marjoribanks added, "for I could not think how to get to see him. At eight o'clock to-morrow evening——"

"Yes," said Rose; but perhaps it was still doubtful how far she understood the mode of operations proposed. Lucilla's prompt and facile genius was too much for the young artist, and there was, as she herself would have said, an entire want of "keeping" between her own sense of the position, tragical and desperate as that was, and any state of matters which could be ameliorated by the fact of Miss Marjoribanks coming to tea. It had been Rose's only hope, and now it seemed all at once to fail her; and yet, at the same time, that instinctive faith in Lucilla which came naturally to every one under her influence struggled against reason in Rose's heart. Her red soft lips fell apart with the hurried breath of wonder and doubt; her eyes, still expanded, and clearer than usual after their tears, were fixed upon Lucilla with an appealing questioning look; and it was just at that moment, when Rose was a great deal too much absorbed in her disappointment and surprise, and lingering hope, to take any notice of strange sounds or sights, or of anybody coming, that Thomas all at once opened the door and showed Mrs. Centum into the room.

Now it would have mattered very little for Mrs. Centum—who, to be sure, knew Lucilla perfectly well, and would never have dreamed for a moment of identifying such a trifling little person as Rose Lake in any way with Miss Marjoribanks; but then Mrs. Centum happened at that precise moment to be bringing the new arrival, the stranger on whom so much depended—General Travers himself—to be introduced to Lucilla; and it was not the fault either of Rose or the General if it was on the young mistress of the Female School of Design that the warrior's first glance fell. Naturally the conversation had run upon Miss Marjoribanks on the past evening, for Mrs. Centum was full of the enthusiasm and excitement incident to that *paté* which Lucilla had so magnanimously enabled her to produce. "Is she pretty?" General Travers had demanded, as was to be expected. "We—ll," Mrs. Centum had replied, and made a long pause—"would you call Lucilla pretty, Charles?" and Charles had been equally dubious in his response; for, to be sure, it was a dereliction from Miss Marjoribanks's dignity to call her pretty, which is a trifling sort of qualification. But when the General entered the drawing-room, which might be called the centre of Carlingford, and saw before him that little dewy face, full of clouds and sunshine, uncertain, unquiet, open-eyed, with the red lips apart, and the eyes clear and expanded with recent tears—a face which gave a certain sentiment of freshness and fragrance to the atmosphere like the quiet after a storm—he did not understand what his hosts could mean. "I call her very pretty," he said, under his breath, to his interested and delighted chaperone; and we are surely justified in appealing to the readers of this history, as Lucilla,

who was always reasonable, afterwards did to herself, whether it could be justly said under all the circumstances, that either Rose or the General were to blame?

The little artist got up hurriedly when she awoke to the fact that other visitors had come into the room, but she was not at all interested in General Travers, whom Rose, with the unconscious insolence of youth, classified in her own mind as an elderly gentleman. Not that he was at all an elderly gentleman; but then a man of forty, especially when he is a fine man and adequately developed for his years, has at the first glance no great attraction for an impertinent of seventeen. Rose did not go away without receiving another kiss from Lucilla, and a parting reminder. "To-morrow at eight o'clock; and mind you leave it all to me, and don't worry," said Miss Marjoribanks; and Rose, half ashamed, put on her hat and went away, without so much as remarking the admiration in the stranger's eyes, nor the look of disappointment with which he saw her leave the room. Rose thought no more of him than if he had been a piece of furniture; but as for the General, when he found himself obliged to turn to Lucilla and make himself agreeable, the drawback of having thus had his admiration forestalled and drawn away from its legitimate object was such, that he did not find her at all pretty; which, after all, on a first interview at least, is all They think about, as Miss Marjoribanks herself said.

"We must do all we can to make Carlingford agreeable to the General," said Mrs. Centum. "You know how much depends upon it, Lucilla. If we can but make him like the place, only think what an advantage to society—and we have such nice society in Carlingford," said the injudicious woman, who did not know what to say.

"Nothing very particular," said Miss Marjoribanks. "I hope General Travers will like us; but as for the officers, I am not so sure. They *all* flirt, you know; and that is almost as bad as having nobody that can flirt; which is my position," Lucilla added, with a sigh, "as long as Mr. Cavendish is away."

"Lucilla," cried Mrs. Centum, a little shocked, "one would think to hear you that you were the greatest coquette possible; and on the contrary she is quite an example to all our young ladies, I assure you, General; and as for flirting——"

"Dear Mrs. Centum," said Lucilla, sweetly, "one has always to do one's duty to society. As for me, I am different, you know. And I don't mean to say that the officers would not be a great acquisition," Miss Marjoribanks continued, with her usual politeness; "but then too many young people are the ruin of society. If we were to run all to dancing and that sort of thing, after all the trouble one has taken——" said Lucilla. Perhaps it was not quite civil; but then it must be admitted, that to see a man look blankly in your face as if he were saying in his mind, "Then it is only *you*, and not that pretty little thing, that is Miss Marjoribanks!" was about as exasperating a sensation as one is likely to meet with. Lucilla understood perfectly well General Travers's look, and for the moment, instead of making herself agreeable, it was the contrary impulse that moved her. She looked at him, not blankly, as he looked at her, but in a calmly considerate way, as she might have looked at Mr. Holden the upholsterer, had he proposed a new kind of *tapisserie* to her judgment. "One would be always delighted, of course, to have General Travers," said Miss Marjoribanks, "but I am afraid the officers would not do."

As for Mrs. Centum, she was quite incapable of managing such a terrible crisis. She felt it, indeed, a little hard that it should be her man who was defied in this

alarming way, while Mr. Cavendish and the Archdeacon, the two previous candidates, had both been received so sweetly. To be sure, it was his own fault; but that did not mend matters. She looked from one to the other with a scared look, and grew very red, and untied her bonnet; and then, as none of these evidences of agitation had any effect upon the other parties involved, plunged into the heat of the conflict without considering what she was about to say.

"Lucilla, I am surprised at you," said Mrs. Centum, "when you know how you have gone on about Mr. Cavendish—when you know what a fuss you have made, and how you have told everybody——"

"By the by, who is Mr. Cavendish?" said General Travers, interposing with that holy horror of a quarrel between women which is common to the inferior half of creation. "I wonder if he is a fellow one used to meet everywhere. One never could get any satisfaction who he belonged to. He never pretended to be one of the Devonshire Cavendishes, you know. I don't know if he had any family at all, or relations, or that sort of thing. In most cases a man gets on just as well without them, in my opinion. I wonder if this fellow you are talking of is he?"

"Oh no," said Mrs. Centum. "I hope you will meet him before you leave Carlingford. He has a sister married here; but we have always understood he was one of the Cavendishes. I am sure Mrs. Woodburn always gives herself out for somebody," she continued, thinking better of it, and beginning to let the interesting suspicion enter her mind; for, to be sure, they were about of a standing, and the banker's wife had sometimes felt a little sore at the idea that her neighbour possessed distinctions of family which were denied to herself. "It is true, none of her relations ever come to see her," said Mrs. Centum, and she began to forget the General, and Lucilla's reception of him, in this still more interesting subject. It was the first time that the authenticity of the Cavendishes had been attacked in Carlingford; and, to be sure, what is the good of having fine connections if they cannot be produced? While Mrs. Centum pondered a suggestion so interesting, Lucilla, on her part, also took advantage of the occasion, and descended from the calm heights of dignity on which she had placed herself. And the General, who was a well-bred man, had got over for the moment the unlucky impression made upon him by the fresh face of little Rose Lake.

"Mr. Cavendish is very nice," said Miss Marjoribanks. "I am very fond of all my own relations, but I don't care about other people's. Of course he is one of the Cavendishes. I don't see how he can help it, when that is his name. I should think it was sure to be the same. We should be so obliged to you if you would bring him back to Carlingford. I don't know, I am sure, why he is so obstinate in staying away."

"Perhaps somebody has been unkind to him," said the General, feeling it was expected of him.

"I am sure *I* have not been unkind to him," said Lucilla. "He is such a loss to me. If you are going to do us the pleasure of coming on Thursday—Oh, I am sure we shall feel quite honoured, both papa and I—I will show you how badly off I am. It is not a party in the least, and we don't dance," said Miss Marjoribanks, "that is why I am a little uncertain about the officers. It is one of my principles that too many young people are the ruin of society; but it is hard work sometimes, when one is not properly supported," Lucilla added, with a gentle sigh.

"If I can be of any use," said the amused soldier. "I don't pretend to be able to replace Cavendish, if it is Cavendish; but——"

"No," said Miss Marjoribanks, with resignation, "it is not easy to replace him. He has quite a talent, you know; but I am sure it is very kind of you, and we shall be delighted to have such an acquisition," Lucilla continued, after a pause, with a gracious smile; and then she led her guests down-stairs to lunch, which was every way satisfactory. As for the General, it cannot be doubted that he had the worst of it, as was natural, in this little encounter, and felt himself by no means such a great personage in Carlingford as his hospitable entertainers had persuaded him he should be. Mrs. Centum declared afterwards that she could not form the least idea what Lucilla meant by it, she who was generally so civil to everybody. But it is not necessary to say that Miss Marjoribanks knew perfectly well what she was doing, and felt it imperatively necessary to bring down General Travers to his proper level. Carlingford could exist perfectly well without him and his officers; but Lucilla did not mean that the society she had taken so much pains to form should be condescended to by a mere soldier. And then, after all, she was only human, and it was not to be expected she could pass over the blank look with which her visitor turned to herself, after having by evil fortune cast his eyes upon Rose Lake. At the same time, Miss Marjoribanks, always magnanimous, did not blame Rose, who had no hand whatever in the matter; and if she avenged herself in a lady-like and satisfactory manner, it is not to be supposed that it was simply a sense of offence which actuated Lucilla. She did it, on the contrary, on strictly philosophical principles, having perceived that Mrs. Centum was spoiling her General, and that it was absolutely necessary that he should be disabused.

When they left, Mrs. Centum was almost afraid to put the question that trembled on her lips. She uttered it at last, faltering, and with a very doubtful expression, for she could not conceal from herself the fact that the General had been snubbed. "How do you like Lucilla?" she said, in the most humble way; and then she turned away her face. She could bear it, whatever it might be. She said to herself that so long as the children were well, and the holidays about over, she could bear anything; and what did it matter to her about the officers?—but at the same time she preferred to avert her face when she received the blow.

"I am sure Miss Marjoribanks is a person for whom I shall always entertain the highest respect," said the General, and he gave a little laugh. "Was that pretty little creature a sister of hers?—or a friend? or what? I don't know when I have seen anything so pretty," said the unsuspecting man; and then Mrs. Centum turned round upon him with a kind of horror.

"*That* Lucilla's sister!—why, she has no sister; I told you so; she is an only child, and will have everything. She will be quite an heiress," cried Mrs. Centum, "if the old Doctor were to die; though, I am sure, poor dear man, I hope he will not die. There is no other medical man in the town that one can have the least confidence in, except Dr. Rider; and then *he* is so young, and can't have much experience with children. Her sister indeed! It was little Rose Lake, the drawing-master's daughter," said Mrs. Centum, with cruel distinctness. The General only said, "Oh!" but it was in a crestfallen tone; for to be snubbed by one lady, and struck with sudden enthusiasm for another, who, after all, was not a lady to speak of, but only a drawing-master's daughter, was rather hard upon the poor man. Thus it was the soldier, who in ordinary circumstances ought to have been the most successful, who began in the most cruel and uncomfortable way his campaign in Carlingford.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Miss Marjoribanks, except for her habitual walk, did not go out much that day. She was too much occupied with what she had in hand. She could not conceive—for Lucilla naturally took a reasonable view of affairs in general, and did not account for the action of any such unknown quantity as love, for example—why Mr. Cavendish should conceal himself so carefully from society in Carlingford, and yet run all the risk of meeting Barbara Lake in the evenings. It seemed to Lucilla inconceivable, and yet it was impossible not to believe it. Mr. Cavendish, though she had seen him on the very verge of a proposal, did not present himself to her mind in the aspect of a man who would consider the world well lost for any such transitory passion; neither, as was natural, did Barbara Lake appear to Lucilla the least like a person calculated to call forth that sentiment; but nevertheless it must be true, and the only way to account for it was by thinking, after all, what fools *They* were, and what poor judges, and how little to be depended on, when women were concerned. Miss Marjoribanks was determined to lose no more time, but to speak to Mr. Cavendish, if it was Mr. Cavendish, and she could get the chance, quite plainly of the situation of affairs—to let him know how much she knew, and to spur him up to come forward like a man and brave anything the Archdeacon could do. Had it been any small personal aim that moved Lucilla, no doubt she would have shrunk from such a decided step; but it was, on the contrary, the broadest philanthropical combination of Christian principles, help to the weak and succour to the oppressed, and a little, just a very little, of the equally Evangelical idea of humbling the proud and bringing down the mighty. She was so much occupied with her plans that it was with a little difficulty she roused herself to keep up the conversation with her father at dinner, and be as amusing and agreeable as ordinary; which indeed was more than ordinarily her duty, since Dr. Marjoribanks came in, in a fractious and disturbed state of mind, discontented with things in general. The truth was, he had got a letter from Tom Marjoribanks from India, where that unlucky young man had gone. It was all very well and natural and proper to go to India, and Lucilla had felt, indeed, rather satisfied with herself for having helped forward that desirable conclusion, especially after the Doctor had taken pains to explain to her, not knowing that she had any share in it, that it was the very best thing for Tom to do. For it has been already said that Dr. Marjoribanks, though he liked Tom, and thought it very odd that Providence should have given the girl to him, and the boy to his incapable sister-in-law, who did not in the least know how to manage him, had no desire to have his nephew for a son-in-law. Going to India was very right and proper, and the best thing to do; for a man might get on *there*, even at the bar, who would have no chance *here;* but after he had made one step in the right direction, it was only natural that all sorts of misfortunes should happen to Tom. He was wrecked, as was to be expected, and he lost his boxes, with the greater part of his outfit, either at that unhappy moment, or in the Desert, or at an after part of his unlucky career; and the object of the letter which Dr. Marjoribanks had just received was to get money to make up for his losses. Tom, who was a very good son, did not want to vex his mother, and accordingly it was his uncle whom he applied to, to sell out a portion of the money he had in the Funds.

"She would think I was ruined, or that it was my fault, or at least that I meant to spend all my money," wrote Tom, "and you understand, uncle, that it is not my fault." "Confound him! it is never his fault," said Dr. Marjoribanks, as if that could possibly be brought against the unfortunate young man as a crime.

"No, papa, it is his luck," said Lucilla; "poor Tom!—but I should not like to take a passage in the same boat with him if I was the other people. Though I am sure he is not a bit to blame."

"I hope he does not mean to go on like this," said the Doctor. "He will soon make ducks and drakes of his five thousand pounds. A young fellow like that ought to mind what he's doing. It is a great deal easier to throw money away than to lay it by."

"Papa, it is his luck," said Miss Marjoribanks; "it is all put into a system in political economy, you know. For my part, I am always the other way. It is very funny before you get used to it; but you know there has to be a balance in everything, and that is how it must be."

"I don't think it at all funny," said Dr. Marjoribanks, "unless your good luck and his bad were to be joined together; which is not an expedient I fancy." When he said this the Doctor gave a sharp glance at his daughter, to see if by any chance that might perhaps be what she was thinking of; but naturally the maiden candour and unsuspecting innocence of Lucilla was proof to such glances. She took no notice at all of the implied suspicion. But though it was very absurd for anybody to think that she would have married him, it was not in Miss Marjoribanks's nature to be disloyal to Tom.

"I think he is quite right about his mother, papa," said Lucilla; "she would never understand it, you know; she would think the world was coming to an end. I would not for anything take a passage in the same boat with him, but he is nice in his way, poor fellow! I wonder what he has ever done to have such dreadful luck—but I hope you are going to do what he asks you:" and with this calm expression of her interest Miss Marjoribanks went up-stairs. When the Doctor became thus aware of his daughter's sentiments, it seemed to him that he was more at liberty to be kind to his nephew. He had never been able to divest himself of a little lurking dread, an inherent idea which was so obstinate that it felt like a prophecy, that somehow or other, after costing her father so much, and making such a difference in the house, Lucilla, who on the whole was a dear production, would fall to Tom's share, with all Dr. Marjoribanks's other possessions; and the Doctor saw no reason why he should work and lay up money for a boy whom Providence, with a wonderful want of discrimination, had bestowed, not upon him, but upon Mrs. John Marjoribanks. However, when that question was settled and done with, his heart began to relent to Tom the unlucky, who, after all, when the son-in-law hypothesis was fully dismissed, was his natural born nephew, and, as Lucilla said, very nice in his way, poor fellow! The Doctor began to write him a letter, and softened more and more with every line he wrote; but as for Lucilla, she had something more immediately important to occupy her up-stairs.

The fact was that Miss Marjoribanks had found a shadowy figure in black in the corner of one of the sofas when she came into the drawing-room—a figure with a veil down, and a large shawl, and a tremulous air. It was very seldom that Mrs. Mortimer took courage to visit her young patroness; and to go out at night, except sometimes to Salem Chapel when there was a meeting, and when the timid woman represented to herself that it

was her duty, was a thing unknown to her. But yet, nevertheless, it was Mrs. Mortimer who sat waiting for Lucilla. They had not met since that momentous interview in which the widow revealed her history to Miss Marjoribanks's sympathetic ears, and the poor woman had been able to bear no longer the solitude of her cottage, and her garden-walls, and her little pupils, and Mary Jane. To know that something was going on outside that concerned her, to hear the waves, as it were, beating round the walls of her prison, and never to have even so much as a peep at them, what they were about, if the tide was beginning to turn, or the wind to change, or the lifeboat to appear, was more than Mrs. Mortimer, even with all her training to patience, could put up with; and accordingly she had made a frantic rush out, under cover of night, to see if there was anything to see, and hear if there was anything to hear.

"You don't know how dreadful it is to keep staring at the walls all day and never see any change," said the widow. "It is very stupid and silly, but you know I cannot help it. I get to fancy always that something wonderful must be going on on the other side."

"That is because you don't go out enough," said Lucilla. "You know how often I have said you should go out once every day; and then you would see that everything outside was very much the same as everything within."

"Oh Lucilla! don't say so," said Mrs. Mortimer; "and besides, *he* has been again, and I could see you had been saying something to him. He spoke as if I understood it all when I did not understand a word of it; and he spoke of him, you know, and was quite solemn, and warned me to think well of it, and not do anything rash—as if I had anything to think about, or was going to do anything! Tell me what you said to him, Lucilla; for I am sure, by the way he spoke, he must have taken him for himself, and perhaps you for me."

"Who did he take for himself, I wonder?" said Lucilla. "As for you and me, dear Mrs. Mortimer, we are so different that he could never take us for each other, whatever the circumstances might be."

"Ah, yes, Lucilla! we are different," said the poor widow. "You have all your own people to take care of you, and you are not afraid of anybody; but as for me, I have not a creature in the world who cares what becomes of me;" and as she made this forlorn statement, it was only natural that the poor woman should cry a little. This was no doubt the result of the four garden-walls that closed in so tightly, and the aggravating little pupils; but Miss Marjoribanks felt it was not a state of feeling that could be allowed to go on.

"You ought not to speak like that; I am sure there are a great many people who are interested in you; and you have always Me," said Lucilla, with a certain reproachful tenderness. As for Mrs. Mortimer, she raised her head and dried her eyes when Miss Marjoribanks began to speak, and looked at her in a somewhat eager, inquiring way; but when Lucilla uttered those last reassuring words, it is undeniable that the widow's countenance fell a little. She faltered and grew pale again, and only cried the more—perhaps with gratitude, perhaps with disappointment. And when she said, "I am sure you are very kind, Lucilla," which was all the poor soul could utter, it was in a very tremulous undecided voice. The fact that she had always the sympathy and co operation of such a friend as Miss Marjoribanks, did not seem to have the exhilarating effect upon her that it ought to have had. It did not apparently do any more for her than the similar assurance that Lucilla was coming to tea did for Rose Lake. But then, like every other benefactor of the human race,

Miss Marjoribanks was aware that the human mind has its moments of unbelief. It was a discouraging experience to meet with; but she never permitted it seriously to interrupt her exertions for the good of her kind.

"You should not have so poor an opinion of your friends," said Lucilla, who after all was giving only a stone when her suppliant asked for bread. "You know how much interested we all are in you; and for me, anything I can do——"

"Oh, Lucilla, you are very kind; nobody could be kinder," cried Mrs. Mortimer, with compunction. "It is very nice to have friends. I do not know what I should do without you, I am sure; but then one cannot live upon one's friends; and then one knows, when they go away," said the widow, with more feeling than distinctness of expression, "that they all go away to something of their own, and pity you or forget you; but you always stay there, and have nothing of your own to go away to. I am not grumbling, but it is hard, Lucilla; and then you who are young, and happy, and at home, I don't think it is possible you can understand."

"My dear," said Miss Marjoribanks, "it is quite easy to understand, and I know exactly what you mean. You want me to tell you all about Mr. Beverley, and what I said to him, and what he has in his mind. If he is the something of your own you would like to go away to, I think it is a pity. I am sure he has a temper, and *I* would not marry him for my part. But if you mean *me*, I have nothing to go away to," said Lucilla, with a little scorn. "I should be ashamed not to be enough for myself. When I leave you it is not to enjoy myself, but to think about you and to plan for you; and all that you want to know is about *him!*" said Miss Marjoribanks, piercing through and through the thin armour of her incapable assailant. Naturally all the widow's defences fell before this ruthless response. She cried with a mingled sensation of shame at being found out, and penitence for being so ungrateful, and a certain desolate distress with her own incapacity and want of power to defend herself. It was an acute variety of feminine anguish on the whole. The idea that she, a mature woman, a married woman and widow, who ought to have been done with all these vanities, should have been found out by a young girl to be thinking about *a gentleman*, struck poor Mrs. Mortimer with as sharp a sense of shame as if her wistful preoccupation had been a crime. Indeed the chances are, if it had been a crime, she would not have been nearly so much ashamed of it. She hid her face in her hands and blushed down to the very edge of her black dress and up into the glooms of her widow's veil; and all the self-defence she was capable of was a faint "Oh, Lucilla!" a mere appeal of weakness without reason—a virtual throwing of herself in acknowledged guilt at her judge's feet.

"Thomas is coming with the tea," said Miss Marjoribanks. "Come into my room and take off your bonnet. What is the good of worrying yourself when you know I have taken it into my own hands? Spoiling your eyes with crying, and making everybody uncomfortable never does the least good; and, besides, one never knows what harm one might do one's self," said Lucilla, seriously. "I don't think you gone off at all, for my part; but if you don't take proper care—— I shall give you some rose-water, and you will be all right after you have had a cup of tea."

"Oh, no; it will be best to go home. I am such a poor creature now. I am not good for anything. Let me go home, Lucilla," said poor Mrs. Mortimer. But Lucilla would not let her go home; and by the time tea was ready, and Dr. Marjoribanks had come up stairs, she

had so managed to soothe her visitor's nerves, and console her spirits, that the Doctor himself grew complimentary. He was so civil, in fact, that Lucilla felt slightly startled, and on the whole thought it was as well that the Archdeacon was at hand, and affairs in a promising way; for it was doubtful whether even Miss Marjoribanks's magnanimity could have got over any ridiculous exhibition of interest on the part of her father, who certainly was old enough to know better. Even to see him taking Mrs. Mortimer's tea to her, and congratulating her upon her improved looks, and felicitating himself and the world in general on the fact that Carlingford agreed with her, was aggravating to his daughter—more aggravating, though it is strange to say so, than even the blank looks of General Travers in the morning, or his transference of the homage intended for herself to little Rose Lake; *that* was no more than a blunder, and Lucilla felt a consolatory conviction, that, so far as incivility went, the General had received a very satisfactory set-off. But to see Dr. Marjoribanks exerting himself in such an unheard-of way made her open her eyes. If he were still accessible to such influences, nobody could answer for anything that might happen; and the widow was so grateful for his kindness, that at one moment it was all that Lucilla could do to keep her lips shut fast, and restrain herself from a tempting allusion which would have made an end of Mrs. Mortimer. It was the first time that Lucilla's *protégée* had ventured to come thus familiarly and uninvited to her friend's house; and the Doctor, who knew no special reason for the visit, expressed his satisfaction with a warmth which was quite uncalled for, and hoped that Lucilla might often "have the advantage of her company;" and actually betrayed symptoms of a disposition to "see her home," if Miss Marjoribanks had not already made provision for that emergency. When the visitor had finally departed, under the charge of Thomas and Mary Jane, the father and daughter regarded each other, for the first time, with dubious glances—for, so far as Lucilla was concerned, it was a revelation to her of a new and altogether unsuspected danger; and the Doctor, for his part, was very conciliatory, and showed a certain consciousness of having committed himself, which made matters twenty times worse.

"Really, Lucilla, your friend is a credit to you," said Dr. Marjoribanks. "It was a stroke of talent to pick her up as you did, and make a woman of her—and a pretty woman, too," he added, incautiously; as if he, at his age, had anything to do with that.

"I am so glad you think so, papa," said Lucilla, in her dutiful way. "I don't think myself that she has gone off at all to speak of. In some lights she might pass for being no older than I am—if she was very well dressed, you know; and it really does not matter what age a woman is if she keeps her looks. I should be very glad to see her nicely married, for my part; she is one of the people who ought to be married," Miss Marjoribanks continued, with an inflection of compassionate tolerance in her voice. As for the Doctor, he mistook her as usual, and took her tone of pity and kindly patronising disdain for another instance of his daughter's policy and high art; whereas the truth was she was quite in earnest, and meant every word she said. And then Dr. Marjoribanks's sense of humour was keener than that of Lucilla. After this the conversation flagged slightly, for Miss Marjoribanks had undeniably received a shock. In the midst of her benevolent preoccupation and care for other people, it had suddenly dawned upon her that her own stronghold might be attacked, and the tables turned up-

on her in the twinkling of an eye. There are days of discouragement in the most triumphant career, and this was one of those uncomfortable moments. Her faith in herself did not fail her for an instant; but the faith of her natural born subjects—the creatures of her bounty—had visibly failed her. Neither Rose Lake nor Mrs. Mortimer had shown that confidence in Lucilla's genius which experience and loyalty both called upon them to show. When Dr. Marjoribanks had gone downstairs to resume the case which he was writing out for the 'Lancet,' Lucilla passed through one of those moments of sublime despondency which now and then try the spirits of the benefactors of their race. A few tears came to her eyes as she reflected upon this great problem. Without such trials genius would not fully know itself nor be justly aware of its own strength. For no temptation to give up her disinterested exertions had any effect upon the mind of Miss Marjoribanks; and even her sense of pain at the unbelief of her followers was mingled with that pity for their weakness which involves pardon. Even when they wounded her she was sorry for them. It was nature that was in fault, and not the fallible human creatures who had it not in them to believe in the simple force of genius. When Lucilla had shed these few tears over her subjects' weakness and want of faith, she rose up again in new strength from the momentary downfall. It was, as we have said, a sublime moment. The idea of giving them up, and leaving their affairs to their own guidance, never for an instant penetrated into her heroic mind; but she was human, and naturally she felt the prick of ingratitude. When the crisis was over she rose up calmly and lighted her candle, and went to her room with a smile upon her magnanimous lips. As she performed that simple action, Lucilla had lifted up the feeble widow, and taken the family of Lakes, and Mr. Cavendish, and even the burly Archdeacon himself, upon her shoulders. They might be ungrateful, or even unaware, of all she was doing for them; but they had the supreme claim of Need upon Strength; and Miss Marjoribanks, notwithstanding the wound they had given her, was loyal to that appeal, and to her own consciousness of superior Power.

At the same time, it would not be just to omit all mention of a consolatory recollection which occurred to Lucilla in this moment of her weakness. At such a crisis the mind of genius may be supported by a matter very trifling in itself. Even at the instant when the moisture sprang to her eyes, Miss Marjoribanks said to herself, "Poor Tom!" and felt that the bitterness, to a certain extent, had evaporated out of her tears. He was a long way off, and Lucilla would have thought it madness indeed to connect herself in any way with the fortunes of her unlucky cousin; yet it gave her a certain support to think, that, amid all the want of faith she was encountering, Tom believed in her, heart and soul. It was an insignificant matter, so far as any practical result was concerned, if, indeed, anything can be called insignificant which gives strength to a great mind in a moment of discouragement. She said "Poor Tom!" and felt as if for the moment she had something to lean on, and was comforted. We mention this fact rather as a contribution to the history of those phenomena of the human mind, which have as yet escaped the metaphysician, than as an actual circumstance in the life of Miss Marjoribanks. She was a woman of genius, and he only a very simple, unlucky fellow; and yet a sensation of comfort came to Lucilla's heart when she said "Poor Tom!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

Miss Marjoribanks prepared her toilette the next evening, to take tea with the Lakes, with greater care than she would have spent upon a party of much greater pretensions. She was, to be sure, dressed as usual, in the white dress, *high*, which she had brought into fashion in Carlingford; but then that simple evening toilette required many adjuncts which were not necessary on other occasions, seeing that this time she was going to walk to her destination, and had in her mind the four distinct aims of pleasing Rose, of dazzling Barbara, of imposing upon Mr. Cavendish, and, finally, of being, as always, in harmony with *herself*. She was as punctual to the hour and minute of her engagement as if she had been a queen; and, indeed, it was with a demeanour as gracious that she entered the little house in Grove Street, where, naturally, there had been also sundry preparations made for her visit. Mr. Lake himself, who had postponed his usual walk, and was taking his tea an hour later than usual, received his young visitor with all the suavity natural to him; and as for Barbara, she did the honours with a certain suppressed exultation and air of triumph, which proved to Lucilla that her plan was indeed an inspiration of genius. As for Rose, it would be impossible to describe what were her sensations. Her faith still failed her at that momentous hour. She was sceptical of Lucilla, and naturally of all the world, and regarded everybody with jealous scrutiny and expectation and distrust, as was natural to a young conspirator. She was profoundly excited and curious to know what Miss Marjoribanks meant to do; and at the same time she did not believe in Miss Marjoribanks, and was almost disposed to betray and interfere with her, if such treachery had been possible. It was Rose Lucilla specially came to visit, and yet Rose was the only one who was cool to her, and did not seem fully to appreciate her condescension; but then, happily, Miss Marjoribanks was magnanimous, and at the same time had a design to support her, which was much more comprehensive, and of larger application than anything that had entered into the mind of Rose Lake.

"I am proud to see you in my house, Miss Marjoribanks," said Mr. Lake. "I have always considered your excellent father one of my best friends. I am not able to give my children the same advantages, but I have always brought them up not to have any false pride. We have no wealth; but we have some things which cannot be purchased by wealth," said the drawing-master, with mild grandeur; and he looked round upon the walls of his parlour, which were hung with his own drawings, and where one of Willie's held the place of honour. In all Carlingford there was no other house that enjoyed a similar distinction; and, consequently, it was with a delicious sense of chivalrous deference yet equality that the exceptional man of Grove Street received the young sovereign of Grange Lane.

"I am so glad to come, Mr. Lake," said Lucilla. "It is so nice to be among such old friends; and, besides that, you know there never was any voice that suited mine like Barbara's; and that dear old Rose was always my pet at Mount Pleasant. I should have come long ago if anybody had ever asked me," said Miss Marjoribanks. And as for Mr. Lake, he was so overpowered by this implied reproach upon his hospitality that he scarcely knew how to reply.

"My dear Miss Marjoribanks, if you have not been asked it has been from no want of—of good-will," said Mr. Lake, anxiously

"I do not know what the girls can have been thinking of. You see Rose's genius takes another line; and Barbara, naturally, has a great many things to think of; but in the future, I hope——"

"Oh, yes; I shall come without being asked," said Lucilla. And when the tea came it was all she could do to keep herself quiet, and remember that she was a visitor, and not take it out of the incapable hands of Barbara, who never gave her father the right amount of sugar in his tea. To tell the truth, Barbara's thoughts were occupied by a very different subject; and even Rose had but little attention to spare for her papa's comforts at that special moment. But Lucilla's larger mind embraced everything. She sat with her very fingers itching to cut the bread and butter for him, and give him a cup of tea as he liked it; and asked herself, with indignation, what was the use of that great creature, with her level eyebrows and her crimson bloom, who could not take the trouble to remember that three lumps was what Mr. Lake liked. Miss Marjoribanks had never taken tea with him before; but his second cup, had she dispensed it, would have been exactly to his taste—which was a thing Barbara had not learned to make it in all these years. No wonder that a certain sense of contemptuous indignation arose for one moment, even in the calm and impartial bosom of genius. Perhaps Rose would not have done much better; but then Rose was good for something else, which was always a set-off on the other side. Thus it will be seen that Lucilla had a respect for use, even of a kind which in her own person she did not much appreciate, as became a person of a truly enlightened mind; but a creature who was of no earthly good irritated her well-regulated spirit; for, to be sure, the possession of a fine contralto (which is, at the same time, not fine enough to be made use of professionally) is not a matter of sufficient moment in this world to excuse a young woman for not knowing how to give her father a comfortable cup of tea.

It was nearly nine o'clock before Mr. Lake went out for his walk, and by that time it was almost dark, and the lamp outside was lighted, which was not far from the door. Lucilla had taken a seat near the window, with the view of witnessing everything; and it cannot be denied that she felt a little excited when Barbara went out of the room after her father, leaving Rose alone with her guest. Miss Marjoribanks's heart gave a beat or two the more in the first minute, though before the next had passed it had fallen into its usual measure. There were no candles as yet in the parlour, and naturally Grove Street—or at least the bit of it which lay before the window, lighted by the lamp outside, and relieved against a little square of bluish-green sky which intervened between Miss Hemmings's house and that of old Mr. Wrangle on the opposite side—was very clear to the interested spectator. There was nobody visible but an organ-man, who was grinding a popular melody very dolorously out of his box, in what Rose would have called the middle distance; and beyond, Miss Jane Hemmings looking out of the long staircase window, and three little boys in different attitudes below,—that is, if one did not count a tall figure which, perhaps with the view of listening to the music of the organ, was coming and going in a limited circuit round the light of the lamp.

"How convenient it is to have the lamp so near," said Lucilla. "Oh, don't light any candles, please; it is so nice to sit in the dark. Where is Barbara, I wonder? Let us have some music, and put down that dreadful organ. I hope she has not gone out. And where are you, you sulky little Rose?"

"She has gone up-stairs," said Rose, who began to feel all the

enormity of her conduct in thus betraying her sister. "I hate sitting in the dark. I hate being a spy; come in from the window, Lucilla, now you are here——"

"My dear Rose," said Miss Marjoribanks, "I think you forget a little. For my part I do not understand what being a spy means. Barbara knows very well I am here. I should scorn to take an advantage of anybody, for my part. If she does not bring him past the very window, and under my eyes—Ah, yes, that is just what I thought," said Lucilla, with gentle satisfaction. But by this time poor little Rose had roused herself into an innocent fury.

"What is just as you thought?" said Rose, laying an impatient grasp on Miss Marjoribanks's arm. "Come in from the window, Lucilla, this moment—this moment! Oh, me, to think it should be my doing! Oh, Lucilla, don't be so mean and shabby and wretched. I tell you to come in—come in directly! If you do not shut the window, and come and sit here in the corner, I will never, never speak to you again!"

Miss Marjoribanks, as was natural, took no notice of this childish fury. She was sitting just where she had been sitting all the evening, within sight of the street lamp and the organ-grinder, and Miss Jane Hemmings at the staircase window; —just where Barbara had placed her, and where that young woman calculated on finding her, when she made a promenade of triumph up the partially-lighted street by the side of her clandestine suitor. Perhaps Barbara had seen Miss Jane as well, and knew that public opinion was thus watching over her; but at all events she was not at all ashamed of herself, or indignant at being spied upon. On the contrary, it was a kind of apotheosis for Barbara, only second to the grand and crowning triumph which would be accomplished in Carlingford church under the shadow of that veil of real Brussels, which grew more and more real every day. Thus neither the actors in the drama, nor the principal spectator, were in the smallest degree disturbed by horror or shame or sense of guilt, excepting always the fanciful little Rose, who suffered for everybody; who could have wished that the earth would open and swallow up Barbara and her lover; who could have slaughtered Lucilla on the spot, and given herself over to any kind of torture for her treachery. Naturally nobody paid any sort of attention to Rose. Barbara, for her part, took her admirer's arm in the twilight with a swelling of exultation, which the gaining of the very highest prize in the department of ornamental art could scarcely have conveyed to the bosom of the little artist; and Lucilla put back her small assailant softly with her hand, and smoothed down her ruffled plumes.

"My dear, it is Miss Hemmings that is spying," said Lucilla; "and poor Barbara would be so disappointed if I were to go away from the window. Have patience just a little longer—there's a dear. It is all exactly as I thought."

And then there followed a pause, which was a terrible pause for Rose. The organ-grinder stopped his doleful ditty, and there was scarcely any sound to be heard in the street except the footsteps approaching and retiring, the measured tread of two people occupied with each other, going now more slowly, now more quickly, as the humour seized them, or as their conversation grew in interest; even the sound of their voices came by times to the auditors—Barbara's with an occasional laugh or tone of triumph, and the other deeper, with which Rose had but little acquaintance, but which was perfectly known to Lucilla All this time, while her companion sat panting in the dark corner, Miss Marjoribanks was looking to the joints of her harness, and feeling the edge

of her weapons. For, after all, it was no small enterprise upon which she was going forth. She was going to denounce the faithless knight to his face, and take him out of the hands of the enchantress, and show him his true dangers, and at the same time vindicate his honour. A more disinterested enterprise was never undertaken by any knight-errant; and yet, at the same time, Lucilla could not help entertaining a certain involuntary contempt for the man who had deserted her own standard to put himself under that of Barbara Lake, and who was being paraded up and down here without knowing it, to gratify the vanity of his new sovereign, and make an exhibition of his weakness. Lucilla would have been more than mortal if she had not felt the difference between her own rule, which would have been all for his good, and the purely egotistical sway of Barbara; but this pity mingled with disdain in Miss Marjoribanks's magnanimous mind. She sat quite still for so long that Barbara grew quite intoxicated with her triumph. "It is perhaps the last time," Lucilla said to herself, with a movement of compassion; and the breadth of her human sympathy was such that she waited till the very last moment, and let the deluded young woman have the full enjoyment of her imaginary victory. Then Miss Marjoribanks rose with a certain solemnity, and put on her hat, and gave an unappreciated kiss to Rose, who kept in her corner. "Good-night; I am going," said Lucilla. The words were simple enough, but yet they rang in Rose's ears like the signal of a conspiracy. When the calm leader of the expedition went forth, sensible of the importance of her mission, but tranquil as great minds always are in a moment of danger, Rose got up too and followed, trembling in every limb. She was capable of having thrown herself upon the spears in her own person in a sudden *élan* of indignation and passion; but she was not capable of waiting till the right moment, and meeting her antagonists in reasonable combat. Miss Marjoribanks went out deliberately, without any unnecessary haste, sweeping into the dusky twilight with her virginal white draperies. It was a very ordinary scene, and yet, even in the midst of her excitement, Rose could not help observing involuntarily its pictorial qualities—if only any painter could have transferred to his canvas the subdued musical hum of surrounding life, the fragrance of the mignionette, and the peaceful stillness of the summer night. For there was the sky green-blue, looking across, lambent and wistful, from the vacant space between Miss Hemmings's and Mr. Wrangle's, and the dusky twilight shadows below, and the yellow gleam of the lamp, and Barbara's exulting triumphant figure, and the white robes of the avenging angel. Rose could not have observed all this if she had not been stilled into a kind of breathless awe by the solemn character of the situation, which struck her as being somehow like one of Millais's pictures. As for the lovers, they had just turned at the moment that Miss Marjoribanks came out, and consequently met her straight in the face, as she stood suave and smiling at the little garden door.

"It *is* Mr. Cavendish," said Lucilla; "I am so glad; I have been hoping and trying to see you for ever so long; and as soon as ever I heard you talking I felt sure it was your voice."

This was the greeting she addressed to Barbara Lake's lover. For his part, he stood before her, growing red and growing pale, struck dumb by the unlooked-for meeting, and with such a sense of being ashamed of himself as never before had entered his mind, though, no doubt, he had done worse actions in his day. Even Barbara had not calculated upon this open encounter; and instead of giving him any as-

sistance, as was a woman's duty in such a case, she only tossed her head, and giggled with an embarrassment which was more pride than shame. As for Mr. Cavendish, he would have liked to disappear under the pavement, if it had been possible. For once he and Rose were agreed. If a gulf had opened before him, he would have jumped into it without ever pausing to ask himself why. And yet all the time Miss Marjoribanks was standing close by him, looking as placid as if she had been in her own drawing-room, and expecting his reply to her friendly observations. When he realised that he ought to say something, Mr. Cavendish felt that he had as much need to wipe his forehead as ever the Archdeacon had. He turned hot and cold, and felt his mind and his tongue frozen, and could not find a word to say. With a sudden horror he woke up, like one of Comus's revellers, and found himself changed into the likeness of the creature he consorted with. If he had found an ass's head on his shoulders, he could not have felt more startled and horrified than when he heard himself, in the imbecility of the moment, giggle like Barbara, and answer to Lucilla's remark, "Oh! yes, it was my voice."

"I am very sorry to separate you from Barbara," said Miss Marjoribanks; "but she is at home, you know, and I want so much to talk to you. Barbara, good-night; I want Mr. Cavendish to walk home with me. Rose, don't stand in the garden and catch cold; thank you, dear, for such a pleasant evening," said Lucilla, pressing another kiss upon her little friend's unwilling cheek. When she had done this, she put out her hand to Barbara, and passed her, sweeping her white garments through the narrow gateway. She took Mr. Cavendish's arm as if he had been a young brother come to fetch her. "Let us go round by the chapel," said Miss Marjoribanks, "I have so much to say to you. Be sure to practise for Thursday, Barbara, and bid your papa good-night for me." This was how she carried off Mr. Cavendish finally out of Barbara's very fingers, and under her very eyes.

When the two sisters were left standing together at the door, they could do nothing but stare at each other in the extremity of their amazement. Rose, for her part, stood there but a moment, and then, feeling by far the guiltiest and most miserable of the whole party, ran up-stairs to her own room and cried as if her heart would break. Barbara, on the contrary, who was past crying, stood still at the door, and watched Lucilla's white dress disappearing on the way to Grange Lane with indescribable emotions. A young woman cannot call the police, or appeal to the crier, when it is her lover whom she has lost: but to see him carried off by the strong hand—to watch him gradually going away and disappearing from her eyes—to hear his steps withdrawing into the distance—was such a trial as few are called upon to bear. She stood and looked after him, and could not believe her eyes. And then it was all so sudden—an affair of a moment. Barbara could not realise how the world had turned round, and this revolution had been effected;—one minute she had been leaning on his arm triumphant, making a show and exhibition of him in the pride of her heart, though he did not know it; and the next was not she standing here watching him with a blank countenance and a despairing heart, while Lucilla had pounced upon him and carried him off in her cruel grasp? The blow was so sudden, that Barbara stood speechless and motionless till the two departing figures had vanished in the darkness. Would he come back again to-morrow, or was he gone for ever and ever? Such were the thoughts of the forsaken maiden, as she stood, paralysed under this sudden change of fortune, at her father's door. If some

cruel spectator had thrown into the fire that veil of Brussels with which her imagination had so long played, and Barbara had stood heart-struck, watching the filmy tissue dissolve into ashes before her eyes, her sense of sudden anguish could not have been more acute; and yet, after all, Barbara's pangs were nothing to those of Mr. Cavendish, as he felt Miss Marjoribanks's light touch on his arm, and felt his doomed feet turn in spite of himself in the most dangerous direction, and became conscious that he was being led beyond all possibility of resistance, back to Grange Lane and to his fate.

To be sure it was dark, which was one consolation; but it was not dark enough to conceal Lucilla's white dress, nor the well-known form and lineaments of the young monarch of Grange Lane, in whose company nobody could pass unobserved. Mr. Cavendish could have faced danger by sea and land with the average amount of courage; but the danger of the walk down the little street, which afterwards led to St. Roque's, and up the embowered stillness of Grange Lane, was more than he was equal to. He could not be sure of making a single step by these garden-walls without meeting somebody who knew him—somebody whose curiosity might ruin him in Carlingford; or even without the risk of encountering in the face that arch-enemy, who would not go away, and whose presence had banished him from the place. It may be supposed that, under these terrible circumstances, Mr. Cavendish's thoughts of Barbara, who had got him into this scrape, were far from lover-like. He was a man universally popular among ladies, and who owed a great deal of the social consideration which he prized so highly, to this fact; and yet the most gentle sentiment in his mind at that moment, was a "Confound these women!" which he breathed to himself, all low and deep, as he went slowly along by Lucilla's side. As for Miss Marjoribanks, as may be supposed, her thoughts were of a very much more serious description than anything her unlucky cavalier was thinking of, and a minute or two passed in silence before she could make up her mind to speak.

"I have been thinking a great deal about you lately, and wishing very much to see you," said Lucilla. "Did not Mrs. Woodburn tell you? —I think I should have written to you had I known your address."

"And I am sure you would have made me the happiest of men," said the victim, with rueful politeness. "What had I done to deserve such a privilege? But my sister did not tell me; she left me to hear it from your own——"

"Yes," said Miss Marjoribanks, with a certain solemnity, interrupting him; "I have been thinking a great deal—and *hearing* a great deal about you, Mr. Cavendish." When she had said this Lucilla sighed, and her sigh found a terrible echo in her hearer's bosom. She knew that he turned green in the darkness as he gave an anxious look at her. But he was too much alarmed to give her an opportunity of studying his face.

"*Hearing* of me," he said, and tried to laugh; "what have my kind friends been saying?" and for one moment the sufferer tried to delude himself that it was some innocent gossip about Barbara which might be circulating in Grange Lane.

"Hush," said Lucila, "don't laugh, please; for I want to have a very serious talk. I have been hearing about you from some very, very old friends, Mr. Cavendish—not anything about *this*, you know," Miss Marjoribanks added, waving her hand in the direction of Grove Street. And then Barbara Lake and everything connected with her vanished like a shadow from the unfortunate man's mind. It was horribly ungrateful on his part, but it was, as Miss Marjoribanks would have said, just what might have

been expected, and how They always behave. He had no longer any time or patience for the object which had been giving occupation and interest to his solitude. He woke up in a moment, and gave a passing curse to his folly, and faced the real danger as he best could.

"You must be making a mistake, Miss Marjoribanks," he said, with some bitterness; "it should have been, very, very old enemy. I know who it is. It is that Archdeacon you ladies make such a fuss about. It is he who has been telling lies about me," said Mr. Cavendish. He breathed a deep hard breath as he spoke, and the blood came back to his face. Perhaps for the first moment he felt satisfied, and breathed freer after it was over; but at the same time it was very dreadful to him to feel that he was found out, and that henceforward Grange Lane would shut its doors and avert its countenance. "If you take his word for it, I may give in at once," he continued, bitterly. "A parson will say anything: they are as bad as—as women." This the poor man said in his despair, because he did not know what he was saying; for in reality he knew that women had been his best friends, and that he had still a chance, if the judgment was to rest with them.

"You are very ungrateful to say so," said Miss Marjoribanks, "but it is only because you are excited, I suppose. No, Mr. Cavendish, it was not the Archdeacon; on the contrary, it was a lady, and she said nothing but good of you," said Lucilla; and then there was a pause. As for Mr. Cavendish, it would be altogether impossible to describe the state of his mind. He was like a man suddenly reprieved, but giddy with the shock, and feeling the halter still round his neck, and knowing that he had himself undermined the ground on which he was standing. It was Lucilla who supported him in the shock of the moment, for all his self-command could not keep him from a momentary shiver and stagger when he found that things were not so bad as he thought.

"A lady, and she said nothing but good!" he muttered, under his breath; and then he made an effort to recover himself. "Pardon me, I cannot guess who my unknown friend may be. It is very soothing to one's feelings to be spoken well of by a lady," said Mr. Cavendish, and he laughed again in a discordant unsteady way. As for Lucilla, she regarded him through all these fluctuations with a natural pity, and at the same time with the calmness of a knowledge which was aware of all and had nothing more to discover; and at the end Mr. Cavendish, in the midst of his agitation, perceived her calm, and the absence of wonder and curiosity in her face, and began to perceive that he had something very serious to deal with—more serious even than he had at first supposed.

"I am going to tell you all about it," said Miss Marjoribanks, "but in the mean time wait a minute and let me speak to you. First I have something to say."

It was for this they stopped short at the foot of Grange Lane just where the land was already parcelled out for St. Roque's. What Lucilla was going to say was too important to be spoken while walking, and naturally she withdrew her hand from Mr. Cavendish's arm. They were both so much absorbed that they did not see anybody coming, nor indeed had any attention to spare for external affairs. The blood had deserted Mr. Cavendish's face, and he was once more green with anxiety and inquietude. He stood facing her, feeling that the crisis of his fate had come, and not knowing whether it was absolute despair or a faint dawning of hope that possessed him. If he had been the most passionate of lovers, and if she had held in her hands the dreadful alternative between rapture and misery, there could not have been a more rapt and absorb-

ing attention in Mr. Cavendish's face.

"I want to tell you, first of all, that you must have confidence in me," said Lucilla; "you—must—have confidence in me. We can do nothing without that. I know everything, Mr. Cavendish," Miss Marjoribanks added compassionately—"*everything;* but nobody else knows it. I hope I can arrange everything if it is left in my hands. This is what I wanted to tell you first of all. Before everything, you must have confidence in me."

What Mr. Cavendish might have answered to this solemn appeal it would be vain to imagine; for the truth was, he was stopped before he could utter a word. He was stopped and seized by the hand, and greeted with a frankness which was, perhaps, all the more loud and cordial from what appeared to the new-comer the comic character of the situation. "It *is* Cavendish, by Jove!" the intruder exclaimed, waving his hand to some people who were coming on behind him. "I beg a thousand pardons for disturbing you, my dear fellow; but they all talk about you so, that I was determined to make sure it was you. Good heavens, Miss Marjoribanks!" General Travers added, taking off his hat. It was Mr. and Mrs. Centum who were coming down behind him—she with a light shawl thrown over her head, tempted out by the beauty of the evening; and Lucilla saw in a moment the consequences of this encounter, and how it would be over all Carlingford before to-morrow morning that she and Mr. Cavendish were betrothed at the very least. Miss Marjoribanks had all her wits about her, as ever, fortunately for both.

"Yes, it is me," she said, calmly; "I have been taking tea with the Lakes, and I made Mr. Cavendish give me his arm home. He did not like being found out, to be sure, but he could not help himself; and we all know about that," Lucilla added with a smile, taking once more the unfortunate man's arm. "Oh yes, we all know," said Mrs. Centum, with a laugh; but yet, notwithstanding, everybody felt sure that it was all Lucilla's cleverness, and that Barbara Lake was a myth and fiction. And it was thus that, with Miss Marjoribanks leaning on his arm, and General Travers, in all the warmth of renewed friendship, guarding him on the other side, Mr. Cavendish, whose head was in a whirl of excitement, and who did not know what he was doing, was led back in triumph past Colonel Chiley's very door, where the Archdeacon was lying in wait to crunch his bones, back from all his aberrations into the very heart of Grange Lane.

PICCADILLY: AN EPISODE OF CONTEMPORANEOUS AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CONCLUSION.

July.

It will be seen by the date at which I am writing this, that I have been compelled to slacken the pace I have been keeping up during the season. The fact is, my episode, like those of my neighbours, seems likely to be prematurely concluded by the course of political events, which will no doubt act prejudicially this year upon the happiness of many interesting members of society. Towards the close of the London season, it is only natural that everything should culminate; but generally the actors in the scenes of real life so calculate that the curtain falls just at the right moment; or rather, that they shall be doing just the right thing when the curtain falls. The artists insensibly group themselves for the *grand tableau.* All over the stage episodes are occurring, any one of which taken separately would make a good sensation finale. There are wily mothers and desperate daughters throwing with unerring aim their nets over youths who have become reckless or imbecile. And there are unprincipled poachers setting snares for the pretty game they hope to destroy. Look at the poor victims, both male and female, trying to get disentangled. What a rush and shuffle, and conflict of feelings and affections it is! The hearts that for the first time feel they have been touched as the moment of separation draws near; the "histories" which in all future time will form the most marked page in his or her life, and which have begun and ended in the season; the intimacies that have been formed, and which are to last for ever; those that have been broken; the fatal friendships which have been cemented this year, and the disastrous results of which, suspected on neither side, we shall read of in the newspapers years to come. What a curious picture would be the mind of London society if we could photograph it in February, and how strangely different would it be from a photograph of the same subject taken in July, more especially when, as now, the elections throw everything into confusion; and Little Hallthorts gets so bewildered, that he encloses, by mistake, his address to his constituents to "Wild Harrie," instead of his proposals to her, which he has forwarded to his local attorney for publication in the Liberal organ of that borough which is honoured by possessing him as a representative.

In these days when good taste requires that our affections should be as shallow as our convictions, we are puzzled, at a crisis like this, to know which we love most, our seats or our mistresses. There is a general disposition on the part of the lavender-gloved tribe to resent the extra wear and tear of mind suddenly imposed upon them this hot weather. Why should they unexpectedly be called away from the corners devoted to *tête-à-têtes,* to stand on hotel balconies and stammer, in unintelligible language, their views upon Reform to crowds of free and independent electors? "For goodness' sake," says Larkington to Lady Veriphast, "give me some ideas; I've got to go and meet these wretched constituents of mine, and I had promised myself a much more agreeable occupation with you at Richmond. Couldn't you get Veriphast to go down? I should be delighted to retire in his favour; and with his abilities it is ridiculous his not being in Parliament."

"How absurdly you talk about my persuading Veriphast to do any-

thing; the only person, as you know, who has any influence over him is Mrs. Loveton," says her ladyship, with a sigh—arising from dyspepsia.

"I have hit it;" and for a moment Larkington looks animated. "Squabbleton is close to the coast, and we will make a party, and I will take you all round in my yacht, the Lovetons and you and Veriphast; we'll go and do the electioneering business together, and keep the yacht as a sort of *pied à terre*, or rather *pied à mer*;" and Larkington chuckled, partly at his joke, and partly at this brilliant solution of his dilemma.

And so, while all the world is trying to reconcile their pleasure with what they are pleased to term their duty, being always the duty they owe to themselves, my thoughts are diverted into a very different channel; I am beginning daily to feel, while in the world, that I am less of it; already I have cut myself off from the one great source of interest which Parliament afforded me, and I have not succeeded in my love as a compensation—that is why Larkington's arrangement to secure both seemed a sort of mockery of my misery. For it was impossible to resist the occasional fits of depression which reduced my mind to the condition of white paper, and the world to that of a doll stuffed with sawdust. I was suffering in this manner the day following the evening entertainment at Lady Broadbrim's which I have already described. The interview which impended inspired me with vague terrors. The night before I had looked forward to it with positive enjoyment. There is no greater bore than to get up morally and physically unhinged, upon the very day that you expect an unusual strain upon your faculties. The days it does not matter, you feel up to anything; but nature too often perversely deserts you at the most critical moment.

Now, upon the morning in question it was necessary as a preliminary measure for me to go into the City and acquire some information essential to the success of my interview with Lady Broadbrim, and it required no little effort to reach Bodwinkle's office at 10 A.M. I found that great millionaire in a peculiarly amiable frame of mind. Though two or three of his neighbours had been smashing around him, his superior foresight had enabled him to escape the calamities which had overtaken them; and he was sitting chuckling in that rather dingy alley, from the recesses of which he has dug his fortune, when I entered.

"Ah, Lord Frank," he said, affably; "come to give me some of your valuable advice and assistance in my election affairs, I feel sure. Don't forget your promise about Stepton. I have already given the necessary instructions about that matter of Lady Broadbrim's; there is nothing going to be done about it for the present."

"It is just with reference to Lady Broadbrim's affairs that I have come to consult you," I said. "You have a pretty extensive Indian connection, I think?"

"Rather," said Bodwinkle, in a tone which meant to imply gigantic.

"Now I have reason to believe that her ladyship is interested in some Bombay houses, and I shall be able to throw some light upon her affairs which may be of use to us both, if you will give me the benefit of a little of that exclusive information with reference to cotton and those who are embarked in its trade which I know you possess."

Bodwinkle was loth at first to let me into those mysteries which he speedily revealed to me on my explaining more fully my reasons for requiring to know them. And I jumped into a hansom and drove off to Grosvenor Square, planning a little plot which I completed ere I arrived, and the construction of which had acted as beneficially upon my nerves as one of Lady

Broadbrim's own "pick-me-ups." Drippings let me in, and his countenance wore an expression of anxious consciousness. As he led the way up-stairs he whispered, "I trust, my lord, that under the circumstances your lordship will not betray me—my own livelihood, not to say that of my wife and little ones, depends upon my keeping this place; and I would not have mentioned what had come to my knowledge with respect to her ladyship if it had not been that, knowing the interest your lordship takes in the family, and more especially when I come to consider Lady Ursula——"

"Hold your tongue," I interrupted, angrily. "If you wish me to reduce you and your family to beggary, dare to open your lips to me again unless you're spoken to." I felt savage with him for ruffling my temper at the moment when I desired to have my faculties completely under control, and as my readers will have perceived, though my intentions are always excellent, my course is occasionally, under any unusual strain, erratic.

I never saw Lady Broadbrim looking better. One or two wrinkles were positively missing altogether, and an expression of cheerful benevolence seemed to play about the corners of her mouth. She greeted me with an *empressement* totally at variance with the terms on which we had parted upon the previous evening. I must say that, when Lady Broadbrim chooses, there is nobody of my acquaintance whose manner is more attractive, and whose conversation is more agreeable. She had been a *belle* in her day, and had achieved some renown among the "wholly-worldlies" when she first married the late lord. Her "history," connected chiefly with another lord of that period, is not yet altogether forgotten. The end of it was, that the world looked coldly upon her ladyship for a few seasons, and she scrambled with some difficulty into the society of the "worldly-holies," among whom she has ever since remained. There are occasions when a certain amount of coquetry of manner betrays the existence of some of those "devil's leavings" which she is still engaged in sacrificing. Had it not been for the information I had derived from Drippings, her cordial reception and unembarrassed manner would have puzzled me. As it was, I felt assured by the indications they furnished that the butler had told me the truth.

"My dear Lady Broadbrim," I said, with enthusiasm, "how well you are looking! I am sure you must have some charming news to tell me. Is some near and wealthy relation dead, or what?"

"For shame, Frank! what a satirical creature you are! Do you know I only discovered lately that irony was your strong point? I am positively beginning to be afraid of you."

"Come now," I said, "own frankly, what you have to tell me to-day makes you feel more afraid of me than you ever did before."

Lady Broadbrim blushed — yes, actually blushed. It was not the flush of anger which I had often seen dye her cheeks, or of shame, which I never did; but it was a blush of maiden consciousness, if I may so express it, though it is occasionally to be observed in widows. It mounted slowly and suffused her whole neck and face, even unto the roots of her hair; it was a blush of that kind which I have seen technically described by a German philosopher as a "rhythm of exquisite sweetness."

The effect of this hardened old lady indulging in a rhythm of this description struck me as so ludicrous that I was compelled to resort to my pocket-handkerchief and pretend to sneeze behind it. At the same moment Lady Broadbrim resorted to hers, and applied it to her eyes. "Dear Frank," she said, and sobbed. "Dear Lady Broadbrim," I responded, and nearly choked

with suppressed laughter, for I knew what was coming.

"All my money difficulties are at an end at last, and if I am affected, it is that I feel I am not worthy of the happiness that is in store for me," and she lifted up her eyes, in which real tears were actually glistening, and said, "What have I done to deserve it?"

"Well, really," I replied, "if you ask me that question honestly, I must wait till I know what 'it' is; perhaps you would have been better without 'it.'"

"I assure you, Frank, one of the uppermost feelings in my mind is that of relief. I fully appreciate the warm-hearted generosity which has prompted you to take so much interest in my affairs; but when it was all over between you and Ursula, my conscience would not allow me to let you make pecuniary sacrifices on so large a scale for my sake. When Broadbrim told me that you had determined to persevere in your munificence, notwithstanding Ursula's most inexplicable conduct, I made up my mind at once to adopt a course which, I am happy to say, not merely my sense of propriety but my feelings told me was the right one. I must, therefore, relieve you from all further anxiety about my business matters. You have, I think, still got some papers of mine, which you may return to me; and I will see that my solicitor not only releases you from any engagements which you may have entered into for me, but will repay those sums which you have so kindly advanced on my account already."

There was a tone of triumph pervading this speech which clearly meant, "Now we are quits. I don't forget the time when you drank my 'pick-me-up' first, and mesmerised me afterwards. And this is my revenge."

I must say I looked at Lady Broadbrim with a certain feeling of admiration. She was a woman made up of "forces." Last night passionate and intemperate under the influence of the society she had called round her: to-day calm and wily, using her advantages of situation with a judgment and a moderation worthy of a great strategist. She is only arrogant and insolent in the hour of disaster; but she can conquer magnanimously. I assumed an air of the deepest regret and disappointment. "Of course, Lady Broadbrim, any change in your circumstances which makes you independent, even of your friends, must be agreeable to you; but I cannot say how deeply disappointed I feel that my labour of love is over, and that I shall no longer have the pleasure of spending my resources in a cause so precious to me." The last words almost stuck in my throat; but I wanted to overdo it, to see the effect.

"My dear Frank," she said, laughing, and her eyes would have twinkled had they not become too watery from age, "I shall never make you out; I am so stupid at reading character, and I suppose so dull altogether, that sometimes I am not sure when you're joking and when you are in earnest. Now I want you seriously to answer me truly one question, not as people of the world, you know, making pledges to each other, but as old friends, as we are, who may dispense with mystery." She held out her hand with an air of charming candour. "Tell me," she said, as she pressed mine, —"tell me honestly what could possibly have been your motive in being prepared to go on sacrificing your fortune for me when you had no chance of Ursula?"

"Tell me honestly, Lady Broadbrim," I said, and pressed her hand in return, "how you are going to render yourself independent of my assistance henceforward, and I will tell you the motives which have actuated me in proffering it."

"It is only just settled, and I have not even told it yet either to Broadbrim or my daughters. I am

quite prepared for the sensation it will make when it is known, and the ill-natured things people will say of me; but my mind is made up, and we are told to expect persecution. I am going to be married to Mr. Chundango!"

Lady Broadbrim evidently expected to stun me with this announcement, but as I had already been prepared for it by Drippings, I received it with perfect equanimity.

"I had no conception," her ladyship went on, "of the sterling worth and noble character of that man until I had an opportunity of observing it closely. The munificence of his liberality, and the good uses to which he applies his enormous wealth, the cultivation of his mind, the excellence of his principles, and the perfect harmony of feeling upon religious subjects which exists between us, all convince me that I shall best consult my own happiness and the interests of my dear children by uniting my fate to his. I suppose you know Lord Scilly is going to put him into Parliament for the Scilly Boroughs instead of Lord Grandon?"

"No one could congratulate you more sincerely than I do, Lady Broadbrim," I said. "I can conceive no greater happiness than an alliance in which that perfect harmony of thought and feeling you describe reigns paramount; and now it is my turn to tell you why I have acted the part which seems so incomprehensible to you. Grandon is, as you know, my dearest friend, but he is poor. Ursula cares for him more, if possible, than I do. And I need not tell you that my own attachment to your daughter is the strongest sentiment of my nature. Now, I determined to prove the depth of my affection for these two people by making them both happy, and when all my arrangements were completed I intended to make a final stipulation with you, that you should give your consent to their marriage, and that I should play the part of a bountiful prince in the Arabian Nights, and that we should all live happy ever after."

"A very pretty little plot indeed," said Lady Broadbrim, with a sneer. "You are too good and disinterested for this planet, Frank. So you thought you could coerce me into giving my consent to a marriage I never have approved, and never shall?"

"Don't be too sure of that," I said, and I allowed the faintest tinge of insolence to appear in my manner, for the sentiments and the sneer that accompanied it both irritated me, and I felt that we were morally drawing our revolvers and looking at the caps.

"Why not? What do you mean?" she said, sharply. "Who do you suppose is to dictate to me upon such a subject? Ursula will be very well off, and I shall take care that she marries suitably."

"I don't know where she is to get her money from," I said, calmly.

"You need give yourself no anxiety about her for the future, I assure you. Mr. Chundango has been most liberal in his arrangements about both my girls."

"But, unfortunately, it is not in Mr. Chundango's power to make any such arrangements," I retorted. "I am sure nothing will alter your feelings towards a man you really love, and that your own personal conduct will not be influenced by the fact that Mr. Chundango is a beggar. You could go back to India with him, you know, and make a home for him in a cottage in the Bombay Ghauts."

Lady Broadbrim's face had become rigid and stony; so had my whole nature. I did not feel a particle of compassion or of triumph. I was cold, hard, and judicial. Her hour was come, and I had to pass the sentence. "Yes," I said, "there is no doubt about it. I got it from Bodwinkle this moment. The Bombay mail arrived last night, and you know the way everything has been

crashing there through speculations in Back Bay shares, cotton, &c. Well, the great Parsee house of Burstupjee Cockabhoy has come down with a grand crash, and all our friend Chundango's jewels in the back verandah, added to everything else he possesses in the world, will fail to meet his liabilities. Terrible thing, isn't it? but we must bear up, you know."

But Lady Broadbrim had done bearing up some time ago, and had sunk gently back on the couch, in a dead faint. There was not the slightest sham about it, so I rang the bell for Jenkins, and felt under the pillow for the pick-me-up, which I failed to make her swallow; so I slapped the soles of her feet with her shoes, till her maid arrived, followed by Drippings, who, I suspect, had spent some portion of his time in the neighbourhood of the keyhole.

"I will go and look for Lady Ursula," I said; "where shall I find her?"

"In her own 'boudwore,'" said Jenkins—"first door on the right, at the top of the stairs," and I left Lady Broadbrim being ministered to with sal-volatile, and went in search of her daughter.

Lady Ursula was writing, and as she looked up I saw the traces of tears upon her cheeks, though she smiled as she frankly gave me her hand—"I half expected you, Lord Frank, as I knew you were to call on mamma to-day, and I thought you would not leave without seeing me; but I expected to have been sent for. Don't you know that this is very sacred ground, and that the privilege of treading upon it is accorded to very few?"

"I have that to tell you," I said, gravely, "which I can only talk of privately. I have left Lady Broadbrim down-stairs, and it is the result of my interview with her that I want to communicate to you. Do you know that she contemplated taking a very serious step?"

I did not know how to approach the subject, and I felt embarrassed now that I found myself obliged to explain to a daughter that her mother was going to marry the man that daughter had rejected, as an act of revenge.

"No," said Lady Ursula. "I have suspected by her preoccupied manner for many days past that mamma had decided upon something, but I have shrunk from speaking to her of her own plans. Indeed she seemed to have avoided me in a way which she never did before."

"Before telling you what she intended doing, I must premise that she has quite abandoned the idea; therefore don't let yourself be distressed by what might have been, but won't be now."

I risked this assertion as, although Lady Broadbrim had not told me that she had abandoned the idea, and was at that moment in a dead faint, I felt certain that her first impulse on "coming to" would be to abandon it. "Well," said Lady Ursula, with her lip trembling and her eye cast down, "if you think it right that you should tell me, do so; remember she is my mother."

"It was nothing so very dreadful after all," I said, and tried to reassure her by a careless manner—for I saw how much she dreaded the unknown. "The fact is, Lady Broadbrim has been driven to despair by the family embarrassments, and we must make allowances for her under the circumstances. Then perhaps she was under the influence of pique. At all events, she had made up her mind to accept a proposal which Mr. Chundango had the audacity to make."

Lady Ursula raised her eyes in a bewildered way to mine. It was evident that she had failed even now to comprehend me. What business, I thought, had I to come up here after all? It is a piece of impertinence in me; and I trembled at my rashness. What will she think? I shall shock her, and ruin myself in her estimation irretrievably; and I wished myself back

again, slapping the soles of Lady Broadbrim's feet; but Lady Broadbrim was already making use of those very soles, and was marching up-stairs at that identical moment, for before I could find words to explain my meaning more fully to Lady Ursula, and while I was yet doubting whether I should not back out of the whole subject, in stalked her ladyship, very white, with lips compressed, and an expression on her face which so terrified Ursula that she forgot my speech in the amazement and alarm which her mother's aspect caused her. "What are you doing in my daughter's private sitting-room, Lord Frank?" said Lady Broadbrim, between her teeth.

"I came to tell her of your sudden illness, and explain the cause of it," I replied, calmly.

"And have you done so?" and I saw how much depended on my answer by the nervous way in which Lady Broadbrim clenched her hand to control her emotion: she has given me a good many *mauvais quarts d'heures*, I thought—I will give her one now.

"I was just telling Lady Ursula," I said, "that Mr. Chundango had positively had the impudence to propose to you"—Lady Broadbrim gave a sort of suppressed scream—"when you came in."

"Then you did not tell her what he proposed?" she said.

"No, I leave that to you," I said, maliciously.

"My dear Ursula, I would not tell you, because I know you do not approve of speculations, and I feel myself that they are questionable if not actually sinful. My dear child, I did it for the best; Chundango wanted me to join him in one of his Indian speculations, and proposed to me to"—Lady Broadbrim paused, coloured, looked me full in the face, and then said slowly—"to unite my resources to his. Fortunately Lord Frank has just discovered in time that he is a bankrupt, so of course all partnership arrangements between us are at an end, and I am most thankful for the lesson. You know I promised you once before that I would give up trying to retrieve my own fortunes by commercial speculation, even of the most legitimate description; and now, my dear Frank, and you, my sweet child, forgive me for this momentary breach of it. You must have seen how much it has weighed upon me, Ursula dear, for some time past; but let us be thankful that I have been saved from temptation," and the handkerchief was again called into requisition.

Well done, Lady Broadbrim! that was a triumph of white-lying, and the best piece of acting you have done in my presence; it so touched Lady Ursula that she threw herself on her mother's neck.

"Never mind, mamma; I know that whatever you do is out of love for us; but indeed we don't want to be rich. Broadbrim has no expensive tastes, and I would only be too glad to get away from London. Let us let the house, and take a little cottage somewhere in the country,—we shall be so much happier;" and Lady Ursula nestled herself on her mother's cheek, little dreaming that she had nearly had Chundango for a father-in-law, and evidently much relieved at finding that this dreadful intelligence, for which I was preparing her, was not some horrid crime, but only another money affair. As I looked at the mother and daughter clasped in each other's arms, and pictured to myself the thoughts that were hidden in those hearts now palpitating against each other, I felt that it would almost be a righteous act to tear them asunder for ever.

Never mind, you have given me a hold over you that I shall turn to account; that lie was dexterously worded, and evidenced infinite presence of mind; but you will have first to throw over Chundango, and then to shut his mouth, and then

you will have to shut mine, and finally to shut Drippings his mouth. Oh, my dear Lady Broadbrim, what a very slimy and disagreeable course you have marked out for yourself!

"Mr. Chundango is in the drawing-room, my lady," said Drippings, appearing at the door at this critical juncture; and he took a survey of the group as one who should say within himself, "Here is some new start which I am not yet up to, but which I soon shall be," and he waited at the door to observe the effect of his intelligence.

"I shall be down immediately," said Lady Broadbrim, coldly; and Drippings vanished. "Perhaps under the circumstances you had better leave Mr. Chundango to my tender mercies," I said, significantly. "There can be no reason why you should *ever* see him again." I emphasised the word "ever" purposely, and assumed a tone of authority under which Lady Broadbrim winced. Our eyes met for a moment, and then I looked at her nose, and I am sure she read my thought, which was "I must keep it on the grindstone," for she sighed and acquiesced.

"How do, my dear Mr. Chundango?" I said, gaily, to the Oriental, who seemed rather taken aback when he saw me enter the drawing-room instead of Lady Broadbrim, and whose lips got paler than was altogether consistent with their usual colour. "I must congratulate you on the prospect of becoming a legislator. I hear Lord Scilly is going to put you in for his boroughs."

"Yes," said Chundango, affectedly. "His lordship has been good enough to press them upon me, but I have determined not to go in as any man's nominee. The fact is, I wanted to ask Lady Broadbrim's advice upon that very matter, and have come here expressly to do so."

"She is not very well, and has deputed me to consult with you instead. Come," I said, confidentially, "what is it all about? I shall be too glad to assist you."

The puzzled expression of Chundango's face at this moment was a study:—"Has Lady Broadbrim told him everything or not?—How much does he know?—What line shall I take?" and he stroked his chin doubtfully.

"Come, out with it," I said, sharply; "I haven't time to stand here all day waiting till you decide how much you will tell me and how much you won't." Now this is the kind of speech which disturbs a native more than any other, but which would be inexcusable in polite society. I had lived too much in the East to be trammelled with the conventionalities of Europe, and my friend felt as much, for he cringed at once after the manner of his race.

"I have no intent'on of deceiving you," he said. "I don't know whether Lady Broadbrim has told you that we are to be united in matrimony?"

"Yes," I said, "she has."

"Well, I want to make arrangements by which the ceremony may be accomplished without delay, for I feel the suspense is trying. Might I ask you to find out the earliest moment which would suit her convenience? I need not say that I hope you will be present."

"I suppose you would prefer it, if possible, before the arrival of the next mail from Bombay?" I said.

Chundango, who is by no means deficient in intelligence, saw at a glance that it was useless to attempt to deceive me. "I see that you know," he said, meekly, "the terrible misfortune by which I have been overtaken, through no fault of my own. I am quite sure it will not affect Lady Broadbrim's resolution."

"I am quite sure it will," I said; "and the fact is, as she did not want a scene, she sent me down to give you to understand that everything is at an end between you. You look surprised," I went on,

for Chundango was not yet so familiar with the customs of polite society as to believe such heartless conduct on the part of Lady Broadbrim possible; "but I assure you this is the usual form among ladies in London. I am well aware no Bombay woman would have done it; but you must remember, Mr. Chundango, that you are in a Christian and a civilised country, where money is essential to make the pot boil—not in a tropical heathen land where a pocket-handkerchief is sufficient for clothing, and a few plantains for sustenance. We don't keep our hearts in a state of nature in this country a bit more than our bodies—it would not be considered proper; but you'll soon get over it"—but Chundango's eyes were gleaming with revenge.

"Ah!" he said, drawing his breath with a sibilant sound, "everybody in London shall hear how I have got over it."

"Nobody would believe you, and you would only be laughed at. Lady Broadbrim would flatly deny it. We always do deny those little episodes. My good innocent Chundango, how much you have to learn, and how simple and guileless they are in your native country to what we are here! No, no! come with me; I will do the best for everybody, and send you back to your mother dutiful and repentant—you had no business ever to desert her;" and I rang the bell.

"Tell Lady Broadbrim," I said to Drippings, "that I have gone with Mr. Chundango into the City, and will call again to-morrow." I took Chundango straight to Bodwinkle's, and found the millionaire in close confabulation with Spiffy Goldtip. Between them was the address to the electors of Shuffleborough, with which my readers are already familiar.

"We must alter it slightly," said Spiffy as I entered.

"What! haven't you issued it yet?" I asked.

"No," he said; "we were just going to send it out to-day."

"Then I am in time to stop you. Your address, Spiffy, so outraged Stepton, that he has determined to stand himself, and neither you nor Bodwinkle have a chance; so I would advise you to keep that document back," I said, turning to Bodwinkle, who looked dumbfounded and crestfallen.

"A nice mess you have got me into between you," he said, sulkily gazing at us both.

"Spiffy has, but my turn is yet to come. Bodwinkle, I think you know more of Mr. Chundango's affairs than any one else; in fact, I suppose you have what the tradesmen call a little account between you. He wishes to say a few words confidentially to you, while I want to have a moment alone with Spiffy."

"You know all about him?" I said, nodding towards Chundango.

"Collapsed, hasn't he?" said Spiffy.

"Yes," I said, "but it won't be known for a day or two. At present he is Lord Scilly's nominee. Bodwinkle wants a borough. He may either ignore his last programme, as it is not yet issued, and adopt Scilly's political views, or, if he is too conscientious, when Chundango retires at the last moment, he may snatch the seat. All that is your affair—you know Scilly and Bodwinkle both better than I do. Now, I have reasons for wanting Chundango shipped back at once to Bombay, and for wishing to close this long-standing affair of Lady Broadbrim's with Bodwinkle. Make the best terms you can for Chundango, and see what Bodwinkle is disposed to do in the other matter; and let me know the result to-morrow. Keep Chundango here now to refer to. Good-bye, Bodwinkle," I called out; "Spiffy has got some good news to give you, but be merciful to our friend here," and I passed my arm through Chundango's and drew him to a

corner. "Now look here," I said in a whisper, "if you will bury the recollection of what has passed between you and Lady Broadbrim, and never breathe a word of it even in your dreams, I will get Bodwinkle to start you again in Bombay, but you must go back at once and stay there. Now you may stay here, for you will be wanted." I saw Spiffy meantime imparting to Bodwinkle his projects for turning to account the new prospects I had been the means of opening out to him.

"Dear me," I thought, as I for the second time that day threaded my way westwards from the City, "all this is unravelling itself very neatly, but it is not quite far enough advanced to be communicated to Grandon." The fact is, I had a sort of suspicion that he would not altogether approve of my mode of carrying my point, even when my only desire was to secure his and Ursula's happiness. No, I thought; he would have scruples, and object, and bother. I won't tell him anything till it is all done; but I must tell him something, as I promised him some good news to-day, and he is waiting at home on purpose.

"Well, old fellow, I think I have got a borough for you, after all. It stupidly did not occur to me before, but you are just the man for the constituency."

"I thought you had been to Lady Broadbrim's, and were to bring me back some good news," said Grandon, with a disappointed air.

"So I have," I replied, "but I am bound to secrecy for another twenty-four hours; meantime, listen! I am going to retire from Dunderhead. I wrote my address a few days ago, but did not send it. They are therefore quite unprepared. I will retire to-morrow; the nomination is to be in two or three days; and what with the suddenness of the affair and my influence, your return is certain."

"You going to retire!" said Grandon, astounded. "Why, you never told me of this. When did you make up your mind?"

"It made itself up, as it always does," I said, laughing. "It never puts me in the painful position of having to decide, but takes its own line at once. I am going to America by the next steamer." Now, when I tell my readers that when I began to talk to Grandon I had no intention whatever of going to America, they will be able to form some idea, if they have not done so already, of what a funny mind mine is. It came upon me with the irresistible force of an inspiration, and from that moment I was morally booked and bound at all hazards to go.

Grandon knew me so well that he was less surprised than he might have been, and only sighed deeply. He felt at that moment that there was something hopelessly wrong about me. He had been so often encouraged by a certain steadiness which I maintained for some time, and which led him to think me changed, and so often disappointed; for when he least expected it I broke the slender fetters of common sense and conventionalism, which he and society between them had woven round me, and went off at a tangent.

"Never mind, old fellow," I said, laughing, "there is no use sighing over me. I have pleasures and satisfactions arising from within that I should not have if I was like everybody else. Now, for instance," and the eagerness and turmoil which my new project excited within me seemed to reduce every other consideration to insignificance, for I began to feel conscious that, somehow or other, though I had often been in America before, this time it was to be to me a newer world than ever.

"Are you going alone?" said Grandon; for I had not finished my sentence.

"No," I said; and I felt who my companion was to be, though no

words had been exchanged between us.

"Who is going with you?" he asked, wonderingly, for my manner struck him, and I scarcely heard his question, so wrapt at that instant seemed all my faculties. I think I fell asleep and dreamt, but I can't recall exactly what I seemed to see. Grandon was shaking me, I thought, in the most heartless manner, and I told him as much when I opened my eyes. The fact was, I was a little knocked up with excitement; but I would not go and lie down till he promised me to stand for Dunderhead. Then I went to bed, and did not get up till the lamps were being lighted in Piccadilly.

The result of such irregular hours was that I was in bed next morning when Spiffy Goldtip knocked at my bedroom door. He had worked very hard in Lady Broadbrim's interest, and explained to me the scheme which he had arranged with Bodwinkle, by means of which, at a very considerable sacrifice of my own capital, I could start Lady Broadbrim and her son afresh in the world, on a very limited income, but devoid of encumbrances of a threatening or embarrassing nature. I would far rather have invested the same amount in securing a larger income to Grandon and Ursula, if they were ever destined to be united; but I knew that, in the first place, nothing would induce them to take it from me; and in the second, that I could only even now hope to extort Lady Broadbrim's consent to the match by the prospect I was enabled to hold out to her of a period of financial repose. After all, my own wants were moderate, and £15,000 a-year satisfied them as well as £20,000.

"We accomplished great things yesterday," said Spiffy, rubbing his hands gleefully, for he had himself benefited by the settlement above alluded to. "When I showed Bodwinkle that we could make the Scilly boroughs a certainty, he behaved like a gentleman, and our friend Chundango is to go out to Bombay by the next mail, under more favourable conditions than he could have possibly expected. Of course I shall retire from contesting Shuffleborough to the more congenial atmosphere of Homburg. Heigho!" sighed Spiffy, "I have gone through a good deal of wear and tear this season, and want to recruit."

I got rid of Spiffy as soon as I had heard what he had to say, and I was so satisfied with his intelligence that I determined at once to see Grandon, and to take him with me to Lady Broadbrim's. "Grandon," I said, abruptly entering his room, "I want you to come with me at once to Grosvenor Square."

"Did Lady Broadbrim tell you to ask me?" He looked up with such a sad, wistful gaze as he said this, that my heart melted towards him, for I felt I had spoken roughly; so I drew a chair close to him, and, sitting by his side, placed my arm in his as we did in the old school-days.

"My dear old fellow, the moment is come for you to prove your friendship by trusting me thoroughly. I know how rudely Lady Broadbrim has always behaved to you whenever you have met—I know how my conduct has perplexed and grieved you. Well, now, I have come to ask you to forgive us both."

"I have nothing to forgive; but it would be an utter want of taste in me to go there unless she expects me, and wishes to see me, and I can hardly hope that," he said, with a forced smile.

For a moment I doubted whether I dared to risk it, but I had placed Lady Broadbrim in a position upon which I could venture a good deal, and I longed for the triumph and gratification of enjoying the success of my own handiwork. It would be a triumph full of alloy, but I wanted to see how much I could achieve and—bear; so my hesitation vanished.

"I will take the responsibility on

myself," I said; "and believe me, I would not urge it if I was not perfectly certain that I was doing what is right. Remember how many times I have blindly followed your advice. I only ask you this once to follow mine, and secure your own happiness."

The temptation was too strong, and Grandon yielded; but it was with a reluctant, doubtful step that he approached the door he had not this year ventured to enter. It was opened by Drippings, and I took the opportunity of having a little private conversation with him in the hall, in the course of which it was arranged that he should exchange her ladyship's service for mine, and accompany me to America: the truth is, I proposed settling him there, and making him send for his wife and family. He knew too much of Lady Broadbrim's affairs to be at all a desirable domestic either to herself or to her friends in this country.

"Lady Broadbrim is in her own sitting-room, my lord," said Drippings; "shall I show your lordship up to her?"

"No; if there is nobody in the drawing-room, take us there first. Now, Grandon, I will send for you when you are wanted; keep quiet, and don't get impatient;" and I left him and knocked at Lady Broadbrim's door.

The events of the last twenty-four hours had told upon her, and the old wrinkles had come back, with several new ones. She was at that critical age when a great grief or anxiety can make an elderly person antiquated in a night—just as hair will turn grey in a few hours. She put out her hand without speaking, but with an expression of resignation which seemed to say, "I acknowledge myself beaten; be a brute or anything else you like; trample upon me, pray—I am down without the possibility of retaliating, but you will get very little sport out of me; badger me if you like, I don't mean to show fight." All this I read in her face as plainly as though she had said it; and I thought this a moment when generosity on the part of the victor will prove one to be a true strategist; and no one will appreciate it more than Lady Broadbrim. With great gentleness, and without allowing a shade of self-satisfaction to cross my face or to penetrate my tones, I told her how I had propitiated Bodwinkle, banished Chundango, provided for Drippings, and succeeded at last in placing her affairs generally on a sound footing.

"Your genius will never be appreciated by the world, Frank," she said, smiling half ironically, half sadly.

"I am quite aware of that," I replied; "nor will this record of my experiences in it—except by you and one or two others who know how true it is; and now, Lady Broadbrim, you know the wish which is nearest my heart, but which I don't venture to put in words," and I held out my hand.

"Yes," she said—and I saw the slender nostril dilate with the effort it cost her to yield the point upon which she had been so long inflexible—"you want my consent to Ursula's marriage with Grandon. I give it."

"Wait a minute; I should like Lady Ursula to be present," I said; for even now I did not feel that I could trust the old lady thoroughly, and I rang the bell. It was delightful to see how submissively Lady Broadbrim sent for Lady Ursula, and how kindly she greeted both son and daughter as they entered, for Broadbrim accompanied his sister.

"I have sent for you, my dear," she said, "to tell you how much we owe to our kind friend here, who has completely relieved my mind from all those anxieties which have been weighing upon it for the last few years, by his noble and generous conduct. Ursula, dear, you will never know really how much you

owe him, for he has shown me that I have not done my duty to you as a mother;" and Lady Broadbrim's voice trembled. "Upon my word," I thought, "I do believe the old woman is sincere;" and I looked at her fixedly. The tears were filling her eyes. Now pray heaven that we have got to heart at last—it is like sinking a well in a thirsty desert, and coming on water. Yes, there it is welling out, honest large drops, chasing each other to the point of her nose. Oh, my dear Lady Broadbrim, I am beginning to love you, and my eyes are beginning to swim too; and before she knew where she was, I threw my arms round her neck and kissed her—an example which was rapidly followed both by Ursula and Broadbrim, and which so overcame their mother that she buried her face in a pillow, and sobbed out in tears that might at first have been bitter, but were assuredly sweet and refreshing at last—her repentance. I don't think Broadbrim had any very definite idea why he wept, beyond a feeling of sympathy with his mother, and the fact, which I afterwards heard, that "Wild Harrie" had refused him, so he mingled his tears with hers, but Lady Ursula's eyes were dry and supernaturally brilliant. As I gazed on the group, my own heart seemed to swell to bursting. I do really believe and trust that Lady Broadbrim will give up the worldly-holies, and become a pious good woman; and that those talents and that force of character which she possesses may be dedicated to a higher service than they have heretofore been. If I have been the humble instrument of working the change, the sooner I send Grandon here, and vanish myself from the scene, the better, or I shall become vain and conceited, I thought; and I rose from my seat.

"Good-bye, Lady Broadbrim," I said; "you will not see me again. I am going to America in three days, and must go to Flittyville tomorrow; but I never thought I could have bid you all farewell and felt so happy at the prospect of parting;" and I threw one yearning glance on Ursula in spite of myself. "Your happiness is secured, I do most firmly believe," I said to her; "and as for you," and I laid my hand on Broadbrim's shoulder, "remember the experiment I proposed to you the other night, and try it;" and I was moving off when Ursula seized my hand, and almost dragged me back to her mother's side. She lifted up her eyes like one inspired, and the radiancy of her expression seemed to dazzle and blind me. Then she knelt down, and I knelt by her side, while her mother lay before us, her whole frame heaving with convulsive sobs, and Broadbrim stood by wondering and awestruck. I can't repeat that prayer here, but there was a power in those gentle accents which stilled the stormy elements, as the waves of the sea were once stilled before; and when the thrilling voice ceased there was a great calm, and we knew that a change had been effected in that room. Then the floodgates were opened which had been to that moment barred, and Lady Ursula threw herself on her mother's bosom, and wept tears of gratitude, and I stole silently away to the drawing-room, and led Grandon by the hand, without uttering a word, to that room into which a new atmosphere had descended, and the new breath had called into existence a new nature. He started back at the threshold at the picture before him. Lady Broadbrim, apparently scarcely conscious, clasped in the arms of her weeping daughter, and Broadbrim—poor Broadbrim—bewildered at the sight of the strong woman he had dreaded and worshipped thus suddenly breaking down, was sitting on a footstool at his mother's side, holding one of her hands, helplessly.

"Good God! Frank," said Grandon, in a whisper, for neither Lady Broadbrim nor her daughter saw us, "what have you been doing?"

"Beginning the work which is left for you to finish;" and I gently disengaged one of Lady Ursula's hands, and drew it towards me. "On you," I said to her solemnly, "has been bestowed a great gift; use it as you have done, and may he share it with you, and support you in the lifelong trial it must involve, and in the ridicule to which you will both be exposed. For myself, I go to seek it where I am told I shall alone find it." I placed her hand in Grandon's, kissed her mother on the forehead, and hurried from the room. Then the strain on my nervous system suddenly relaxed. I am conscious of Drippings helping me into a cab, and going with me to Piccadilly, and of one coming in and finding me stretched on my bed, and of his lifting me from it by a single touch just as Drippings was going off in quest of the doctor. It was he who had met me that night when I was walking with Broadbrim, but his name I am forbidden to divulge. "Stay here, my friend," he said to Drippings, "and pack your master's things: there is no need for the doctor; I will take him to America." And my heart leaped within me, for its predictions were verified, and the path lay clear before me.

And now, on this last night in England, as I pen the last lines of this record of my life during the six months that are past, and look back to the spirit in which it was begun, and examine the influences which impelled me to write as I have, I see that I too have undergone a change, and that the time has come when, if I wished, I can no more descant as heretofore on the faults and foibles of the day. Among those who have read me there may be some who have so well understood me that they will see why this is so. If in what I have said I have hurt the feelings of any man or woman in my desire to expose the vices of society at large, they will be of those who have failed to detect why I have said thus much, and needs must stop here; but none the less earnestly would I assure them that it has been against my will and intention to wound any one. As I began because I could not help it, so I end because I am obliged. My task is done. The seed which I found in my hand, such as it was, I have sown. Whether it rots and dies in the ground, or springs up and brings forth fruit, is a matter in which I cannot, and ought not, to have the smallest personal interest.

SWITZERLAND IN SUMMER AND AUTUMN.

PART I.

"Qui non palazzi, non teatro o loggia;
Ma'n lor vece un' abete, un faggio, un pino
Stà l'erba verde e'l bel monte vicino
Levan di terra al ciel nostr' intelletto."
—PETRARCA.

HAVING spent a pleasant time among the Alps from the commencement of July till the snow encompassed Geneva in the end of November last, I am forcibly reminded of the remark made by Sir John Forbes, that we can no more have too much of Switzerland than of Dante or of Shakespeare. "The glaciers and the mountains," says Professor Tyndall, "have made me feel in all my fibres the blessedness of perfect manhood;" and if such be the case, they are worthy of even more consideration than that which they have yet received. When Napoleon III. calls himself the moderator of revolutions and the pacifier of Europe, one is apt to think that, however appropriate these titles, they would be more gracefully bestowed upon the Emperor by others than conferred by himself. So, in like manner, we desire to have some other testimony than the energetic Professor's own (say that of Principal Forbes) as to the alleged fact of his having attained to the supreme blessedness of "perfect manhood;" but even if it be a delusion under which he labours, a delusion so delicious is surely well worth searching for even on the path of avalanches or at the bottom of crevasses; and I have a good deal to say about what Rousseau so aptly termed "les bains de l'air salutaire et bienfaisant des montagnes." Because every one visits Switzerland, and it is consequently so well known, should any one doubt its fitness as a subject for literature, I reply, That constitutes a sound reason why it should be repeatedly written about, and, more particularly, why people should be continually reading about it. There are some minds so constituted that they cannot enjoy the treatment of any subject with which they are not familiar, or the praises of any one with whom they are not acquainted. Serious injury is sometimes done to a man's position and prospects by well-meaning but injudicious friends, who too frequently trumpet his praise in circles where he is personally unknown. When this is carried to excess, the human mind takes offence at Aristides. Similarly, there are men extant who never hear or read anything about the sources of the Nile without mentally exclaiming, "D—— the sources of the Nile!" and who would be much better pleased to hear a discussion on the sources of the Thames, the Tweed, or the Rhine. Moreover, Switzerland is a country in which, despite narrow limits, new beauties are incessantly being discovered, new adventures occur, and new conveniences are yearly provided for visiting the most striking scenes.

In the early part of last July it was useless asking the Oberkellner of the famous Schweitzerhof at Lucerne when the weather intended to clear up; that worthy functionary invariably replied that the weather had been behaving in such an extraordinary manner, he had ceased to entertain any opinion of it at all. Every half-hour of warm, damp sunshine was followed by an hour of plumping rain. Travellers were coming and going daily; but there was a fortuitous concatenation of such atoms as invalids, English justices, and German counts, that held together for

more than a week. A vague idea prevailed that we had come to ascend mountains, to cross glaciers, and perform other heroic deeds; but meanwhile we basely adhered to the flesh-pots of the Schweitzerhof. One *savan* discovered that M. Matthieu (de la Drôme) had predicted that there would be a change of weather about the 20th, which actually occurred; but that date appeared fearfully far off, and serious were the animadversions on the meteorologist for not having fixed on an earlier day. What was the use of going up even Mount Pilatus or the Righi, when visibly these mountains were shrouded by black, circling clouds? Occasionally a visit was paid to Thorwaldsen's Lion, the magnificent rock-sculpture to the memory of the Swiss Guards who were killed at Paris in 1792, when faithfully defending the Royal family; and on reading the *nomina eorum qui ne sacramenti fidem fallerent*, we unanimously grumbled that in Swiss character there existed no other virtue. At the *table d'hôte* I was kept amused by the antics of my left-hand neighbour, a little old Frenchman, who, after considering the French wines as too expensive, and the *vins du pays* as undrinkable, at last exclaimed, "Je prendrai du vin Anglais de *pal al*," and accordingly ordered a bottle of Bass, which he drank slowly, with the air of a connoisseur, out of a wine-glass. Much excitement was caused by the communication, made in awe-struck whispers—for the Swiss have an immense reverence for the Napoleonidæ—that M. Walewski was in the house; but the Count kept himself uncommon dark, and though each of us believed we had seen him, no one believed the other. There was no doubt, however, about Prince Arthur; and M. Rouher, the *ministre d'état*, with his grey hair, large head, broad frame, and Quakerish appearance, relieved the monotony of a day.

On the shores of the Lake of Lucerne, and of other Swiss waters, it was amusing to notice the "reading parties" from the English universities. There was something refreshing in the high spirits of these young men as compared with Continental youth; in that devotion to the classics which made them so nobly indifferent to the languages of the country; and in the energy with which they cultivated that physical education so necessary to the development of perfect manhood. In the morning, Jones (who had a sprained ankle) would remark, "I say, let us have a tremendous grind to-day;" and, though this proposal was never greeted with absolute enthusiasm, yet it was never lightly or hastily set aside. On the contrary, it was usually received with that respect and solemn silence with which toasts are drunk to the memory of the dead; it was accepted as a grave possibility, as a zest to the actual employments of the day. After a decent interval, Clifford would suggest that the morning was rather hot for reading, or that the air was too damp for sitting still; another would remember that the night before he had set some lines, which required looking after; while a third had engaged Carl to teach him how to row standing. Occasionally one of the party segregated himself from the others, and remained shut up for hours in his own room, where he might be seen seated at the window with a pipe in his mouth, diligently poring over some volume which bore a superficial resemblance to the veracious histories of modern life published by Messrs. Tauchnitz & Co.; but evidently it was some passage in Plato or Æschylus on which he had been engaged; for, on emerging from his seclusion, the others invariably inquired whether it had been very stiff work, and if he had had a terrible sweat over it. One innkeeper who had received a party of these youths, was sorely exercised in his

mind concerning them. As he was the only native in the place who understood English, he was kept perpetually at their beck and call. It was Reuter this, and Reuter that, from dawn to midnight. On the ground that they required quiet for the prosecution of their arduous studies, they had engaged a large upper room in his house—a wooden house—and on the door of this room some wag had chalked up *in cœlo quies;* but out of that upper heaven there used to issue the most hideous and violent sounds, as if a party of demons were engaged in breaking up the furniture, accompanied with bumps that shook the whole fabric. The host, who took me into his confidence, said with puzzled and alarmed countenance, "It seems to me, *mein Herr*, that they knock one another down *da oben.*" A German *Pfarrer*, or pastor, treated me to a violent diatribe on a party of these "reading" men. Their special offence had been—not that they had smoked in the *salon* (so much do manners differ), but—that one of their number had put up his feet on a chair, and had drunk a glass of *krock* in the presence of the Pfarrer, and of the Pfarrer's wife. "Consider," said the indignant old clergyman, "these handsome young men of noble English families, some of whom may soon enter the House of Lords, or be called to the Commons! What preparations are they making for the duties of life? They learn no German, no French, when they are here; they know nothing of science, or philosophy, or law; they don't even go up the mountains. They do nothing all day but read novels, and stand fishing on rocks, and row about in boats, and fight with one another, and smoke with their feet up on chairs, and sit drinking *krock!* What sort of life is that (*Was ist das für ein Leben*)?"

There was some legitimate blame in this speech; but it would have been easy to reply that the handsome young men did go up mountains very extensively; that the Pfarrer had rather over-estimated their social importance; that the store of health and strength they were laying in might turn out very useful both at the universities and in future public life; that the brandy-and-water some of them consumed of an evening, after taking exercise in the open air all day, was quite moderate in amount, and by no means so pernicious as the inordinate quantities of wine and beer daily imbibed by Germans of all classes, to the ruin of the stomach, to the bemuddling of the brain, and to that bemuddifying of the flesh which is so painfully apparent in the Teutonic countenance; that it is better to read English novels than French ones—to box than to slash faces like the Bürschen of Fatherland; and generally speaking, to follow the imperfect example of these young Englishmen, than that of the young German nobles whose highest pleasure is to send out their cooks to some country inn to which they themselves drive at noon, and where they sit smoking, drinking, and playing cards the rest of the day and the half of the night.

The truth is, however, that if English and Germans begin recriminating each other about university education, and the general training of their young men, they can both with truth say very unpleasant things, and things which are not at all the less unpleasant because referring to defects of character which are common to the two nations. The license given to German students is no doubt excessive; and our public-school life, together with university traditions, now happily dying out, but not yet extinguished, often develop in young Englishmen a rudeness, a coarseness, and, in the baser sort, a brutality which disgust foreigners, and also Englishmen who have had much experience of foreign countries. In passing through

Heidelberg, it seemed to me that every second student had his face gashed from the ridiculous duels in which they engage, being so well padded as to leave only the face exposed. One man seemed to take particular pride in the fact that the point of his nose—of his re-united nose—bore a painful resemblance to a strawberry; and I remember a Suabian at Tübingen, the end of whose proboscis had, after being cut off, been fixed on upside down, giving a singular aspect to his countenance; but in that respect he was more fortunate than the well-known student, the point of whose nose, when it fell to the ground, was snapped up by his own bulldog. But common as these duels are in Germany, the matter does not always rest there. Last summer, in Heidelberg, one student lost his life owing to the sword of his opponent having penetrated the socket of his eye; and another, a Suabian, shot himself in one of the streets, in obedience to the code of honour. His opponent, in this latter case, was understood to have been a Pole; and a more serious quarrel than usual having arisen between them, they had recourse to the inhuman expedient of a duel *à l'outrance*, by means of drawing lots as to which of the two should make away with himself. The lot fell upon the poor student, who was allowed a certain time for arranging his affairs, at the end of which period he applied for a respite, on the ground that he wished to see his father, who was dying. This was coldly refused, with the remark, that if his father was dying, they would see one another quite soon enough, and that people who made duels necessary should be prepared for the consequences. Accordingly, the unfortunate youth shot himself in the chest, and expired after twenty-four hours of agony; and though the affair was one almost of public notoriety, I never heard that any steps were taken to bring the surviving principal, or the accessory parties, to justice.

Indeed it is evident that the padded duels of the Bürschen would become too contemptible to exist were they not supported in the dim background by the threatening shadows of more formidable meetings; but these more serious affairs do not by any means mend the matter, though they may redeem it from ridicule. In England duelling has entirely ceased, being repugnant to all the feelings and ideas of the dominant, the middle class; but there still remains a brutality of manner against which the *duello* is often a legitimate protection. In a state of society so highly civilized that men are denied the satisfaction for insult which mortal combat affords, it is essential that insults should not be tolerated, and that law should afford protection against them by treating them as penal. Suppose some brute of the better classes spits in the face of a little weak man, or insults his wife or daughter, what possible satisfaction is to be derived from the infliction of a fine of five pounds? In such cases the instincts of the carnal man point to murder, and the civilization which represses them is bound to provide a sufficient compensation. The unsatisfactory state of our arrangements in this respect tells most among the lower classes, and is the chief source of those acts of wanton violence in which England beats the whole world. While we punish crimes against property with too great severity, those against the person (with the single exception of garotting, for the purpose of robbery, be it noticed) are treated with ridiculous leniency. I am sorry I cannot lay my hands upon some notes I once made of judgments passed in the police courts of London in cases of brutal and permanently disabling assault; but any one who follows my example will soon see that in England, with the exercise of a

very little ingenuity, it is quite possible to commit serious crimes of that nature without running much risk of imprisonment.*

As regards this matter, France is in a much superior state to either Germany or England. In any case of assault, however trivial, a French judge at once condemns the offender to imprisonment, thus placing him in the category of the criminal class. All the persons who first struck blows at the riot a year ago in the theatre of Lille were punished with imprisonment, and those who returned the blows did not escape without a fine. In this way the sanctity of the person is preserved, as it should ever carefully be amongst a civilised and chivalrous people. But I hear some muscular heathen say, "If France is so superior in this respect, how come about those morning meetings in the Bois de Boulogne? What of the death of Dillon at the hand of the Duc de Grammont Caderouse, and of the duel which took place this last winter between M. de Rochefoucault and M. Perigord Talleyrand?" To which I reply, that the meetings of the Bois de Boulogne are rapidly becoming things of the past, though still, now and then, "boiled brains from eighteen to twenty-five" will have a hankering after them. In the lamentable case of Mr. Dillon, that gentleman sought for and insisted on a duel on insufficient ground, so the court of justice treated the Duke with leniency. The broad fact remains, that no man need be driven to a duel in France by the feeling that justice can afford him no adequate punishment for insult. No public man in France, since that country was deprived of the genius of Armand Carrel in his duel with the editor of 'La Presse,' need have recourse to pistols or the sword as a protection from insult. It is true that Marshal Bosquet, the greatest military leader of the Crimean war, died ultimately from the effects of a wound received in a duel; but that tarnished rather

* The following report, however, which I take verbatim from the 'Times' of 24th May last, will serve as an instance of the cases of English justice which foreigners, and especially Frenchmen, read with amazement and disgust:—

"MANSION HOUSE.—Benjamin Solomon, a billiard-marker, was charged with an aggravated assault. The prosecutrix was Sarah Sigold, a Jewess, sixteen years of age, who said she had been married about four months to a cigarette-maker, living in Hutchison Street, Houndsditch. On the night of Saturday, about an hour after midnight, she was walking arm-in-arm with her husband in Hutchison Street, and as they passed the prisoner, who was sitting on a door-step, he made an offensive noise with his mouth. Her husband asking him what he meant, he used some abusive language towards him, on which the prisoner struck him on the head and knocked him down. She rushed to her husband's assistance, upon which the prisoner slapped her on the face, and then struck her with his clenched fist on the head, the blow sending her reeling into the roadway, blackening one of her eyes, and causing a laceration extending from the eyebrow down to the middle of the cheek.

"Mr. Lewis, for the defence, suggested that as all parties were of the Jewish persuasion, the matter had better be left to the chief Rabbi, to whom members of the Jewish community often referred their disputes. The excuse of the prisoner was, that the complainant's husband used a most offensive epithet to him, and that he was provoked to strike him.

"The prosecutrix, in reply to the Lord Mayor, elected to have the matter disposed of there instead of by the Rabbi; and she produced a medical certificate from the London Hospital, to the effect that her husband, who was a patient there, was suffering from contusions on the side caused by violent kicks. She added that the kicks had been dealt while her husband lay on the ground.

"The Lord Mayor, *characterising it as a disgraceful and unprovoked outrage*, said that he should mark his sense of it by fining the prisoner £5, with the alternative of two months' imprisonment."

than brightened his honour: and some of the most eminent men in France of late years have, without dimming their repute for courage, put up with great provocation; notably the late Duc de Morny, who received the lie direct from General Changarnier—and Prince Napoleon, who declined a challenge from a son of the Governor of Poland. In Belgium lately we have had the singular spectacle of a distinguished member of the King's Ministry condemned to two months' imprisonment for having been engaged as principal and challenger in a duel.

Most people who visit Switzerland go up the Righi, but few Englishmen follow my example of staying there for a fortnight. It would be impossible to remain so long at the hotel on the summit, where they do not want you to remain, and where the daily change of two hundred visitors would be a source of constant irritation; so I distributed my time between the hotel, or rather *pension*, on the Righi Scheideck, 5406 feet high, which is much frequented by Swiss of the middle class, and a similar establishment at the Kaltbad, 4727 feet, which is filled during the season chiefly with aristocratic Germans. Those who wish to study Swiss character could not find a better place for doing so than at the Scheideck; and they will find Herr Müller—who is magistrate of what was once the ancient republic of Gersau—a perfect paragon of a host, while his pretty daughters make the most pleasant of waiters. For an exceedingly moderate charge you get four excellent meals daily, should the mountain air bring your appetite up to that pitch; and, if curiously inclined, you may try the effects upon your constitution of the *milch und molken kur* — the milk-and-whey cure—and of the water of a spring strongly impregnated with iron. At the Kaltbad, though the company is better and the walks are more varied, the prices are nearly double, and the *cuisine* and attendance are not so good; for the proprietor is an architect rather than a host, and exhausts his genius in building elaborate stone houses in impossible places. Before the present erection was made, the Kaltbad hotel was of wood; and the last time that it was burned down the fire spread so rapidly, that a lady who was in a bath at the time was obliged to escape in a sheet—losing not only the clothes in her rooms, but also every article of dress she had just been wearing. As nothing was saved from the conflagration, the other ladies could not help her, so she had to be put in a chair and carried down the Righi in her African costume, as was related to me by a Zurich professor, who himself witnessed the scene.

The wonder is, that these wooden hotels in the Alps are not burned down even oftener than they are, considering the amount of smoking that goes on in them, the number of travellers they frequently contain, the dryness of the resiny pinewood, and the winds which blow about. It is also a mystery how people are saved when a fire occurs, for no means of escape appear to be provided. Even these Alpine hostelries have sometimes a fourth storey; and when you are put up there to sleep it becomes a curious subject of speculation as to what effect your head will have upon the stones below the window, should a fire break out during the night. You begin to consider whether that German professor, who smoked his huge pipe intermittingly all the evening, smokes in his bed also; and you give undue attention to the incidental statement of the lady who mentioned that she could never sleep without a light in her room. In these trying circumstances I always consoled myself with recalling the story of the member of the Alpine Club, who is said last year to have fallen sixty feet upon his head

upon some rocks, and to have injured the rocks very much indeed without himself suffering serious damage. I always went to sleep determined to become a member of that Club as soon as possible; and I think it must have been this story which led me to the insanity of making ascents in the high Alps, which I suppose qualify for being an M.A.C.

Another drawback connected with these timber hotels is, that they form a species of Dionysius' ear. You may not be informed of what goes on through the entire house; but if your ears are of ordinary acoustic power, it is difficult to escape hearing, so long as slumber does not kiss your drooping lids, a good deal of what may be going on in the room above you, and the room beneath you, and the room on either side. To many this is not pleasant; and if given to speaking while asleep, the impressions which you convey to timid persons in the neighbouring apartments will not only cause them a great deal of unnecessary anxiety, but may suggest to their minds an exaggerated and extremely damaging impression of your own life and character. From one neighbouring coffer-like chamber I could not help hearing the warning delivered in English in a feminine voice, "Now, William, you *must not* speak in your sleep; everything you say will be overheard." And it is very easy uttering such warnings, but of what avail are they after the man has passed into slumber? It sometimes happens, also, that the conversation becomes appalling simply from the fragmentary character in which it forces itself upon your attention; at other times, from the same cause, it becomes irritating. In one house I was very much puzzled with a conversation which took place between a young Englishman and a Kellnerinn at his door; but an explanation was supplied by the fortunate accident of my relating the story to the man himself. "Look here," he said, holding out some linen which constituted the missing link, "Dimanche matin, you know, Dimanche matin," meaning that to be the time when he wanted back his washing. Now, the Bernese girl was nearly as well up in French as he was himself; and it being customary in that hotel for people to be called at four in the morning in order to go up a certain mountain, she caught at the word "demain," and answered cheerfully, "Oui, monsieur. A quatre heures, certainement — *gewiss;*" falling back on the German word as an assurance of the absolute certainty of his being called at four in the morning. This certainty, however, of being called at that unearthly hour decidedly alarmed the traveller, who immediately broke out, "Non, non, certainement. Look here! that will never do. Pas de—confound it; I've almost forgotten my *French.*" These last words being addressed to his friend, an immense emphasis laid on the word "French," as if, though that language had temporarily deserted him, there were a host of others which he had at his tongue's end.

But it is not only these simple Alpine erections in which exists the nuisance of hearing in one room what is said in another. Everywhere over the Continent it is customary for the rooms to communicate with each other by means of single wooden doors quite insufficient to interrupt sounds. A great hotel at Paris makes boast that it can provide about a hundred apartments all opening into each other, so that the tourist can enjoy the immense felicity of walking through the whole hundred without going into the passage. Fame reporteth not who are the people thus supposed to pay six or seven hundred francs daily, for the privilege of such a promenade; but I beg leave to suggest that they are quite entitled to have caravansaries

for their own exclusive use, or the use of their class, supposing it to exist. They afford no sufficient cause why the traveller who engages a parlour and bedroom should be compelled to speak *sotto voce* to his wife at tea; or even why the less deserving single party, who confines himself to a bedroom, should be compelled to move about in that bedroom like a thief in the night.

Not being able to walk much on the Righi, and requiring some nerve-giving exercise, I soon found that the *nagelfluh*, or brescia-like precipices of that mountain, are not so difficult to descend as they appear. I say "descend," because the wise man, whenever he has the choice, will deliberately go down precipices in preference to going up them. He can always go up where he has gone down, if that going down has been not falling, but fair climbing; but he will find it quite easy to go up places which he cannot possibly descend without slipping and falling far — too far, even exceeding the height from which his head can attack rocks with impunity. This is apt to place him in the position of being unable to move one way or another, which, to say the least, is ridiculous. The chamois-hunters have, indeed, a story of one of their number, who, in the ardour of pursuit, swung himself down upon a ledge of rock from which he could not ascend unaided, and where he had to remain three days without food, exposed to the attacks of a hungry lammergeier; so I do not go so far as to affirm that absolute safety is to be found in going down precipices, only that, as a general rule, that it is much preferable to going up them.

And here, may it not be remarked most pertinently, and without any break of continuity such as requires the use of the words "by the way," or "*apropos*," that our instructors, and more especially those of them who mingle denunciation with warning, exaggerate the danger of going down moral precipices as compared with that of going up. We hear a great deal about a backsliding course, and of the danger of such a course ending in a precipice; but at the same time it seems to be strangely overlooked how the backsliding, and the fall down the appended precipice below, have been rendered necessary simply by the rash and unwarrantable height to which the climber has pushed himself, or been pushed by others. Men must either themselves go up a precipice, or be borne some way up it, before they can tumble down. The student, the literary man, or the popular preacher, who has pursued his affinities until his brain can neither rest nor work, and he stands in face of madness or a premature death—what has he done but go up the precipice until he can neither get any farther nor come down again safely? Even in the case of votaries of dissipation, it is not the giddy height to which they mount, so much as the necessity of coming down again, that constitutes the evil. Up to a certain point the joviality of a genial social wit is an improvement, if not even a blessing; and poets such as Byron, Burns, and Lee Tai Pe, attained a wondrous development of the imagination; but, alas! there comes soon to all such an hour when the overstrung nerves can be stimulated no longer, and imagination droops her wearied wing. Then, so to speak, must they descend their precipice, not as they mounted in eager youth and strength as on eagles' wings, but dispirited and weary, with the shadow of night lengthening over the mountain-tops, and darkness rising from the deep gulfs below. A great genius, of whom the world has lately been deprived, said, not long before his death, that he would be good for twenty years more if he could only get away from the strain of life for a year or two; but that is not so easily accomplished, even by the courageous and the wise. Even

more, however, than in the case of individuals, the mischief of going up precipices may be seen in the lives of families. How often a certain portion of the world lavishes injudicious praise upon the father for having so far ascended the social or the religious precipice, and then showers as uncalled-for abuse upon the sons for having toppled down again; but the observer of family life knows well that in most of these cases the blame really rests more with the parent than with the child; for the former had pushed to a position from which no farther ascent was possible, and where a tumble became inevitable. Thus, the very devotion to public life which often raises a man's position is ruinous to his children, by depriving them of proper parental care, while not substituting the compensation of that severer discipline to which orphans are usually subject; and the children of so-called religious persons are often eminently irreligious, just because their ancestors pushed to the end, up a particular tract of moral country, till they left their children in bleak places, cut off from the religious influences of the age and civilisation. On this subject, however, as on most others, the judgment of "the world" is much more just and moral than that of persons of superior pretensions. Even in pagan Africa they have a proverb that you do not die with a relative when he dies, but when he eats shame you are disgraced with him; and this holds generally justly true of the position of an older to a younger generation. Perhaps the greatest earthly blessing a man can have is to be a member of a wise family, which for many generations has carefully abstained from going too far up precipices. It is sad, but true, that no individual wisdom, much less genius, will compensate for the advantages thus obtained. Let every man who is rashly going up a precipice, consider that he is perilling not only his own limbs, but also those of his descendants, and of his other relatives of a younger generation.

The habit into which I got of going down precipices on the Righi disclosed to me a probability—I had almost said a certainty—which I hasten to communicate to a sensation-loving public. It is that the Righi, as it at present stands, will some of these wet days become one of the things that were. There are curious sounds to be heard as one passes over and under the walls of brescia—sounds indicating the subsidence and sliding of huge masses of rock lying on softer matter and undermined by water. Hearing these strange creeping noises, remembering the great stream of mud which descended into the Lake of Lucerne at Wäggis in 1795, and looking over the end of the Zuger Zee to the red rock of the Rossberg, from which fell in 1806 the tremendous landslip that destroyed Goldau and nearly filled up the Lake of Lowerz, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion, or at least the fancy, that the Righi itself must some day come down with as tremendous natural effect as the fall of the Diablerets, and with much more serious destruction to human life. The slope of the Rossberg could hardly have been so perilously placed as those of the Righi appear at present. From the Kulm and the Scheideck it looks as if a stone could be thrown into the lake of Zug. The Känzli bears a similar relationship to the Lake of Lucerne; and on the way down from the Kaltbad to Wäggis the position of enormous masses of stone, together with the mud torrent that issued from the flank of the mountain, sufficiently suggest the possibility of a landslip. The moral of all this is, of course, to go up the Righi so long as it remains. When it does fall those who are standing afar off will have the opportunity of witnessing a grand spectacle.

Despite the flow of travellers in fine weather between Lauterbrun-

nen and Grindelwald, the hostelries on the Wengern Alp and on the Little Scheideck afford a good halting-place for those who affect the high places of the earth. So long as avalanches fall from the Jungfrau and the poems of Byron are read, innumerable pilgrims will cross the Wengern Alp; but there are cogent reasons why they should delay there for a day or two. The terrific pyramid of the Eigher piercing the ebon air, the gigantic mass of the Mönch, the tremendous precipices and falling glaciers of the Jungfrau, the snowy cone of the Silberhorn, the great mountains which sweep round on either side from that central group, and the deep dark gorge of the uninhabited Trümmlitenthal, into which the icefalls pour with grand thunder every sunny summer day, all make up a scene which requires more than an hour's rest to become intelligible. It is easy to understand the emotions of the Irishman on the Little Scheideck, who, when the clouds suddenly rolled up exposing the grand view, suddenly embraced my informant, the nearest stranger, and exclaimed, "Congratulate me, my dear sir, congratulate me: *this* is the first time I have ever seen the Alps." It must cause an overpowering sensation to come thus suddenly on the glory of Switzerland from such a point as Mürren or the Wengern Alp, without any preliminary glimpses from the Jura, from Berne, Lucerne, the Righi, or Thun. If any one desires to overpower his youthful, and of course enthusiastic, lady with the grandeur of Alpine scenery, my advice is that he take her direct by rail to Thun, there put her blindfold into the cabin of the steamer to Interlachen, drive her up after dark to Lauterbrunnen, and in early morning ride up to some point from which may suddenly break upon her astonished soul the glories of the Bernese Oberland.

But since a discovery made recently by Mr. Francis Galton, the Wengern Alp offers a sight which with safety can nowhere else be enjoyed in all Switzerland. An excursion of only half a day, comprising some not very difficult rock and glacier work, takes us under the principal point from which the avalanches fall from the Jungfrau. Some readers may here be inclined to remark they would rather not go under such a point, but the ledges of rock so overhang as to afford the traveller protection from the *lawinen;* and he may there have an opportunity of seeing, amid tremendous uproar, that what seems a fall of snow-dust to the spectators on the Alp above is often composed of ice-blocks about the size of a man's head. This excursion is quite feasible for ladies of active habits, and there are others of a more formidable character to be made in the vicinity. Last year the Eigher itself was ascended by a lady, a Miss Lucy Walker. To the eye uninstructed in these matters, that mountain looks almost the most formidable in Switzerland to ascend. No one unaccustomed to mountaineering would deem it possible that the feat could be accomplished. When I went up the Alp from Grindelwald, the landlord of the Hotel Bellevue told me that the renowned English *bergsteiger*, Mr. Leslie Stephen, and two other members of the Alpine Club, were then up the Eigher; but the Germans and Cockneys who were halting at the top of the pass refused to take in any such incredible intelligence. One man departed for Manchester with the conviction that it was the grassy Lauberhorn which the mountaineers were up, and with the not incorrect idea that he could perform such a feat himself. But though the Eigher is trying to the nerves, and such a getting up stairs as one seldom experiences, it affords, in important respects, one of the easiest and most convenient of the high Alpine ascents; and I confidently recommend it on the following grounds:—

Though 13,045 feet high, the ascent is materially reduced by being made from the inn on the Wengern Scheideck, which is 6690 feet. You sleep beforehand in a good bed—not in a cave or *cabane*. There is no long dreary stretch of ground to be got over before the climbing commences. Though innumerable steps have to be cut in the ice, that labour falls upon the guides, and, instead of exhausting the traveller, affords him abundant opportunities for rest. The position of the peak keeps the sun off you till eight or nine in the morning, when you should be near the summit; and the view is of immense extent, as well as commanding one of the wildest portions of the high Alps. Mr. Stephen and his party accomplished the feat of ascending and descending in somewhere about ten hours, and returned to the inn by 2 P.M. apparently as fresh as if they had been only up a tree, though the guides were more fatigued. Of course the inexperienced mountaineer cannot expect to get over the ground in anything like that time; and he will commit a great mistake if he attempts on such excursions to keep company with experts, who, by throwing him out of his pace, will soon knock him up; but, allowing sixteen or seventeen hours for the exploit, a sound sleep previously, an early start, moonlight, good guides, no hurrying, and a steady head, the ascent of the Eigher may be accomplished with tolerable ease and comfort.

Most travellers in Switzerland greatly lessen their pleasure and profit by overtasking their strength and attempting to take in too much. The receptive powers of the mind are limited; and Mr. Ruskin is right in asserting that, as a general rule, twelve or fifteen miles of pedestrianism are quite as much as can be accomplished daily if the scenery is to be enjoyed, and other pursuits are not to be wholly neglected. Among the Alps you are apt to be looked upon with ignorant contempt by fellow-travellers, guides, and even horse-boys, when it is discovered that you have taken six or eight hours to do what the guide-books set down as the work of four. The smoke by the mountain-pool, the strawberries, or the glass of wine in the wayside restauration, the talk with the woodcutter or his wife, and all such causes of delay, are set down as proofs of weakness, and of despicable incapacity to fulfil the great duty of getting over as much ground as possible. Even the Alpine Club visits are turning Switzerland into a mere vast gymnasium for the youth of England. Their grand ambition now appears to be able to write in a hotel-book, "Started at 1.45 A.M. from the Hotel Grandevue at Unterberg. Reached, by a *couloir*, the Narren Joch at 7.25" (they always, somehow, get five minutes in). "Breakfasted. After seven hours' cutting ice-steps, attained the summit of the Bubennadel. Wind very strong. Reached this hotel at 8.35 P.M." To immortality like this there is, of course, no objection, so long as it is not cast up against others, as it seldom is by the mountaineers themselves. The party I met on their descent from the Eigher, performed shortly after the most remarkable feat in the way of climbing that, I suppose, the Alps have yet seen. With Melchior Anderegg and another guide, they made a passage over the Roththalsattel from Lauterbrunnen to the Æggischhorn Hotel, in the Canton Valais, taking in by the way the Jungfrau, one of the most difficult and dangerous of all the Alps which have yet been conquered. The Roththalsattel had been once crossed before by Professor Tyndall, but Mr. Stephen and his friends adopted an untried course of their own. They accomplished an ascent of the Jungfrau from the Bernese side, which the enterprising Hugi attempted in vain, and which Principal Forbes wrote of as presenting "probably insuperable obstacles."

The chances, however, of such a feat being ever repeated are small indeed; nor is there anything from other points inaccessible to repay the danger.

There is a remarkable contrast between the brief manner in which Englishmen catalogue these wonderful achievements and the ecstasies which Frenchmen enter in the hotel-books, the poems of the Germans, and the lamentations of the Italians. Not that Englishmen are at all to be praised for their continence in that respect. I hope the day is far distant when the traveller, storm-stayed in Swiss hotels, will be denied the resource of consulting the opinions and sympathising with the woes of his predecessors. Despite the mysterious but threatening announcement of the Bernese Government, that the traveller who does not enter his name, residence, and other particulars, in the book provided must take the consequences of *alle unangenehmlichkeiten*, or all the unpleasantnesses which may occur to him, I am afraid this duty is shamefully neglected by the sons of Albion; and when they do indulge in poetry, they seldom get beyond some such ditty as—

> "Though this hotel is made of wood,
> The beer and beef are very good."

Heine said that the German verses he found left among the Harz Mountains always smelt of cheese; by which, I suppose, he meant that they were the work of those enthusiastic young students who tax their constitutions by pedestrianising on cheese, black bread, and the cheapest, sourest kind of wine. The Frenchman seems to labour under the impression that, somehow or other, in Switzerland, he is in the position of a conquering hero. At the Wengern Alp I noticed that he made the honoured name of William Tell rhyme to "la belle," and took care to record the fact that the Swiss railways were "la conquête pacifique des nôtres ingénieurs." The Italian, on the other hand, is rather doleful and denunciatory than boasting. His greatest achievement is to indulge in imprecations against the "Vento Tedesco," which he looks upon as a national enemy. The American calls attention to the fact that he has come from the land of the forest and the prairie to that of the glacier and the snowy mountain. Perhaps the most striking instance of nationality, however, which I came across was in an old volume at the Furca, in which appeared this tremendous moral reflection, under date of 1857, Sept. 20: "How wretched is the vanity of the man who has his alpenstock marked at every place he goes to, and who scribbles what *he* considers poetry in all the visitors' books!" Of course, no one but a Scotchman could possibly have written these lines. After seeing the alpenstock or the ice-hatchet of some mountaineer on which has been burned in the words, Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, Jungfrau, Jungfrau Joch, Blümlis Alp, Schreckhorn, Wetterhorn, Finsteraarhorn, &c &c., a man of modest pride may feel a certain repugnance to having lesser achievements inscribed upon his piece of ash or lancewood; but that is a merely relative matter: and the London clerk who, by dint of economy and self-denial, has been able to visit the Righi and Chamouni, need not be guilty of anything like vanity in marking these names upon his pilgrim staff. What is to be said of the vanity of the man who, amid the glories of nature, thus mounts an imaginary moral mountain, and proceeds to denounce his fellow-parasites?

Tradition has it, that on the Wengern Alp the authoress of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was rudely aroused by some portly Englishman who upset his bath-tub in the room above, and so caused her to imagine—for timber floors are not always watertight—that she was again visiting the Falls of Niagara. I am sure

such an event could not have disturbed the nerves of another American lady whom I saw up there. Her specialty was a remarkable power of turning her back upon everything in which she took an interest. When reading from Murray an account of the precipices of the Jungfrau, she deliberately turned her back both upon the precipices and on the friends whom she was enlightening. Being struck with this phenomenon, I ventured to address her, and she entered most civilly into conversation, with her back to me. When her companions went down to the inn she elected to remain where she was; and on being warned to take care of the cattle that were browsing about, her reply was, "I'm not afraid of the cyows;" and she calculated rightly. When the mild cattle of the Alps gathered round her, she promptly turned her back upon them, to their dismay. One heifer, bolder or more curious than the rest, ventured so far as to advance its broad moist nostrils to close contact; but the severe serenity of that intelligent back was too much for the weak animal mind; and after a sniff or snort of amazement, the heifer retired awestruck, kicked up its heels, and bolted down the hill.

Elsewhere, another lady, whom I may call "L'Americaine terrible," presented a touching instance of unconquerable energy struggling with difficulties. She seemed to speak all languages with equal fluency, and all execrably bad. At the *table d'hôte* she sat amidst her large family with a Murray on the one side and a number of the 'Allgemeine Zeitung' on the other; and heroic were her combined efforts to convey to her philosophic husband snatches of information from these two publications, to obtain herself due refreshment, to keep her wild children in order, and to blow up the waiters in their own tongues for not attending upon these children properly. At the close of the repast, the way in which these acute darlings swept the board of macaroons and sweet biscuits, of figs and almonds, would have warmed the heart of a Thackeray, though it sent a visible shudder across the good landlord's portly frame. This proceeding was winked at rather than approved of by Madame la mère, who, when she got them out into the garden, thrust 'Murray' into the hand of one of the sons who wanted to enter a boat on the lake below, and the 'Allgemeine Zeitung' into that of her eldest girl. The moment, however, that her back was turned in order to settle a difficulty between her babe and the French *bonne*, the boy indignantly pitched Murray upon the gravel, and revenged himself for being denied the lake, by stoning the friendly boatmen who had offered to take him out; while Mademoiselle, who, though only nine or ten years old, had already learned to make eyes at gentlemen, joined a still livelier little French girl in rushing madly about the garden and denuding it of every flower that came within their reach. It was interesting, as the philosophic husband and father drily observed to me, to notice how each sex "gravitated" towards its peculiar occupations when the "pressure" was removed.

It does not do, however, to joke much at Americans, for they are more touchy than English. At the little hotel on the Furca, a youth from "the great West" was in a state of intense irritation because he had seen, after a remark in a visitor's book—"This must have been written by a —— Yankee." Unfortunately, while in this state of mind, he was treated rather unceremoniously by an Australian, who especially ridiculed the idea of Mr. Chase being a great financier, and of Mr. Seward being a great orator. I tried to smooth the matter as much as possible; but the American had no patience, and rising, held his stick in his hand for half a minute,

evidently meditating an assault. Better thoughts, or the consideration that he had run short of money, came to his relief, and he more wisely walked out to cool his head in the night air, which, at 8150 feet, is sufficiently chill for that purpose; and it was well he did so —for the Australian, though a little man, was exceedingly strong, and showed me an arm resembling twisted brass wire, with which he could have thrown either of us not only out of the window but through the wooden partitions of the hotel.

This latter traveller told me a curious story illustrative of the change which comes over the criminal class under favourable circumstances, and of their intense hankering after respectability. In the early times of the Australian gold mania, he found himself at the diggings without any money, and burdened with the care of a young friend who was dying of dysentery. In these circumstances no respectable Christian would give them shelter, and they were in utter misery, till at last they applied at a lodging-house frequented and kept by ex-convicts. The mistress was warned by her kind neighbours not to take the strangers in, as they were penniless, and the lad was dying of a loathsome disease; on which this ex-convict woman swore a great oath, and made provision for them directly, declaring she did not want any money so long as her larder had a bite in it. She laid all her little stock of linen on a bed for the dying boy, and attended him most carefully to the end, though no death is more horrible to the nurse than that from dysentery. Instead of remonstrating against this course, her ex-convict lodgers fully approved of it; and actually, as far as they could, put on mourning when the boy died! Only one of them, when in his cups, became rude, remarking to my informant, "I suppose you're nothing but a lag like ourselves;" but, so far from this being encouraged, the lady of the house broke a dish over the drunken convict's head, telling him he was "no gentleman;" and the lodgers, reiterating the damning accusation, compelled him to apologise. The latter incident is peculiarly characteristic of the feelings of people of doubtful, or of very low, antecedents, who find themselves getting on well in new countries. In California, I noticed that even rowdy diggers stood in wholesome awe of the dread sentence "no gentleman" being passed upon them by local public opinion; and the remark, so constantly heard all over the States, that so and so is "a perfect gentleman," could only be used among a people who feel themselves to be rather weak in that article, but are laudably anxious to have more of it.

I saw the noted *Schwingfest*, or wrestling fête, which comes off on the Wengern Alp on the first Sunday of August, between the champions of Berne, Uri, and Unterwalden; but it was far from interesting, and not to be compared with Cumberland wrestling, or the struggles of the south of France. The combatants grasp handkerchiefs fastened around each other's thighs, and are soon down upon their knees and in other still more ungraceful attitudes. Their efforts excite a feeling of disgust rather than of admiration; and the spectator, who might be willing enough to give a franc or two in the lump, is annoyed by almost every pair of wrestlers appealing for a small present. It was illustrative of Swiss relationships to the softer sex that these appeals were made not only to the men, but pointedly and directly to young and not very bad-looking Swiss girls; but, to do the *mädchen* justice, I did not notice any of them give a cent.

What a funny Bernese boy carried down my knapsack to Lauterbrunnen! He was about twelve years old, and had slung over his shoulder an enormous flask, which, he took care to inform me, had

been emptied not by himself alone, but in *Gesellschaft*, or in company, at the wrestling match. The consequence was that, during a portion of the descent, his spirits were of the highest order, his views of life were of the most sanguine kind, and his candour was unbounded. More especially, and perhaps not entirely without an eye to an imaginary *trinkgeld*, he enlarged, between short snatches of song, upon his parents, and what he intended to do for them. The *lieber Herr Gott* had given him such a good father and a good mother, who had clothed him and fed him and taught him when he was a helpless child, now it was his turn to do something for them. He would make money and keep them comfortable. He would become a guide—yes! that would be the thing;—he would go up the mountains with English Herren, who always paid magnificently, or, if that didn't do—well, there was America—he had heard of many Swiss boys who had gone there and come back rich young men. I was afraid that, in the excess of his gratitude, he might propose to do something for the *lieber Herr* himself; but as he went down the hill, a change came over the spirit of Master Fritz's dream. The first symptom of a turn of the tide was, that he lost his footing and rolled over occasionally. These falls he comically laid to the fault of my knapsack, which, he apologetically asserted, was *etwas besonderes*, and not such as he had been accustomed to. Next he retired behind rocks, in order to free his stomach from unnecessary kirschwasser. Then he confided to me his unalterable determination never to go to a Schwingfest again so long as he lived. Having stopped at some châlets, the people, thinking that some excuse was required, assured me that Fritz was a good boy; and, looking at his white face, I wanted to pay him off there and take on the knapsack myself, but the sturdy Swiss would not hear of any such engagement. No! the Herr had engaged him to carry the tournister to Lauterbrunnen, and to Lauterbrunnen he would carry it, or else take no money. If the Herr were displeased with him, and wished to turn him away, good and well; but in that case the Herr would be good enough to respect the feelings of an honest boy, and not offer any payment. Ah, Master Fritz! Master Fritz! you acted your part bravely, for you were really very ill after the dissipation of the morning; but your real motive became apparent when you foolishly tried to make me believe that a new and inferior inn was the well-known "Capricorn."

Up in the hotels, among the high Alps, a member of the Alpine Club is somebody—the friend of landlords and the hope of guides; but in Interlachen he is less than nobody. There, in fact, he is not wanted during the season, when there is a plethora of Russian nobles, of Parisian dandies, and of English families that require apartments opening into each other. If the aspiring M. A. C. is rather a novice, and, having just crossed the Tschingel glacier, drives down with an ice-hatchet in hand, and a long rope over his guide's broad shoulder, the chances are that he will create a momentary sensation; for the Interlachen public has a fixed idea that every man who so appears has just been up the Jungfrau—the "resplendent maiden queen" that shines so majestically above their walks in the evening light; but more renowned mountaineers are unrecognised among "the crowd of well-dressed saunterers," and, as rapidly as possible, make their way to less fastidious regions. Nevertheless, and notwithstanding the amount of accommodation opened up in more striking and healthy places of late, Interlachen last year appeared fuller than ever. Indeed, families wanting to be comfortably put up, will do well to keep the telegraph working before them during

the season in Switzerland, otherwise they may find themselves in very awkward positions. Even a solitary wanderer like myself is sometimes at fault. There is no place in Switzerland has a better reputation as a pleasant place of exceedingly civilised residence than the hotel and pension of the Giesbach. Beautiful scenery, park-like grounds, romantic ascents, boat excursions, falls illuminated every night, Russian princesses, French counts, German Gräfin, English maidens, balls, flirtations—what more can a man want for a week? But do not rashly suppose that—because all these things exist, and the whole earth is urgently invited to go and enjoy them—that therefore you may enter in upon them without a judicious use of the telegraph. After a long day's journey I was left by a steamer, just at dark, at the mouth of the Giesbach on the shore of the Lake of Brienz, and rather grudged the 1000 feet which have to be mounted in order to reach the hotel. Having pushed up the ascent in front of my fellow-voyageurs, impressed by a vague idea that there might be some choice of accommodation, the first greeting I received was the appalling question, "What is the number of the room that Monsieur has telegraphed for?" These words were uttered in such a tone that my mind instinctively leapt to the conclusion that the game was up. Every room was engaged; and though I faltered something about a chair, a billiard-table—being accustomed to rough it—and so on, that only made matters worse, it being evident that people of such habits were not wanted at the Giesbach. To lie down behind a rock, in my waterproof, I felt capable of; but the exhaustion caused by the ascent had rendered me utterly unable to attempt to establish myself in the hotel either by force or persuasion. There was nothing for it but to descend the 1000 feet, and cross the lake in the dark, in a small boat. Nor was that all; for my luggage having also gone up, I had, supperless, to kick my heels for an hour on the shore before it descended; and at Brienz, the hotel being full, I had to walk after supper half a mile, to one of the hotel's dependent châlets, and reach my bedroom by stepping across the beams of a mysterious, unroofed apartment, tenanted by a hostile old goat, and by a ferocious she-cat afraid of her kittens being stolen.

The rebuff thus unexpectedly received was all the more striking, because I had entered Brienz two hours before with a certain *eclat*, after a stirring adventure in a diligence on the Brunig Pass. At the top of the pass I had overheard a conversation between the conducteur and the Kutscher, or driver, as to the state of the drag—the latter functionary swearing that it was sure to give way, while the former gentleman asserted that it would do perfectly well. The dispute ended by the man in authority—who, be it observed, travelled not in the diligence but in one of the supplementary carriages behind—saying "Probiren sie ein streich," and by his shouting out "Fort," or "away," after the vehicle had gone three or four yards in safety. "Ein streich" of that length on the almost level ground at the top of the pass, was rather an unsatisfactory proof of the soundness of the drag; and looking at the face of the conducteur and the set teeth of the driver, I instinctively came to the conclusion that the drag would certainly give way before we got to the bottom. The only subject open for speculation was as to what particular stage of the downward progress the event would happen at. The old English mailcoachman, arguing against railways, is said to have remarked, "When a coach overturns, there you are; but when a railway accident happens, where are you?" Now, the beauty of this position on the Brunig was, that it combined the pleasures both of a

coach and of a railway accident. There you were, certainly, seated in the banquette; but where you might possibly be when the motion of the diligence ceased, was one of those problems on which the most experienced coachman in the world could throw no light whatever. It may be asked why, entertaining these views, I did not immediately stop the coach and insist on the drag being put right. However indifferent or secure I might feel as to my own fate, had I no consideration for the dozen other travellers who were in the same boat? I had, but what could be done? A pretty figure I should have cut had I stopped the diligence and insisted on its being in danger because I had seen the driver grind his teeth. Not being a connoisseur in rusty iron and rotten leather, it was impossible for me to advance any intelligible reason why the diligence was in danger. Anything I had said could have had no effect, and probably the Kutscher, being to some extent dependent on the conducteur, would have turned round and utterly denied that he had ever felt a doubt concerning the state of the drag. Besides, one often helplessly sees much more important things going to ruin—what are a dozen people in a Swiss diligence? Having carefully diagnosed my two companions in the banquette, who were a German student and a dilapidated Frenchman, I saw they were not worthy of being intrusted with the secret, so I resolved on the only practical course open—that of watching the drag, and giving alarm when it broke.

But it is not so easy to concentrate the mind upon a drag. The Eastern ascetic is sometimes able to do so upon his *omphalos*, but I am not aware that he ever succeeded with a drag, and the probability is, that if asked to do so he would reject the proposition as *infra dig.* So, before anything happened, the picturesque mountains on the other side of the Lake of Brienz engaged my attention. Suddenly it occurred to my mind that the diligence was going down the pass rather faster than prudence dictated. We were descending 1600 feet on a very steep corkscrew road, with sharp turnings, and so a certain moderation of progress was advisable. Instead of that, however, the diligence was advancing with a rapidity which drove the air about my face, and, on looking down, I saw a chain trailing on the ground, and perceived that, the drag having given way, the hind wheels were revolving rapidly. Immediately before was a luckily rather obtuse turn, which the diligence managed to get round with a tremendous lurch.

Then came excitement. Never before have I seen the *facilis descensus Averni* so finely illustrated. On the one side was a rock-wall; on the other, a precipice; someway beneath there was a sharp turn, which by no possibility could we get round; and beyond that, a precipice. Down that steep road the huge vehicle went like a whirlwind. It was an immense weight, loaded with luggage, and it forced down the horses before it, so that they had to gallop at full speed in order to keep on their feet. The muscles on the haunch of one white mare stood out like twisted cables. The driver swore, but never relinquished his seat—indeed he could not, to any perceivable advantage. The women inside screamed with terror. The German student placed himself in the only position where there was a chance of escape. The Frenchman rose, and then stood paralysed. As for my part, I had resolved from the outset to stick by the ship so long as the ship stuck by me. Down the enormous mass went, quivering with human life, apparently to inevitable destruction.

I had great faith that if anything could be done, that driver would do it; and I thank him for not convicting me of an error of judgment. At the sharp turn to which we

were hurrying there rose a bank of grass, about four feet high, which extended itself into a ledge that gradually dwindled into the side of the precipice. Keeping the horses so far as possible in hand, he drove them on and over this bank, the two leaders falling over the brink of the precipice, where they hung in the traces, and the two wheelers standing with their backs at an angle of about 65°. The weight of the diligence, which before had been a source of danger, was what now saved us, for the wheels cut into the bank, and at the last moment their motion stopped. A foot more, and the coach, with all its living freight, would have gone over. The whole affair, as a Frenchman remarked who came up in one of the carriages behind, would have been like mashed *pommes de terre.* I was especially struck with the face of one man, a Swiss commercial traveller, who came out of the *coupé*, where he had an excellent opportunity of witnessing the danger without being able to escape. Some time afterwards I met him in the Rhone valley, and he seemed annoyed and even hurt that he was not immediately recognised; for no doubt the event had made an indelible impression on his mind; and I could not well explain to him that, whereas his countenance on our second meeting had a tolerably healthy, ruddy complexion, it had resembled the snows of Mont Blanc when he emerged from the *coupé*, which was truly a very nasty place to have been in during the descent, for any one who had not a mission or two and an unfulfilled destiny in his pocket.

Of course the whole train, comprising at least half-a-dozen other carriages, was stopped by this accident, and many were the congratulations we received from the people who assisted in drawing back the coach and putting matters to rights. When it was ready for a new start the conducteur invited the passengers to enter; but the way in which they fell back and began walking down the hill, showed how very much their faith had been shaken. In the first part of the journey the seats beside me in the banquette had been occupied by a newly-married German couple, who had afterwards exchanged with inside passengers; and I had been amused with the ingenuousness of the lady, who, on being called upon by her spouse to admire the scenery, naïvely remarked, "Oh ya, Lieber! es würde sehr schön sein wenn es nicht so heiss wär"—It would be very beautiful if it were not so hot. When the conducteur proposed a return to his vehicle, this fraulein turned quite pale, and taking her husband's arm, walked him down the hill without uttering a word—an example which was generally followed. Perhaps she had found married life not quite the paradise which her maiden fancy had depictured; but what was this horrible spectre of a violent death that suddenly looked in at the window of her young life? Having walked as much that day as I thought beneficial, I swung myself up to my place, and lighted a cigar in case of the worst. Thinking himself challenged, the German student followed; and the Frenchman, deeming the honour of his nation at stake, came up too, muttering "Pas possible une autre fois." This was good logic on his part; but before we got down very far it became evident that something else was wrong. One of the reins had broke; but, fortunately, it was that on the precipice side: we were not going fast; and by grinding the horses' noses against the wall, the Kutscher was able to stop them and get the rein repaired. This incident, however, was too much for the Gaul, who descended, *tout tremblant*, as he was bold enough to confess. The German remained, saying he would as soon die to-day as to-morrow; and we drove down triumphantly, without further mishap.

This attempt at an accident fortunately turned out a failure; but it is not always so in Switzerland. Indeed, so far as I can learn, fatal accidents, so far from being on the decrease in that country, are rather more frequent than formerly. The shrewd Swiss like, naturally enough, to hush up such matters so far as possible. They are almost as unwilling to admit that any one has tumbled off a horse down an Alpine precipice, or been overwhelmed by a Helvetian avalanche, as the proprietors of a German spa are prepared to allow that the pistol-shot which disturbed every one during the night was the suicide of an unsuccessful gambler. Yet last year there were several fatal accidents, which formed a fitting prelude to the recent most painful catastrophe on the Matterhorn.

The season opened ominously in spring with the very remarkable death of a Russian gentleman and of Joseph Bennen, who was one of the best Alpine guides, and well known at the Æggischhorn Hotel. These, along with a member of the English Alpine Club, and some other guides, were ascending the Haut de Cry, near Martigny, when they dislodged the snowfield which they were crossing, and so rode down, as it were, on the crest of an avalanche, being sometimes on the top of it, sometimes buried in it, and then cast out again. So long as this avalanche was in motion, it was loose snow; but when it came to rest, unfortunate was the fate of those who were buried in it. The experiments of Faraday and Professor Tyndall have shown, as every one who has studied the glacier theory knows, that snow or crushed ice, at a certain temperature and under a certain pressure, instantaneously regelates and forms a mass of ice. This was what happened in the present instance; for when the snow in front began to rest, the snow behind still continued to move, and so supplied the pressure necessary to regelation. The consequence was, that when the Englishman and three of the guides came to a stop, they found themselves partially imbedded in ice, but not so far as to be unable to extricate themselves with only the damage of being frost-bitten. Bennen and the Russian, however, were buried deeper in the frozen mass, and met the extraordinary end of being suddenly enclosed by a close-fitting and crushing prison-garment of ice, which is a death probably more terrible in imagination than reality.

A similar fate nearly befell Professor Tyndall and a considerable party later in the year, and he described the event in the 'Times.' In the case of Bennen it was the unroped man who escaped, and it was surmised that the rope between him and the Russian might have had some effect in preventing them from rising to the surface; but in the case of Tyndall it was clearly the roping which saved the whole party. They descended on the top of an avalanche—which must have been something like riding a whirlwind without the pleasure of directing the storm—and were just on the point of going with it over a precipice about a thousand feet high, when one of the guides, a heavy man, had the opportunity and the presence of mind to throw himself into a crevasse; and so, the rope holding, brought them all to a stop on the very brink of destruction.

A doom nearly as strange as that of Bennen, though in another way, befell a young Englishman on the Dent de Jaman, a mountain near Vevey, which is yearly ascended in safety by hundreds, or even thousands, of travellers. Very many of the Alpine grassy slopes are exceedingly smooth and steep, with the additional peculiarity of having precipices not above but beneath them. On almost the steepest and slipperiest of these you are pretty safe so long as you dig your heels into the grass, and make a judi-

cious use of the alpenstock; but once slip, or try to sit down, and if there is a precipice below it may be well to commend your soul to mercy. At first the sliding motion is not unpleasant; then it begins to dawn upon the mind that all power of stopping yourself is lost, and that beyond that grey line of slippery rounded stone where the Alpine roses end, there is a precipice of unknown depth. Well will it be then if, by some miraculous effort with the alpenstock, or by breaking your nails on some friendly jutting point of stone, the downward career is arrested. Otherwise, swifter and ever swifter you glide, bruising out the blood of the red Alpine roses, and arresting the keen eye of the vulture afar, till, with sky and mount and forest, the love of life and the horror of death blending awfully in your giddy brain, you shoot over, like a falling star, to your doom in the depths below. Thus was it with the young Englishman on the Dent de Jaman. So little did he anticipate his fate, that when he fell and slipped he laughed, expecting only a harmless *glissade* upon the smooth grass; but beneath there was a precipice over which he shot, and was instantaneously killed.

A fourth accident last year illustrated another Alpine danger. The mules of Savoy and the ponies of the Oberland are justly celebrated for their wonderful sure-footedness. They are really able to go up almost any place that people thought of going up before Alpine ascents became the fashion. In crossing from the Tosa Falls, in Piedmont, to the Rhone valley, across the Gries glacier, the pony I had, coaxed on by bits of lump-sugar, crossed nearly precipitous slopes, where every vestige of the path had been swept away, and where even the guide had to be very wary. Murray wisely recommends the rider to let his steed have its own way in all dangerous places, and mentions that the only case he knew (ten years ago) of a traveller in Switzerland who came to grief when riding, was that of a gentleman who prided himself on his horsemanship; but even with these sure-footed animals accidents do not fail to happen occasionally. Some people become giddy, and fall off them on the precipice side, as happened to a French lady crossing the Gemmi a few years ago. Others destroy the steed's balance by pulling the bridle at a critical moment. But the greatest danger is in passing other ponies or mules on a narrow path where etiquette or politeness compels one to take the outside. An instance of the awkwardness of this position happened at Mürren when I was staying there. A horse going down the hill to Lauterbrunnen made a snap at a sumpter-horse that was coming up, and so caused the latter to lose its footing. The Swiss conductor, in his efforts to save his charge, unfortunately held on so long at the reins that he went down also; and in their descent the horse, which was killed, rolled over him, crushing him frightfully, probably fatally.

As a general rule, accidents on the glacier arise from a neglect of roping, or of other proper precautions. From laziness or foolhardiness, the guides often neglect to attach the party in places where there may possibly be concealed crevasses, or where a novice is not unlikely to slip. A guide was killed in this way last year coming down from the Matterjoch, a pass frequently made. It is said that he had been drinking, not wisely, but too deeply, and was determined to display his agility on the brink of a crevasse, out of which he was got still alive, but with his breastbone crushed in. Near his newly-made grave, however, was that of a Russian which suggested another kind of danger upon the ice. This gentleman, a year or two before, died on the Görner glacier, assisted, as the suspicion runs, by two guides who wanted him to go one way,

while he insisted on going another which they declared to be dangerous, as it indeed turned out. After a violent quarrel the guides obtemperated his commands, and the result was that he fell into a crevasse. At this point opinions differ as to what actually ensued. According to some the rope broke; in the opinion of others the offended guides cut it. At all events, the Russian did not emerge alive, though it was proved that the fall did not kill him; and the moral of the story clearly is, to keep on as good terms with guides as possible.

Not to swell this chapter of accidents with minor instances, as might easily be done, let me say a few words on the catastrophe on the Matterhorn which has caused so much controversy of late. Alpine ascents are regarded by many persons as proceeding from a species of inexplicable infatuation which cannot be too strongly condemned or unsparingly ridiculed; but it is not likely that so many men of superior intelligence and character would take to them, unless these ascents really supplied some want of our nature. We do not find that it is the foolish or the idle, the ignorant or the brutal-minded, who return year after year to exercise themselves among the high Alps. Distinguished students and tutors of the English universities, and some of the most promising young men of Germany, Switzerland, and Northern Italy, are, as a rule, the classes of men who share most in this so-called infatuation, and that without aiming at scientific results. To health, mental as well as physical, we cannot dispense with the inhaling of fresh air as with varied corporeal exercise, and these conditions of health can only in rare constitutions be fulfilled as a mere matter of duty without other incitements. By dancing on a treadmill in one's garden, a certain amount of exercise might be gone through every day; but in how many cases would that exercise prove either exhilarating or invigorating? In order to healthy and invigorating exercise, certain conditions are usually necessary. There must be something to be achieved, something to be seen, something to be learned, and the pleasurable stimulus of rivalry or renown. And to persons in sound bodily health there is no exercise superior, or even equal, to that afforded by Alpine climbing. Pursued with the aid of a heavy ashen staff, it exercises every muscle of the body quite as much as swimming does; it brings the lungs into full play, and habituates the body and limbs to sudden, quick efforts, as well as to prolonged exertion. To attain the perfect balance of body required for difficult glacier and rock work, brings one very near, at least, to the perfection of physical manhood. The nerves are remarkably strengthened by gradual, judicious familiarity with dangerous positions on giddy heights; and the dependence of a party of mountaineers on each other's firmness and trustworthiness, involves a moral education of no small value. Breathing the difficult air of the iced mountain-top, bivouacking in caves, and undergoing the training, or falling into the habits of life necessary to the accomplishment of serious ascents, affords an admirable corrective influence to our luxurious civilisation and the cerebral excitement or paralysis caused by sedentary studious life. Nor can it be truly said that, even when no particular science is pursued, Alpine ascents are barren of intellectual results. Is it nothing that so many of our youth, at a period of life when the mind is most easily impressed, when the passions are strongest and the temptations to voluptuousness the greatest, should take pleasure in a pursuit which eminently requires hardihood and manliness? There is nothing very mysterious in the charm of the

mountains which induces man to rise from the zone of earth friendly to human life, into the inimical snow-desert, where crevasses yawn at his feet to engulf him, avalanches overhang to overwhelm him, and blinding storms sweep round him. Even in the thrilling sense of danger thus often experienced, there is an education in bravery, in self-collectedness, in self-control, and in the power of acting in sudden emergencies, which nothing else but warfare can so fully afford, and which is thus attained without fostering those angry and brutal passions which warfare so naturally evokes. It is a great thing for men of intelligence and education to be brought in contact with nature in her grander and more terrible aspects, not to bow before her with the craven dread of the pagan savage, but with reverence to acknowledge her majesty as a glory in which we, her latest and her noblest born, have a rightful part. The long sweep of the ice-stream, the thunder of the avalanche, the perilous slopes of snow, the gigantic ice-walls dividing a continent, and the pinnacles of rock and ice cleaving the ebon air, have yielded more important lessons than any they have yet given to science. There is much more advantage than need be referred to here in the efforts of many who scale the Alps,

"And, placed on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where a hundred realms appear."

Hence the occurrence of so serious an accident as that which has taken place on the Matterhorn is not to be regarded as a practical condemnation of Alpine ascents. Perhaps of late years difficult mountaineering has been pushed a little to excess; and in Switzerland I heard it remarked more than once, by experts in that line, that the thing would go on until some dreadful catastrophe happened. It certainly must be admitted that Mont Cervin was a temptation to efforts which no other mountain in Europe could have excited. It is itself one of the very grandest objects in nature, rising in lonely sublimity from the glaciers at its base, as if a long flame of rock had darted up towards heaven, and, fixed for evermore, been sprinkled with snow and spotted with thin sheets of ice. The ascent of the Matterhorn was really the great achievement which remained among the Alps; and it is no wonder that, season after season, many of the ablest mountaineers circled round it with longing and inquiring eyes. No one had ever trod upon its awful pinnacle except, according to local tradition, the Wandering Jew himself. That personage had thrice stood upon its summit: once when, in some tropical era of the earth, a vine-clad city stood there; once when the ruined city had been covered with tangled jungle; and, lastly, when (in our modern time) the cold waves of the glacier had flowed over the terraced vineyards, and the pyramid of rock and ice stood unpolluted by merely human tread.

As the Wandering Jew, however, did not deign to communicate an account of his last ascent to any recognised organ of public opinion, the virgin summit of Mont Silvio, as the Italians call the Matterhorn, became an object of intense desire. In 1860, M. Vaughan Hawkins and Professor Tyndall made a serious attempt on it from Breuil on the Italian side, but were arrested on the ridge between the Matterhorn and the Dent d'Hérens. In 1862, Mr. Whymper, who has now succeeded at such great loss, made another unsuccessful effort from the same side, and was followed later in the season by Tyndall, who ascended within a few hundred feet of the summit to a point where he was arrested by perpendicular faces of rock. There appeared in the papers a few days ago a statement to the effect that, since the accident to Mr. Whymper's par-

ty, a safe and easy ascent was actually accomplished from Breuil, by a party of guides under the direction of an Italian gentleman, who did not accompany them entirely to the summit; but fuller details of this alleged achievement are required before it can be credited. Mr. Whymper, who very nearly lost his life in 1862 when attempting the Matterhorn from the Italian side, was successful this year ascending from Zermatt; but it appears, from his letter published in the 'Times,' that, after ascending the north-east face, or that nearly fronting the well-known Riffel Hotel, to that part of the upper cone which, as seen from Zermatt, appears to be overhanging, he crossed the cone horizontally to the right, mounted the ridge descending to Zermatt, and then turned over to the north-west face, where he had to surmount only about 300 feet of difficult rock and ice work. This seems to have been the only part of the ascent at all dangerous for mountaineers; and it was here, when descending, that a slip occurred which led to four of the party—Lord Francis Douglas, Mr. Hudson, Mr. Hadow, and the guide Croz—falling four thousand feet on to the Matterhorn glacier. The causes of this accident have been so fully described and discussed, that it is unnecessary to enter upon them here. The moral to be drawn from it is, not that difficult Alpine ascents should be abandoned, but that great care should be taken in forming the parties for these ascents; having regard not merely to the physical prowess of the individuals composing them, but also to their experience of the special kind of work to be expected. Now that a way has been found up Mount Cervin, it will likely be ascended at least once every year or two; and a wire rope might advantageously be left on the three hundred dangerous feet. In the absence of such an aid, it is not likely that mountaineers will, on *that* spot, forget or neglect the necessity of keeping the rope tight between them.

MARCUS AURELIUS TO LUCIUS VERUS.

I HAVE received your letter, read it through
With careful thought, and, to confess the truth,
I deem it timid to a point beyond
What suits an Emperor,—timid in a way
Unsuited to the temper of the time.
You say Avidius hates us; does not stint
His jests and sneers at what we are and do;
Has no respect for the imperial robes;
Says you are an old woman, whose bald talk
You deem profound philosophy, while I
Am merely a debauched and studious fool.
You bear him no ill-will for this, you say
(My noble Lucius, this is worthy you!);
But then you add you fear he has designs
To do us wrong, and beg me to keep watch,
Lest he, by all his wealth and power, at last
Compass our ruin. But consider this—
If to Avidius Destiny decree
The Empire's purple, all our art is vain!
You know the saying of your ancestor,
Our austere Trajan, "Never was there prince
Who killed his own heir;" no man e'er prevailed

Him to o'erthrow whom the immortal gods
Had marked as his successor: so, as well,
He whom the gods oppose must surely fall,
Not through our act, but by his destiny,
Caught in the inevitable snare of fate.

Again, the traitor or the criminal,
Though by the clearest proof convicted, stands
As 'twere at bay; one weak and friendless man
Against the State's compacted law and might,
And thus moves pity—seeming, as it were,
From that unequal match to suffer wrong.
"Wretched, indeed" (as your grandfather said),
"The fate of princes who make good their charge
Of purposed murder by their martyrdom,
Proving the plot against their life, by death."
Domitian 'twas, in truth, who spake these words,
Yet rather would I call them Hadrian's,
Since tyrants' sayings, true howe'er they be,
Have not the weight of good and noble men's.

As for Avidius, then, let him work out
His secret course, being, as you say he is,
Austere in discipline, a leader brave,
And one the State cannot afford to lose;
Let him continue there upon the edge
Of Daphnic luxury, near by Antioch,
To rein the army in and hold it firm,
Secure that Nemesis awaits on him,
As on us all, whate'er we are or do:
And for my children's interests, and mine,
If they can only be subserved by wrong,
Perish my children, rather than through wrong
They triumph! If Avidius deserve
Better than they, and if through him the State
Glory and strength superior may gain,
Better he live and win the prize he seeks!
Better they die and yield to him the State!

Please God, that while the imperial robes I wear
No blood be shed for me,—for I would fain
Be called "The bloodless," like our Antonine!
And if this man have injured me, and shown
Ingratitude, that meanest of all sins,
At least he cannot rob me of one boon
I hold the greatest given by victory,
That of forgiveness. Ever since the Fates
Placed me upon the throne, two aims have I
Kept fixed before my eyes; and they are these:—
Not to revenge me on my enemies,
And not to be ungrateful to my friends.

W. W. S.

SIR BROOK FOSSBROOKE.

PART V.

CHAP. XVII.—A LUNCHEON AT THE PRIORY.

It was well for poor Lendrick that he was not to witness the great change which, in a few short weeks, had been effected in his once home. So complete, indeed, was the transformation, there was but very little left beyond the natural outline of the scenery to remind one of that lovely nook in which the tasteful cottage nestled. The conservatory had been converted into a dining-room; the former dinner-room being fitted up for a billiard-room. The Swiss cow-house, a pretty little conceit, on which Lendrick had lavished some money and more time, was turned into a stable, with three loose-boxes; and the neat lawn, whose velvet sward was scarce less beautiful than the glittering flower-beds that studded it, was ruthlessly cut up into a racecourse, with hurdles and fences and double ditches, to represent a stiff country, and offer all the features of a steeple-chase.

It needed not the assurance of Mr. Kimball, the house-agent, to proclaim that his client was very unlike the last occupant of the place. "*He* was no recluse, no wretched misanthropist, hiding his discontent amongst shrubs and forcing-beds; he was a man of taste and refinement, with knowledge of life and its requirements. He would be an acquisition to any neighbourhood."

Now, the last phrase—and he invariably made it his peroration—has a very wide and sweeping acceptation. It appeals to the neighbourhood with all the charms that pertain to social intercourse; a guest the more and a host the more are no small claims in small places. It appeals to the Parson, as another fountain from which to draw draughts of benevolence. To the Doctor it whispers fees and familiar dinners. Galen knows that the luckiest of men are not exempt from human ills, and that gout comes as a frequent guest where the cook is good and the wine tempting; and the Butcher himself revels in the thought of a "good family" that consumes sirloins and forestalls sweetbreads.

It was somewhat trying to young Tom Lendrick, who had gone down to the Nest to fetch away some remnants of fishing-tackle he had left there, to hear these glowing anticipations of the new-comer, so evidently placed in contrast with the quiet and inexpensive life his father had led. How unlike were his father, and this "acquisition to any neighbourhood," was impressed upon him at any moment! How could a life of unobtrusive kindness, of those daily ministerings to poor men's wants, compete with the glitter and display which were to adorn a neighbourhood?

Already were people beginning to talk of Lendrick as odd, eccentric, peculiar; to set down his finest qualities as strange traits of a strange temperament, and rather, on the whole, to give themselves credit for the patience and forbearance which they had shown to one who, after all, was "simply an egotist."

Yes, such are not unfrequent judgments in this same world of ours; and if you would have men's suffrages for the good you do, take care that you do it conventionally. Be in all things like those around you; and if there be a great man in your vicinity, whenever a doubt arises in your mind as to any course of action, do as you may imagine he might do.

Young Lendrick came away not a little disgusted with this taste of human fickleness. The sight of their old home changed even to desecration was bad enough, but this cold ingratitude was worse.

Had he gone into the cabins of the poor, had he visited the humble dwellings where his father's generous devotion had brought him face to face with famine and fever, he would have heard much to redress the balance of these opinions. He would have heard those warm praises that come from sorrow-stricken hearts, the wail of the friendless and forlorn. Tom heard not these, and he returned to town with a feeling of anger and resentment against the world he had never known before.

"How absurd it is in old Fossbrooke," thought he, "to go on saying money cannot do this, that, and t'other! Why, it can do everything. It does not alone make a man great, powerful, and influential, but it gains him the praise of being good and kind and generous. Look at my poor father, who never had a thought but for others, who postponed himself to all around him; and yet here is some one, whose very name is unknown, more eagerly looked for, more ardently desired, than would he be were it to be announced to-morrow he was coming back to live amongst them. What nonsense it is to say, that the world cares for any qualities save those it can utilise! and I am only amazed how a man could have seen so much of life as Sir Brook and gained so little by his experience."

It was in this mood he got back to the little lodging in a humble suburb called Cullen's Wood, where Sir Brook awaited him. It is not impossible that the disparities of temperament in this world are just as beneficial, just as grateful, as are the boundless variety and change we find in nature. To Tom Lendrick's depression, almost disgust with life, Sir Brook brought that bright, hopeful, happy spirit, which knew how to throw sunlight on every path to be travelled.

He had received good news, or what he thought was good news, from Sardinia. A new vein of ore had been struck—very "fat" ore they called it—some eighty-odd per cent, and a fair promise of silver in it. "They ask me for thirty thousand francs, though, Tom," said he, with a smile; "they might as well have written 'pounds' when they were about it. They want to repair the engine and erect a new crane. They say, too, the chains are worn and unsafe—a thing to be looked to, or we shall have some accidents. In fact, they need fully double what they ask for; and seeing how impossible was the performance, I am astonished at their modesty."

"And what do you mean to do, sir?" asked Tom, bluntly.

"I have been thinking of two courses; my first thought was to make a formal conveyance of the Mine to you and your sister, for your joint use and benefit. This done, and I standing aloof from all possible interest in it, I bethought me of a loan to be raised on the security of the property—not publicly, not generally, but amongst your father's friends and well-wishers—beginning with the neighbourhood where he has lived so long, and around which he has sowed the seeds of such benefits as needs must ripen in gratitude."

"Indulge no delusions on that score, sir. There is not a man in the county, except old Mills the vicar perhaps, has a good word for us; and as to going to one of them for assistance, I'd rather sweep a crossing. You shake your head, Sir Brook, and you smile at my passionate denunciation; but it is true, every word of it. I heard, in the few hours I spent there, scores of stories of my poor father's eccentricity—his forgetfulness, his absence, and what not—but never a syllable of his noble liberality, his self-sacrifice, or his gentleness."

"My dear Tom," said the old man, solemnly, "when you have lived to one-half my age you will discover that the world is not so much cursed with ill-nature as with levity, and that when men talk disparagingly of their fellows, they do so rather to seem witty than to be just. There was not, perhaps, one of those who tried to raise a laugh at your father's oddities, or who assumed to be droll at his expense, who would not in a serious mood have conceded to him every good and great trait of his nature. The first step in worldly knowledge is to rise above all consideration of light gossip. Take my word for it, we often confirm men in wrong thinking by opposition, who, if left to themselves and their own hearts, would review their judgments and even retract them."

Tom took a hasty turn up and down the room; a ready reply was on his lip, indeed it was with difficulty he repressed it, but he did so, and stood in seeming acquiescence to what he had heard. At last he said, "And the other plan, Sir Brook—what was that?"

"Perhaps a more likely one, Tom," said the old man, cheerfully. "It was to apply directly to your grandfather, a man whose great intelligence would enable him to examine a project with whose details he had not ever before versed himself, and ask whether he would not make the advance we require on mortgage or otherwise."

"I don't think I'd like to ask him," said Tom, with a grim smile.

"The proposal could come from me," said Sir Brook, proudly, "if he would graciously accord me an interview."

Tom turned away to hide a smile, for he thought, if such a meeting were to take place, what he would give to be an unseen witness of it: to watch the duel between antagonists so different, and whose weapons were so unlike.

"My sister knows him better than any of us," said Tom, at last; "might I consult her as to the likelihood of any success with him?"

"By all means; it is what I would have myself advised."

"I will do so then to-day. I ought to have gone to see her yesterday; but I will go to-day, and report progress when I come back. I have a long budget for her," added he, with a sigh—"a catalogue of all the things I am not going to do. I am not going to be a medalist, nor win a fellowship, nor even be a doctor; it will, however, give me great courage if I can say, I'll be a miner."

Tom Lendrick was right when he said he should have gone to see his sister on the day before, though he was not fully aware how right. The Chief Baron, in laying down a few rules for Lucy's guidance, made a point of insisting that she should only receive visitors on one day of the week; and in this regulation he included even her brother. So averse was the old man to be exposed to even a passing meeting with strangers, that on these Tuesdays he either kept his room or retired to a little garden of which he kept the key, and from whose precincts all were rigorously excluded.

Well knowing her brother's impatience of anything like restricted liberty, and how rapidly he would connect such an injunction as this with a life of servitude and endurance, Lucy took care to make the time of receiving him appear a matter of her own choice and convenience, and at the time of parting would say, "Good-bye till Tuesday, Tom; don't forget Tuesday, for we shall be sure to be alone, and to ourselves." He the more easily believed this, that on these same Tuesdays the whole place seemed deserted and desolate. The grave-looking man in black, who preceded him up the stairs, ushered him along a corridor, and finally announced him, awaited him like a piece of machinery, repeating every movement and gesture with an unbroken uniformity, and giv-

ing him to understand that not only his coming was expected, but all the details of his reception had been carefully prescribed and determined on.

"As I follow that fellow along the passage, Lucy," said Tom, one day, "I can't help thinking that I experience every sensation of a man going to be hanged—his solemn face, his measured tread, the silence, and the gloom—only needing pinioned arms to make the illusion perfect."

"Tie them around me, dearest Tom," said she, laughing, and drawing him to a seat beside her on the sofa; "and remember," added she, "you have a long day. Your sentence will not come off for another week;" and thus jestingly did she contrive to time his coming without ever letting him know the restrictions that defined his visits.

Now, the day before this conversation between Sir Brook and Tom took place, being a Tuesday, Lucy had watched long and anxiously for his coming. She knew he had gone down to Killaloe on the preceding Saturday, but he had assured her he would be back and be with her by Tuesday. Lucy's life was far from unhappy, but it was one of unbroken uniformity, and the one sole glimpse of society was that meeting with her brother, whose wayward thoughts and capricious notions imparted to all he said something striking and amusing. He usually told her how his week had been passed—where he had been, and with whom—and she had learned to know his companions, and ask after them by name. Her chief interest was, however, about Sir Brook, from whom Tom usually brought a few lines, but always in an unsealed envelope, inscribed, "By the favour of Mr. Lendrick, jun."

How often would Tom quiz her about the respectful devotion of her old admirer; and jestingly ask her if she could consent to marry him? "I know he'll ask you the question one of these days, Lucy, and it's your own fault if you give him such encouragement as may mislead him." And then they would talk over the romance of the old man's nature, wondering whether the real world would be rendered more tolerable or the reverse by that ideal tone which so imaginative a temperament could give it. "Is it not strange," said Tom, one day, "that I can see all the weakness of his character wherever my own interests do not come; but the moment he presents before me some bright picture of a splendid future, a great name to achieve, a great fortune to make, that moment he takes me captive, and I regard him not as a visionary or a dreamer, but as a man of consummate shrewdness and great knowledge of life."

"In this you resemble Sancho Panza, Tom," said she, laughing. "He had little faith in his master's chivalry, but he implicitly believed in the island he was to rule over;" and from that day forward she called her brother Sancho and Sir Brook the Don.

On the day after that on which Tom's visit should have been but was not paid, Lucy sat at luncheon with her grandfather in a small breakfast-room which opened on the lawn. The old judge was in unusual spirits; he had just received an address from the bar, congratulating him on his recovery, and expressing hope that he might be soon again seen on that Bench he had so much ornamented by his eloquence and his wisdom. The newspapers, too, with a fickleness that seems their most invariable feature, spoke most flatteringly of his services, and placed his name beside those who had conferred highest honour on the judgeship.

"It is neatly worded, Lucy," said the old man, taking up the paper on which the address was written; "and the passage that compares me with Mansfield is able as well as true. Both Mansfield and myself under-

stood how there stands above all written law that higher, greater, grander law, that is based in the heart of all humanity, in the hope of an eternal justice, and soars above every technicality, by the intense desire of truth. It would have been, however, no more than fair to have added that, to an intellect the equal of Mansfield, I brought a temper which Mansfield had not, and a manner which, if found in the courts of royalty, is seldom met with on the bench. I do not quite like that phrase, 'the rapid and unerring glance of Erskine.' Erskine was brilliant for a Scotchman, but a brilliant Scotchman is but a third-rate Irishman. They who penned this might have known as much. I am better pleased with the words, 'the noble dignity of Lord Eldon.' There, my child, there, they indeed have hit upon a characteristic. In Eldon nature seemed to have created the judicial element in a high degree. It would be the vulgarity of modesty to pretend not to recognise in my own temperament a like organization.

"May I read you, Lucy, the few words in which I mean to reply to this courteous address. Will it bore you, my dear?"

"On the contrary, sir, I shall feel myself honoured as well as interested."

"Sit where you are, then, and I will retire to the far corner of the room. You shall judge if my voice and delivery be equal to the effort; for I mean to return my thanks in person, Lucy. I mean to add the force of my presence to the vigour of my sentiments. I have bethought me of inviting those who have signed this document to luncheon here; and it may probably be in the large drawing-room that I shall deliver this reply. If not, it may possibly be in my Court before rising—I have not fully determined." So saying, he arose; and with feeble steps—assisting himself as he went by the table, and then grasping a chair—he moved slowly across the room. She knew him too well to dare to offer her arm, or appear in any way to perceive his debility. That he felt, and felt bitterly, "the curse of old age," as he once profanely called it, might be marked in the firm compression of his lips and the stern frown that settled on him, while, as he sank into a seat, a sad weary sigh declared the utter exhaustion that overcame him.

It was not till after some minutes that he rallied sufficiently to unroll his manuscript and adjust his spectacles. The stillness in the room was now perfect; not a sound was heard save the faint hum of a bee which had strayed into the room and was vaguely floating about to find an exit. Lucy sat in an attitude of patient attention—her hands crossed before her, and her eyes slightly downcast.

A faint low cough, and he began, but in a voice tremulous and faint, "'Mr. Chief Sergeant, and Gentlemen of the Bar'—do you hear me, Lucy?"

"Yes, sir, I hear you."

"I will try to be more audible; I will rest for a moment." He laid his paper on his knees, closed his eyes, and sat immovable for some seconds.

It was at this moment, when to the intense stillness was added a sense of expectancy, the honeysuckle that grew across the window moved, the frail branches gave way, and a merry voice called out,—"Scene the first: a young lady discovered at luncheon!" and with a spring Tom Lendrick bounced into the room, and, ere her cry of alarm had ended, was clasping his sister in his arms.

"Oh, Tom, dearest Tom, why to-day? Grandpapa—grandpapa is here," sighed she, rather than whispered in his ear.

The young man started back, more struck by the emotion she had shown than by her words, and the Chief Baron advanced towards him with a manner of blended

courtesy and dignity, saying, "I am glad to know you. Your sister's brother must be very welcome to me."

"I wish I could make a proper excuse for this mode of entry, sir. First of all, I thought Lucy was alone, and secondly——"

"Never mind the second plea; I submit to a verdict on the first;" said the Judge, smiling.

"Tom forgot, it was Tuesday was his day," began Lucy.

"I have no day; days are all alike to me, Lucy. My occupations of Monday could be transferred to a Saturday, or if need be postponed indefinitely beyond it."

"The glorious leisure of the fortunate," said the Judge, with a peculiar smile.

"Or the vacuity of the unlucky, possibly," said Tom, with an easy laugh.

"At all events, young gentleman, you carry your load jauntily."

"One reason is, perhaps, that I never knew it was a load. I have always paraded in heavy marching order, so that I don't mind the weight of my pack."

For the first time did the old man's features relax into a look of kindly meaning. To find the youth not merely equal to appreciate a figure of speech, but able to carry on the illustration, seemed so to identify him with his own blood and kindred that the old Judge felt himself instinctively drawn towards him.

"Lucy, help your brother to something: there was an excellent curry there a while ago—if it be not cold."

"I have set my affections on that cold beef. It seems to me an age since I have seen a real sirloin."

A slight twitch crossed the Judge's face—a pang he felt at what might be an insinuated reproach at his inhospitality; and he said, in a tone of almost apology, "We see no one—absolutely no one—here. Lucy resigns herself to the companionship of a very dreary old man whom all else have forgotten."

"Don't say so, grandpapa, on the day when such a testimony of esteem and affection reaches you."

Young Lendrick looked up from his plate, turning his eyes first towards his sister, then towards his grandfather; his glance was so palpably an interrogatory, there was no mistaking it. Perhaps the old man's first impulse was not to reply; but his courtesy or his vanity, or a blending of both, carried the day, and he said, in a voice of much feeling, "Your sister refers to an address I have just received—an address which the Irish Bar have deemed proper to transmit to me with their congratulations on my recovery. It is as gratifying, it is as flattering, as she says. My brethren have shown that they can rise above all consideration of sect or party in tendering their esteem to a man whom no administration has ever been able to convert into a partisan."

"But you have always been a Whig, sir, haven't you?" said Tom, bluntly.

"I have been a Whig, sir, in the sense that a King is a Royalist," said the old man, haughtily; and though Tom felt sorely provoked to reply to this pretentious declaration, he only gave a wicked glance at his sister, and drank off his wine.

"It was at the moment of your unexpected appearance," continued the Judge, "that I was discussing with your sister, whether my reply to this compliment would come better if delivered here, or from my place on the bench."

"I'd say from the bench," said Tom, as he helped himself to another slice of beef.

The old man gave a short cough, with a start. The audacity of tendering advice so freely and positively overcame him, and his colour, faint indeed, rose to his withered cheek, and his eyes glittered as he said, "Might I have the benefit of hearing the reasons which have led you to this opinion?"

"First of all," said Tom, in a

careless off-hand way, "I take it the thing would have more—what shall I say? — dignity; secondly, the men who have signed the address might feel they were treated with more consideration; and, lastly, —it's not a very good reason, but I am bound to own it—I'd like to hear it myself, which I could if it were delivered in public, but which I am not so likely to do if spoken here."

"Oh, Tom, dear Tom!" whispered his sister, in dismay at a speech so certain to be accepted in its least pleasing signification.

"You have already to-day reminded me of my deficiencies in hospitality, sir. This second admonition was uncalled for. It is happy for *me* that my defence is unassailable. It is happy for *you* that your impeachment is unwitnessed."

"You have mistaken me, sir," said Tom, eagerly. "I never thought of reflecting on your hospitality. I simply meant to say that as I find myself here to-day by a lucky accident, I scarcely look to Fortune to do me such another good turn in a hurry."

"Your father's fault—a fault that would have shipwrecked fourfold more ability than ever he possessed—was a timidity that went to very cowardice. He had no faith in himself, and he inspired no confidence in others. Yours is, if possible, a worse failing. You have boldness without knowledge. You have the rashness that provokes a peril, and no part of the skill that teaches how to meet it. It was with a wise prescience that I saw we should not be safe company for each other."

He arose as he spoke, and, motioning back Lucy as she approached to offer her arm, he tottered from the room, to all seeming more overcome by passion than even by years and infirmity.

"Well!" said Tom, as he threw his napkin on the table, and pushed his chair back, "I'll be shot if I know how I provoked that burst of anger, or to what I owe that very neat and candid appreciation of my character."

Lucy threw her arm around his neck, and, bending over his shoulder till her face touched his own, said, "Oh, my dearest Tom, if you only knew how nervous and susceptible he is, in part from his nature, but more, far more, from suffering and sorrow! Left to the solitude of his own bitter thoughts for years, without one creature to whisper a kind word or a hopeful thought, is it any wonder if his heart has begun to consume itself?"

"Devilish bitter diet it must find it! Pass me over the madeira, Lucy. I mean to have my last glass to the old gentleman's health and better temper."

"He has moments of noble generosity that would win all your love," said she, enthusiastically.

"You have a harder lot than ever I thought it, my poor Lucy," said he, looking into her eyes with an affectionate solicitude. "This is so unlike our old home."

"Oh, so unlike!" said she; and her lip quivered and her eyes grew glazy.

"And can you bear it, girl? does it not seem to you like a servitude to put up with such causeless passion—such capricious anger as this?"

She shook her head mournfully, but made no answer.

"If it be your woman's nature enables you to do it, all I can say is, I don't envy you your sex."

"But, Tom, remember his years —remember his age."

"By Jove, he took good care to remind me of my own!—not that he was so far wrong in what he said of me, Lucy. I felt all the while he had 'hit the blot,' and I would have owned it, too, if he hadn't taken himself off so quickly."

"If you had, Tom,—if you had said but one word to this purport, you would have seen how nobly forgiving he could be in an instant."

"Forgiving—humph! I don't think the forgiveness was to have come from *him*."

"Sir William wishes to speak with you, Miss Lucy," said the butler, entering hastily.

"I must go, Tom,—good-bye. I will write to you to-morrow—to-night if I can—good-bye, my dearest brother; be sure to come on Tuesday—mind Tuesday. You will be certain to find me alone."

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE FIRST LETTER HOME.

The post of the morning after the events of our last chapter brought Lucy a letter from her father. It was the first since his departure. What chapters in life are these first letters after absence! how do they open to us glimpses of not only new scenes and incidents, but of emotions and sentiments which, while we had relied upon them, we had never so palpably realised before! There is such ecstasy in thinking that time and space are no barriers against love, and that, even as we read, the heart that sent the message is beating with affection for us.

Lendrick's letter to his daughter was full of fondness; her image had evidently gone with him through all the changes of the voyage, and their old home mingled in every thought of the new life before him. It was plain enough how unwillingly he turned from the past to the present, and how far rather he would revel in the scenes around the Shannon than turn to the solitary existence that awaited him beyond the seas.

"I console myself, dear Lucy," wrote he, "as well as I may, by thinking that in my great sacrifice I have earned the love of my father—that love from which I have lived so long estranged, and for which my heart had never ceased to yearn; and I delight to think how by this time you must have grown into his heart, soothed many a care for him, and imparted to his solitary life the blessing of that bright hopefulness which gave even to my own dull existence a glow of glad sunshine. Out of my selfishness I cannot help asking you to remind him of all I have given him. And now that my egotism is so fully aroused, let me tell of myself. The voyage was less dreary than my fears had made it. I suffered at first, it is true; and when at last use had inured me to the sea, I fell into a sort of low feverish state, more the result of home-sickness, perhaps, than real malady. It was a condition of rather depression than disease. Nothing could engage, nothing interest me. I could not read, neither could I partake in any of the various pastimes by which my fellow-voyagers beguiled the hours, and I found myself in that pitiable state of sinking daily lower and lower, without what I could call a cause for the depression.

"I have more than once in my experience as a doctor had to deal with such cases, and I own now that I have neither valued their intensity nor understood their importance. I did not, it is true, go to the vulgar extent of calling them hippishness; but I did the next worst thing—I treated them as the offspring of an over-easy existence—of a placid frictionless life.

"With much shame do I recall how often I have rallied these poor sufferers on the vast space that separated them from real sorrow. There is no unreality, dearest Lucy, in whatever so overcomes the brain, that thought is all but madness, and so pains the heart that the whole wish is for death. There are subtler influences in our nature than those that work by the brain or the blood, and the maladies of these have but one physician.

"It was my great good fortune to

have a fellow-traveller who took the kindest interest in me. If he could not cure, he certainly did much to console me. He was a young man, lately gazetted on the commander-in-chief's staff, and who came on board of us in the Downs from a frigate bound for England. It was the merest accident that he did not miss us and lose his passage.

"I am not a very attractive person, and it was with some astonishment that I heard he desired to make my acquaintance, and on meeting he said, 'Though you have forgotten me, Dr. Lendrick, I had the honour of being presented to you at Killaloe by my friend Sir Brook Fossbrooke;' and I then remembered all about it, and how it was his features were so familiar to me—very good features, too, they were, with much candour and manliness in the expression—altogether a handsome young fellow, and with an air of good birth about him just as distinctive as his good looks.

"I am so unused to being singled out by a stranger, as the object of attentions, that I never fully got over the surprise which this young man's attachment to me inspired; and I am not using too strong a word, Lucy, when I call it attachment. There might have been, at least to his eyes, something in our respective fortunes that suggested this drawing towards me. Who knows whether he, too, might not have parted from a loved home and friends!

"When he came first on board his manner was wild—almost incoherent—he ran here and thither, like one in search of something or of somebody, but whose name he had forgotten. Indeed he actually startled me by the eagerness with which he addressed me; and when I informed him that I was alone, quite alone, and as friendless as himself, on board, I thought he would have fainted. In all this suffering and emotion I suspected that I found what led him to a companionship with one as sorrow-stricken as himself.

"As it was, there was no care he did not bestow on me. My own dear boy himself could not have nursed me more tenderly, nor tried to rally my spirits with more affectionate solicitude. He read for me, played chess with me, he even lent himself to the sort of reading I liked best, to become more companionable to me, withdrawing all this while from the gay and pleasant society of young fellows like himself. In a word, Lucy, by his devotion to me, he sent through my heart a lurking thought, almost like a hope, that I must somehow have certain qualities for which the world at large had not yet credited me, which could make me of interest to a young bright-natured creature, fresh to life and all its enjoyments; and from the self-esteem of this notion I really believe I drew more encouragement than from any amount of more avowed approbation.

"I feel I am not wearying you, my darling Lucy, by dwelling even with prolixity on what beguiled the long hours of absence, the weary, weary days at sea.

"When we landed, for a time at least, I only met him now and then; he had his duties, and I had mine. I had to look out for a house. My predecessor's family are still occupying the official residence, and have begged of me leave to remain there a little longer. I had my visits of duty or compliment to make, and a whole round of little courtesies to perform, for which I well know I have all your sympathy. Every one was, however, kind and polite, some were even friendly. Indeed, my very want of manner, my awkward bashfulness and deficient tact, have, I can see, not injured me in the esteem of those whose worldly breeding and knowledge have taught them to be compassionate as well as courteous.

"Amongst the many persons to whom I was presented I made two

acquaintances of more than common-interest to me—I will not go farther, and say of any great degree of gratification. In dining with the Governor on yesterday week, he said, 'You will meet a relation to-day, Dr. Lendrick. His ship has just put in to coal, and he and his wife dine with us.' Though quite persuaded the Governor was labouring under some mistake, I waited with anxiety as the different arrivals were announced, and at last came Colonel and Mrs. Sewell—the Colonel being Lady Lendrick's son by her first marriage,—what relation to myself all my skill in genealogy is unable to pronounce.

"We met, however, shook hands very cordially, and I had the honour to conduct Mrs. Sewell to table. I am unfortunately terribly prone to first impressions, and all those that I entertain regarding the Colonel are adverse. He is a tall handsome man, easy in manner, and with the readiness in speech and address that shows familiarity with life. He, however, will never suffer your eyes to meet his, never exchange a frank look with you, and seems, from some cause or other, to be always labouring under an impatient anxiety to be somewhere else than where he stands at the moment.

"He asked about my father, and never waited for my reply; and he laughingly said, with a bad taste that shocked me, 'My mother and he never could "hit it" off together.'

"Mrs. Sewell interested me more than her husband. She is still very handsome; she must at one time have been perfectly beautiful. She is very gentle, low-voiced, and quiet, talking with a simplicity that even I can detect only covers a deep knowledge of life and the world. The dread of her husband seems, however, to pervade all she says or does. She changes colour when he looks at her, and if he addresses her, she sometimes seems about to faint. His slightest word is accepted as a command; and yet with all this terror—terror it was—I caught a look that once passed between them that actually overwhelmed me with amazement. It was the very look that two accomplices might have interchanged in a moment when they could not communicate more freely. Don't think that there is any exaggeration in this, Lucy, or that I am assuming to possess a finer insight into human motives than my neighbours; but my old craft as a doctor supplies me with a technical skill that no acquaintance with the mere surface life of the world could have given; for the Medico reads mankind by a stronger and steadier light than ever shone out of conventionalities or social usages.

"'We are on our way to England, to Ireland perhaps,' he said to me, in a careless way; but she, not aware of his speech, told me they had been invited to the Priory—a piece of information which I own startled me. First of all, they are not by any means like people who would be agreeable to my father, nor, so far as I can guess, are they persons who would easily sacrifice their own modes of life and habits to the wishes of a recluse. Least of all, dearest Lucy, do I desire this lady to be your companion. She has, I see, many attractive qualities; she may have others as good and excellent; but if I do not greatly err, her whole nature and being are in subjection to a very stern, cold, and unscrupulous man, and she is far from being all that she should be with such gifts as she possesses, and farther again from what she might have been with a happier destiny in marriage.

"If it were not that you are so certain to meet, and not improbably see much of these people, I should not have filled so much of my letter with them; but I confess to you, since I saw them they have never been out of my thoughts. Our relationship—if that be the name for it—led us rapidly into considerable intimacy; he brought his children—

two lovely girls and a little cherub of a boy of three years old—to see me yesterday, and Mrs. Sewell comes to take me to drive every day after luncheon. She expresses the most ardent desire to meet you, and says she knows you will love each other. She carried off your picture t'other day, and I was in real terror till I got it back again. She seemed in ecstasy on being told that you were living with your grandfather; but I saw a look she shot across to her husband as I told it, and I saw his reply by another glance that revealed to me how my tidings had caused surprise, and something more than surprise.

"You must not set me down as fanciful or captious, dear Lucy, but the simple truth is, I have never had a quiet moment since I knew these people. They inspire me with the same sort of anxiety I have often felt when, in the course of my profession, some symptom has supervened in a case not very grave or startling in itself, but still such as I have always found heralding in very serious combinations. It is therefore the Doctor as much as the Father that takes alarm here.

"It is just possible—mind I say possible—that I am a little jealous of these Sewells already, for they have already seduced from me my young friend Lionel, who was so kind to me on the voyage. I scarcely see him now, he is always with them; and yesterday I heard—it may not be true—that he is already weary of Cape Town, and means to return home by the next ship — that is, along with the Sewells, who are to sail on Friday.

"I am certain that Sewell is neither a good nor a safe companion for a young fellow so bashful and unsuspecting as Lionel Trafford.

"There are men who read the world the way certain dishonest critics quote a book or an article, by extracting all that is objectionable, and, omitting context and connection, place passage after passage in quick sequence. By such a process as this, human life is a pandemonium. I half suspect Sewell to be one of this scornful school; and if so, a most dangerous intimate. The heartfelt racy enjoyment of his manner, as he records some trait of rascality or fraud, is not more marked than the contemptuous sneer with which he receives a story that bears testimony to generosity or trustfulness, throwing over his air in each that tone of knowledge of life and the world that seems to say, 'These are the things we all of us know well, though only a few have either the manliness or the honesty to declare them openly.'

"I may have tired you with this long tirade, my dear Lucy, but I am pouring out to you my thoughts as they come—come, too, out of the fulness of much reflection. Remember, too, my sweet child, that I have often told you, 'It is just some half-dozen people with whom we are intimate, who make or mar our fate in life.' Big as the world is, we play a very small game in one corner of the board, and it behoves us to look well to those with whom we are to play it.

"If I am jealous of the Sewells for having robbed me of my young friend, I am envious of himself also, for he is going back to England—going back to the loved faces and scenes he has left—going back to Home. There's the word, Lucy, that gathers all that we come to live for, when life really is a blessing.

"It would seem too early to pronounce, but I think I can already see this is not a place to which I would like to bring you; but I will not prejudge it. It may be that time will reconcile me to some things I now dislike; it may be, too, that the presence of my own around me will dispose me to take a cheerier view of much that now depresses me. I have a great deal to do, I am employed during the whole day, and never really free till evening, when society claims me.

This latter is my only severe burden. You can imagine me daily dining out, and fancy the martyrdom it costs me.

"I am most anxious to hear of you, and how you like your new life—I mean, how you bear it. Liking is not the word for that which entails separation. I feel assured that you will love my father. You will be generous towards those traits which the host of mere acquaintanceship took pleasure in exaggerating, and you will be fair enough not to misjudge his great qualities because of certain faults of temper. He has great gifts, Lucy; and, as you will see, the two pendulums of his nature, heart and head, swing together, and he is as noble in sentiment as he is grand in action.

"It almost consoles me for separation when I think that I have transferred to him the blessings of that presence that made my own sunshine. Mind that you send me a diary of your life. I want your whole day; I want to see how existence is filled, so that whenever my mind flies back to you I may say, 'She is in her garden—she is working—she is at her music—she is reading to him.

"It was a mistake to send me here, Lucy. There are men in scores who would rejoice in the opportunities of such a place, and see in it the road to rapid fortune. I only look at one feature of it—the banishment. Not that by nature I am discontented—I hope and believe this is not so—but I feel that there are many things in life far worse than poverty. I have not the same dread of narrow means most men have. I do not sink down in spirits when I lie down under a very humble roof, and sit down to a coarse meal; nor has splendour the power to exhilarate or elevate me. I am essentially humble, and I need nothing that is not generally within the reach of the humble; and I vow to you in all truth, I'd rather be your grandfather's gardener than be the governor of this great colony. There's an ignoble confession, but keep it for yourself.

"I have written a long letter to Tom by this post, and addressed it to Mr. Dempster, who will forward it if he should have left before this. It distresses me greatly when I think that I have not been able to give him any definite career in life before we parted. Mere aptitude has no value with the world. You may be willing and ready to do fifty things, but some fourth-rate fellow who *knows* how to do one will beat you. The marketable quality in life is skill; the thing least in request is genius. Tom has this harsh lesson yet to learn, but learn it he must, for the world is a schoolmaster that will stand no skulking, and however little to our taste be its tasks, we must come up when called on, and go on with our lesson as well as we may.

"In many respects Sir Brook Fossbrooke was an unfortunate companion for him to have chanced upon. A man of considerable resources, who had employed them all unprofitably, is a bad pilot. The very waywardness of such a nature was exactly the quality to be avoided in Tom's case; but what was to be done? Poverty can no more select its company than its climate; and it would have been worse than ungracious to have rejected a friendship so generously and freely offered.

"I am curious—I am more than curious, I am anxious—to know if Tom should have ever met my father. They are so intensely alike in many things, that I fear me their meeting could not lead to good. I know well that Tom resents, and would like to show that he resents, what he deems the harsh treatment evinced towards me, and I dread anything like interchange of words between them. My whole hope is, that you would prevent such a mischance, or, if it did occur, would take measures to obviate its dangers.

"Tell me particularly about this when you write. Tell me also, have you met Lady Lendrick, and if so, on what terms? I have ever found her obliging and good-natured, and with many qualities which the world has not given her credit for. Give her my most respectful regards when you see her.

"It is daybreak; the hot sun of Africa is already glancing into the room, and I must conclude. I cannot bear to think of the miles these lines must travel ere they meet you, but they will be with you at last, and they are in this more fortunate than your loving father,

"T. LENDRICK."

Lucy sat long pondering over this letter. She read it, too, again and again, and by a light which was certainly not vouchsafed to him who wrote it. To *her* there was no mystery in Trafford's conduct. It was plain enough he had gone out expecting to find her as his fellow-passenger. His despair—his wretchedness—his devotion to her father, the last resource of that disappointment he could not subdue—were all intelligible enough. Less easy, however, to read the sudden attachment he had formed for the Sewells. What did this mean? Had it any meaning? and if so, was it one that concerned her to know?

CHAPTER XIX.—OFFICIAL MYSTERIES.

"I think I had better see him myself," said Fossbrooke, after patiently listening to Tom Lendrick's account of his meeting with his grandfather. "It is possible I may be able to smooth down matters a little, and dispose the old gentleman, besides, to accord us some aid in our Sardinian project, for I have resolved upon that, Tom."

"Indeed, sir; the gold mine?"

"No, the lead—the lead and silver. In the rough calculation I made last night on this slip of paper, I see my way to something like seven thousand a-year to begin with; untold wealth will follow. There are no less than eleven products available—the black lead of pencils and the white used by painters being the chief; while in my new salt, which I am disposed to call the 'pyro-chloride of plumbium,' we have a sedative that will allay the pangs of hydrophobia."

"I wish it would quiet the Chief Baron," muttered Tom; and Sir Brook, not hearing him correctly, continued,—

"I think so—I think the Chief Baron eminently calculated to take a proper estimate of my discovery. A man of fine intellect is ever ready to accept truth, albeit it come in a shape and through a channel in which he has himself not pursued it. Will you write a line to your sister and ask if it would be his lordship's convenience to receive me, and at what time?"

"Of course, sir, whatever you wish," said Tom, in some confusion; "but might I ask if it be your intention to ask my grandfather to aid me with his purse?"

"Naturally. I mean that he should, by advancing, let us say, eight hundred pounds, put you in a position to achieve a speedy fortune. He shall see, too, that our first care has been your sister's interests. Six-sixteenths of the profits for fifty years are to be hers; three each we reserve for ourselves; the remaining four will form a reserve fund for casualties, a capital for future development, and a sum at interest to pay superannuations, with some other objects that you will find roughly jotted down here, for which, however, they will amply suffice. I take it his lordship knows something of metallurgy, Tom."

"I believe he knows a little of everything."

"Chemistry I feel sure he must have studied."

"I won't answer for the study; but you'll find that when you come to talk with him, you'll scarcely wander very far out of his geography. But I was going to say, sir, that I'm not quite easy at the thought of asking him for money."

"It's not money—at least, it's no gift—we require of him. We are in possession of a scheme certain to secure a fortune. We know where a treasure lies hid, and we want no more than the cost of the journey to go and fetch it. He shall be more than repaid. The very dispositions we make in your sister's favour will show him in what spirit we mean to deal. It is possible—I am willing to own it—it is possible I might approach a man of inferior intelligence with distrust and fear, but in coming before Baron Lendrick I have no misgivings. All my experience of life has shown me that the able men are the generous men. In the ample stretch of their minds they estimate mankind by larger averages, and thus they come to see that there is plenty of good in human nature."

"I believe the old judge is clever enough, and some speak very well of his character; but his temper—his temper is something that would swallow up all the fine qualities that ever were accorded to one man; and even if you were about to go on a mission I liked better, I'd say, Don't ask to see him, don't expose yourself to the risk of some outrageous affront—something you couldn't bear and wouldn't resent."

"I have never yet found myself in the predicament you speak of," said Sir Brook, drawing himself up haughtily, "nor do I know of any contingency in life from which I could retreat on account of its perils. It may be, indeed it is more than likely, from what you tell me, that I shall make no appeal to your grandfather's generosity; but I shall see him, to tender your regrets for any pain you may have caused him, and to tell also so much of our future intentions as it is becoming the head of your house should hear. I also desire to see your sister, and say good-bye."

"Ask her to let me do so too. I can't go away without seeing her again." Tom took a turn or two up and down the room as though he had not made up his mind whether to say something or not. He looked out of the window, possibly in search of something to distract his thoughts, and then turning suddenly about, he said, "I was thinking, sir, that if it was your opinion—mind I don't want to insinuate that it ought to be, or even that it is my own—but that if you came to the conclusion that my sister was not happy with my grandfather—that her life was one of depression and suffering—what would you say to her coming along with us?"

"To Sardinia! Coming to Sardinia, do you mean, Tom?" said the old man in astonishment.

"Yes, sir, that is what I meant."

"Have I not told you the sort of life that lies before us in the island—the hardships, the dangers, the bitter privations we shall have to endure? Is it to these we can invite a young girl, trained and accustomed to every elegance and every comfort?"

"She'd not shrink from her share—that much I'll warrant you; and the worst roughing of that rugged life would be easier to bear than this old man's humour."

"No, no; it must not be thought of," said Fossbrooke, sternly. "What meaning has our enterprise if it be not to secure her future fortune? She cannot—she shall not—pay any part of the price. Let me think over this, Tom. It may be that we ought not to leave her; it may be that we should hit upon something nearer home. I will go up to the Castle and see the Viceroy."

He made a light grimace as he said this. Such a visit was by

no means to his taste. If there was anything totally repugnant to his nature, it was to approach men whom he had known as friends or intimates, with anything like the request for a favour. It seemed to him to invert all the relations which ought to subsist between men in society. The moment you had stooped to such a step, in his estimation you had forfeited all right to that condition of equality which renders intercourse agreeable.

"I must have something for this young fellow—something that may enable him to offer his sister a home if she should need it. I will accept nothing for myself—on that I am determined. It is a sorry part that of suppliant, but so long as it is for another it is endurable. Not that I like it, though—not that it sits easy on me—and I am too old to acquire a new manner." Thus muttering to himself, he went along till he found himself at the chief entrance of the Castle.

"You will have to wait on Mr. Balfour, sir, his Excellency's private secretary, the second door from the corner," said the porter, scarcely deigning a glance at one so evidently unversed in viceregal observances. Sir Brook nodded and withdrew. From a groom who was holding a neat-looking cob pony Fossbrooke learned that Mr. Balfour was about to take his morning's ride. "He'll not see you now," said the man. "You'll have to come back about four or half-past."

"I have only a question to ask," said Sir Brook, half to himself, as he ascended the stairs. As he gained the landing and rang, the door opened, and Mr. Balfour appeared. "I regret to detain you, sir," began Sir Brook, as he courteously raised his hat. "Mr. Balfour, I believe."

"You are right as to my name, but quite as wrong if you fancy that you will detain me," said that plump and very self-satisfied gentleman, as he moved forward.

"And yet, sir, such is my intention," said Sir Brook, placing himself directly in front of him.

"That is a matter very soon settled," said Balfour, returning to the door and calling out—"Pollard, step down to the lower yard and send a policeman here."

Sir Brook heard the order unmoved in manner, and even made way for the servant to pass down the stairs. No sooner, however, was the man out of hearing, than he said, "It would be much better, sir, not to render either of us ridiculous. I am Sir Brook Fossbrooke, and I come here to learn at what time it would be his Excellency's pleasure to receive me."

The calm quiet dignity in which he spoke, even more than the words, had its effect on Balfour, who, with more awkwardness than he would like to have owned, asked Sir Brook to walk in and be seated. "I have had a message for you from his Excellency these three or four days back, and knew not where to find you."

"Did it never occur to you to try what assistance the police might afford, sir?" said he, with deep gravity.

"One thinks of these generally as a last resource," said Balfour, coolly, and possibly not sorry to show how imperturbable he could be under a sarcasm.

"And now for the message, sir," said Fossbrooke.

"I'll be shot if I remember it. Wasn't it something about an election riot? You thrashed a priest named Malcahy, eh?"

"I opine not, sir," said Sir Brook, with a faint smile.

"No, no; you are the great man for acclimatisation; you want to make the ornithorhynchus as common as the turkey. Am I right?"

Sir Brook shook his head.

"I never have my head clear out of office hours, that's the fact," said Balfour, impatiently. "If you had called on me between twelve and three, you'd have found me like a directory."

"Put no strain upon your recollection, sir. When I see the Viceroy it is probable he will repeat the message."

"You know him, then?"

"I have known him eight-and-forty years."

"Oh, I have it—I remember it all now. You used to be with Colonel Hanger, and Hugh Seymour, and O'Kelly, and all the Carlton House lot."

Fossbrooke bowed a cold assent.

"His Excellency told us the other evening that there was not a man in England who had so many stories of the Prince. Didn't Moore go to you about his life of Sheridan? — yes, of course — and you promised him some very valuable documents; and sent him five-and-twenty protested bills of poor Brinsley's, labelled 'indubitable records.'"

"This does not lead us to the message, sir," said Fossbrooke, stiffly.

"Yes, but it does though—I'm coming to it. I have a system of artificial memory, and I have just arrived at you now through Carlton House, milk-punch, and that story about Lord Grey and yourself riding postilions to Ascot, and you on the wheelers tipping up Grey with your whip till he grew frantic. Wasn't that a fact?"

"I wait for the message, sir; or rather I grow impatient at not hearing it."

"I remember it perfectly. It's a place he wants to offer you; it's a something under the Courts of Law. You are to do next to nothing—nothing at all, I believe, if you prefer it, as the last fellow did. He lived in Dresden for the education of his children, and he died there, and we didn't know when he died—at least they suspect he signed some dozen life-certificates that his doctor used to forward at quarter-day. Mind I don't give you the story as mine; but the impression is, that he held the office for eight years after his death."

"Perhaps, sir, you would now favour me with the name and nature of the appointment."

"He was called the Deputy-Assistant Sub-something of somewhere in Exchequer; and he had to fill, or to register, or to put a seal, or, if not a seal, a stamp, on some papers; but the marrow of the matter is, he had eight hundred a-year for it; and when the Act passed requiring two seals, he asked for an increase of salary and an assistant clerk, and they gave him two hundred more, but they refused the clerk. They do such shabby things in those short sittings over the Estimates!"

"And am I to understand that his Excellency makes me an offer of this appo ntment?"

"Well, not exactly; there's a hitch in it—I may say there are two hitches: first of all, we're not sure it's in our gift; and, secondly——"

"Perhaps I may spare you the secondly—the 'firstly' is more than enough for me."

"Yes, but I'd like to explain. Here's how it is: the Chief Baron claimed the patronage about twenty years ago, and we made, or the people who were in power made, some sort of a compromise about an ultimate nomination, and he was to have the first. Now his man only died t'other day, having held the office, as I said, upwards of twenty years—a most unconscionable thing—just one of those selfish acts small official fellows are always doing; and so I thought as I saw your name down for something on his Excellency's list, that I'd mention *you* for the post, as a sort of sop to Baron Lendrick, saying, 'Look at our man: we are not going to saddle the country with one of your long annuity fellows—*he's* eighty if he's a day.' I say, I'd press this point, because the old judge says he is no longer bound by the terms of the compromise, for that the office was abolished and reconstructed by the 58th of Victoria, and that he now insists on the undivided patronage."

"I presume that the astute reasons which induced you to think of *me* have not been communicated to the Viceroy."

"I should think not. I mention them to you frankly, because his Excellency said you were one of those men who must be dealt with openly. 'Play on the square with Fossbrooke,' said he, 'and, whether he win or lose, you'll see no change in him. Try to overreach him, and you'll catch a tiger.'"

"I am very grateful for his kind estimate of me. It is, however, no more than I looked for at his hands." This he said with a marked feeling, and then added, in a lighter tone, "I have also a debt of gratitude to yourself, of which I know not how to acquit myself better than by accepting this appointment, and taking the earliest opportunity to die afterwards."

"No, don't do that; I don't mean that. You can do like that fellow they made a Pope because he looked on the verge of the grave, and who pitched his crutch into the air when he had put on the tiara."

"I understand; so that it is only in Baron Lendrick's eyes I am to look short-lived."

"Just so; call on him—have a meeting with him; say that his Excellency desires to act with every delicacy towards him—that should it be discovered hereafter the right of nomination lies with the Court and not with us, we'll give him an equivalent somewhere else, till—till——"

"Till I shall have vacated the post," chimed in Sir Brook, blandly; "a matter, of course, of very brief space."

"You see the whole thing—you see it in all its bearings; and now, if you only could know something about the man you have to deal with, there would be nothing more to tell you."

"I have heard about him passingly."

"Oh yes, his eccentricities are well known. The world is full of stories of him, but he is one of those men who play wolf on the species—he must be worrying somebody to keep him from worrying himself; he smashed the last two Governments here, and he'd have upset *us* too if *I* hadn't been here. He hates *me* cordially; and if you don't want to rouse his anger, don't let your lips murmur the name, Cholmondley Balfour."

"You may rely upon me, sir," said Sir Brook, bowing. "I have scarcely ever met a gentleman whose name I am not more likely to recall than your own."

"Sharp, that; did you mean it?" said Balfour, with his glass to his eye.

"I am never ambiguous, sir, though it occasionally happens to me to say somewhat less than I feel. I wish you a good day."

OUR POLITICAL PROSPECTS.

Fifty years and more have run their course since the battle of Waterloo was fought, and our gallant neighbours the French are still somewhat divided among themselves in regard to the results of that great struggle. Very many continue incredulous to the fact that on the 18th of June the fortune of war went against them. A still greater number believe that the Emperor, if he did not conquer on that day, ought to have conquered; and that his failure was owing to a concatenation of mistakes among his own people, rather than to any superior skill or valour, or even of numbers, on the part of his enemies. We are not, while reverting once more—and it may be for the last time—to the late general election, going to follow the praiseworthy example which our allies have set us. Of the great battle of the hustings in the year 1865 we have nothing to say, except that we lost it. We have been beaten to an extent, on which neither we nor, we will venture to add, our rivals had at all counted, and we acknowledge the defeat and its importance frankly. At the same time, it is incumbent to observe that the electoral battle of 1865 has not ended, like the mortal strife of 1815, in the destruction of the defeated party. We assailed the enemy's position and received a check—that is all; but our army is neither routed nor disorganised nor disheartened. We fall back upon our old ground, somewhat weakened, perhaps, in numbers, but having lost none of our discipline or of our courage; and we are ready to renew the struggle upon another and a narrower field as soon as the parliamentary campaign shall open. Meanwhile, as prudent generals so circumstanced are wont to do, it becomes us to look the situation fairly in the face; and counting up, first, our own losses, and next the gains achieved on the other side, to ascertain, as nearly as we can, how far the cause of which we are the supporters has gone back for the present, and whether or not there is anything in the turn which affairs have taken to justify the most distant approach to despondency in regard to the future.

An examination of the corrected list of returns shows clearly enough that the Conservatives will enter the new Parliament weaker, the Liberals stronger, so far as numbers are concerned, than they were at the period of the dissolution. About 368 gentlemen will, we believe, take their seats on the Ministerial side of the House, while 290, and no more, rally round the leaders of the Opposition. Undoubtedly this is a circumstance to which we cannot, as Conservatives, pretend to be indifferent. It is not satisfactory to feel that we are unable to command a majority, whatever be the question, however vital the principle, which comes under discussion. But the sense of misfortune is considerably ameliorated when we look to the composition of the opposing body, and compare it with our own. The Conservatives never, we will venture to say, so thoroughly understood one another as they do now. They have one common object to aim at; and they all understand and prize that object as they ought to do. The Liberals, on the other hand, are an aggregate of two, if not of three parties, each of which entertains its own views of the points to be fought for, and of the plan upon which the war of politics is to be carried on. The Conservatives may be, and doubtless often will be, worsted in the course of the coming war; but with them defeat is not overthrow. They will rally again, and again make a stout fight for the new position which

their leaders shall select. The Liberals, on the contrary, differ already, and even wrangle among themselves; and continual strife of this sort cannot fail, sooner or later, to bring about the dissolution of what is at best but a very rickety alliance. And should this not come to pass sooner, it will certainly occur whenever his age and growing infirmities compel the veteran politician, whose very name acts upon them like a charm, to retire into private life.

That we are not taking any over-sanguine view of the state of public affairs, and of the relative positions of parties in the new House of Commons, any one who takes the trouble to study the addresses and speeches of Liberal candidates, both before and after the late elections, may at once satisfy himself. A larger number of those—larger by far than any other section in the party—hold language as moderate, as sound, and constitutional, as if they had passed over openly to the ranks of Conservatism. Observe, for example, how Sir Roundell Palmer, the Liberal Attorney-General, spoke at Richmond in Yorkshire. That he should have dwelt mainly upon points of practical administration, giving all the credit of whatever amount of prosperity the country enjoys to the policy of the Government, is not more than was to be expected. But when, at last, voices in the crowd forced him to touch upon questions of principle, he did so in a tone to which we, and all who think as we do, can offer no possible objection. "No one," he observed, "had more entire and absolute confidence in his fellow-countrymen than he; and no one was less afraid of the admission of Reform at a due and proper time; but no one was more thoroughly determined to approach that question from a practical point of view, or to heed popular clamour less than he was. If there was one thing more clear to his mind than another, it was this,—it was a matter of the greatest importance to legislate wisely on such a subject, and in a manner which would not make repeated botching and patching of legislation necessary. When the time had come when they were ripe for legislation of that kind—when the country required further alterations, and knew what it wanted and required—then the Government would be able to carry some sound and practical measure of reform; but until then, no Government could."

Mr. Angerstein, the defeated of West Kent, is not a Roundell Palmer, but he is an English gentleman of high personal honour; generous, open-handed, and a decided Whig. He appealed to the freeholders on Penenden Heath in these words, which are noteworthy, as indicating the views of the Reform question taken, not by him only, but by the class to which he belongs: "He had been asked whether he was a supporter of Lord Palmerston, whom it pleased his opponents to call an anti-reformer; or of Mr. Gladstone, who was alleged to be in favour of manhood suffrage. Now he begged to say that, by the introduction of Lord Russell's bill of 1860, Lord Palmerston had fulfilled every pledge he gave on that subject." No doubt the speaker, following up his own argument, assured the men of Kent that Mr. Gladstone had been wrongly charged with entertaining extreme opinions. Mr. Angerstein was himself in the House when the Chancellor of the Exchequer made his celebrated announcement, and did not understand the declaration in the sense generally attached to it. But this only proves that Mr. Angerstein is not always capable of seeing clearly what politicians more subtle than he propose. It affords no evidence, but the reverse, that, had he been returned, as he was not, he would have gone with Mr. Gladstone to the extreme limits to which the famous speech of that celebrated statesman

pledged him, and from which his followers under the gangway will certainly not allow him to withdraw if they can help it.

Again, Lord Alfred Hervey, taking leave of his supporters in Bury St. Edmunds, said: "Dangerous and extreme views, inconsistent with my professions as a Liberal-Conservative, were unjustly attributed to me. I trust that my recorded votes, uniformly given against violent and organic changes, will now convince many who, during the excitement of a contested election, had little opportunity for calm reflection, how ungenerous, how unfair, how untrue these insinuations were."

Here are three fair specimens of the opinions held or expressed by three gentlemen, all avowedly supporters of Whig government, two of whom, to be sure, lost their seats, but are not on that account less available than if they had gained them, for the purpose which we have immediately in view. Now hear three others, two of them new, the third an old member, and usually ranked among the most bitter of Whig-Liberals. On the 3d of July Mr. Cowper offered himself to the electors of Hertfordshire "as a supporter of Liberal principles, and of the Government of Lord Palmerston." The electors of Hertfordshire saw fit to bring him in, rejecting, we are sorry to say, a better man; and Mr. Cowper, M. P., becomes immediately even more Conservative than during his canvass he had professed himself to be. He "is opposed to all organic changes, and favourable to a partial repeal of the malt-tax." In the same spirit, Sir Francis Cressley, the new member for North-west Yorkshire, while he assents generally to Mr. Baines's bill, does so on the ground that it will not throw political influence exclusively into the hands of the £6 householders. On the contrary, forasmuch as it comprises all who inhabit tenements of which the rentals range between £6 and £9, 15s., it will strike an average of £8 or thereabouts, as entitling the new constituencies to vote. We, of course, cannot assent for a moment to the logic of this address, for the obvious reason that there must be a limit somewhere, and that when you go lower than that already fixed by law, there is no reason why you should stop at £8, or £6, or even £4. But we give the honourable gentleman's argument for what it is worth, and are glad to find that he declares himself distinctly opposed to universal suffrage, and therefore little inclined to follow the lead of that section of the Cabinet of which Mr. Gladstone is the Coryphæus. And what is Mr. Grant Duff's confession of political faith? He refers rather to men than to measures, and avows that he is more disposed to follow Lord Stanley than Mr. Gladstone, whose eloquence he greatly admires, but with whom he often differs in opinion.

These are curious signs of the times, affording ample proof that a damper has been thrown, even among men already committed to their party, upon that Liberal zeal, which not very long ago seemed strong enough to carry them all lengths rather than hand over the government to the Tories. And newly elected members, though they too call themselves Liberal, are still more guarded in their language. Mr. Briscoe, the representative of East Surrey, can hardly be described as a new member. He has sat before, and voted regularly with Lord Palmerston; but it is pretty clear that it is Lord Palmerston, and not pure Liberalism, that he supports; for while expressing general approval of the financial and commercial policy of the Government, he is guardedly silent on all questions affecting political principle. The same thing may be said of Mr. Groves, the newly-elected for South Wilts; while Mr. Foster and Mr. Foley, the Liberal members for South Staffordshire, make no secret of their hostility to

a £6 franchise, and their desire to settle on fair terms, by no means arbitrarily and unconditionally to abolish, Church-rates.

From these specimens of electioneering eloquence—and they might be multiplied fourfold—we arrive at the conclusion that a majority of the Liberal members prefer at this moment Lord Palmerston's guidance of public affairs to that of any other living statesman; and that as long as he retains vigour enough of mind and body to hold up against the wear and tear of official life, they will stretch their consciences, should the sacrifice become necessary, rather than allow him to be supplanted by a rival. But as we have said before, and cannot too often or too emphatically repeat, this allegiance is given, not to party, but to one man. Whenever Lord Palmerston resigns, there will be such confusion of ideas on the Ministerial side of the House as the oldest member of Parliament never before witnessed. For a little while this may not appear. The new head of the Liberal party, be he whom he may, will probably manage to keep the party thus far together, that while affairs move on, so to speak, of their own accord, there will be no cross voting or speaking, much less an open defection to the other side. But affairs cannot thus move on for any length of time. There is a section of Liberals whom even Lord Palmerston finds himself taxed to keep quiet. These cannot be expected to allow to his successor more than the briefest possible breathing space, and then will come the tug of war. Reform, whether it be referred to or not in the Queen's Speech, must be brought under discussion. The assault on the Irish Church — deferred, but not abandoned — must take place; and the new Minister will have to choose between swimming with the stream which his more ardent supporters let loose, or ceasing to be the chief of a party so much farther advanced in its political views than himself. Such will surely be the case, in the event of the Liberal mantle falling, say on Lord Clarendon or any other Whig of the old school. Let Mr. Gladstone take Lord Palmerston's place, and a result not so easily counted upon will probably follow. For it is not quite clear to us, in spite of what he has said and done, that Mr. Gladstone is prepared as yet to make common cause with Mr. Baines and the extreme Liberals. It is as little clear that he will be either able or disposed to put himself at the head of the more moderate Liberals. In either case, however, there must be a great shaking up of the straw — great anxiety as to the line which a statesman so impulsive may at any moment follow; and a sort of tacit understanding — each man with himself — among the constitutional Whigs, that they are not going to be dragged through the mire, and see the constitution shaken down, for the mere glorification of a *parvenu*. As to the Radicals, it is not worth while to examine very closely either into what they may have said and written during the progress of the elections, or what they propose to do. Their line never varies. Some, less guarded than others, speak out in season and out of season; others adapt their oral diatribes to one order of inquirers, and their written manifestoes to another. But the same spirit pervades them all. "Down with the Church! Down with the aristocracy! Let us put an end to the law of primogeniture, and secure the blessings of cheap government by establishing manhood suffrage and vote by ballot!" How the advocates of these arrangements really regard the working man whom they affect to take under their especial patronage, we shall find an opportunity, before concluding this article, to show. Meanwhile let us inquire a little into what has been said, in reference both to the past and to the future, by those on either side

whose opinions carry the greatest weight with them: partly, because of the high places which the speakers hold, or have held, in the councils of the Sovereign, and partly on account of the reputation which they have justly established for themselves as men of genius, and accomplished orators and statesmen.

Lord Palmerston and Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Gladstone and Sir Lytton Bulwer — all, as was fitting, spoke at length during the progress of the late elections, and each in a style characteristic of himself. Lord Palmerston, though mortified at finding that even Tiverton, his pet borough, would give him only half a heart, expressed himself at the hustings cheerily, or, as the cant phrase has it, genially; but as vaguely and as little to the purpose as the occasion required. He praised himself and his own measures — referred the prosperity of the country to the wisdom of his administration, and assured the voters that he should continue to advise the Sovereign and guide the House of Commons as he had heretofore done. This is positively all that we can gather from his address of thanks for the honour which the Tivertonians had done him; and, looking to the position of the man, we confess that, in our opinion, it is as much as was necessary. Mr. Disraeli, representing the Opposition in the House of Commons, took, as became him, a wider range. He had to account for the course which the party had followed for the last six years, and to state his reasons for adhering to it still. And never before, often as he has spoken well from the same hustings, did he acquit himself more happily. His argument was shortly this:—

Beginning with the question of Reform, he explained the policy adopted by Lord Derby's Administration in 1859, and contended that, if nothing better had come of it, it gave both the House of Commons and the country an opportunity of reconsidering the whole case, and of arriving at conclusions concerning it more just than had been previously entertained. He contrasted the honesty of his own endeavours with the foul play of those who defeated them. His was a plan which had much to recommend it, though it might have been improved had it gone into committee. But they would not allow it to reach committee; and then, having forced their own scheme, such as it was, to that point, they withdrew it amid the jibes of friends and foes. Of his own scheme he assured them "it was founded on a principle, which is the principle of the English constitution, that the suffrage is a privilege and a trust. It was not founded on any principle of the rights of man, but on a principle which is in unison with the constitution of this country; and it was a measure which, if carried, I believe, would have strengthened the position of the constitution." We are satisfied that Mr. Disraeli, in thus expressing himself, enunciated convictions which he conscientiously entertains. Other statesmen, even within the circle of his most devoted adherents, may think differently in these respects; but there cannot be two opinions in regard to the next point to which he addressed himself, the discussion of which in the House of Commons must at no very remote date come on.

"We all know—history teaches us — that religious rights and religious privileges are those most esteemed by men. For these not only men but nations have made the greatest sacrifices; and for the same reason as I recognise the value of religion, I think it is the duty of the State to secure to all its subjects the opportunity of enjoying religious privileges. I further think that the full enjoyment of religious liberty by every man in this country is perfectly consistent with the constitution which the country at present enjoys. Believing that the maintenance of the Church of England is of infinite util-

ity, not merely to our spiritual wants, but also to our spiritual rights—and believing that the connection of that Church with the Crown has secured the spiritual freedom which is the right of all Englishmen, and the spiritual instruction of the people—I am the uncompromising and conscientious upholder of that great institution. Now, I say that these are great questions of politics; and when I find—as we see is now the case—some gay journalists, and perhaps some Ministers on the hustings, telling you that the people of England care nothing about these affairs, that nobody is attacking the Church of England, and that therefore it is absurd for any one to pretend to defend it, that no one wishes the government of the country to be more democratic, and that therefore the cry is merely one raised for the moment—I say, don't be misled, whatever may be your political opinions, by such superficial and false observations. It is an insult to the great Conservative party, because if you look to the property, intelligence, and education of the Conservative body, all must acknowledge that it is a great party; and it is an insult, also, to a great section of the Liberal party, distinguished for their conscientiousness, their ability, and the energy they display in the active part which they take in public affairs,—I say it is an insult to both alike to say that no one wishes to make the government of this country more democratic, and that no party aims at severing the connection between Church and State. It is not true; every one here knows it is not true."

This done, he went on to consider the actual condition of the country, concerning which, as well as the causes which have produced it, he spoke with the utmost candour and justice. He no more denied than any other rational man is disposed to do, that the country is upon the whole prosperous. He refers, indeed, to the commercial failures which have recently occurred, as indicating some rottenness in the fabric over which we now boast, and points, far from triumphantly, to the pauperism which prevails in the metropolis, and to the state of Ireland. But in spite of these drawbacks he recognises the healthy condition of our finacial affairs in general, and gives the present Government full credit for all that it has done to promote that condition. There, however, he stops. He cannot accept as the result of Mr. Gladstone's financial arrangements benefits which come to us from the bounty of Providence. "I don't believe the good harvest we enjoy has been produced by any Cabinet Council whatever. I don't think the gold discoveries nor the wonderderful construction of railroads which now interline the country, are due to Downing Street, nor that those enterprises have been carried on by the capital and energy of the Government." He might have gone further, and added, with perfect truth, that only those discoveries and those enterprises enabled us to stand the shock of that revolution in our commercial policy, the ultimate effects of which, when all the world follows our example, will doubtless be admirable, but which in its progress has caused far more of individual misery than Parliaments and the leaders of parties care to recognise. Neither is he prepared to concede that Mr. Gladstone, in the repeal of the duties on paper—the measure on which the Chancellor of the Exchequer seems more than on all others to rest his fame as a financier—exhibited either the originality of a genius or the prudence of a wise man.

"I don't know any operation which has obtained for the Chancellor of the Exchequer more praise from some and more abuse from others than the repeal of the paper-duty. I think that is putting the case very fairly. That is looked upon as a great financial feat. Now, what were Mr. Gladstone's reasons for it, given when he proposed the repeal of the duty? He said he was opposed to all excise duties. I agree with him. I was opposed to them from my earliest years—long before I knew Mr. Gladstone. I think excise duties are among the worst species of revenue that can be raised, because they interfere with the industry of our own people. Mr. Gladstone was of that opinion, and he thought it very advisable that the manufacture of paper, which had been

trammelled by excise duty, should be set free. But though there are objections to all excise, and though, as a general and abstract doctrine, all will agree that it would be a very good thing to take all excise off, still that must depend on whether it is convenient to the Minister or not. But Mr. Gladstone said he was superior to that consideration, because we had not merely to consider the great evil of all excise as regarded paper; and he added, 'If I did not do it another Minister would, because my predecessor, the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, pledged the House of Commons.' Now, I say, you cannot blow hot and cold. You cannot say that the repeal of the paper-duty was a great financial feat, which never would have proceeded from a Conservative Government, when the Minister who repeals it gives as his reason for so doing that his predecessor has pledged the House of Commons. So much for the paper-duty. Certainly, in due course, if I had been responsible for the finances of the country, I should have proposed the repeal of the paper-duty, but I would have proposed it, I hope, on more skilful conditions. I should have been sorry if my repeal of the paper-duty had given rise to such scenes as I witness when I ride, as I often do ride, through the valley of the Chilterns, where I see smokeless chimneys and noiseless wheels in places which, before the repeal of the paper-duty, were teeming with life and industry, when the manufacture of paper gave agreeable and profitable occupation to so many of the rural population. I should have annexed some conditions with the view of preventing such scenes in my own county, and in Berkshire, Bedfordshire, and Hertfordshire. But I contend it is totally inconsistent to say that this was one of the great feats which only the skill, intrepidity, and courage of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer could have effected, when we find it avowed by the right hon. gentleman himself that his main reason for the repeal was his predecessor having pledged the House of Commons to it."

We have now lying before us the report of Mr. Gladstone's great speech at Liverpool, delivered on the 19th of June (Mr. Disraeli spoke to the electors of Bucks on the 14th), and we cannot discover in it a single sentence which notices, even in the most cursory manner, this quiet but most complete abstraction of borrowed feathers from the daw's back. Mr. Gladstone, in addressing his South Lancashire supporters, undertook to reply fully and fairly to Mr. Disraeli's speech; and, as we shall presently show, went considerably beyond the limits of good taste in dealing out invective where argument appeared to fail him. But not one word was said about the paper-duties, the motives which led to their repeal, or the manner of effecting it. Mr. Disraeli, however, was far from stopping short of the paper-duties. He turned to the Budget of the present year,—according to vulgar opinion, the most successful as well as the most modest with which Mr. Gladstone has favoured us,—and thus described it:—

"This is a great Budget which you owe to a Liberal Government, which could not have been contemplated by a Conservative Government, which would have been opposed tooth and nail by a Conservative Government, and which entitles the present Ministry to the gratitude of the country. In what does its great merit consist? I throw out of consideration small details, and I think I am stating the case fairly when I say its great merit is said to consist in the reduction of the duty on tea and the great reduction of the income-tax. These were the two great measures proposed on the part of the Government by the Liberal Chancellor of the Exchequer. Allow me to say, and I will not say much on it, that in 1852, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Derby's Government, I was the first who attempted to grapple with the tea-duties. I will not insist on that, for it is a long time ago; but two years ago we supported in the House of Commons a resolution for the very identical reduction of the tea-duties which Mr. Gladstone has proposed this year. We were beaten by thirteen. If Mr. Gladstone has arrived at the conclusion that this was a good measure and that ours was the better policy, I don't grudge him our policy; but what becomes of the argument that this reduction would not have been effected by a Conservative Government when, as I have shown you, it always was our policy, and when, even though not in office, we should have given effect to it two years ago, only we were

beaten by a majority of thirteen? Well, then, the reduction of the income-tax. That never could have come from a Conservative Government. Allow me to remind you that I left the income-tax at the lowest rate it ever stood. I left it at 5d. It was afterwards raised by Mr. Gladstone to 9d., and he has now reduced it to 4d.; But I think it is an absurd misrepresentation to say that the policy of reducing the income-tax is a policy peculiar to a Liberal Administration. Then we are told that Mr. Gladstone has a surplus of £4,000,000, and that surplus never could have been obtained by a Conservative Government. Why, it has been obtained by the adoption of the policy which we have been urging year after year. I do not grudge the present Government the applause of carrying measures which we think so beneficial; but I think that credit should not be given to them to the extent of saying that none but a Liberal Ministry could have had such a surplus, and none but a Liberal Ministry could have made such reductions in the tea-duty and income-tax. There is one other point connected with finance which I wish to touch upon, because I don't want it to be said hereafter, 'Oh, he said this and didn't say that; he's very adroit, and knew how to touch upon the raw, and avoid those great questions which have so much redounded to the credit of the Liberal party.' (An Elector—'What about the Union Rating Bill which you voted against?') My dear sir, you know I have not come to that matter yet—we must have some arrangement of our subjects. There is one subject, as I was about to say, on which great credit is taken by the present Administration, and deservedly, and that is the French Treaty of Commerce. I hope I am stating the case fairly. ('Hear, hear,' from a gentleman on the Liberal side.) I like that gentleman's nod of approbation. But, as I was going to say, it has been argued on every hustings in England where there has been a Liberal candidate, and in every Liberal newspaper which can produce a leading article—and some of them can produce five—that, if you had not had a Free-trade Government, you would not have had a French Treaty of Commerce. My answer to that is, that I am all in favour of a French Treaty of Commerce; but what surprises me is this, that a Free-trade Government should have given us a Treaty of Commerce at all. In 1843, when the trade of this country seemed to be languishing, and when people connected with commerce and persons in Parliament were devising schemes to benefit it, I had the honour of bringing the subject before the House of Commons, and I dwelt on the advantage which would result from a French treaty, among other treaties. But what was my treatment by the Free-traders? They said, 'This won't do; this is the most old-fashioned stuff we ever knew; we don't want treaties of commerce; open your ports, that's all you've got to do; take care of your imports, and your exports will take care of themselves; all these treaties of commerce are old-fashioned stuff, and won't do at all.' Sir R. Peel, who was a most cautious man, and who had then not made his great plunge, said to me privately, that he doubted whether he should ever live to see any treaty of commerce. That was the view of the extreme party, and he was then beginning to be influenced by that party. I have always said throughout our debates on these subjects, that you would never be able to fight hostile tariffs with open ports, and I have always been told that hostile tariffs could only be met by free imports. In 1852, the first thing Lord Derby did was to enter into negotiations with the Cabinet of France, in order to establish a treaty of commerce with that country. Those negotiations were advancing when we quitted office. When that was mentioned, among other things we had attempted, it was received with scoffs or contumelious silence by the Free-traders as being entirely contrary to their views."

Here was, at all events, a fair challenge which Mr. Gladstone might have been expected to accept, and for which, and for the masterly manner in which it was put forward, the Conservatives, as a party, cannot be too grateful. Mr. Disraeli's exposition of the case as it stands between us and the Liberals may be sneered at, but cannot be refuted. As Conservatives, we are not now adverse to the exchange, on fair terms, of the productions of our own climate and of our own skill for those of foreign nations. Treaties of commerce have always been in favour with Conservative statesmen. But treaties of commerce were laughed at by those who clamoured for and

carried the repeal of laws which gave protection to British industry against the untaxed competition of foreigners, and secured to British seamen the largest carrying-trade in the world. It is only now, when foreign states, reaping the same advantage as ourselves from the gold-discoveries, and the diffusion of railway and telegraph systems, are, with their restrictive policy in full or partial force, beginning to get ahead of us, that we send out our agents, official and non-official, to beg of them to enter into commercial treaties with us who have absolutely nothing to offer in exchange for the concessions for which we plead. Why should this be done, if free-trade have answered its purpose to the extent of which its promoters boast? and why should arguments be used in order to make recent negotiations with France and Austria appear other than they are, a clumsy endeavour to retrace our steps, which cannot possibly succeed? The Chancellor of the Exchequer had an excellent opportunity at Liverpool, at once to explain these mysteries, had they been capable of explanation, and to reconcile these discrepancies, had they been capable of reconciliation. Did he take advantage of it? Oh no; he wisely confined himself to the largest possible amount of generalities, till he found, as he imagined, a blot to hit; and then, and not till then, he condescended to particularise. Take the following as a specimen of the taste and logical acumen which distinguish the Liverpool oration, when it condescends to deal with realities; for all that gave a tone to its opening portion we regard as pure sentimentalism, and nothing more:—

"I read in the report of the speech of Mr. Disraeli—and I speak of him with all the respect due to his position and talents—I read in the report of his speech a statement that retrenchment has been forced upon Government by motions made from his side of the House. I cannot explain that extraordinary statement, which he will have the opportunity, perhaps, hereafter, of doing, if he thinks fit, on the floor of the House of Commons. I really think that the reporter of that speech must for once have been asleep, or some of the 'heavy wet' of Buckinghamshire must for a moment have bewildered his brain (loud laughter), for he must in some way or other have turned inside out and upside down in the report of the speech an assertion that had been made by Mr. Disraeli. But then, gentlemen, I go from retrenchment to principles, and it is very fairly said that good harvests are not the work of her Majesty's Government. That, gentlemen, is perfectly true; but I recollect a time when, instead of good harvests, we had bad harvests: and when, in consequence of the miserable harvest of the year 1860, there was a deficiency in the proceeds of the public revenue as compared with the estimate, did I hear anything of the sound doctrine that the harvests are not the work of the Government? At that time, I do assure you, the Government, and especially the unfortunate Chancellor of the Exchequer, were held responsible for the harvest. (Laughter.) There was not a waterspout opened in the heavens which he had not discharged upon the fields beneath; it was he, and he only, that made them: and what a progress, gentlemen, it is in civilisation, that a body of most excellent and respectable persons, who in 1860, when there was a bad harvest, were really so much bedarkened as to suppose that harvest was the work of the Government—they said that the deficiency was its work, so it was the same thing—see what progress they have made, when in 1864–65 there happened to be good harvests, and thus they have awakened to the perception of the important truth that the harvest is not made by this or that Adminisration, but comes as it pleases Providence to send it."

We have here a candid avowal that the great orator had studied the speech of his rival, and that one object which he had in view, while addressing his new constituents, was to criticise and refute its arguments. Yet he makes no allusion to the paper-duties, none to the reduction of the tea-duty, none to the income-tax, none to the strictures passed upon his French Treaty and his Austrian negotiation. He contents himself with turning upon

the joke about good harvests, and makes the most of it. And, almost more curious still, he blunders in his reasoning while he succeeds in raising a laugh. Good harvests are blessings to the people, but they are no special gain to any Chancellor of the Exchequer. Bad harvests, on the contrary, giving a stimulus to the importation of corn from abroad, enable a Chancellor of the Exchequer to raise a little more revenue, by the levy of the shilling duty which still remains to be paid on every quarter of grain so imported. But we have a graver question to discuss than this. Mr. Disraeli had presumed to say that the expulsion of Lord Derby's Government in 1859 was followed by an immediate rise in the amount of public expenditure. Mr. Gladstone denies that the case was so. Here, then, we have an important point fairly at issue; and that there may be no mistake in the matter,—no possibility of charging us at least with misrepresenting it—we shall place in juxtaposition the arguments of the contending orators, word for word, as the 'Times'' correspondent has reported them.

Mr. Disraeli observes—

"A great deal has been said on the hustings about expenditure, but there is another point in the management of the finances which is equally important, and that is economy. Now, as we are told that such extraordinary benefits have accrued to the country from the management of our finances being in Liberal hands, I want to know how far the interests of economy have benefited, compared with what would have taken place under a Conservative Government. On this point, too, I will only trouble you with a few simple facts. In the year 1858-59—the year in which we were responsible for the management of the finances—the expenditure was nominally £65,000,000, but really only £63,000,000; because in that £65,000,000 were contained £2,000,000, which it was necessary to pay, of terminable annuities, which have since ceased. The expense of last year, after six years of peace, was £66,000,000. ('Our family has got bigger.') The gentleman says that the increase of our family has cost us £3,000,000 in our expenditure,—well, we shall see how that is in a moment. The difference between 1858-59 and the present year is £3,000,000, mark that. But two years ago the expenditure, which is now £66,000,000, was £70,000,000, and therefore, though our family has got bigger, our expenditure is not so great as it was. I hope the gentleman begins to see his mistake now. I am glad to be able to give him a lesson. This Parliament has lasted six years; but if we only had annual Parliaments, and I could give him a lesson every year, I have no doubt he would get on. But between the year for which I was responsible and the present year there is a difference of £3,000,000. But let me ask you how that £66,000,000 of this year was arrived at, when two or three years ago the expenditure stood at £2,000,000, £3,000,000, and even £4,000,000 higher. The reduction was produced by repeated motions in the House of Commons made by myself personally, or by my friends, in favour of a reduction of the public expenditure, and from which Lord Palmerston could not escape, and on which we should have had a decided majority had he not come down with a resolution pledging the Government to a considerable and immediate reduction. I am perfectly ready to give the Government credit for all their reductions of taxation and all their reductions of expenditure, and I should have passed them over with the general compliment to which I think a Government is fairly entitled whenever a country is well administered, even though we may not think that all the good results are due to their exertions. I should not be too curious about that. But I have made these observations because from one end of England to the other you have been told that all these advantages have accrued in consequence of your having a Liberal Administration. It has been an attempt to blindfold the people by leading them to suppose that if there had been a Conservative Government nothing of the sort could have occurred, whereas I have shown you that if you had had a Conservative Administration, by the admission of the leaders of the Liberal party themselves, there would have been a repeal of the paper-duty, a great reduction of the tea-duties, and a great reduction of the income-tax, which we have constantly urged upon the House of Commons. There would have been also a treaty of commerce with France, not perhaps conducted with the same

ability with which it was conducted by Mr. Cobden—not by the Government, mind—for I am told that, though in 1852 there was a Prime Minister who supported the negotiations which were entered into, when the real treaty was being made there was a Prime Minister who threw every possible impediment in its way. I have shown you now that if you come to reduction, our case is one most advantageous, as compared with that of the Liberal Administration, and I have been forced to take this course in honourable vindication of those with whom I act in public life. In fact, the whole thing has been a genteel imposture from beginning to end, and if the 'parties,' as the phrase has it, did not move in eminent circles, and occupy a distinguished position in life, they would be taken before the Lord Mayor and punished for obtaining applause under false pretences."

Such is Mr. Disraeli's statement, concise at least, and intelligible. Now hear Mr. Gladstone in reply, and observe the tone of contempt in which he refers to "the reconstruction of the Navy"—

"But now we are upon a point of fact; and the allegation made is this, that sixty-five millions only was the public expenditure during the year for which the Government that preceded us was responsible. Now, how does that matter really stand? Pay a little attention to the dates. In the month of April 1859, on the first of the month, a new financial year began. We were not then in office; another Government was in office. That Government, when challenged upon its general conduct, called for a vote of confidence and thanks from the House of Commons, upon the ground that, discovering the inefficient condition of our military and naval establishments, they had set on foot what was rather pompously called the reconstruction of the navy; that was in the month of April or May 1859, and it was not until June 1859 that we came into office. It was not until July when the new Parliament were able to examine the condition of the finances. We had then before us the boast of our predecessors that they had set on foot the reconstruction of the navy; and now I make the assertion, to which I challenge contradiction, that when we came into office in 1859, we found the expenditure going on and the estimates of the year fixed, and three months of the year already gone by, not at the rate of sixty-five millions, but at the rate of sixty-nine millions a-year. Now, I confess I am surprised to see that some of the very persons who glorify themselves, and take credit to the country for the immense energy they had displayed in setting on foot the building of a number of perfectly worthless wooden line-of-battle ships (loud laughter), can actually think that we have forgotten all these boasts,—that we are disposed to go back with them to the expenditure of a former year, from which they themselves claim the greatest credit for having departed. It was at sixty-nine millions a-year, and not sixty-five millions, at which we found the expenditure proceeding when we came into office. In truth, gentlemen, the legacy which was bequeathed to me as Chancellor of the Exchequer—and most earnestly do I hope that no one of all this vast assemblage ever may have such a legacy left to him by his friends—the legacy bequeathed to me in the month of July 1859, when between three or four months of the year were already passed, and a corresponding portion of money already spent, was how to find the means of meeting a deficiency of between four and five millions of money. Well, but then that's not all, gentlemen; because we are told, and told truly, that the expenditure did not stop at sixty-nine millions, but in the year 1860 went up to seventy-two millions of money—nearer, I think, to seventy-three millions; but why was that? Why, gentlemen, to the very same reason,—we owe it to the kindness of our predecessors. In the exercise of their diplomatic wisdom they had to instruct an ambassador to sign a treaty with China, and it appeared to them that the signing of a treaty was an operation which could not passibly be performed in a satisfactory manner without a large fleet. The people of China, in some way or other, did not understand the necessity of a large fleet for the signing of a treaty, and thought that this large fleet must probably have some other object in view. However that may be, as you know, a great disaster occurred in the month of June 1859, at the mouth of the Peiho, under the instructions of Lord Malmesbury, and before the present Government had assumed their office, or, at any rate, had been able to take any step in reference to China. The consequence of that disaster was that we had to find six millions of money

in order to restore our position with China. Therefore, I say that the undivided credit of the expenditure of from seventy-two to seventy-three million pounds, which we rose to in 1860, is not with your humble servant, but those who preceded us in our office."

We have thus submitted to us two statements, both of which may be true in letter, though in spirit they contradict one another. The first, that of Mr. Disraeli, affirms that when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1859, he took a vote of £65,000,000, as sufficient to carry on the government of the country. The second is Mr. Gladstone's, which asserts that three months subsequently, when he displaced Mr. Disraeli and became responsible for the finances of the country, he found the expenditure going on at the rate of £69,000,000. Of the truth—the exact truth—of the former of these statements, there can be no doubt. The records of Mr. Disraeli's Budget survive to speak for themselves. They show that he calculated the public expenditure to be £65,000,000, and no more, inclusive of £2,000,000 due on account of terminable annuities. As little can it be denied that in the service of last year £66,000,000 were expended; an excess over the estimate of 1859 of, nominally, one million—in reality of three millions, the terminable annuities having ceased. "Oh, but," replies Mr. Gladstone, "this is not fair; you took your estimate for £65,000,000; but you managed your expenditure at the rate of £69,000,000, and all that followed—the increase of our expenditure till it reached £72,000,000, and our present outlay, which we acknowledge to be £66,000,000—is entirely owing to your folly in setting on foot the building of a number of perfectly useless wooden line-of-battle ships," and "thinking it necessary to send a fleet up the Peiho river in order to obtain the ratification of the treaty by the Emperor of China." We have two objections to offer to this style of argument.

In the first place, is it quite certain that the Conservative Government of 1859, after estimating for a revenue of £65,000,000, entered upon a course of expenditure which could not be achieved for less than £69,000,000? We need not outrage courtesy and good manners by saying abruptly that this is not true; but Mr. Gladstone will, we trust, forgive us, if we venture to insinuate that something more than his mere assertion, uttered in a moment of excitement, and to serve a special purpose, is necessary to put the point beyond "the confines of doubt." In the next place, assuming the facts to be as Mr. Gladstone represents them, is Lord Derby's Government in fault? Consider the relation in which England stood towards France in 1858-59, and her state of preparation to meet a danger, should it suddenly arise. The Orsini plot had just come off. France was in a ferment. French officers were demanding to be led against the country which harboured assassins, and refused to change its laws for the purpose of putting them to death. And the demand was the more likely to be listened to and complied with, that England was then without a fleet, and had no armed force to depend upon ashore except her regular army on the peace establishment. Was it not the first duty of the English Government, under these circumstances, whatever might be the hands that wielded it, to repair this error with the least possible delay? and did not the "reconstruction of the navy," present itself as an obvious and pressing necessity? "Perhaps so," says Mr. Gladstone, "but, in the name of common sense, why set on foot building a number of perfectly useless wooden line-of-battle ships?" For this reason, that ironclads had not then been thought of. The French Emperor was, we believe, beginning to work out the idea; but if he had an ironclad at all fit to go to sea, we knew nothing about it; and no human being in England had as yet hinted at the possibility of putting armour on ships' sides, and

trusting them beyond the mouths of harbours. If it was necessary to create or "reconstruct the navy" at all (and no sane man, we believe, will not deny that necessity), what could Lord Derby's Government do except refit, equip, build, and push forward with the utmost despatch, those "wooden line-of-battle ships," which were not only not useless, but which gave us, ere many months expired, such a superiority over the fleets of our neighbours that all serious danger of invasion died out? How disengenuous then, how positively dishonest, in the present Chancellor of the Exchequer to take advantage of the forgetfulness, not to call it the ignorance, of his audience, and endeavour to ridicule as both extravagant and futile that "reconstruction of the navy" which the Parliament and the public equally approved in 1859; and which still remains, perhaps, the most creditable memory connected with the administrative policy of Lord Derby's Cabinet.

But what about the expedition up the Peiho river, and the consequences arising out of it? This: that if we are to go back into a consideration of our Chinese policy, we must not begin there. What about Sir John Bowring's folly, and the war that arose out of it? and the repeated proofs, forced upon successive Administrations, that the Chinese Government would never keep faith with outer barbarians till convinced that might would insure right, if right were denied to expostulation. The expedition up the Peiho was, we contend, a wise measure in its conception. That it was somewhat rashly pushed forward, in the face of armed resistance, may be true; but a British officer could scarcely turn away from the first obstacle that met him in the execution of his duty; and if he failed to effect his purpose, he at all events saved his own and his country's honour. What would Mr. Gladstone have done? Sent an English ambassador, attended only by a secretary, alone in a cart, along the road which the Chinese officials pointed out to him, that he might be insulted, laughed at, and possibly put to death when at last he reached Pekin? No. The expedition up the Peiho was a procedure which, under all the circumstances of the case, could not be avoided; and if a costly war arose out of it, let us not forget that the Whigs paved the way for the second war by entering needlessly and unjustly into the first. It won't do, therefore, to talk of a legacy of difficulties left by Lord Derby's to Lord Palmerston's Government. Lord Palmerston's Government sowed the seed which had already grown up and come to maturity ere Lord Derby took office. The enormous increase of expenditure which attended the return of the Liberals to power, was thus the result of their own egregious mismanagement, and of nothing else.

We may safely leave the country to judge between the candour of the two statements, one uttered before the electors of Bucks, at Aylesbury, the other to the voters for South Lancashire, at Liverpool. But there is a question connected with them, not merely of fact, but of taste and good manners, which demands that we should not pass it wholly by. The bustle of the elections was over when Lord Malmesbury, struck as he well might be with what Mr. Gladstone had said respecting the disaster at the mouth of the Peiho, addressed to that right honourable gentleman a letter, wherein certain facts which seemed to have escaped the speaker's recollection were plainly yet not disrespectfully stated. Mr. Gladstone was reminded that Lord Derby's Government, in sending a squadron to escort Lord Elgin to Pekin, had acted on the advice, indeed the urgent entreaty, of the Admiral, of the General, of Lord Elgin himself, and of every Englishman resident in China who possessed any knowledge at all of the Chinese Character. Mr. Gladstone was further reminded, that when Lord Palmerston return-

ed to office, both he in the House of Commons, and Earl Russell in the House of Lords, expressed their entire approval of the course which their predecessors had followed, and expressed at the same time their determination to avenge the outrage which had been offered to the British flag. Mr. Gladstone was then requested to make some amends for the wrong which he had done to the foreign policy of the Conservatives, when he sneeringly reproached them with "the exercise of diplomatic wisdom" in assuming "that the signing of a treaty was an operation which could not possibly be performed in a satisfactory manner without a large fleet." Was there anything unreasonable in this request?—anything derogatory to the honour, dignity, or modesty of the individual he appealed to? Mr. Gladstone appears to have believed that there was; for he first affected to treat the letter as a forgery, leaving it for some days unanswered; and by-and-by, when driven to recognise its genuineness, he lost his temper. He had not even the good manners to write as he had been written to—personally addressing his correspondent, and dealing with the case as it was set before him; but, in a note written in the third person, outraged all decency, and placed himself thereby more conspicuously in the wrong. Lord Malmesbury can well afford to treat Mr. Gladstone's impertinences with the contempt which they deserve. But a gentleman who aspires some day to lead the House of Commons, and possibly to preside over the councils of his Sovereign, should recollect that abilities more commanding even than his cannot atone for want of temper, leading, as it invariably does, to rudeness which neither Parliament nor Cabinet will tolerate.

We come now to the last of the four leading statesmen whose hustings declarations we undertook to examine, because they indicate pretty clearly not alone the opinions of the rival parties respecting the past, but their views and intentions in regard to the future. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton addressed his constituents in Plough Field near Hertford, on the same day when Mr. Gladstone spoke to the electors of South Lancashire at Liverpool; and, touching more than Mr. Disraeli had done on foreign affairs, he enunciated truths which cannot be too gravely pondered by Englishmen, whatever their places in society may be. Like his colleague at Aylesbury, he gave full credit to Lord Palmerston's Government wherever credit was due:—

"I am not here to bestow unqualified blame upon the Government. If Lord Palmerston were among us to-day, there is one merit, I believe, which he would concede to the Conservatives—the merit that during the six years of his tenure of office we have often saved him from defeat and discomfiture. Now, there are some things which I approve in the present Government. I thank the Government for the strict neutrality they have preserved in the unhappy civil war which has afflicted our American kinsfolk. Whatever may be the differences of opinion and sympathy among us as to the causes of that unhappy conflict, there can be no doubt that strict neutrality in point of political action was the bounden duty of the British Government, and in the maintenance of that neutrality the Conservatives have given the Government their cordial support. I also thank her Majesty's Government for the moral support they have given to the cause of Italian independence. I said in this country—and I said it from the first—that it was for the interest of Europe and of civilisation that Italy should shake off the yoke of Austria; and that, with her magnificent seaboard, with her fertile soil, and her intelligent population, she should assume her proper rank in the great family of nations. I said then, and I say now, as I have always said, that the establishment of free states is for the interest of England, because in every free country there must exist a natural ally of that England which is the parent and the model of them all. Now, we hear a good deal at present of the policy of non-intervention. That policy of non-intervention, except in cases in which our honour or our in-

terests are directly concerned, is the policy that has been adopted by all modern Conservative statesmen—by the late Sir Robert Peel, by Lord Derby, by Mr. Disraeli. But, then, non-intervention does not mean that England is never to express her opinions to foreign states on affairs that may affect the tranquillity of Europe or the welfare of humanity. That is a silence which the people of this country never would allow to their Government; and as long as liberty and justice and mercy exist upon earth, so long will the heart of England beat in their cause, and so long will her voice be heard in their defence. Having now stated to you where I can frankly praise and thank the present Government, I will tell you where I am compelled to blame them; and I will do it all the more frankly and plainly because I must here find the same fault with them towards an unfortunate foreign power which I will show you later they have committed towards you, their own fellow-countrymen. That fault is that they have excited hopes which they have deceived, and that they have made promises which they have broken. That was the case with regard to Denmark. I do not wish to exaggerate; I do not wish to say that our Government offered such direct pledges of military aid to Denmark that those pledges could not be explained away by a clever lawyer. But I say that in the dealings of a great state with a small and a weak one, the great state should act, not as a clever lawyer, but as a straightforward, a loyal, and an honest gentleman. When a great state says to a small one, 'Your cause is just; put yourself in our hands, act upon our advice,' and the small state complies with that recommendation, there is a promise on the part of the great state that the small one shall not be left to fight and to bleed alone. But that was what was done by Denmark. Denmark altered her laws; she upset her government; she revoked her constitution; she changed the battle-field she would herself have preferred—all by our advice; and then at the close we left her mutilated and despoiled, and compelled to accept far worse terms than she could have made if she had never listened to our counsels and counted on our aid. (A cry of 'What would you have done then?') What should we have done? Well, we would not have made promises which we were to break. I do not blame the Government for declining war, because war was impossible. I do not blame the Government for maintaining peace. But what I do blame them for is this, and it is a blame I believe which neither we nor any other government would have incurred—I blame them for having used language of menace to Germany which Germany laughed at as idle braggadocio. I blame them not for preserving peace, but for so contriving it that while every wise Englishman said peace was necessary, every brave Englishman, on accepting that peace, hung his head for shame. But let me add one word, and I wish you to hear it. I wish to say this, that in blaming the Government I do not, as many Liberals as well as Conservatives do—I do not make Earl Russell a scapegoat upon this occasion. I do not say that Earl Russell was guilty and that the Cabinet was blameless. On the contrary, whatever the faults of Earl Russell may have been—and such is human nature that the faults of great men, like their merits, stand out more broadly than those of ordinary mortals—but, whatever the faults of Earl Russell may have been, I must say that the last fault I should ascribe to him would be that of wilful indifference to the honour of old England, in the history of which he has played so conspicuous a part and will leave so imperishable a name. Whom, then, do I blame? Not individuals; I never assail individuals. I blame a vacillating, a motley, and a divided Cabinet to which all the despatches and proceedings of Earl Russell were referred. And now I charge her Majesty's Government with the same fault towards their own countrymen which they committed towards Denmark. I charge them with exciting hopes which they deceived; I charge them with making promises which they broke."

There is no getting over this, and every member of Lord Palmerston's Cabinet knows it. England suffered, through the misconduct of her Government during the Danish difficulty, an amount of disgrace from which she will never recover till war with some great Power is forced upon her, and she comes gloriously out of the struggle. But keenly as we feel our present humiliation, we must confess that we see no escape from it except by patience; for it is a thousandfold better for nations, not less than for individuals, to endure shame, and even suffering, than to escape from it by risking still greater hazards,

especially when others must be involved in the danger and the loss as well as themselves. The question which we naturally ask ourselves, therefore, and which Sir Edward Lytton put indirectly to his auditors, is this, How long will the English people endure a Government which thus degrades them in the eyes of Europe, or give ear to sophistries which attribute to the great Conservative party a meddling disposition in regard to foreign countries, and extravagance in the management of fiscal affairs at home? Are not these things said, and repeated, and reiterated, for the single purpose of diverting public attention from the blundering foreign policy and most extravagant domestic administration of the very men who make and repeat the assertion?

While leading statesmen on both sides thus deal with practical questions, and the more moderate of the supporters of the present Government speak Conservatism, without, as it appears, being aware of it, there are not wanting those in the great Liberal party who take a line of their own much more decided, and with a boldness far surpassing that which characterised their bearing on any former occasion. The 'Times,' we observe, speaks slightingly of this section of Lord Palmerston's supporters. It holds that they are fewer in number, and in influence far below the point to which they had reached in the old Parliament. Indeed, if we may credit the leading journal, Radicalism is dead, and a Palmerstonian or true Conservative policy reigns throughout the Liberal camp. On the 21st of July the oracle thus spake:—

"The term 'Conservative,' as nobody knows better than Mr. Disraeli himself, is a very ambiguous one; it may mean either a political party or a school of political opinion. In the former sense—a sense in which Mr. Disraeli wishes it to be understood—nothing can be more transparantly plain than that the Conservatives have already lost heavily, and are likely to lose yet more by the elections to come; but no assumption would be more futile than to assume that the limits of the Conservative party are identical with the limits of Conservative opinion. Mr. Disraeli enumerates Mr. Bright's opinions—the change in the tenure of land, the separation of Church and State, the limitation of the power of entail. Mr. Disraeli forgets to say anything about Reform. Now, does he really suppose that these opinions will find a more hearty and determined opposition from the Tories than from that side of the House on which Mr. Bright sits? Is it on these subjects that Whigs and Tories are divided? and are such subjects to be promoted or retarded according as a Liberal or a Tory member is returned to Parliament? The contrary is so notoriously the fact, that it would be idle to waste words in proving it. The Conservative principle has doubtless triumphed in these elections, and for that very reason the so-called Conservative party has lost [!]. The country has voted for those in whose hands it believed its institutions would be most safe, and these persons are neither the followers of Mr. Bright nor Mr. Disraeli."

This is the view taken of the situation by the Whig section of the party which the 'Times' supports; but other writers, at least as well entitled to give an opinion as the 'Times,' take a different view of the question. Hear the 'Morning Star,' a journal generally well informed in all that relates to the sayings and doings of the section of the Liberal party which it represents:—

"Among other advanced Liberals who have gained a seat by these elections may be mentioned Mr. John Stuart Mill, Professor Fawcett, Mr. Joseph Cowen, Mr. Thomas Hughes, Mr. Samuel Morley, Mr. M'Cullagh Torrens, Alderman Lusk, Mr. Platt, Mr. Harris, Mr. Philipps, Mr. Trevelyan, and Mr. Leatham of Wakefield. Only two of the prominent members who sat below the gangway in the old Parliament have lost their seats—Mr. Leatham at Huddersfield and Mr. Lawson at Carlisle—and by adroit manœuvring the seat for the Stirling boroughs, which has for many years been occupied by an advanced Liberal, has been transferred from Mr. Caird to Mr. Oliphant, notwithstanding the vigorous effort made by Mr. Evans to retain it for the real friends of progress. There is nothing in this history of recruited ranks to make the advanced Liberals less hopeful or energetic; nothing to warrant any

writer in making the assertion that they have lost rather than gained by the elections; and nothing to induce the Government to believe that a less earnest Liberalism will be acceptable to the country. On the contrary, it is evident at a glance, from the significant character of the names we have enumerated, that the power and influence of the advanced party are greatly increased, independent altogether of the great numerical strength which they possess. We venture to repeat that they have it in their power to dictate a Reform Bill to whatever Ministry may be in power. The advanced Liberals have immensely gained by the elections, in the seal which has been put by the country to the soundness of their policy."

It is not for us to say which of these two respectable authorities is most to be depended upon. Their difference they may settle between them; but this much is certain, that the *advanced Liberals* have bated nothing of the tone of confidence which distinguished their appeals to the public a year or two ago, and they will enter upon the first session of a new Parliament more than ever wedded to their old opinions, and at least as hopeful of pressing them on the acceptance of the House of Commons. All may not be of one mind in regard to the object first to be sought, but all are agreed as to the final issue, from which no enticements or flattery shall bear them away. Mr. Bright, true to himself, went in at once for Parliamentary Reform, and Birmingham returned him without opposition, together with his former colleague, Mr. Scholefield; and Mr. Scholefield and he go to the new Parliament as deeply pledged as ever, and more hopeful by far. In like manner Mr. Baines, in spite of the dead-weight of Lord Amberley at his back, fought the battle of advanced Liberalism at Leeds, and succeeded in securing his own re-election. What he said about Reform we need not stop to explain; but he had a more difficult card to play on the subject of Church and State; for about that question Leeds is a good deal divided, and it must be confessed that, remembering what his real opinions are, he played it skilfully. Being asked whether he was prepared to vote for the separation of Church and State, he said—

"To that he would be obliged to return a discriminating answer. He was himself a Dissenter, who thought that the Church of Christ was not designed by its Founder to be supported by the civil magistrates or by means of taxation. He was a Voluntary, and supported his own religion, his own schools, and all that was connected with that religion. His principle, therefore, was entire independence of Church and State; but the question of the separation of Church and State required accurate definition. If the question meant the entire abolition of tithes, he was not prepared to vote for that. If it meant taking away from the Church the fabrics of the Church, he was not prepared to vote for that. He was not prepared to vote for anything that would diminish the influence of the Church as a religious institution; but at the same time he would tell the members of the Church that they had no right to tax any other individual of any other religion for the support of theirs. He was confident that religion could support itself, and that religious communities could support themselves. But he would not, at the expense of a revolution, sanction anything violent in this country. When the change was made, it must be effected both with the consent of Parliament and the people. It must, in fact, be effected with the consent of the Church of England itself."

We have never charged Mr. Baines with any desire to effect even his pet measure—the lowering of the franchise—by force of arms. He has too much at stake—let us add, he is too humane a man—"to sanction, at the expense of a revolution, anything violent in this country." Mr. Bright himself we acquit in like manner of dreaming, in his moments of most extravagant excitement, of forcing a republic on a reluctant nation. But both are aware—Mr. Baines, perhaps, more fully so than Mr. Bright—that in proportion as you succeed in throwing political influence into the hands of the uneducated and the needy, the nearer you approach to a state of things which will bring about, without any apparent revo-

lution, "things violent," whatever these may be, in this country. Mr. Baines cannot seriously expect that the time will ever come when the Church of England shall consent to be dissevered from the State. But give him what he seeks, a £6 franchise in boroughs, and he will soon compel you to go farther, both in boroughs and in counties. And then, with a manhood suffrage established, there will be very little difficulty in securing the assent of Parliament to any changes—this among the rest—which shall, to an ignorant constituency, appear to make all men equal, as they are in America.

To the pledges given to their respective constituencies by each of the respectable gentlemen whom the 'Star' takes under its patronage, it is not worth while specially to refer. They are all as large, as explicit, as complimentary in tone, as stringent in matter, as such constituencies were likely to require of their representatives. Mr. Hughes will do his best to obtain, before another general election comes round, a vote for every working man in Lambeth. Mr. Mill abandons his educational test, and will not insist on extending the electoral privilege to women; but he desires to see every full-grown man a voter, and all religious denominations put upon the same level. This is very handsome conduct on the part of Messrs. Hughes and Mill, especially as regards the honest hard-handed operatives, the appreciation of whose merits as men and citizens they claim as belonging exclusively to the Liberal party. Now it is a remarkable fact that, whatever may be the language held by Liberal candidates at the hustings, there are no more bitter or habitual abusers of numbers as opposed to intelligence—wherever, that is to say, numbers, in other words the public, go against them—than Liberals, not being candidates at the hustings. Take two specimens of the style in which Liberal writers resent the defeat, by large constituencies, of the candidates in whose return they are interested. Mr. Gladstone was thrown out by the University of Oxford, fairly and honestly, for reasons which were never held back from him. The 'Times,' who had pleaded for him, argued for him, threatened for him, thus accounts for the failure:—

"To set against these gains the Conservatives have one important but inglorious success. It is probable that it will be their unenviable achievement to drive from the representation of the University of Oxford one of the foremost statesmen of the age—one who was an orator, a scholar, and the most able economist in Parliament, was beyond all men the most fitted to represent a national University. The new system of polling has allowed the votes of the less liberal part of the constituency to be brought to bear in large numbers on the contest. The political and ecclesiastical fanatics of the place have collected the proxies of the country clergy by hundreds, and the consequence is that Mr. Hardy will in all probability enjoy through life the notoriety of having superseded the most illustrious representative that an English University has in our time possessed. We feel it is useless to argue with the men who have thus gratified a dull spirit of partisanship at the expense of their University and of the country. They will probably take all the reproaches they receive as compliments; the adverse comments not only of English but of foreign society will but make them the more complacent by showing them that their vengeance has been deeply felt."

Of course, there was no high principle, no intelligence, no sense of duty to the Church and to the University, among those who preferred that Mr. Hardy should represent them in Parliament, and that Mr. Gladstone should seek a seat elsewhere. No. It was the political and ecclesiastical fanatics of the place who "collected the proxies of the country clergy by hundreds," and "it is useless to argue with the men who have thus gratified a dull spirit of partisanship at the expense of their University and of the country." Thus, there is nothing too bad to be said of men

who are surely as capable as £6 and even as £10 householders of judging who ought, and who ought not, to speak for them, and vote for them, in the Commons House of Parliament. But the 'Times' is, at all events, conventional in its abuse. It denounces, condemns, holds cheap the intellects of those who have thwarted it. It does not go so far as to indulge in ribald vituperation, much less to deny the fitness of the country clergy to exercise the rights of citizenship at all. Now, hear the 'Daily Telegraph,' a journal more liberal by many degrees than the 'Times,' on the subject of the late election in Edinburgh, and the defeat of Mr. Black, whose cause it had espoused :—

"The Edinburgh election yesterday resulted in the return of Mr. Duncan M'Laren and the Lord Advocate. Mr. Adam Black, who has represented Edinburgh in Parliament since 1856, has been displaced. He occupied the third place on the poll; and Mr. Miller, lately C. E., now political operative-of-all-work-and-no-knowledge, was at the bottom of the poll. The election of Mr. Duncan M'Laren has been brought almost entirely by the small shopkeeper class. Not a citizen of any note or eminence supported him or accompanied him to the hustings. A more commonplace, dirty-faced vulgar-looking crowd than his supporters I have never seen. His majority was made up chiefly of the tenants of small houses in the Old Town of Edinburgh and of small shops. In the New Town he was in a miserable minority. The intelligence of the city among all classes, from the literary and legal to the skilled artisans, was almost unanimous against him; but he will go to the House of Commons, nevertheless, to represent the dirty faces and the jobbing crotchety heads, as distinguished from the great mass of the integrity and intelligence and sound common-sense, and the honest working faculty with brain and hand, of the inhabitants of Edinburgh. The multitudinous has swamped the meritorious."

If any Tory newspaper had so expressed itself on an occasion similar to that which called forth this diatribe, we and the country never should have heard the last of it. We should have been told that that the sweat and dirt of labour are honourable stains; that the strongly marked countenance may be vulgar, but is the index of intelligence; that there is as much honesty in a small house as in a large one, and probably as fair dealing among the minor shopkeeping class as among those whose trade is conducted on the largest scale. But we have not yet done with our Liberal friend. Mr. Duncan M'Laren, though a man of the people, is not a man after the writer's heart; and as to the voters, he can no longer listen to any one who proposes to go lower in the scale than a £10 occupancy.

"Mr. Duncan M'Laren has had a great reputation for intellect, and for performance; but I have failed to see anything in his intellect the least above commonplace. He cannot originate an idea; but if some one else has done so, and it appears to be pretty certain of being carried successfully, then Mr. Duncan M'Laren steps in and gives fussy assistance, and in the end takes the entire credit to himself, and boasts without ceasing of what he did, ignoring every other human being. A more selfish man does not exist, I believe, among the public men of Edinburgh. To look at, he is the very impersonation of hoary, cold-blooded calculating selfishness. If he ever did a noble or generous act, I have failed to hear of it, and I do not believe that he ever did or will do anything that he does not suppose to be likely to advance his own personal interests. The ignorant and bigoted of the lower classes of Edinburgh have, on the face of his smooth, cunning speeches, believed him to be their friend and champion. They are, if I am not far mistaken, likely to be soon undeceived. They will learn how little he can and will do for them. And he too will learn how different the House of Commons is from an adoring audience of grocers and cheesemongers. I daresay the M.P.'s will hear him for once, to see what like a monster it could be that supplanted honest Adam Black, and was the chief instrument in 1847 in ousting Macaulay; but I feel rather sure they will soon set him down as a bore with his everlasting references to statistics and recitations of the multiplication table He will sink, and that speedily, into a despised joint of John Bright's tail, and

feel, no doubt, in his 'soul of vulgar fractions,' that he would have been happier had he, by talking arithmetic, continued to excite the empty hopes and gaping admiration of the grocers and cheesemongers of Edinburgh. Those who had the fortune to be much in the polling-booths of the Old Town yesterday, nearly all left them with the conviction that the franchise is low enough, in so far as pounds sterling are concerned. The ignorance displayed by those possessing the trust of the franchise was very amusing and noteworthy."

Against the conclusion at which the correspondent of the 'Daily Telegraph' arrives, we have not one word to say. On the contrary, we agree entirely with him in thinking that "the franchise is low enough," and that, instead of striving to sink it to the level of "the ignorance displayed" on the occasion under review, true Liberalism will impress upon the working classes the wisdom of raising themselves, by their industry, sobriety, and intelligence, above the line which the law and constitution have drawn between citizenship and mere existence. At the same time, we cannot approve the tone in which a teacher in the school of Liberalism expounds his novel theory. It is insulting to the people; and the people, we should think, will scarcely forgive the outrage in consideration of the source whence it comes.

On the whole, then, the conclusions at which we arrive are these. Though less successful at the hustings than we had hoped and expected to be, we are far from feeling that the cause of constitutional government has lost ground. The formation of an avowedly Conservative Administration may be deferred by the issues of the general election for a year, or for less, or even for more. But that things cannot go on as they have of late been doing, beyond the next, or, at the farthest, the second session from this date, we no more doubt than we doubt our own existence. The 'Times,' we believe, is right in assuming that the spirit of Conservatism is stronger in the present Parliament than it was in the last. When the Houses first meet, this may not appear either in the political programme set forth by the Queen's Ministers, or by the speeches and votes of their supporters; for Lord Palmerston will scarcely venture at the opening of the session to cut the painter which links him with the concrete, bustling, and thoroughgoing band who sit below the gangway to torment as well as to vote for him. But Lord Palmerston is not himself a Radical; and if he were, there are among the new members many who, to our knowledge, would refuse to follow him beyond a certain limit in the direction of Radicalism. These, as time passes, will more and more discover the propriety of postponing personal prejudices to their country's welfare. They will learn to look less at men than at measures; to value eloquence only so far as it is well and wisely used; and to understand that there is something higher than allegiance to party—the duty of guarding against wrong and outrage the constitution which has come to us from our fathers, and of transmitting it in its integrity to our children. It may take time to place in office again an Administration avowedly Conservative; and possibly, when such an Administration is formed, men now little thought of as likely to sit in the same Cabinet with one another may belong to it. But however this may be, there is the best evidence to show that Conservatism, as a principle of government, is in the ascendant. And by whomsoever the powers of Government may be wielded, they shall, so long as they maintain a just balance in the State, receive our hearty and uncompromising support.

THE DEATH OF WILLIAM AYTOUN.

It will not be expected that a new Number of this Magazine should appear without our attempting to express, however inadequately, our deep grief and infinite regret for the loss we have sustained by the death of William Edmondstoune Aytoun. Carried off in the prime of life, in the midst of a brilliant, useful, and prosperous career, and in the enjoyment of the utmost domestic happiness, he leaves a blank which will not soon be supplied in the hearts of those who possessed his friendship, and in the number — now, alas! too limited — of the men of genius and literary power of which his country could boast. For ourselves, we have to lament his loss upon a double ground; as a most faithful and valued literary auxiliary, and as a friend bound to us by the strongest ties of dear and familiar intimacy. It is with difficulty that we can command our feelings so as to record with any regularity of method the few facts in his life which it seems proper here to notice.

He was born in June 1813, and had thus at his death in August 1865, completed his fifty-second year. On both sides of his house he was well descended and well connected. His father, who was a writer to the signet, and the partner of an eminent firm in that profession, died when Aytoun was comparatively young. His mother lived to a great age, and died only a few years ago. She was an excellent example of an old Scottish lady, and from her tendencies and traditions her son derived much of his early and enduring predilection for the Cavalier cause. He was a most attached son and brother, and his mother and sisters repaid his affection by the strongest feelings which an only son and brother could inspire.

He was educated at the Edinburgh Academy, and went through the usual curriculum at the University, of which he was destined to become so distinguished an ornament. He afterwards studied for some time in Germany, where he acquired that love and knowledge of German literature of which his writings contain so many proofs.

He passed as a writer to the signet, but soon saw that this was not his appropriate sphere, and in 1840 he was called to the Scottish Bar. He practised for a time with some success, particularly in criminal causes, and regularly attended the Western Circuit. His literary propensities, however, were too strong to be repressed. He became well known among his companions for various successful *jeux d'esprit*, as well as for compositions of a more serious kind, both in verse and prose. He furnished at this time several contributions to 'Tait's Magazine,' where, in conjunction with a congenial collaborateur, his early friend, Theodore Martin, he began the 'Bon Gaultier Ballads,' which now form the best and most popular collection that exists of that kind of composition.

In 1839 his connection with this Magazine commenced, and we venture to say, with a feeling of pride which we trust will not be thought unbecoming, that he found here a peculiarly fit and favourable field for the exercise of his great and varied powers. These soon began to be appreciated; but 'The Burial-March of Dundee,' and 'Charles Edward at Versailles,' which were published in the Magazine in 1843, were the first things that made him known as a true poet, and from that time his

reputation, and it may be added, his powers of literary execution, continued steadily to increase.

Shortly after this, the railway mania attained the alarming height which caused so serious a crisis in that form of speculation. Aytoun had seen in the circle of his own acquaintance a good deal of the ruinous effects which fell upon those "who," as he used to express it, "were *out* in the 'Forty-five' of the present century;" and his reflections on this disastrous madness led him to attempt an antidote. In October 1845, there appeared in the Magazine his celebrated paper, 'How we got up the Glenmutchkin.' The picture there presented was not only a most amusing piece of comic writing, but a true representation of the existing evils, and a powerful and most useful satire upon the parties concerned in them. We have reason to believe, from good authority, that the article had a marked effect at the time in moderating the frantic speculations of the period, and "The Glenmutchkin" has ever since been a byword for denouncing those desperate enterprises that are undertaken upon no solid ground, and promoted by an atrocious system of exaggeration and falsehood.

'The Glenmutchkin' was followed by many sketches of social life conceived and executed in the same happy vein of combined humour and good sense; but it was not easy to find another subject so fortunate or so popular.

In the beginning of 1848 the Magazine contained the poem of 'Edinburgh after Flodden,' an admirable composition, and the best, perhaps, of that collection of Lays on which Mr. Aytoun's permanent reputation is most likely to stand. We cannot help thinking that, with the single exception of Sir Walter Scott's ballads, this volume exhibits by far the best and truest specimens of this peculiar and difficult form of poetry that have ever appeared from the pen of an individual writer.

We have now before us a list of the various papers he contributed to our pages from the year 1839 to the time of his death. They amount in number to more than a hundred and twenty, and we cannot look over the catalogue without admiration of the diversity of subjects which they embrace, and the persevering assiduity which produced them. For we have no hesitation in saying that none of his papers were carelessly thrown off, but that in all of them he put his heart conscientiously into his work, and laboured to give it as much completeness and efficiency as it was in his power to bestow.

It would be endless to notice the various departments of writing in which he excelled, though we may take an opportunity hereafter to attempt a review and estimate of the best things that he wrote. We cannot, however, refrain from looking back with peculiar satisfaction to the political papers which he contributed in the year 1850, with reference in particular to the matters then agitated in connection with agricultural interests. They seemed to us at the time, to state with singular power and ability the case which the farmers brought forward; and we know that some of the best judges of the subject, who had no leanings in favour of "protection," considered them to be unanswered and unanswerable. If the cause there advocated was to have been won, we are certain that those articles would have contributed largely to the victory. The questions then at issue are now set at rest; but we continue to think that the ground which the Protectionists thus took were rested on fairness and equity, and such as they had no reason to be ashamed of occupying, whether as claimants for justice or as lovers of their country.

In 1845, Mr. Aytoun had been appointed Professor of Rhetoric and Belles

Lettres in the University of Edinburgh. This chair had been occupied by very distinguished men before him; but it was his peculiar merit to make it more practically instructive than it had ever previously been. He began with a class of about thirty students, and ended with having upwards of a hundred and fifty—a result which we think is to be ascribed, not perhaps to any superiority of his lectures over those of his predecessors, but to his great popularity with his students, arising from two different causes: the one, his strong sympathy with their youthful tastes and aspirations; and the other, the unwearied industry with which he laboured to train them to the art of composition, by his strict examination and diligent correction of the papers and essays given in by them. This must have been an irksome as well as an inglorious task, but he considered it to be a duty imposed on him by his position, and he reaped the appropriate fruits of it by his great success and eminence as a literary teacher.

In 1849 he married Jane, the youngest daughter of Professor Wilson, a most amiable lady, with whom he enjoyed ten years of great domestic happiness, checkered only by her languid state of health, and clouded at last by her death in 1859.

In 1852 he was made Sheriff of Orkney and Shetland, and devoted himself with his habitual earnestness and assiduity to the duties of his office. He usually passed a considerable portion of the summer months in the Islands that composed his Sheriffdom, and his death is deeply lamented by all those over whom he was thus placed.

The death of his gentle and affectionate wife was a severe affliction to him, and for a long while his health and spirits were seriously affected by it. Time, however, brought consolation; and it was a great pleasure to his friends when in December 1863, he married Miss Kinnear, with whose near relatives, the Balfours of Trennabie, in Orkney, he had long been intimate. This also was a most happy union, and his health seemed for a time to be regaining its original vigour. During last winter, however, bad symptoms appeared, and fears began to be entertained that some serious constitutional malady was undermining his frame. He complained of great weakness and languor, and felt labour of any kind to be irksome. Still he was in good spirits, particularly when he met with any friend; and in the beginning of June he went with Mrs. Aytoun to Blackhills, a pleasant retreat near Elgin, of which he had taken a lease for summer quarters. The accounts received of him after he went to Morayshire were not satisfactory, but no immediate danger was apprehended.

We think it may be interesting to our readers to see the way in which he speaks of himself and his state of health in the last letter which was received from him, dated at Blackhills, on the 14th of July 1865:—

"Dr. Ross, from whose treatment I have received great benefit during the fortnight he has attended me, is peremptory against my working my brain until I am physically stronger; and I am quite sure he is right, for a few days ago the mere effort of finding rhyme for some macaronic verses I had commenced, wearied me in a way I previously would have deemed incredible. However, I *am*, thank God, much better than I was; and having, as far as discoverable, no organic complaint, I may hope with care and perseverance in a generous diet, to get back my strength. As regards the stores of the druggists I am 'parcus cultor et infrequens,' taking nothing beyond a solution of iron; but, *en revanche*, I am put upon a most liberal allowance of animal food, brandy, and claret.

"I have abandoned the idea of going down to the islands in the mean time, and shall put off my visit until a much later period of the season. I shall hope to be able to take the hill on the 12th of August, and would be seriously grieved if prevented, for my keeper, who was over part of the ground on Monday, gives an excellent account of the young broods; and I have purveyed me a steady white pony—*nomine* Missy, which name I have elevated into that of 'the Muse'—well adapted for trotting through the heather. Do you think you could come down here for that sport? I need not say how joyfully you will be welcomed; and I can assure you that there are few prettier or more enjoyable places to be found in the north of Scotland than this same residence of Blackhill. The range of grouse-ground is very fair, but the extent of the low country shooting is immense; and though partridges have not been *very* plentiful in the district for some years, there are hares enough to excite to frenzy the scalping instincts of a Choctaw. Think of this; for I certainly shall not migrate southwards this year until summoned by the approaching exigencies of the session."

These cheerful anticipations were not to be realised. His disease latterly made rapid progress, and he gradually sank under it, and tranquilly expired on the 4th of August, retaining the full possession of his faculties to the last, and calmly contemplating with the most pious resignation his approaching end.

His life altogether was a successful and happy one. Its success he owed to an unusual combination of genius, industry, and prudence; and its happiness to his bright and genial temperament and equable temper. It was always a pleasure to be with him, as will be acknowledged by every one who remembers him as a travelling or a social companion. The little tours that he made from time to time on the Continent formed often the subject of pleasant articles in the Magazine, but they were not so pleasant on paper as they were in reality to those who had the good fortune to be his fellow-travellers.

His domestic affections were of the warmest and most engaging kind, and the friendships that he formed were equally cordial and lasting. It is to ourselves a source of great though melancholy pleasure to look back on our long intercourse with him, which was never interupted by any difference of opinion or estrangement of feeling. It is rare, indeed, that the relations of business become a source of so much heartfelt pleasure and familiar intimacy; and we cannot think without painful emotion that all this happiness is at an end.

It was erroneously supposed in some quarters that Mr. Aytoun occupied the position of Editor of this Magazine. Indeed, it seems difficult to persuade our friends at a distance of what is well known to those nearer at hand, that the proprietors of this Magazine have never since its commencement, now nearly half a century ago, devolved upon others the powers or responsibilities of an editor. To this system, perhaps, they owe it that the Magazine has preserved a uniform consistency of aim and purpose; and that, while warm in its advocacy of great views and principles, it has avoided those petty partisanships and predilections from which it is so difficult for any ordinary editor to keep free.

We cannot close this short and imperfect notice without adding a statement which we think due alike to the memory of the deceased and to the cause of true religion, at a time when so much laxity and false liberality prevail upon serious subjects. Mr. Aytoun was a sincere and humble Christian. At no time in his most joyous moments of jocularity did anything fall from his lips or from his pen that was irreverent, or in any way at variance with religious views; and his last moments were soothed

by partaking of the Holy Communion, administered to him by the excellent pastor who represented in his neighbourhood the Episcopal Church of Scotland, of which Mr. Aytoun was always a devoted and exemplary, though never a bigoted, adherent. The letter to ourselves, from which we have already made an extract, contains another passage expressive of his firm reliance on the one sure foundation of Christian hope; and we only refrain from quoting the last words that he thus addressed to us, from an unwillingness to obtrude our private griefs upon public notice.

We feel that no apology is due to our readers for what we have now said. They cannot fail to lament with us the extinction of a bright light, from which they long derived such varied pleasure; and to those who had not the privilege of Mr. Aytoun's personal acquaintance, it must be a satisfaction to learn that so great literary gifts were united with so many amiable qualities and so much solid worth.

BLACKWOOD'S

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MEMOIRS OF THE CONFEDERATE WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE, BY HEROS VON BORCKE, CHIEF OF STAFF TO GENERAL J. E. B. STUART.

PART II.

THE BATTLE OF MECHANICSVILLE.

The real importance of the Pamunkey expedition, in giving General Lee a perfect insight into the positions of the army of M'Clellan, now manifested itself in the most brilliant light. As the Federal Commander-in-Chief had fortified himself most strongly on his right wing, which rested on the small village of Mechanicsville, five miles north-east of Richmond, General Jackson had been ordered with his army from the valley of the Shenandoah, numbering between 25,000 and 30,000 men, to fall upon the enemy's right flank, and, turning it, to give Lee the opportunity for a general attack. General Thomas Jonathan Jackson, known alike to friends and foes as "Stonewall," from the steadiness and rock-like firmness of front which his command always presented to the enemy, had come up by rapid marches, without the enemy's knowledge, to execute this order. General Stuart's cavalry command and one division of infantry were sent to strengthen him, and this was the beginning of the sanguinary and to us successful seven days' fighting before Richmond.

During the night of the 26th we arrived at the camps of Jackson's famous soldiers, which had been pitched near Ashland, a station on the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad, and were greeted by them with loud cheers. After a short period of repose we were again in the saddle. General Stuart had received directions from General Jackson to cover his left flank, and so we marched with great caution, sending out numerous patrols and reconnoitring detachments. Our march was directed towards Mechanicsville, where the enemy's right wing rested, as I have said, on strong fortifications. With the exception of encounters with small patrols, we saw little of the enemy until five o'clock in the afternoon, when Jackson's vanguard attacked them, and was soon engaged in a sharp skirmish. At the same time the distant thunder of cannon was sounding over from Mechanicsville,

where Longstreet had attacked the enemy in their strong position. Jackson at once brought up his troops with his usual celerity of movement, and toward six o'clock the battle was at its height.

Our cavalry was in reserve, and as we had reason to fear an attack on the left flank, General Stuart despatched me with a small body of men on a reconnoitring expedition, which was so far successful that, after about half an hour's ride, we came upon a strong detachment of the enemy's cavalry, who instantly set to work to chase us. We returned at a hard gallop, the enemy behind us in hot pursuit. General Stuart, perceiving this, placed two pieces of horse-artillery in the road, which, as soon as we had passed them, greeted the enemy with grape-shot. This created extreme confusion among our pursuers; they left their dead and wounded behind them, and took to immediate flight, followed by one of our regiments.

Meanwhile the battle was going in our favour: the enemy were driven from one position to another, and by ten o'clock at night were retreating.

We encamped for the remainder of the night upon the battle-field, and rose with the earliest beams of the sun.

THE BATTLE OF COAL HARBOUR OR GAINES' MILL.

27th June, 1862.—In the immediate neighbourhood of Coal Harbour, a small collection of houses some fifteen miles distant from Richmond and ten or twelve miles east of Mechanicsville, the enemy, to the number of 60,000 men, had taken a new position, strengthened by natural as well as artificial fortifications. Jackson had with him in all, including his reinforcements, about 40,000 men, every one of whom followed with enthusiasm and entire confidence their beloved, admired leader. Our cavalry force occupied its old position on the left flank of our army, and during the forenoon of the 27th had several encounters with the enemy's horse, all which, as was usual at that time, terminated in our favour.

One of these encounters, an affair of a few minutes, was with a newly-organised regiment of Federal Lancers. They stood 300 yards from us in line of battle, and presented, with their glittering lances, from the point of each of which fluttered a red-and-white pennon, and their fresh, well-fitting blue uniforms turned up with yellow, a fine martial appearance. One of our regiments was immediately ordered to attack them; but before our Virginia horsemen got within fifty yards of their line, this magnificent regiment, which had doubtless excited the liveliest admiration in the Northern cities on its way to the seat of war, turned tail and fled in disorder, strewing the whole line of their retreat with their picturesque but inconvenient arms. The entire skirmish, if such it may be called, was over in less time than is required to record it, and was a highly ludicrous exhibition of *Les Lanciers*, danced to somewhat animated music. I do not believe that out of the whole body of 700 men more than twenty retained their lances; and their sudden and total discomfiture furnished a striking proof of the fact that this weapon, formidable enough in the hand of one accustomed to wield it, is a downright absurdity and encumbrance to the inexperienced.

About two o'clock in the afternoon the battle became general along the lines, and at three o'clock raged in its full fury. The fire of musketry rolled continuously, and more than 150 howitzers and Napoleon and Parrot guns opened all around us, and united in one infernal incessant roar—one deafening, ringing reverberation.

The ground being not favourable for cavalry operations, we occupied a place on the left wing of the line of battle, but were nearly all day under fire of the enemy's cannon. General Stuart, accompanied by his staff and personal escort, pressed forward with his two batteries of horse-artillery, which, under the command of my gallant friend John Pelham, soon did most admirable execution. The enemy at once concentrated the fire of five batteries on this point, and every kind of missile hurtled heavily through the smoky air, spreading death and destruction on all sides. I had many a hot ride during the afternoon through this tempest of shot and shell, and it appears now almost incomprehensible that I escaped uninjured.

It was about five o'clock when General Stuart returned with us to his cavalry, which had been, and were still, suffering severely from the fire of a battery that had been boldly pressed forward to a favourable position, and kept thundering down on our much-exposed horsemen with rapid and terrible discharges. Just as we were galloping along the line, the enemy opened upon us with grape and canister, and our men began to waver a little, the ranks getting into some confusion. At this moment General Stuart, who had to ride a few hundred yards further to meet Colonel FitzLee, turned round to me, saying, "Captain, I wish you to remain here with my staff and escort until I come back, to give a good example to the men." So we had to stand for many minutes in this diabolical fire of canister, which came rattling along the hard, dry ground, or howled over us right and left—a pretty severe trial. It requires but little courage to attack the enemy, or even to ride about composedly under fire, in comparison with what is demanded to sit quietly in face of several batteries, from which, with every momentary puff of smoke from the mouths of the guns, one may reasonably expect the messenger of death. A shell which exploded directly over our heads tore nearly to pieces the captain of the squadron nearest to me, with whom I had just been talking, and killed or wounded several of the men. But our example had a telling effect; the ranks closed up and remained in good order until the command was given, and the long line of horsemen, soon in rapid trot, disappeared behind a range of friendly hills.

General Stuart and staff now galloped forward again to our artillery, which in the mean time had lost many men and horses, but was still answering with the greatest energy the galling fire of the numerous batteries of the enemy. Just at this time a little incident occurred, which, in the very carnival of death, provoked our hearty laughter. One of our staff-officers, Captain ——, whom we had often joked about the nimble and successful manner in which he dodged the shells of the enemy, and who had this day again made the politest obeisance to their missiles, annoyed at our raillery, had declared that he would never again bow at their approach, and was sitting with the utmost gravity bolt-upright in the saddle, when a 12-pounder solid shot screamed through the air, only a few feet over his head. Down went the head, not merely to the saddle, but, with the body to which it was still securely attached, to the earth, amidst the convulsive shouts of his comrades and the cannoneers. Another incident which we witnessed about the same time, produced no less merriment amid the fury of the battle. A wounded man was borne along by two of his comrades, his limbs hanging down motionless, and his head dangling about as if life was nearly extinct. The fire of the enemy was still murderous, and one of the carriers, struck by a musket-ball, fell to th'

ground, dropped his charge, who, seeing himself in great danger, suddenly revived, and, jumping up, took to his heels with the most surprising agility. The explosive laughter which followed him in his rapid flight all along our lines absolutely drowned for a few moments the tumult and hurly-burly of the engagement.

About six o'clock in the evening I was sent by General Stuart to order to the front two squadrons of our Georgia regiment to attack one of the Federal batteries which, without proper support, had been making a very bold advance. The enemy had brought up to the distant heights twenty pieces of rifled ordnance, which, by undue elevation, firing too high for the effect they desired, were playing upon an open space of ground over which I had to ride. The fire was so terrific that I found one of our reserve batteries, not actively engaged at the moment, entirely deserted by its gunners, who had sought protection with the horses in a deep ravine, and who cried out to me to dismount and join them, because otherwise certain death must be my fate. I pushed on, and reached the point of my destination in safety; but galloping back I felt a stunning blow across the spine, and at the same moment my horse rolled over with me. I was confident the animal had been struck by a cannon-ball; but, to my great surprise, I was not able to discover any wound. As I was myself unhurt, I remounted my brave animal, and continued my way. A solid shot had passed close to my horse's back, and the current of air set in motion by its passage had knocked over both horse and rider. Afterwards during the war, I witnessed many similar cases of prostration of men and animals by "windage."

At seven o'clock in the evening the battle had taken a most favourable turn for our arms. At this time the enemy, who had offered throughout the day the most obstinate resistance, intrenched in very strong positions, and attacking us in the centre with 25,000 regular troops, the *élite* of M'Clellan's army, began slowly to give way before the impetuous valour of our men, who drove these veterans from one intrenchment to another, until, at 8 P.M., they were in full retreat, and the victory was ours.

Thousands of prisoners, among whom were two generals, several colonels, and many inferior officers, a large number of field-pieces, and many flags, fell into our hands. General Stuart, with his cavalry, was immediately sent in pursuit of the enemy's flying columns, which we chased for nearly five miles, until the darkness of the night stopped our further progress. Returning, we were compelled to ride with great caution, for the field was strewn with wounded men, many of whom had crept to the edge of the high-road to get within reach of the ambulances. There is no sadder sight than that of the battle-field after the conflict is over. Happily, night at this moment veiled from us its full horrors; but there was an overwhelming sense of utter hopelessness in riding among so many poor fellows, whom one would have so much liked to assist, even with the "cup of cold water,"—brave fellows, groaning in their agony, and calling upon every passer-by for help—with an entire consciousness on our part of the fearful aggregate of the misery, and, alas! of the little we could do for its alleviation.

We encamped upon the field of battle. About midnight I felt myself touched on the shoulder; and when grasping the hilt of my sword, I abruptly demanded who was there, a mild voice answered me, "General Jackson." The great Confederate leader was in search of General Stuart. Stuart, who slept on my right, was immediately aroused, and Jackson, accepting my invitation so to do, sat down on my blankets by

his side. I left them alone, those grand warriors, in their midnight council, and wandered about, meditating on the stirring events of the day. I was deeply impressed by the blackness of the night and the profound stillness of the slumbering camp. Here and there a camp-fire shed a red glow around, and the stillness was only too mournfully interrupted by the groans of wounded and dying men, who, not many hours before, had been full of health and hope. I was myself saved only by God's almighty hand from being among them.

RIDE OVER THE BATTLE-FIELD—SUCCESS AT THE WHITE HOUSE—REFLECTIONS ON THE BATTLES BEFORE RICHMOND.

At the early dawn of morning, on the 28th of June, all was in motion again, as General Stuart had received orders to proceed at once with his cavalry to the White House on the Pamunkey river, where immense supplies for M'Clellan's army had been collected. I was exceedingly disappointed, when, ordering my horse to be saddled, my mulatto servant reported that my brave chestnut was unable to rise, in consequence of the injuries sustained by the heavy contusion of the previous day—injuries from which it never recovered. I had no choice, therefore, but to remain behind until I could procure another animal. But I was not idle. Acting in concert with Captain Fitzhugh, of General Stuart's staff, and assisted by a dozen couriers, I employed myself in collecting and placing under guard the prisoners that were still coming in by fifties and hundreds from every part of the extensive battle-field. Among these prisoners was a major of artillery, who had served with General Stuart in the old regular army of the United States, and who had been acquainted with Captain Fitzhugh before the war. He was a most intelligent and agreeable man, but seemed greatly annoyed by his capture. After some hesitation, however, he accepted the rude hospitality of our little camp, and shared our meagre breakfast, consisting of soup and hard bread. He talked very sensibly of the war and of the recent battle, and expressed his great admiration for Lee, Jackson, and Stuart.

About ten A.M. I was able to turn the prisoners over to one of Jackson's officers, and then mounting a horse which was kindly offered me by one of our couriers, I set out for a ride over the field of the fight. It was, indeed, a sad and cruel spectacle. Death had raged fearfully in many places, especially where our troops had been compelled to storm the strong intrenchments of the enemy. On some of these perilous slopes the dead bodies might be seen piled three or four on each other. I was struck here by the piteous contrast presented by the bodies of two of our dead which were lying side by side. I can never forget the sight; I can see them now —the one a man more than fifty, who had been shot through the head, and whose silvery white hair was dabbled in his blood; the other, next him, a lad of sixteen, whose frank face was lighted up by clustering fair hair, and whose small hands were crossed over his heart, where the enemy's bullet had struck him.

Among Jackson's men on the previous day I had looked with astonishment at a soldier from Mississippi — a perfect giant, whose appearance had attracted the more attention from a vest of bear-skin that he wore. Here among the dead I found him again, with a small hole in the breast, which had been sufficient to make an end at once of all his strength and vigour.

Many stories had been recited in camp about a tremendous bayonet-fight, hand to hand, during the battle, between our Texans and the

New York Zouaves, and it was said that two of these determined antagonists had pierced each other through and through with their formidable and fatal weapons, and that their dead bodies had been found standing erect in the very attitude in which each had received his death-wound. Curiosity carried me to the spot. An obstinate struggle had indeed taken place there between the troops named, which had ended in the utter annihilation of the much-vaunted Zouaves, whose bodies, dressed in flashy red uniforms, were scattered about all over the ground like the scarlet poppies in a corn-field; but the never-erring bullet of the famous Texan marksmen had brought them down, not the bayonet. I carefully examined many of the corpses, and found only three or four with bayonet-wounds, and these had been received evidently after the bullets. These accounts of bayonet-fights are current after every general engagement, and are frequently embodied in subsequent "histories," so called; but as far as my experience goes, recalling all the battles in which I have borne a part, bayonet-fights rarely if ever occur, and exist only in the imagination.

About mid-day I returned to our encampment, where I found, to my great delight, a fresh horse that Captain Fitzhugh had procured for me, and a company of our cavalry which was just starting to join our comrades at the White House. As the officer in command pretended to know the way very well, I made up my mind at once to join them; and after a march of more than six hours, discovered, to my intense disgust, that the captain had missed his road completely. As night was now approaching, and squads of the enemy's cavalry were reported in every direction, nothing was left to us but to return to our starting-point, which we reached again about midnight. Our return not a ittle surprised and annoyed Captain Fitzhugh, who, in the mean time, had received intelligence from General Stuart, and orders for me to join him on the following morning.

During our march back to camp, passing one of our picket-posts, we found our men there in great excitement, and were informed by them that the enemy had poisoned all the wells and springs in the neighbourhood, in consequence of which several of their number were in a dying condition. Three or four, indeed, were very badly off; but although I do not love the Yankees, I am quite sure they were entirely innocent of this. The sufferers had been made ill by the too abundant use of bad apple-brandy, which will kill anybody.

The first streak of day of the 29th found us once more in the saddle, marching gaily along through the dense green forests of oak and hickory. We had a long ride before us, and as we had information from Stuart that active work was to be done, we hastened forward as rapidly as possible. The distant thunder of cannon soon announced to us that the fight had opened; but eagerly as we pushed our horses, it was nearly twelve o'clock when we reached a plateau about two miles from the White House, only to learn that the battle was over. At the foot of this plateau extended, about two miles in breadth, and in length as far as the eye could reach, the green fertile valley of the Pamunkey, whose yellow waters flowed directly past the "plantation," or estate, of the White House, the property of our Colonel, William H. F. Lee. This wide verdant flat was covered with thousands of tents and storehouses, and formed the main depot of the Federal army, numbering, before the late battles, at least 150,000 men. The enemy's cavalry, forced to fly by the celebrity of Stuart's attack, had, in their rapid retreat, set fire to all the principal buildings; and from more than a hundred

different points vast volumes of smoke were rising in the air, while the stately mansion of Colonel Lee was wreathed in flames. All over the field our horsemen were busy as ants, here rescuing from destruction quantities of valuable provisions, there enjoying luxuries of which they had long been deprived, that were scattered in the greatest profusion on every hand. I found General Stuart on the very brink of the Pamunkey, where he had established his headquarters in a delightfully cool spot, beneath the boughs of a gigantic plantain, regaling himself with iced lemonade, which he shared with me, and which fell upon my tongue like nectar. Ice, lemons, crushed sugar, and many other dainties and delicacies, which we knew only by recollection, were heaped around us in large piles, for the benefit of any one who would reach out his hand to take them. The General was in excellent spirits, and received me most cordially, losing no time in recounting to me the splendid results of his expedition. He had broken the enemy's cavalry by his first attack, taken many prisoners, captured untold wealth of spoil, and, what amused and delighted him most of all, disabled and driven off a Federal gunboat by the fire of his dismounted sharpshooters and two pieces of horse-artillery. After a few minutes' rest, my curiosity led me through the burning encampment. Never in my life had I seen such enormous quantities of commissary stores — never had I supposed that an army of invasion would voluntarily encumber itself with such an incalculable amount of useless luxuries. Hundreds of boxes of oranges and lemons were piled up together, many of which, broken, sent the golden fruit rolling all over the ground. Great pyramids of barrels of white and brown sugar, and of salt fish, and eggs packed in salt, were blazing on all sides. One of the burning barrels of eggs we knocked open, and found its contents roasted *à merveille*, which gave us, with other edibles within easy reach, such a repast as we had not enjoyed for many months. Not far from us, as we thus feasted, were little mountains of hams of bacon, and boxes of arms, uniforms, and equipments for more than 10,000 men. An equal number of the latter we discovered in the river, as well as two transports, laden with whisky and other liquors, which had been sunk by the enemy on our approach, but which we raised and secured with little difficulty. A large number of railway carriages and new locomotive engines, and a pontoon train, also fell into our hands. In strolling through the more distant camps, I had the good fortune to secure a fine horse which had been left behind by his Federal owner in the hurry of his departure; but I lost my prize very soon afterwards.

In one of the houses near by I discovered the body of a handsome young man, an officer, who had been killed in one of the late battles. The body had been so skilfully embalmed that one could almost believe the poor fellow only slept. I set a guard over the corpse to protect it from casual injury, and it was soon afterwards delivered to the relatives of the deceased. The report was circulated in camp, and obtained some credence, that it was one of the French princes of the Orleans family who were then serving on the staff of General M'Clellan, and had taken part in the recent engagements; but this story was never believed by General Stuart or myself.

Late at night I returned exceedingly weary to camp, to find such rest as the myriads of musquitoes would allow me.

The following day the work of saving, and destroying what could not be saved, out of the spoils at the White House was continued, and then we moved off to join the army of General Lee, at that mo-

ment pursuing the enemy on his retreat to Harrison's Landing, on James river. We left behind one regiment as a guard over the property, estimated at millions of dollars in value, which we had collected to be transported to Richmond and the military depots of our army. While the operations I have just detailed had been going on under Stuart at the White House, General Lee had been very active — engaging the enemy and driving him further back every day. That we might regain the main body as speedily as possible, we marched for the remainder of the day without stopping in the hot sun, and encamped at nightfall upon the exact spot on the Chickahominy where, a few weeks before, we had made so narrow an escape. At daybreak next morning we received orders to move as rapidly as we might eight miles higher up the river, to ford it in the neighbourhood of Bottom's Bridge, and, falling upon the flank of the Federal army, to intercept its hasty retreat; but upon reaching this point we received counter orders, as the Federal army had already passed, and we rode back in full gallop to Forge Bridge, our starting-point. Here we found that the enemy, anticipating our movement, had posted artillery and sharpshooters in advantageous position on the river-bank, and we were accordingly received with a very determined resistance. Soon, however, Pelham came up with his horse-artillery, and, by a well-directed fire, opened a passage for us. The enemy retreated in precipitation, leaving their dead and wounded all along the course of their flight, and we were able to make but a very few prisoners. The sun was now pouring down with intense fervour, and as our horses were wellnigh exhausted with our rapid marching and counter-marching, we were compelled to take a few hours' rest on the roadside. We lay down in a corner of the fence beneath the shade of some cherry-trees hanging full of their delicious fruit, the bunches unfortunately just a little too high to serve our parched mouths with grateful refreshment. Stuart and I were standing on the highest rail of the fence, trying with difficulty to pluck some of the cherries, when he laughingly said to me, "Captain, you charge the Yankees so well, why do you not attack this cherry-tree and bring it down?" Without hesitation I jumped from my elevated position, grasping the higher part of the trunk, and breaking down the tree, amid the loud cheers and laughter of the staff and the soldiers around, who finished the spoil, now so easily to be gathered, in an incredibly short time.

In the midst of our mirth over the fallen cherry-tree, we were interrupted by the heavy boom of artillery brought to us from the heights of Malvern Hill, where a sanguinary battle had just begun, and we were again ordered into the saddle. From the weary condition of our horses, however, our march in the direction of the cannonade was but a slow one; and it was not until late in the evening that we arrived upon the field of action, where the fate of the day had already been decided, the enemy having retreated under cover of his gunboats on James river. For the first time at Malvern Hill, in the progress of the American war, was it satisfactorily shown how important in a battle is the concentration of a large number of pieces of artillery upon one point; and the army of General M'Clellan was only saved from utter destruction by sixty guns, which, being very favourably posted in his centre, poured dismay and death into our attacking columns. The effect was more disastrous than had been before produced by artillery. In this battle our losses were very heavy, and I may say that the victory was ours only from the ignorance of

our position on the part of the enemy, who retreated exactly at the moment when he had gained the most important success.

As this battle was the last of the famous seven days' fighting before Richmond, I may be allowed to submit a very few remarks in review of the memorable struggle and its brilliant results. The fight began on the 26th June at Mechanicsville, and ended on the 2d July after Malvern Hill. M'Clellan, whose lines extended across the Chickahominy in a semicircle around Richmond, from the James river to the strong position of Mechanicsville, had in the first two days of the contest been completely whipped by Jackson on the right, and that portion of his army north of the Chickahominy had been driven to the south side, where the subsequent engagements of Fraser's Farm on the 29th, Willis's Church on the 30th, and, last of all, Malvern Hill, drove him in rapid retreat to his unassailable place of refuge at Westover, on the James river. At this point a large flotilla of gunboats protected him from any further attack on our part, and numerous transports supplied him with abundant provisions, ammunition, and reinforcements. M'Clellan's retreat was indeed masterly, and too much credit cannot be paid him for the skill with which he managed to hold his own, and check the advance of our victorious troops at Malvern Hill. His final success, however, in saving his army, was due to the inexcusable tardiness and disobedience of orders displayed by some of our Confederate generals. The fault was certainly not in General Lee's dispositions.

Our whole loss in killed and wounded was about 9000 men — that of the enemy amounted to 16,500, besides several thousand prisoners. The amount of artillery and ammunition, and more especially of small arms, equipments, and commissary stores, that fell into our hands, was enormous.

RIDE TO RICHMOND — EXPEDITION ON THE JAMES RIVER — A PRISONER OF THE NINTH VIRGINIA CAVALRY—FISHING AND SHOOTING—SUNDAY IN CAMP.

During the night which followed the battle of Malvern Hill, we encamped in the orchard of a small farmhouse near the field, but our repose was made exceedingly uncomfortable by heavy showers of rain following one another in rapid succession until the dawn. Profiting by the darkness of the night and the disturbance created by the storm, a spy, who had been captured by some of our men, and who had been condemned to be hanged the next morning, contrived to make his escape. I was rather glad of it. He was an old man of more than sixty, and I had seen him riding along with us all the day on a miserable mule, his hands tied behind him, with such a terrified expression upon his ashy features, that I regarded the poor sinner as sufficiently punished by the agony he had already undergone. The morning opened heavily with rain, and I rose shivering from the damp ground to attend on General Stuart, from whom I received orders to ride at once into Richmond for the purpose of executing some important duties there. As my old grey was very nearly broken down by hard riding, and I might hope to exchange him in Richmond, my captured horse having been lost in the rapidity of our recent movements — and as, in all probability, fighting was not to be renewed—I started gladly upon this expedition. My ride took me over the battlefield and along a portion of the line of the enemy's former retreat. I looked with astonishment at the effect of the heavy artillery fire of the enemy upon some portions of the forest. Hundreds of the largest trees

were riven and shattered, and lay in fragments around, as if all the thunderbolts of heaven had been hurled against them; and in many places the fallen trunks and branches barricaded the road so that it was difficult to get along at all. For miles the ground was thickly strewn with muskets, knapsacks, blankets, and other equipments that had been thrown away in their flight by the soldiers of the retreating Federal army. It was nearly night when I reached Richmond. Wet, cold, and weary, I rode immediately to the hotel and sought my bed—a luxury which no one can thoroughly appreciate until he has long been deprived of it, and compelled as I had been for several nights to sleep in his clothes on the hard ground.

The Spotswood Hotel at this time was crowded with guests, among whom, a neighbour of my own, was no less distinguished a person than a Federal General, M'Call, who had been taken prisoner in one of the recent battles. As might naturally have been expected, the joy of the people of Richmond was very great at the deliverance of their city from the hands of the enemy; but they took their good fortune with a very becoming composure, and spoke and acted just as if, in their judgment, with such an army as that of General Lee, under such commanders, between them and the invading force, the struggle for the Confederate capital could have had no other result. No powder was wasted in salutes over the victory, no bonfires blazed, no windows were illuminated, and the general appearance of Richmond was in all respects unchanged from what it had been a month before.

My business in Richmond was speedily transacted, and the following day, having procured an excellent horse, I set out with fresh courage and spirits to rejoin my General. Our army in the mean time had been pushed forward towards the James river, being close upon the enemy's formidable positions at Westover; and as I rode along, I heard from time to time the heavy ordnance of the gunboats, which threw their tremendous projectiles wherever the grey uniforms came in sight. Generals R. E. Lee, Longstreet, and Stuart had established their headquarters together in the extensive farmyard of a Mr. Phillips, which spot I reached late in the evening, after a long and dusty ride. Here for a few days we enjoyed rest and comparative quiet. Our generals were often in council of war, undecided whether or not to attack the enemy. On the morning of the 6th, General Stuart removed his headquarters about two miles lower down the river to the plantation of a Mr. C., old friends of ours, where we were received, especially by the ladies, with great kindness and enthusiasm.

About dusk of the 6th the General started with two of our regiments, the 4th and the 9th, and six pieces of our horse-artillery, to lay an ambush for the Federal gunboats, which every night came steaming up the river with fresh troops and supplies for their army. Having been detained by some duty at headquarters, I left about an hour later than the column, quite alone, and had on my ride a little adventure which gave rise to a great deal of merriment at my expense. I had been informed by one of our patrols that detachments of the enemy's cavalry had been seen in the neighbourhood, and I had therefore moved on with no little vigilance and circumspection. It was a beautiful night, the air was full of the fragrance of the wild-flowers and forest-blossoms, and myriads of fire-flies glittered in the surrounding darkness. Suddenly, through the profound stillness of the night, there struck upon my quick ear the sound of hoofs upon my right hand, and out of a small dark bridle-path on the side of the road there emerged a horseman, who wore, as well as I could distinguish, the

Federal uniform. "Halt!" said I. The stranger halted. "What is your regiment?" "Eighth Illinois" (hostile cavalry). The answer had no sooner been given than, putting spurs to my horse, I rushed upon my antagonist, who, seing my revolver levelled with uncomfortably accurate aim at his breast, surrendered himself without the least hesitation as my prisoner. As I was conducting my capture to the spot where the 9th Virginia Cavalry was stationed, I perceived that he was riding an admirable horse, which I regarded with infinite satisfaction as already my property. He entertained me on the way with many stories about the Yankee army, how long he had served in it, &c. &c. When we had reached our regiment, however, he came out suddenly in the new character of a member of the corps, a private in the ranks, who had replaced his own tattered Confederate uniform with the uniform and cap of a captured Federal soldier, and who had taken me, from my foreign accent, for a Federal officer. As he made this recital, not without a certain latent satire at my prowess in making a prisoner of a private of the 9th Virginia Cavalry, I confess that, recalling his extreme terror at the moment of his surrender, I lost all patience with him, and again levelling my pistol at him, I gave him to understand that I would make short work of him at any future repetition of his jests. But I did not get my fine horse; for upon turning over my prisoner, whom I still supposed to be a Yankee, to Colonel Fitzhugh Lee, he recognised in him at once a man of his own command, who had most imprudently assumed one of the captured Federal uniforms. This substitution of dress was unfortunately very often done by our men, and many a poor fellow has been killed by his own friends because he could not resist the temptation of discarding his dirty rags for a new blue coat and trousers. In addition to the loss of my captured horse, I was very much teased for my mistake, and General Stuart often laughingly asked me, "How many prisoners of the 9th Virginia have you taken lately?"

Pursuing my ride, after having disposed of the Confederate prisoner, I found General Stuart at a point upon the river-bank where Captain Stephen D. Lee, who later distinguished himself as a general at Vicksburg and in the Western campaigns, had placed the six pieces of artillery in a very favourable position. We had not long to wait before opening fire. The expected Yankee transports, five in number, soon came in sight, and passed us slowly not more than one hundred yards distant from our battery. Our pieces thundered all together, and kept up an incessant discharge. The effect on the transports, which were densely crowded with Federal troops, cannot be described. We could distinctly hear our balls and shells crashing through the sides of the vessels, the cries of the wounded on board, and the confused random commands of the officers. One of the smaller transports sank in a few minutes, the others escaped more or less injured. In a very short time, hearing the approach of a whole flotilla of gunboats, under very heavy pressure of steam, for the protection of the transports, we quickly limbered up, and were already a mile nearer to our encampment, when, to our amusement, the enemy, with his ponderous 100-pounder guns, concentrated an appalling fire upon the point we had just left.

During the next few days nothing disturbed the quiet of our camp, and on the 8th I had the pleasure of receiving from the Post-quartermaster at Richmond a noble black horse to replace the chestnut disabled in the battle of Coal Harbour — an animal which, by its speed and magnificent jumping, saved my life several times during my later campaigns.

It would be impossible to give an idea of the impoverishment and utter destitution of the country, which the presence of two immense armies had deprived of everything, and which the recent battles had devastated with fire. The sad and sickening evidences of the shock of arms were only too plainly perceived on every side. Upon the numberless festering carcasses of horses and mules the sun poured down with a tropical blaze, while the air was also poisoned with the stench from human bodies that had been hastily buried but a few inches below the surface. For many miles around nothing could be procured to support life. I well recollect that Captain Stuart of our staff and myself were digging for a whole day in the garden of a little farm-house for a few miserable onions and diseased potatoes to appease our hunger. Such is the condition of a region of country, no matter how fertile and productive it may have been in former days, over which war has expended its fury.

On the evening of the 9th we were suddenly brought to horse again by a fierce demonstration of the enemy, who drove in our pickets, but were repulsed without much difficulty. On the 10th we received information that General M'Clellan had determined to embark his army on his transports at Harrison's Landing, and at the same time orders to march to Hanover county, on the opposite side of Richmond, to recruit our horses, and organise some better system of procuring forage and provisions.

Leaving the regiment behind us, General Stuart and I galloped off together along the road to Richmond. On our way we stopped at the house of the Irish family, where, more than a month before, we had spent some anxious hours, on the occasion of our midnight ride to hold a rendezvous with the spy just previous to the Pamunkey expedition, and where we were now received with abundant chit-chat by the loquacious landlady, who supplied us with fresh milk and blackberries. It was late in the evening when we reached the city, where the General pressed me to accompany him in a visit to the President — a pleasure which I was compelled to deny myself in consequence of the shabby condition of my garments. As we remained in town the whole of the next day, I took advantage of the opportunity to fit myself out with a full uniform of the newest gloss, consisting of a light grey frock-coat with buff facings, dark blue trousers, and a little black cocked-hat with sweeping ostrich plume, the regulation dress for staff-officers, which is as picturesque as it is suitable for active service.

On the morning of the 12th we set out for Hanover county, where our headquarters had been established upon the farm of a Mr. Timberlake, near Atlee's station, on the line of the Virginia Central Railway. Mr. Timberlake's house was situated in the midst of a forest of lofty oak and hickory trees, around which stretched fertile fields. The proprietor himself was a pleasant, jovial, old gentleman, who had two sons in our cavalry, and as he remitted no exertions to make us comfortable, we had really nothing to desire. On the 14th Mrs. Stuart arrived at a neighbouring mansion, and as she had accepted the General's invitation to share our camp dinner, I galloped over — the faithful mulatto "Bob" following with a led horse—to escort her to our headquarters. It was always a pleasure to me to ride with the Virginia ladies, who, with rare exceptions, are admirable horsewomen, to whom no fence is too high and no ditch too wide. Mrs. Stuart was often with us, coming whenever we could look forward to a few days of inactivity. Her children were the pets of the whole camp; and during those brief but frequent interludes of domesticity,

we were all united together as members of one family.

On the 17th we had a brigade drill and a review of our entire cavalry force, which demonstration was attended by a large number of spectators, principally the ladies of the neighbourhood, among whom General Stuart had many acquaintances and admirers, for he was always the hero and idol of the gentle sex. When the military performance was over, he galloped around from carriage to carriage, presenting us in turn to the fair inmates, and inviting them to drive over and take a look at our camp, which was not more than a mile distant. As several families accepted the invitation, Captain Fitzhugh and myself were sent in advance to make suitable preparations for their reception. With Mr. Timberlake's kind permission, assisted by a little army of negro servants, we plundered his house of its chairs and sofas, which were disposed in a semicircle beneath an immense tent-fly that had been among the spoils taken from the enemy at the White House; and our hastily-improvised *al fresco* drawing-room was quite complete and effective in its arrangements when the carriages arrived upon the ground. For refreshment we had cool fresh milk and ginger-cakes for the ladies, and the Virginia mint-julep for the gentlemen; animated talk alternated with patriotic songs on all sides, and our guests took away with them the impression that camp life was not so bad after all.

We occupied ourselves now chiefly with fishing and shooting, as had the red Indians of these woods and streams two hundred years ago. The Chickahominy afforded us abundance of perch and cat-fish, which were welcome additions to the supplies of our mess-table; but taking the fish was attended with many discomforts and difficulties. From the peculiar formation of the river-banks, high and densely skirted with trees, we were forced to wade about in the shallow stream, where we were vigorously attacked by the most voracious horse-leeches, which fastened themselves on our exposed legs in such numbers as to make it necessary to go ashore every five minutes to shake them off. The small hare of Virginia darted about in every direction in the fields and thickets; but shooting the grey squirrel, which was quite new to me, afforded me the best sport; and from the great agility of the animal, it was by no means so easy a matter as one might suppose. The foliage of the hickory, in which the grey squirrel has his favourite abode, is very dense, and the active little creature knows so well how to run along the opposite side of the limb from the gentleman with the gun, that one must be as much on the alert as his game to fire exactly at the moment when it is in sight and unprotected. The grey squirrel is smaller than the red or fox squirrel, and as it subsists principally on chestnuts and hickory-nuts, its meat is very delicate. I had some repugnance to eating them at first, as disagreeably suggestive, in their appearance, of rats; but I soon learned to appreciate the game, and it became one of my most highly valued dishes.

On the 18th, about noon, as I had just returned from one of my little shooting expeditions, General Stuart having gone off to Richmond on duty, I found Captain Fitzhugh engaged in entertaining an Englishman, Lord Edward St. Maur, who had given us the pleasure of being our guest for the day. As our mess supplies were limited, I was not a little concerned as to the materials for a dinner; but William, our negro cook, hearing that I had two squirrels in my game-bag, undertook to make a pie of them, and did this so successfully that I had the satisfaction to find the *paté* highly relished by my lord, who said he had never tasted anything better in his life.

On Sunday the 19th we had

divine service in camp. The officiating clergyman was the Rev. Mr. Landstreet, chaplain of the 1st Virginia Cavalry, and the spot was an open space in the midst of the primitive forest. I was deeply impressed by the peculiar solemnity of the scene. It was indeed a striking picture,—hundreds of bearded warriors lying about on the grass, and listening with the utmost attention to the eloquent words of the preacher, beneath the green dome formed by the interlacing branches of the gigantic trees over their heads.

HEADQUARTERS AT HANOVER COURT-HOUSE—CAMP SCENES—FIGHTS AND RECONNAISSANCES—RATTLESNAKE AND BULL-FROG—DEPARTURE FROM DUNDEE.

On the 21st July we received orders again to remove our encampment, and the spot chosen for it was in the immediate neighbourhood of the Court-house of the county of Hanover, which we reached the evening of that day. The Court-house building was erected in the year 1730, and any structure reverting to this period is regarded in America as a very ancient and venerable edifice. Within its walls, in the palmy day of his imperial declamation, the great orator Patrick Henry, "the forest-born Demosthenes," had pleaded the celebrated "Parsons' Cause" in a speech the traditions of which yet live freshly in Virginia. It is a small building of red brick, pleasantly situated on a hill commanding a pretty view, several miles in extent, of fertile fields and dark green woods, and a clear stream which winds like a silvery thread through the distant valley. The Court-house and several offices belonging to it are surrounded by a shady enclosed grove of locust and plantain trees, about five acres in area. Here we established our headquarters. The cavalry regiments and horse-artillery were encamped in full view all around us—nearly 8000 men, with their grazing horses, white tents, and waving battle-flags—an animated panorama of active military life. Here our position was one of great comfort and enjoyment. Our tents were all put up with some regard to regularity; our mess arrangements were better ordered; we made frequent visits to the houses of the neighbouring planters, and we might have dismissed the war and its hardships from our minds, had not the enemy, who already occupied Fredericksburg in heavy force, made it necessary for us, as a matter of proper precaution, to maintain an extended line of pickets.

The occurrence of my birthday on the 23d was the occasion to me of a pleasant little surprise in the presentation of a beautiful bouquet and the congratulations of my comrades on the staff, and I had hoped to spend the day in social delights and *dolce far niente;* but about ten A.M. we received intelligence that the enemy, advancing in strength from Fredericksburg, had fallen, about fifteen miles distant, upon one of our squadrons on picket, dispersed it, and taken off with them a number of prisoners and horses. At twelve o'clock we started in pursuit with three regiments, amounting to about 2000 men, and two pieces of artillery. We reached the scene about dusk, and found, to our great disappointment, that the enemy had taken the back track about mid-day, and that there was now no chance of overtaking them. But General Stuart, having proceeded so far, determined to extend his expedition to a more thorough reconnaissance, and accordingly encamped for the night upon the farm of a Mr. Anderson, whence we made an early departure on the following morning. When I came to mount my horse for the march, I found with infinite annoyance that my

saddle-bags, containing articles of great value to me, had been stolen by one of the negro camp-followers, who were always lounging in large numbers about our encampments. But one soon becomes accustomed to these little personal losses in war. To-day one loses something of utility, to-morrow he takes it back from the enemy with usury; indeed, the whole of my equipments consisted of spoils taken from the Yankees.

Our march was continued throughout the day on the 24th, and we arrived about dusk at a point ten miles from Fredericksburg, where we halted and fed our horses in a large clover-field. General Stuart threw forward his pickets with great caution so that we might not be observed by the enemy, intending during the night to make a sudden attack on Fredericksburg in the hope of driving the Yankees out of the town, or at least of alarming the garrison. This enterprise, however, was not favoured by the elements. About eleven P.M. there burst upon us a tremendous thunderstorm, with such a deluging downpour of rain, that the Mataponi, with its four tributaries, the Ma, Ta, Po, and Ni, in our rear, which we had forded easily, must soon have become so much swollen as to make recrossing impossible. It was therefore necessary to start on a rapid retreat. The Indian name *Mataponi* is made up of four separate names of one syllable, as the river which bears this name is made up of the four several rivulets which become confluent at one point, and it furnishes us with a proof how practical the aboriginal inhabitants of America were in their nomenclature. We managed to ford the last of these streams with difficulty, and arrived only in the afternoon of the following day at our latest point of departure, Mr. Anderson's. Here we left our command to rest the fatigued men and horses, and Captain Blackford of our staff and myself accompanied General Stuart upon a hand-car, propelled by two negroes, along the railroad directly to Hanover Court-house, which place we reached at sunset.

A few days now passed in perfect tranquillity, and we had the pleasure of paying occasional visits to our friends in the neighbourhood, most frequently of all at the hospitable mansion of Dr. P., known as Dundee, which was one of the most charming places in the fair land of the Old Dominion. The house is situated on an elevated point in the midst of a beautiful oak grove which opens on the garden side, affording a lovely vista over richly cultivated fields, with a blue range of hills for background in the far distance. Around the house there was a profusion of flowers, and the entire *locale* was so sweet a paradise, that it was the highest of satisfactions to us soldiers, accustomed to the roar of cannon and images of death and carnage, to enjoy the serene quiet that reigned in its grounds and apartments, and the charming society of the family circle that dwelt there.

On Sunday evening the 26th we were assembled as usual on the verandah enjoying the coolness of the twilight hours, delicious after the fierce heats of the summer day, when suddenly our attention was attracted by flames issuing from the roof of one of the farm stables, about 500 yards distant. As most of the negroes were absent, paying their Sunday visits, or otherwise spending their weekly holiday, the lightly-built stables and the cattle in them were in imminent danger of destruction. Of course we eagerly hastened to the spot to render what aid we could in extinguishing the fire or saving the property. After half an hour's hard work we succeeded in getting the fire under; and though all of us, and myself especially, were more or less burned in the face and hands, we felt highly gratified to have rendered some

service to people who had shown us the most marked and constant kindness. General Stuart, who always had his joke, gave the ladies a most absurd and extravagant account of my individual exertions, declaring that he had seen me running out of the burning building with a mule under one arm and two little pigs under the other.

On the 29th we had another brigade drill, which drew together a considerable number of spectators. The place was an extended level plain, very favourable for manœuvres, and the whole drill was executed with as much precision as would have been exhibited by regular troops, and afforded indeed a most brilliant spectacle. The fine day ended with the most terrible hurricane I ever witnessed. Thousands of trees were torn up by their roots and hurled in the air. Houses were everywhere unroofed. It may well be supposed that every tent of our encampment was prostrated, and that general confusion and disorder marked the spot.

The next day General Stuart surprised and gladdened me inexpressibly by placing in my hands my commission as major and adjutant-general of cavalry, which he had brought with him from Richmond. The General himself had been created a Major-General. Our cavalry, strongly reinforced by regiments from North and South Carolina, had been formed into a division consisting of three brigades, commanded by Brigadier-Generals Hampton, FitzLee, and Robertson, with three batteries of horse-artillery, amounting in all to about 15,000 well-mounted men.

On the 4th of August the trumpet sounded again for the march, as a reconnaissance in force was to be undertaken in the direction of Port Royal and Fredericksburg. With four regiments and one battery we pushed on all day until we reached the village of Bowling Green, about twenty miles distant, where we made a bivouac for the night. On the 5th, the hottest day of the whole summer, we continued our march, and arrived at Port Royal at eleven o'clock in the morning, just after a squadron of the enemy's cavalry, already apprised of our approach, had retreated lower down the Rappahannock. The joy of the inhabitants at our coming was touching to witness. The ladies, many of them with their cheeks wet with tears, carried refreshments around among our soldiers, and manifested, with the deepest emotion, their delight in seeing the grey uniforms, and their gratitude at their deliverance from the oppressor. At one P.M. we resumed our march, halting only for a few minutes at the charming cottage of a lady, where, at a later period, I was to spend some pleasant days, which had just then been left by a band of Yankee marauders, one of whom had robbed an old negro servant of the family of his silver watch. The negro, who recognised Captain Blackford as an old friend of the household, complained to him most piteously of this treatment, and implored him to enforce restitution of his property. About three o'clock we overtook these marauders, whom our advance-guard had made prisoners, and upon one of the skulking fellows we at once discovered the watch, which, to the satisfaction of us all, and to the grinning delight of its rightful owner, Captain Blackford restored to him.

At sunset we reached Round Oak Church, only twelve miles distant from Fredericksburg, where we bivouacked, taking the precaution to form a long cordon of pickets and vedettes, who took care that the enemy should not be informed of our movements from any of our followers, by allowing no one to pass outside their line. At the same time we sent forward some of our Texan scouts, who, soon returning, reported the enemy encamped in large numbers about five miles from Fredericksburg. One of the

scouts, a man infamous in his profession, had been shot by one of the Yankee sentinels, and brought back with him an arm badly shattered.

In our bivouac I met with a little adventure that turned out fortunately enough, but might have cost me my life. Fatigued by the long ride, and exhausted by the intense heat of the day, I had spread my blanket, soon after my arrival, near an old log, which in former days had been used as a step by the ladies in mounting and dismounting on their rides to church, but which I now proposed, in its decay, should serve me as a pillow. Resting my head upon it I fell at once into a deep sleep, from which I was presently awakened by something crawling over my hand. I quickly shook off the object, which gave out a sharp, clear, rattling sound, and which I perceived in the bright light of the moon to be a snake more than four feet in length that raised itself at me in an attitude that meant mischief. Sleeping, as I always did, with my arms by my side, it was the work of a moment to draw my keen Damascus blade* and sever the reptile in twain. Excited, however, by this unfamiliar hostile attack, and finding that the dissevered parts of the body continued to manifest vitality in wriggling about on the grass, I dealt yet several heavy blows at my enemy, and the noise of the encounter aroused the General with the whole of his staff. Arms in their hands they hastened to the scene of action, believing that not fewer than a hundred Yankees had fallen upon me. A roar of laughter burst from them at the nature of my midnight combat; but the affair seemed less ridiculous when they discovered that I had killed one of the largest specimens of the American rattlesnake, a reptile as venomous as the East Indian cobra, whose bite is certain and speedy death—a fate which I had very narrowly escaped. I could obtain little sleep during the remainder of the night; and was ready to move before sunrise when the command was given to mount.

Our march lay in the direction of Massaponax Church, about eight miles distant from Fredericksburg, on the Telegraph Road—a wide plank turnpike leading directly to Richmond. We had been informed by our spies and patrols that a Federal force of 8000 men, with the usual complement of artillery, under the command of Generals Hatch and Gibbon, was on an expedition to destroy the most important line of railway communication with our army, and burn the depots of supplies at Hanover Junction. Riding as usual with the advance-guard, I was the first to discover the hostile column when we had reached a point within half a mile of the Telegraph Road. I immediately gave the order to halt, and rode back to give information of the enemy's presence to General Stuart, who made his dispositions with his accustomed celerity. The main body of the enemy had already passed the spot where the road along which we were moving intersected the Telegraph Road, and only their long waggon-train with its escort remained behind. Two regiments, with two pieces of artillery, were ordered to turn to the left in pursuit of the column;

* This Damascus blade, which will be frequently mentioned hereafter in my narrative, was a straight double-edged sword of tremendous size and excellent temper, which I had worn from the commencement of my military career in the Prussian Cuirassiers of the Guards. It was even better known in the Confederate army than myself; and many who were unable to pronounce my foreign name correctly used to speak of me as "the Prussian with the big sword." Stuart wrote to me after the battle of Gettysburg, in which, being prostrated by wounds, I did not participate, referring to the operations of his cavalry, "My dear Von, I cannot tell you how much I missed you and your broad blade at Gettysburg."

one regiment, the 3d Virginia, was ordered to attack the waggon-train; and one regiment, with the rest of the artillery, was kept in reserve. I joined in the attack on the waggon-train, and the surprise and confusion of the escort cannot be described, when with a yell the horsemen in grey dashed out of the dark wood, and the Yankees knew at once that the so-much-dreaded Stuart was again upon them. Many of the drivers endeavoured to turn back with their waggons and seek safety in the speed of their teams, while for a time the escort maintained a feeble defence; but the former were rapidly overtaken, the latter cut down, captured, or dispersed; and the whole of the heavily-loaded train, with 90 prisoners, fell into our hands — our own loss having been two men mortally wounded.

General Stuart now collected his whole force, except a single squadron left on picket at Massaponax Church, and pressed with all possible haste upon the main body of the enemy, who in the outset were totally surprised, and fled in disorderly rout before us for several miles. As soon as they discovered, however, that they had only cavalry and a few pieces of artillery against them, they made a stand, and became in turn the assailants. Numerous batteries opened fire upon us; and their long lines of tirailleurs advanced in beautiful order. On this occasion I had a good laugh at General Stuart. Among other novelties in offensive warfare, the enemy employed against us in the fight one-pounder cannons, the balls of which being curiously shaped made a peculiar sound in their passage through the air. Just as the General and I had been placing two of our pieces in favourable position, and were riding nearer to the front, one of these exasperating little balls passed directly between us; and my brave General, whom many a time I had seen, amid the heaviest artillery fire, perfectly indifferent to shot and shell hissing around him, now, as the new projectile whizzed past us with its unfamiliar music, made to it the politest bow imaginable.

In this combat I also saw for the first time exploding rifle-balls used in action. They fell on all sides, bursting with a crackling noise in the trees and on the ground, without doing much execution.

After a short but sharp contest, General Stuart gave orders for the retreat, which was conducted with his usual skill along by-paths through the woods; and our disappearance from the field was so sudden and complete, that the enemy could not possibly imagine what had become of their recent antagonists.

I was myself sent to give the necessary advice to the squadron left on picket, with orders then to follow the command in the direction it had taken. Returning to join my companions, I was compelled to cross an open field over which the enemy were advancing, and saw at once that their first line of tirailleurs had been pushed forward so far, that for the length of 300 yards I must pass in front of them at a distance of not more than 150 paces. I immediately set my horse in rapid gallop; and though the bullets whistled around my head with every stride of the animal, I escaped unhurt, and soon overtook the General.

The success of our expedition had indeed been brilliant. Besides the damage done to the enemy in killing and wounding many of their men, and in capturing 200 prisoners and a valuable waggon-train, we had defeated their plans, saved the railway and our supply depots from destruction and so demoralised them, by making them feel that the vigilant and indefatigable Stuart was always in their rear, that they never organised another such raid from Fredericksburg.

Late at night we again arrived at Bowling Green, where we en-

camped, and the next day returned to Hanover Court-house.

The General, Captain Blackford, and myself, galloping ahead of the troops, reached headquarters late in the afternoon, but in time to pay a visit in the evening to the family at Dundee. Here we found Mrs. Stuart and her children, and Mrs. Blackford, who had arrived during our absence, and who remained as guests at the hospitable mansion for several weeks.

During the past week our army, principally Jackson's corps, had been moving along the Central Railway towards Gordonsville and Orange Court-house, as the new Federal commander, General Pope, had been concentrating a large army in the neighborhood of Culpepper to try a new road in the Federal "On to Richmond." The next day after our arrival at headquarters, Stuart received a despatch summoning him to meet Jackson at Gordonsville, to which place he went off alone by rail, leaving us to the enjoyment of an interval of repose.

It was a delightful period, filled up with visits at camp from the gentlemen of the region around, and long evening rides with our lady friends, and pleasant reunions. In the mornings I amused myself with shooting with my revolver the tremendous bull-frog of the swamps, in size nearly as large as a rabbit, the legs of which were esteemed a great delicacy by my American friends, and appeared every day upon our breakfast-table. I ate them twice, and found the meat in flavour and appearance very similar to young chicken, but I could never overcome my early prejudice against them—a little weakness for which I was often derided by my comrades.

An incident now happened to me annoyingly illustrative of the treachery and ingratitude of the negro character. My servant, Scott, came to me with an affecting story of the serious illness of his wife, which so excited my sympathy that I not only obtained permission for him to visit his suffering spouse, but supplied him liberally with money, the contributions of myself and companions, to pay the expenses of his journey. The rascal disappeared, carrying off with him the greater part of my wardrobe, and we never saw him more.

Our days of inaction were now drawing rapidly to an end. General Stuart, having taken a distinguished part in the battle of Cedar Run, where Jackson had utterly routed the advanced corps of Pope's army, came back with marching orders on the 15th. Our regiments were to be in motion early next morning, and the General and staff were to overtake them in the afternoon by rail. We dined for the last time at Dundee, and with grateful hearts took leave of our kind friends. I need not describe the parting scene between General Stuart and his family. I will only say that his dear lady did not suffer me to quit the house until I had promised to watch over her husband in the hour of battle, and do all in my power to prevent him from rashly exposing himself to danger.

OUR SUMMER CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA.

(From the 16th of August to the 5th of September 1862.)

When the train which we were to take for Gordonsville reached the Hanover Court-house Station on the afternoon of the 16th August, our horses having been already safely placed in a stock-car awaiting its arrival, it was so densely crowded with troops, many of them lying stretched out on the tops of the carriages, that the General and staff, not wishing to deprive any of these brave fellows of their seats, determined to ride on the tender of the locomotive, where, in the best pos-

sible spirits, we made ourselves as comfortable as the circumstances of the case would allow. There is a feeling of great buoyancy in the breast of the soldier when, after a period of unusual inactivity, he goes forward again to the field—one seems to one's self so strong, and looks so gaily forward to the coming campaign. Too much occupied with the future to indulge in reveries of the past, or regrets for happy hours "departed never to return," we filled up the time with talk and song as we rolled rapidly through the beautiful country, of which, by reason of the thick clouds of smoke that enveloped us, we could catch only occasional glimpses. We arrived at Gordonsville just at daybreak. When the morning light grew strong enough to enable us to see each other, we broke out at the same moment into a hearty roar of laughter, for it revealed faces as black as Ethiopia. The engine had been covering us with soot from the time we left Hanover Court-house, and it required many ablutions to restore the natural colour of our skins. After an hour's delay in performing these ablutions and partaking of a light breakfast, we proceeded by special train to Orange Court-house, where we brought up at eleven o'clock in the morning.

We now mounted our horses and rode through the numerous encampments of our army to the headquarters of General Robert E. Lee, where we tarried an hour, and then proceeded to the camp of Jackson, a few miles off, which we reached about three P.M., just in time for dinner. The great Stonewall bestowed but little attention upon the comforts of life, but he was so much the pet of the people that all the planters and farmers in whose neighbourhood he erected his simple tent, vied with each other in supplying him abundantly with the delicacies of the table; and accordingly we found as usual an excellent dinner set out, to which we did the fullest justice. Immediately after rising from the repast, General Stuart despatched Captain Fitzhugh and Lieutenant Dabney of his staff to the little village of Verdiersville, where he expected the arrival of FitzLee's brigade, and desired me to accompany himself on a little reconnaissance to Clark's Mountain, where we had erected a signal station, from which, it was said, one might obtain a wide view of the plains of Culpepper, dotted over with the encampments of the Federal army. On our way thither we met one of our scouts, Mosby, who had acted as courier to General Stuart, and who subsequently so greatly distinguished himself in the guerilla warfare he conducted. Knowing him to be well acquainted with the position of the enemy, the General ordered him to ride with us. The view from the summit of Clark's Mountain is indeed magnificent. On the right the eye ranges over the dark green of the immense forests which line the borders of the Rappahannock and Rapidan rivers for many miles, while in front stretches the vast fertile valley of Culpepper, engirdled in the remote landscape by the Blue Ridge, whose mountain-tops, thickly wooded, afforded, in their dark blue tint as we saw them, a lovely contrast with the splendour of the evening sky. There were abundant signs of active military life in this valley. Many thousands of tents were to be seen, the thin blue smoke of their campfires rising straight up, in the still air; regiments of infantry were marching and counter-marching in various directions, and long waggon-trains were moving along the distant roads, escorted by cavalry detachments, with gay pennons and guidons. From every indication we were convinced, as we set out on our return, that the enemy was preparing a general movement, probably a retrograde one; and this conviction was sustained afterwards by the fact.

ADVENTURE AT VERDIERSVILLE.

18*th August.*—It was late in the night when we reached the little village of Verdiersville, finding there Fitzhugh and Dabney, who reported, to General Stuart's great surprise, that our cavalry had not as yet arrived. Captain Fitzhugh was sent immediately in search of it, while the rest of us bivouacked in the little garden of the first farmhouse on the right of the village. Being so far outside of our lines we did not unsaddle, taking off only our blankets; and, for myself, I observed the precaution of lying down with my weapons, which made Lieutenant Dabney ask me why I would persist in making myself so uncomfortable Imprudent fellow! he had reason to regret that he did not profit by my example. We slept little during the night, and were awake with the dawn. About four A.M. we heard the heavy trampling of a long column of cavalry and the rumbling of artillery, and saw through the mist of the morning a strong body of horsemen crossing the road which led through the village, about 400 yards distant from us. General Stuart, confidently believing that this was Fitz-Lee's brigade, sent Mosby and the only other courier we had with us to order the command to halt, and inform the commanding officer that he wished to see him immediately. A few seconds later we heard pistol-shots in rapid succession, and saw our two men coming towards us at a full run, a whole squadron of the enemy in close pursuit. I stood close to the General, handing him his blankets, as the Yankees, not more than a hundred and fifty yards from us, came rattling along. Stuart, without hat or haversack, jumped into the saddle, and, lifting his animal lightly and cleverly over the garden enclosure, gained the open field; after him Dabney, leaving behind him his sword and pistols. I had to run about fifteen steps to the place where my horse was tied to the fence, and reaching it, I unfastened the bridle, but had no time to throw the reins over his head. The animal became excited, and reared and plunged fearfully, and I was obliged to vault upon his back without the rein—a feat which I safely accomplished, and afterwards succeeded in forcing him through the garden gate, which was opportunely held open for me by the old lady of the house. Here I came directly upon the major who commanded the detachment, who placed his revolver at my breast and demanded my surrender; but before he or his men could divine my intentions, by a quick slap on my horse's head I had given him the right direction, and putting the spurs deep into his flanks, I extricated myself by a tremendous flying leap from the hostile circle which was rapidly drawing closer and closer around me. A shower of carbine and pistol bullets followed my retreating figure, and now the Yankees, enraged by the trick I had played them, dashed after me in hot and furious pursuit. The greater number of my pursuers I soon left far behind me, thanks to the speed of my noble black charger; but a few, and the major foremost among them, were still close upon me. The latter discharged at me three barrels of his revolver, one of the bullets passing through my uniform without scratching the skin. After a race of nearly a mile the Yankees gave up the game, and I was able to get hold of my bridle, having been until then, so far as all management of my horse was concerned, in a perfectly helpless condition. Captain Fitzhugh, who had been taken prisoner by these same troops the previous night while on his way to look after FitzLee's brigade, and who, having given his parole,

had been allowed to witness the whole affair, told me afterwards that he could not understand how I ever made my escape, and that at every shot fired by the major he had shut his eyes so that he might not see me fall.

Soon after getting clear of my pursuers I was joined by Mosby, and we rode back some distance to see what had become of our companions. We soon found the General bareheaded, looking at the disappearing column of the enemy, who carried off in triumph his beautiful hat, the present of a lady in Baltimore, and his haversack, containing some important maps and documents. Dabney made a very sorry appearance as he came up without his arms, and I could not help asking him the malicious question if he felt quite comfortable now. Stuart covered his head with his handkerchief as a protection against the sun, and we could not look at each other, despite our heat and indignation, without laughing heartily. The driver of a sutler's wagon belonging to a Georgia regiment, whom we fell in with on our return, was happy in supplying General Stuart with a new hat; but the tidings of our mishap and adventure had spread like lightning through the whole army, and excited a great sensation. Wherever we passed an encampment on our way, the troops cheered us, and vociferously demanded of General Stuart what had become of his hat?

FitzLee's brigade, which had been detained by bad roads, and a misconception of orders, did not join us until late that night, when Robertson's brigade also arrived on the Rapidan. Hampton's command had been left behind on the lines of the Chickahominy on picket duty. It was a great satisfaction to be with our troops again, and to be assured that an opportunity would soon be afforded us of paying off the Yankees for their recent attentions to us.

On the morning of the 19th we marched with General FitzLee's brigade towards the Rapidan, where Robertson's command had encamped. There we bivouacked, and made our preparations for the fight which would in all probability take place on the following day. The army of General Pope had retreated, in accordance with our expectations, for a considerable distance, and taken a new position on the north side of the Rappahannock, leaving a large body of cavalry on our side of the river, in the neighbourhood of Brandy Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. This force we had orders to drive off.

THE FIRST CAVALRY FIGHT AT BRANDY STATION.

20th August.—At daybreak, with two brigades, we crossed the Rapidan. The passage was attended with difficulty, especially with the artillery, on account of the depth of the water. Lee's brigade was sent to the right, in the direction of Kelly's Ford; General Stuart and staff marched with Robertson's brigade in the direction of Stevensburg, about one mile from Brandy Station, and both commands were to unite near the latter place. Our advance-guard came first in contact with the enemy, who, broken by the attack, fled in great confusion, and were pursued through the little village and more than a mile beyond it. The joy of the inhabitants, who for a long time had seen none but Federal soldiers, and who had been very badly treated by them, cannot be described. Men, women, and children came running out of all the houses towards us with loud exclamations of delight, many thanking God on their knees for their deliverance from the hated yoke of the enemy. A venerable old lady asked permission to kiss our battle-

flag, which had been borne throughout so many victorious fights, and blessed it through her streaming tears, and many a bronzed and bearded face in our ranks was moistened as we witnessed the touching scene. The enthusiasm was so great that old men and boys, all that were able to carry a gun, in spite of our earnest remonstrances, followed our column to join in the fight with the detested Yankees.

The enemy, strongly reinforced, had now taken position about two miles from Stevensburg, on the outskirts of an extensive wood. Several small detachments had been pushed nearer towards us, and were patrolling on our flanks. One of these, in strength about half a squadron, mounted on grey horses, operated with great dash, but, advancing imprudently, was cut off by a body of our men, who fell upon them like a thunderbolt, killing and taking prisoners all but six, who saved themselves by the fleetness of their horses. The Federals dismounted many of their cavalrymen; and their line of sharpshooters, about a mile in length, poured upon us from the dense undergrowth a heavy fire, wounding several of our men and horses. This checked for a time our onward movement; but a large number of our troops, having been also dismounted, engaged the Federal tirailleurs with great gallantry, and we then charged with the main body upon the enemy's centre, and quickly drove them from their position.

In the *mêlée* I captured a very good horse, which was unfortunately wounded very soon afterwards, but I took from it an excellent saddle and bridle that had belonged to an officer.

The enemy's retreat was now so rapid that it was difficult to keep up with them, so that General Stuart, in order not to exhaust all our horses, took only one regiment, the 7th, in the pursuit with him, giving orders to the rest to follow at an easy trot. We were not long in reaching the heights near Brandy Station, from which we saw the Federal cavalry in line of battle in the large open plain before it. They were about 3500 strong, and, being drawn up in beautiful order, presented, with their arms glittering in the sun and their waving battle-flags, a splendid military spectacle. Our brave fellows of the 7th were immediately placed to confront them, and the sharpshooters of both parties were soon engaged in a brisk skirmish. With great impatience and anxiety we now awaited the arrival of our reserves, and courier after courier was sent to hurry them to the spot. As even our colour-sergeant had to perform orderly duty, I took the battle-flag from his hands. This act attracted the attention of the enemy's sharpshooters at a distance of 800 yards, and they kept up, from that remote point, for some time, a surprisingly well-directed fire at me, one of their bullets cutting a new rent in the glorious old ensign.

The enemy now commenced his serious attack, and as our position, by reason of his vastly superior numbers, was quite a precarious one, General Stuart, taking the standard himself, ordered me to gallop in haste to our reserves, assume myself the command, and bring them up as fast as the horses could run. After a short, sharp ride, I reached the regiments, and with a loud voice commanded them, in the name of their General, to move forward at a gallop. As I was well known to every man in the division, the order was at once obeyed, and in a few minutes I arrived with the column at the spot where General Stuart awaited us with the greatest solicitude, just in time to form hurriedly our lines and dash onward with the wild Virginia yell to the rescue of the 7th. Occupying the place of honour in front of the regiments, I shared to the full extent the excitement of the onset. The enemy, as usual,

received us with a rattling volley, which emptied several saddles; but a few seconds more and we were in the midst of them, and their beautiful lines, which we had so much admired, had broken into flight. I had the satisfaction here of delivering a magnificent blow upon one of my antagonists, who, at the very moment of firing at me, received my full right cut on the lower part of the neck, severing his head nearly from his body.

During the confusion of the *mêlée*, I discovered suddenly that a fresh squadron of the enemy was attacking us on the right flank, a manœuvre which, in the disorder inevitable after a charge, might have turned out disastrously for us; and collecting about 80 of our men around me, I threw myself with this comparatively small force upon them. They at once slackened their pace, and when we had got within forty yards of them, halted and received us with a volley which had very little effect. Upon this they fled precipitately, and were chased by us into the woods, where many of them were cut down and made prisoners.

The main body of the enemy meanwhile had rallied several times, but again and again they had to yield before our impetuous advance, until the last of them were driven through the waves of the Rappahannock, where their infantry and artillery, strongly posted on the farther bank, offered them protection, leaving behind many of their dead and wounded and several hundred prisoners.

I had a happy feeling when riding out of the battle and wiping the blood from my sword on my horse's mane. I was complimented by General Stuart most warmly for my behaviour, and to this day it is to me one of the most exciting recollections of the war. The whole had been a genuine cavalry fight, with sabres crossing and single combat—incidents that very rarely occur in modern warfare—reminding me very much of the battle-pieces of the Dutch painter, Wouvermans.

The Yankees gave a most amusing description of me in their newspapers. In their accounts of the fight it was stated that the rebels in their charge had been led on by a giant, mounted on a tremendous horse, and brandishing wildly over his head a sword as long and big as a fence-rail, who had made a terrible impression on their troops.

FitzLee did not arrive with his brigade on the battle-field until five o'clock in the afternoon, having himself had a hard encounter with a strong force of the enemy, which he had succeeded in driving back, taking many prisoners.

The rest of the day we were busy in burying the dead and taking care of the wounded. I occupied myself chiefly with nursing Captain Redmond Burke of our staff, who, while charging gallantly by my side, had received a bullet in the leg.

We bivouacked on the battle-field, which is now a desert where the bones of men and animals are bleaching on every hand. Many fights afterwards took place on the same ground, and the place is historic. Future generations of Virginians, as they pick up rusted bits of shell, and bullets, and fragments of broken weapons, with which the whole field has been so often strewn, will recall with pride the noble deeds done by their fathers in the battles at Brandy Station.

FIGHT AT CUNNINGHAM'S FORD.

21*st August*.—During the night and early in the morning a large part of our army had arrived in the vicinity of Brandy Station, and soon after daylight the boom of artillery from Jackson's corps,

which was in advance, announced to us that Old Stonewall was already at work. General Robert E. Lee had established his headquarters in a grove quite near us, and as we could get nothing for breakfast, we gladly accepted his invitation to share his own frugal meal, which consisted of rye coffee, bread, and wild honey.

Orders were now given us to proceed immediately to the front and co-operate with Jackson in the event of any further extensive operations being attempted. The firing of the morning we soon found to have been nothing more than an artillery duel between some of Jackson's guns and the Federal batteries, from which the latter withdrew after one of their caissons had been exploded. Some infantry and cavalry which had been posted on the opposite bank of the river, having also disappeared, we received orders to cross the Rappahannock, with two regiments of horse and a section of rifle pieces, and reconnoitre the enemy's position. As the road we had to take was tortuous, leading through several ravines up the hilly country on the other side of Cunningham's Ford, and thus affording the enemy a good opportunity for ambush, I was sent ahead with 60 of our men to gain the heights as quickly as possible, and select without delay a favourable position for our guns. This we found readily enough, on a commanding hill in the midst of a corn-field, as we met with no resistance, and saw only a few squads of cavalry afar off. Riding over the ground where the enemy's batteries had recently been placed, I was surprised at the evidences it presented of the tremendous effects of Jackson's artillery. The spot where the caisson had been blown up was covered with dead and wounded men, and muskets and all sorts of equipments lay around, which had been thrown away by the supporting force. As this had consisted of new levies, the men had been demoralised by our well-directed fire and fled in utter stampede upon the explosion of an ammunition-chest in the very midst of them. Among other things, I captured here one of the enemy's large regimental drums, which I presented to one of Jackson's regiments to the delight of every man in it.

Scarcely had our rifle pieces been put in position, when there came in sight a considerable force of the enemy's cavalry which was held in check only by the accurate aim and rapid service of our gunners, and the bold advance of the 5th Virginia Cavalry under Colonel Rosser on our left. We very soon discovered, however, that just now the enemy was disinclined to allow any further proceedings on our part. Several batteries from different points opened upon us, and a large body of infantry made its appearance, throwing forward at double-quick two lines of skirmishers in excellent order. The command was at once given for us to retire; and as Colonel Rosser's regiment, by reason of the enemy's rapid advance, had been placed in great danger of being cut off, I was sent to warn him of the peril of his position, leaving him to get out of it as best he could. I reached Rosser in safety, but, to rejoin General Stuart without loss of time, I was compelled to ride back along the same line, upon which the enemy's skirmishers had been pushing closer and closer, and where again shot after shot was fired at me. It is not a pleasant experience to serve for so long a distance as a target for practised marksmen, and to count the chances with every lope of one's horse, of getting safely past them. The last eight or ten of these tirailleurs were not more than 80 or 100 yards distant from my path, and I could distinctly hear the officer calling out to his men to take a quiet aim and bring that impudent rebel officer down. But they missed me, and the tall stalks of a neighbouring corn-field soon concealed

me for a time from their view. My troubles, however, were not yet over. On getting in sight of the ford I discovered it to be already occupied by the Yankee cavalry, who immediately observed me, and started in pursuit. The sharpshooters being now also again on my track, firing incessantly, and yelling like bloodhounds, I had but one way left; so urging my horse* some distance higher up the river, and forcing him to a tremendous leap from the high bank into the deep stream, I crossed it swimming, the Yankee bullets, like hailstones, slashing the water all around me. I was received with great enthusiasm and loud cheering by our own men, who had witnessed the whole scene, and had trembled with anxiety for my fate.

Rosser also reached us safely with his command some hours later, but he had been obliged to cut his way through with the loss of several of his men and two of his officers.

A heavy cannonade was kept up for the remainder of the day by the enemy's batteries, which took position on the opposite bank of the river, and were answered with spirit by Jackson's guns, but little damage was done on either side. The Yankees employed here a shell, which, being closed by a peculiar screw, made in its flight a most extraordinary noise, very like the high notes of the mocking-bird. This excited the lively merriment of our careless fellows, who greeted every one of these melodious missiles with a loud piping imitation from one wing of our army to the other.

HEAVY ARTILLERY FIGHT BETWEEN THE HAZEL AND RAPPAHANNOCK RIVERS. PASSAGE OF THE LATTER, AND MARCH TO WARRENTON AND CATLETT'S STATION.

22d August.—The darkness of the night had not yet given way to dawn, when we again set out for active operations, with portions of Fitz-Lee's and Robertson's brigades and our horse-artillery, numbering about 2000 men. A strong demonstration was to be made in the direction of Wellford's Ford on the Rappahannock, to divert the attention of the Federals, and facilitate the daring raid we were afterwards to undertake. Accordingly, we marched about five miles northward, crossed the Hazel river, a tributary of the Rappahannock, and arrived about eight o'clock at Wellford's Ford, where the opposite banks of the latter stream were occupied by the Yankees in great numbers. The enemy's artillery was soon engaged in a brisk duel with our two batteries of horse-artillery, which suffered severely, losing many men and horses, in consequence of the superior positions and greater weight of metal of their antagonists. About ten o'clock we were relieved by Jackson's batteries, and, withdrawing from the field without the knowledge of the enemy, proceeded in rapid trot eight miles higher up the river to Waterloo Bridge, where we crossed it, and continued our march to Warrenton. Late in the evening we entered this little

* This was the same charger which saved me at Verdiersville by his fleetness, an excellent coal-black Virginia horse, of medium size, well-bred, and strongly built, but one of the fleetest and best jumping horses I ever rode. I could fire from his back as accurately as on foot, and the animal seemed to understand perfectly his master's intentions, so that whenever I raised my revolver, my faithful black, however excited he might have been the moment before, stood as quiet as possible, one fore foot raised from the ground, scarcely breathing until the shot had been fired, and then bounding forward with all his native animation.

town, and were received with the liveliest demonstrations of joy by the inhabitants.

We were now again exactly in the rear of the Federal army, the right wing of which we had marched around, and our bold design was nothing less than to capture the Commander-in-Chief and his headquarters, which, as our scouts reported, had been established at Catlett's Station, a point on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. After an hour's rest to feed our horses, we left Warrenton behind us, continuing our march with great caution. Night was now rapidly approaching, and the angry clouds, which had been gathering in the sky throughout the afternoon, soon burst upon us in a tremendous thunder-storm and the heaviest rain I ever witnessed. The narrow roads became in a short time running streams of water, and the little creeks on our route foamed and raged like mountain torrents. But this was the very condition of the elements we could most have desired. The enemy's pickets, in the fury of the storm, indifferent to everything but their own personal comfort, were picked up, one after another, by our advanced-guard to the last man, and we had thus arrived within the immediate neighbourhood of the main body of the enemy without the least information on their part of our approach.

Having been sent back by General Stuart with some orders to the rear of our column, I had, on my return a very amusing adventure. In passing one of the farmhouses on the road, my sharp eye discovered, behind the curtains of one of the windows, a Federal officer, who disappeared on my approach. Instantly dismounting, I knocked at the door, ordering it to be opened at once; but instead of this, I heard tables and chairs moved hurriedly against it, which so much provoked me, that I threw my whole weight upon the light frame. The door gave way with a loud crash, and hurled my Yankee, with all his chair-and-table fortifications, over upon the floor of the little parlour. Before I could lay hands upon the poor fellow, who, being unarmed, and seeing himself at the mercy of so powerful-looking an adversary, had risen from his humiliating position with the drollest expression of extreme terror on his face, a very pretty young woman came out of the adjoining room, bearing a waiter in her hands with a bottle of wine and other refreshments, which she offered me in the most graceful manner possible, placing herself at the same time between me and my victim. Tactics like these were so novel to me that for a moment I quite lost my self-possession; but, very soon recovering my wits, I thanked her politely for her hospitality, which I should be very ready to accept after I had done my duty. But approaching again and again my prisoner, I encountered again and again this charming obstacle, so that we played for a good while the juvenile game of fox and goose. The scene of action had in the mean time shifted towards a broad door-like window, which opened upon the garden side, and from the gathering darkness, and its proximity to the surrounding forest, afforded a very fair opportunity of escape; so seeing no other way of bringing the interview to a satisfactory conclusion, I levelled my pistol at the officer's breast, and said, "Madame, if you cannot bear separation from the enemy of your country, I will leave him with you, but not alive." This had the desired effect. The fair creature abandoned her position, and in the midst of her bitter tears and pathetic appealings, which my sense of duty alone enabled me to resist, I bore my prisoner off. He was a handome young man, a lieutenant in an infantry regiment, and had contracted an engagement of marriage with his protectress before the war commenced.

The rain was still pouring in torrents at eleven P.M., when we came directly upon the Federal encampment, which extended about a mile in length on either side of the railroad. We halted at the distance of about two hundred yards to form our long lines and make our dispositions, which we accomplished without attracting the notice of our adversaries in the heavy rain and amid the incessantly-rolling thunder. The sound of a single trumpet was the signal for nearly 2000 horsemen to dash, as they did with loud shouts, upon the utterly paralysed Yankees, who were cut down and made prisoners before they had recovered from their first astonishment. I myself had instructions to proceed with a select body of men to General Pope's tent, which was pointed out to us by a negro whom we had captured during the day, and who had been "impressed" by one of Pope's staff-officers as a servant. Unfortunately for us the Commander-in-Chief had, for once, this day his "headquarters in the saddle"—an intention which he had so boastfully announced at the commencement of his campaign—and had started a few hours before our arrival on a reconnaissance, so that we found only his private baggage, official papers, horses, &c. &c. I obtained as booty a magnificent field-glass, which was afterwards of great service to me. The scene had become in the mean time a most exciting one, and the confusion which is always the consequence of a night attack, had reached its highest point. The Federal troops on the other side of the railroad, which was not so easily accessible, had recovered from their panic, and, reinforced by some companies of the so-called Bucktail Rifles, commenced a vigorous fire upon our men, who were scattered all over the field burning and plundering to their heart's content. In the background our reserves were actively employed in firing the immense depots and waggon-trains and the railroad bridge, and the flames, rising from a hundred different points at once, reddened the dark cloudy night. It was difficult to recognise friend or foe. Shots fell in every direction — bullets whizzed through the air on all sides —no one knew where to strike a blow or where to level his revolver —no one could be certain whether the man riding at his elbow was Federal or Confederate.

Having received orders from General Stuart to cut the telegraph wire, I proceeded with twenty men to the execution of this purpose; but just as we had reached a pole, I saw suddenly, by the vivid illumination of a flash of lightning, a whole company of the enemy drawn up in line not fifteen steps from us, and I had just time to call out to my men to lie down, when a rattling volley sent a shower of bullets over our heads. I galloped back to the General asking for a squadron to assist me in carrying out his orders. The squadron was immediately granted. Attacking the Federal infantry myself in front, while Colonel Rosser took them in flank, we succeeded in driving them farther back. But they still maintained a rapid fusillade, and to climb the pole and cut the wire was a very dangerous undertaking. A young fellow of not more than seventeen volunteered to perform the daring feat, and, using my shoulders as a starting-point, he ran up the pole with the agility of a squirrel; the wire, severed by a stroke of his sabre, was soon dangling to the ground, and the brave boy escaped unhurt, several bullets, however, having struck the pole during his occupation of it.

About three o'clock in the morning the work of destruction at Catlett's Station was complete, and the order was given to re-form and start upon our return. The alarm had been spread over a great part of the Federal wing, and troops were marching against us from several directions. Our success, in spite

of the great confusion of the midnight attack, had been very decided. We had killed and wounded a great number of the enemy; captured 400 prisoners, among whom were several officers, and more than 500 horses; destroyed several hundred tents, large supply-depots, and long wagon-trains; secured, in the possession of the Quartermaster of General Pope, 500,000 dollars in greenbacks, and 20,000 in gold; and, most important of all, had deprived the Federal Commander of all his baggage and private and official papers, exposing to us the effective strength of his army, the disposition of his different *corps d'armée*, and the plans of his whole campaign. Our loss was comparatively small; and after a rapid march, impeded only by the deluge of water still pouring down upon us, and compelling us to swim several creeks which were ordinarily but a few inches in depth, we reached Warrenton, with all our prisoners and booty, at eight o'clock the following morning.

I am convinced that our success would have been more complete had General Stuart waited until daylight for his attack. Night attacks, as my later experience taught me, are always dangerous, and ought never to be undertaken if they can be avoided. Even the bravest and best disciplined troops may, by an unforeseen accident, be got into a stampede, and inexperienced troops it is almost impossible to control.

We had but a few minutes' rest in the little town of Warrenton, when our rear-guard reported a strong force in pursuit of us, and a heavy cannonade from the direction of Jackson's position summoned us to move on. These few minutes, however, we employed to advantage. Wet by the rain of twelve hours, and chilled by the sharp air of the morning, we found grateful reinvigoration in the viands that were offered us by the kind citizens of the place, who heard with the greatest delight of the success of our expedition. I was enjoying some delicious coffee, served by the fair hands of a lovely and accomplished young girl, whose acquaintance I had made the previous day, when, hearing that we had taken Pope's Quartermaster, she laughed heartily, and told us that when he had been quartered at her father's house a few days before, he had, in boasting of the magnificent army of Pope, declared his intention of entering Richmond before the end of the month, and that she had made him a bet of a bottle of champagne that he would not. She now regarded her wager as lost, as the Quartermaster would doubtless enter Richmond before the time specified—earlier, indeed, but under other circumstances, than he had expected—and she begged me to obtain permission from General Stuart to pay the champagne. General Stuart, of course, readily acceded to the playful request, and as our column passed along she stood at the garden gate of her home, with a malicious smile on her face and the bottle in her hand, and paid her wager most gracefully to the Yankee Quartermaster, who took the joke very well and the champagne very willingly, declaring that he should always be happy to drink the health of so charming a person.

ARTILLERY ENGAGEMENT—RECROSSING OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK—FIGHTS AT WATERLOO BRIDGE.

23d to 26th August.—We were soon out of sight of Warrenton. The glowing radiance of the sun breaking at last through the parting clouds brought life and cheer to our drenched and chilled column. About twelve o'clock we reached the scene of action, where there had been only a heavy artillery fight, and not, as we had supposed,

a general engagement. Our pursuers having stopped at Warrenton, we had therefore a short period of welcome inactivity, and the orders to dismount and feed the horses were received with pleasure by every man of our fatigued command. As soon as I had taken the proper care of my horse, and emptied my long cavalry boots of several quarts of water that they contained, I fell fast asleep in the shade of a gigantic hickory-tree, from which refreshing slumber I was suddenly aroused some hours later by a spirited cannonade. The enemy were advancing, and the guns of Robertson's brigade had engaged a Federal battery. One of our squadrons, going forward to support the artillery, and being unnecessarily exposed by their captain, suffered here severely by a single well-directed shell, which, bursting at the head of the column, killed and wounded 14 men. The fighting ceased at night, and we encamped upon the ground occupied by us during the day.

At daybreak on the 24th, the enemy still advancing in heavy force, we marched rapidly towards the Rappahannock, which we found much swollen, but which we crossed in safety at eight o'clock.

General Stuart now galloped over to the headquarters of General Robert E. Lee, about five miles distant, and ordered me to proceed with the staff and couriers to Waterloo Bridge, six miles higher up the river, near which a portion of our cavalry was to encamp. This bridge was now the only one left by which for a considerable tract of country there was afforded a passage across the Rappahannock, and its preservation was therefore of great importance to our future military operations. Just as I reached the bridge an orderly galloped up to me at full speed, reporting that a strong body of the effemy, consisting of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, was rapidly advancing upon us, and was at that moment not more than a mile from the spot. The position of a senior staff-officer in the Confederate army was a very important and responsible one, and General Stuart had given me instructions, in his absence to issue any necessary commands in his name; so I immediately despatched a courier to the commanding officer of the nearest regiment, the 7th Virginia Cavalry, with orders for him to proceed with all haste to the river, and post his men as dismounted sharpshooters on the woody cliffs on both sides of the bridge; and galloping myself after our artillery, which had marched some distance to the rear, and taking back with me the first two pieces I fell in with, I arrived at the bridge just in time to receive the dense column of the approaching Federals with a destructive fire of cannister from my light howitzers, which for a little while effectually checked their advance. It was not long, however, before they threw their skirmishers forward, and a brisk fusillade was rattling along the line. Their batteries also opened heavily upon us, and were answered gallantly by my howitzers. Matters were proceeding thus favourably, when, about twelve o'clock, General Stuart, whom I had informed by an orderly of the state of affairs, arrived with reinforcements, expressing his great satisfaction with what had been done, and thanking me for having saved the bridge. The fight now became more and more general. The enemy brought several brigades of infantry into action, and opened upon us with several new batteries. In the mean time all the guns of our horse-artillery had arrived upon the ground, and were pouring their deadly missiles into the Federal ranks. Twice did the Yankees succeed in setting fire to the bridge with incendiary shell, but the flames were instantly extinguished by our gallant men. Several times their storming columns, advancing at a double-quick, got nearly across to

our side of the river; but again and again were they hurled back, leaving their dead and wounded behind them, by the well-directed fire of our sharpshooters and of our field-pieces, which were now concentrated upon the narrow path. The darkness of the night at last put an end to the conflict, and we found ourselves with small loss masters of the situation against vastly superior numbers.

Early on the morning of the 25th the contest was renewed, and for several hours we had very hot work, until about eleven A.M. we were relieved by our infantry, and enabled to take some rest from our exhausting duties.

During the afternoon, I received from FitzLee's Quartermaster, Major Mason, as a mount for my negro servant William, an excellent grey mule, which was among our captures at Catlett's Station, and will often be mentioned in succeeding portions of this narrative.

It will be recollected that some of the *spolia opima* of Catlett's Station were greenbacks and gold. As these were contained in solid iron safes, of which the keys had been lost, it was not the easiest matter in the world to get at them. It was thought, however, a profitable employment of our earliest leisure to investigate General Pope's sub-treasury, and our men had been hammering away at the safes for some time without result, when General Stuart turned round to me and said, laughingly, "If nobody can open these strong boxes, we must call on Major *Armstrong* (a nickname he had given me) to assist us." Accepting the banter at once, I delivered a few heavy blows upon the safes with a serviceable axe, which laid them open, amid the loud cheers of our soldiers, who, with their accustomed idle curiosity, had formed a large circle round us. Two boxes of excellent cigars, which the Yankee Quartermaster had kept in this place of security doubtless as the Cockney at the French custom-house expressed it, "pour fumigation lui-même," fell to me as my share of the spoil—a great luxury indeed, to one who had long been deprived of the aromatic Havana weed.

In the evening I was sent over to General Robert E. Lee's headquarters to carry thither the captured despatches and papers; and being invited by the General to partake of his modest supper, I had to relate many particulars of our recent raid, to which he listened with great interest.

There was a good deal of merriment among the young staff-officers at headquarters concerning one of our Catlett's Station prisoners, whom I had taken over with me under charge of a courier for further instructions—and who, just as we were sending off the main body of these prisoners to Richmond, had been discovered to be a good-looking woman in full Federal uniform. In order that she might follow to the field her warlike lord, she had enlisted as a private soldier in the same company with him, and now claimed to be excepted from the rest of the prisoners as a privilege of her sex. It was decided, however, that this modern Jeanne d'Arc must share the fate of her comrades for the present, and further decision in the case was left to the Richmond authorities.

The whole of Longstreet's corps had now been removed from Richmond to Culpepper, and occupied the line of the Rappahannock opposite the Federal army. Jackson's troops had been quietly withdrawn from the front, and his corps had been in motion during the whole of the afternoon, marching nobody but General Lee and his Lieutenant knew where. I also went back to General Stuart with marching orders for himself and the greater part of his cavalry.

MARCH TO SALEM AND BRISTOW STATION—CAPTURE OF THE LARGE FEDERAL SUPPLY-DEPOTS—FIGHT AT MANASSAS PLAINS.

26th and 27th August.—The line of our march lay directly in the tracks of Jackson's troops, who, by the extraordinary rapidity of their movements, had gained the title of the "Foot-Cavalry" of the army, and who had now been taken by their great leader upon an expedition in flank of the enemy, which was brilliantly successful, and insured the failure of Pope's whole campaign. Our column consisted of nearly 6000 horse and our flying artillery. Starting at daybreak, we forded the Rappahannock near Hinzen's Mill, eight miles above Waterloo Bridge, and proceeded with great caution all day through the extensive forests of the county of Fauquier, taking by-paths in the woods, where we were often compelled to ride in single file. Passing near the little town of Orleans, we reached Salem late in the afternoon. where at last we overtook Jackson's corps, but where we did not tarry, pushing forward in advance to Gainesville, at which place we arrived after nightfall. Here a squadron was left behind on picket, and here I received orders from General Stuart, who had continued his march to Bristow Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, to remain and keep open the communications between himself and Jackson. At Gainesville we passed a most exciting and unsatisfactory night. As the day had been excessively hot, I had given orders to my men to unsaddle, that our weary horses might be refreshed; and I had just taken off the saddle from my own steed, when our pickets, who had been posted about a mile outside the village towards Centreville, came in at full gallop, reporting the enemy's cavalry in close pursuit of them. We had barely time to get ready for action when the Yankee advance-guard came thundering along through the darkness of the night. They were received with a sharp fire from the revolvers of myself and my staff of couriers; but in a moment, supported by our charging squadron, we threw ourselves upon them, driving them back in confusion, and taking several of their number prisoners. The enemy made no further effort to dislodge us; but our pickets, excited by the suddenness of the first attack, rode in five or six times during the night with false alarms, which brought us into the saddle, and I hailed with great satisfaction the daylight, which relieved me from my anxiety. I now pushed rapidly forward to Bristow Station, which our cavalry had already left, after having accomplished their work of destruction. They had torn up the track of the railroad for a long distance, captured four trains and a considerable number of prisoners, and demolished everything that could be of the least value to the enemy. There was now no time to be lost by us. From the plains of Manassas, about seven miles distant, rolled the thunder of cannon, and I hurried on as fast as our horses could carry us, crossing the memorable stream of Bull Run, just in the neighbourhood where the first battle of the war had been fought, and reaching Manassas about nine o'clock in the morning.

The plateau of Manassas presents an area of about three miles square, over which the Yankees had built an irregular town of storehouses, barracks, huts, and tents, which was fortified on all sides by continuous redoubts. Here were collected stores and provisions, ammunition and equipments for an army of 100,000 men (besides an enormous quantity of luxuries unknown to warfare), the capture of which was a most important success to our arms. The sight that was presented to me at

the moment of my arrival was truly a magnificent one. In front, rapidly advancing, were the long lines of our cavalry, their pennons fluttering gaily in the morning air, and moving in company with them might be seen the horse-artillery, from whose pieces, as well as from the guns we had captured in the redoubts and were now serving with admirable effect, dense clouds of white smoke were spread over the plain; on the left Jackson's veteran columns were pushing forward at a double-quick, while in the distant view the blue masses of the enemy were in rapid flight towards the glimmering woods. I found General Stuart exceedingly delighted with his success. He had taken the troops guarding the place completely by surprise, capturing the greater part of them and twelve pieces of artillery in the redoubts without much fighting, and had just routed three brigades of infantry that had been sent from Alexandria as reinforcements. The enemy in their flight had left behind their dead and wounded, and more than 1500 runaway negroes—men, women, and children. The quantity of booty was very great, and the amount of luxuries absolutely incredible. It was exceedingly amusing to see here a ragged fellow regaling himself with a box of pickled oysters or potted lobster; there another cutting into a cheese of enormous size, or emptying a bottle of champagne; while hundreds were engaged in opening the packages of boots and shoes and other clothing, and fitting themselves with articles of apparel to replace their own tattered garments. The liquors, with a proper degree of precaution, were at once seized by the Quartermaster and placed under a strong guard, to avert the consequences of immoderate indulgence. There was a good deal of jealousy between Jackson's artillery and our own with regard to the disposition that was to be made of the captured horses. Among other prizes of this description we had taken a Yankee sutler's waggon—one of those large gaudily-painted vans drawn always by four excellent horses; and General Stuart desired me to trot rapidly over with the waggon to our horse-artillery, assign the horses to the nearest battery, and dispose of the contents as I thought proper. It gave me great pleasure, after I had changed the four stately bays into stout artillery-horses, to divide the plunder among our brave cannoneers who soon collected round the waggon in large numbers, and received the contents with loud demonstrations of delight. The different boxes were speedily opened by my sword, and were found to contain shirts, hats, pocket-handkerchiefs, oranges, lemons, wines, cigars, and all sorts of knick-knacks. I helped myself only to two boxes of regalias, which I managed to tie securely to the pommel of my saddle.

We were occupied throughout the day in collecting as much of the booty as we could carry off with us, and preparing the rest for destruction.

During the afternoon we received reports that the Federal army was moving rapidly upon us from various points, and very soon Ewell's division, which formed Jackson's rear, was hotly engaged with their advance-guard. The main body of our infantry commenced now to march off quietly in the direction of Centreville, turning afterwards towards the Stone Bridge and Sudley's Mill, while the cavalry remained on the plains to apply the torch to the captured property as soon as this might be necessary. All the storehouses and depots were filled with straw and hay, and combustibles were also placed in forty-six railway cars, which had been pushed closely together. The battle had in the mean time become fierce—the thunder of cannon and the roar of musketry rolling incessantly; but although the enemy in vastly superior number attacked us with vigour, and although the old hero

Ewell lost a leg in the conflict (a casualty which disabled him for a long time from again taking the field), they were wholly unable to break the lines of those veterans who had given their commander the name of Stonewall, and who held their ground until night put an end to the slaughter. Then, they withdrew from their position and joined the main body of their corps.

Just as the sun was disappearing behind the range of distant hills that formed the western horizon, the flames were rising from a hundred different points of the plain, bringing out vividly each one of a legion of dark figures which were moving about, in the midst of the conflagration, to assist in spreading the fire, and fanning it into fury wherever it languished. The glow reflected from all these burning buildings, tents, and railway cars, with the red glare from the mouths of the cannon, and the sparkling of the bursting shells as seen against the darkening forest, made up a spectacle of strange mysterious splendour. After all that we wished to preserve had been secured, and all that we wished to destroy had been laid in ashes, we followed the route of our retreat towards Centreville. In the confusion of the moment, and the increasing darkness of the night, I had become separated, with several other members of the staff and a number of couriers, from General Stuart, with no hope of finding him until morning, so we bivouacked in a small pine grove in the neighbourhood of Centreville, which place had already been passed by the greater portion of our troops.

FIGHTS PRELIMINARY TO THE SECOND BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

28th and 29th August.—At an early hour of the following day we set out to join General Stuart at Sudley's Mill, a place about eight miles north of Manassas, where Jackson's corps was drawn up in line of battle, expecting a fresh attack of the enemy, and where the prisoners taken during the last few days, about 1800 in number, were collected; but the indefatigable Stuart had already started, at the time of our arrival, with his cavalry upon a new enterprise in the enemy's rear, leaving orders for me to follow him to the village of Haymarket. I pushed forward immediately with Lieutenant Dabney and two couriers, several of the other members of the staff being obliged to remain behind on account of the weary condition of their horses, and soon discovered that the journey we had to perform was an exceedingly difficult one. Since General Stuart had left Sudley's Mills, several hours before our own departure from that place, the position of the hostile army had been a good deal changed, the left wing having shifted more to our right, and the cavalry patrols were crossing the country in every direction, so that at many points of our progress we were informed that bodies of Federal horse had passed along but a few minutes before our approach. About two o'clock in the afternoon there was a heavy cannonade and continuous musketry-fire heard in the direction of Jackson's position, announcing that the enemy had commenced their attack; but, at the same time, we heard a cannonade in the direction of Haymarket, and believing Stuart to be there at work, I regarded it as my duty to continue my march. Very soon, however, we heard firing all around us, and I was convinced that we had been misled by the sound, and the great number of narrow unfrequented bridle-paths in the woods. As it was impossible to decide where we should find friend or foe, our situation became a very critical one. About dusk we discovered in a small opening before us a negro

on horseback, who had no sooner seen us than he galloped off in hurried flight, but was overtaken after a short chase by one of our couriers. It was difficult to make him believe that we were not Yankees, and his delight was indescribable when at last he recognised us as friends. He told me that a squad of Federal cavalry was at that moment engaged in pillaging his master's house, which he pointed out to us not more than three-quarters of a mile distant—that he had saved himself on one of the horses in the stable—that the enemy were all around us—and that Haymarket was occupied by them in strong force. Of Stuart and his cavalry the faithful negro had not seen or heard anything. Being perfectly at a loss, and nearly cut off from our army on all sides, I resolved to attempt returning by the same route we had come, and, protected by the darkness of the fast-coming night, to endeavour to rejoin Jackson's men. Silently we rode along the narrow lane for several hours, each one of us fully conscious of the danger of our situation, when suddenly the tramp of a body of horsemen sounded right in front of us—a scouting party, as we could scarcely doubt, of the Federal cavalry. I explained to my companions that there was no choice left but to cut our way through. Our plan hastily formed was this. The two couriers were to ride on either side of Dabney and myself, and to fire right and left with their revolvers, leaving us to open the way in the centre with our sabres. The advancing party having now arrived within twenty-five steps from us, I gave the customary order, "Halt! one man forward!" and, this being disregarded, the loud command, "Charge!" Just at this moment several voices cried out, "That is Major von Borcke! halt, halt: we are friends!" which at once checked our furious onset, and we found, to our great surprise and delight, and amid hearty laughter on all sides, that we had been on the eve of attacking the remaining part of General Stuart's staff and escort, who had also been separated from the General, and, like ourselves, were in search of him. We heard now that the way to Jackson, who had repulsed the enemy after a sanguinary conflict, was perfectly unobstructed, and that one of our cavalry regiments, the 1st Virginia, was encamped a couple of miles further to the rear. Thither we at once determined to ride, that we might refresh our weary horses, and seek rest for ourselves for the few remaining hours of the night.

We joined General Stuart early on the morning of the 29th at Sudley's Mill, where Jackson had established his headquarters in a building which was used, at the same time, as an hospital for several hundred of the wounded of the previous day's battle. Stuart was exceedingly amused at our story, and laughed very much at the adventure of the night before, confessing, however, that it was through his fault that I had become involved in the difficulty.

At seven o'clock on the morning of the 29th the attack was renewed by General Pope, who tried his best to crush Jackson before Longstreet, who was rapidly approaching with his strong corps, could arrive. As old Stonewall had already gone to the front at the time of my arrival, I was sent to him by General Stuart to get orders for the disposition of the cavalry; and to my question at starting, "Where shall I find General Jackson?" my *chef* replied, with a smile, "Where the fight is hottest." So I galloped forward over the battle-field, still strewn with the dead of yesterday's conflict, towards a point where twenty pieces of our artillery, concentrated into one battery, were hotly engaged with an equal number of Federal guns. Here I felt sure of finding Jackson himself. The Yankee batteries were firing much too high, throwing their shot and shell

in rapid succession upon a piece of soft swampy ground about a quarter of a mile beyond our position, over which I must ride if I did not choose to make a long circuit around it. My horse had already been sinking several times a little in the bog, when suddenly the ground beneath him, which was covered with a treacherous surface of verdure, gave way entirely, and my brave bay sank till half his body was buried in the morass. I leaped from his back just in time to gain a secure footing myself, but every effort to extricate the animal was in vain. Meanwhile shells were plunging and bursting nearer and nearer to me, throwing upon myself and horse a heavy shower of mud and dirt, excited by which, and not a little insulted, the noble beast made renewed exertions to get free, each time sinking deeper and deeper in the mire. I had already decided to abandon my steed and execute my orders on foot, when a body of our infantry marching by came very readily to my assistance, and, by dint of spades, ropes, and poles, managed to liberate the animal, which emerged from the bog perfectly black, and trembling in every limb, as I jumped again into the saddle. Without further accident I reached General Jackson, who, looking at me with astonishment, said, with his quiet smile, "Major, where do you get your dye? I could never have believed that a bay horse might be changed so quickly into a coal-black one." Then, upon my explaining my mission, he gave me orders for Stuart, who was to operate with his cavalry on the right flank, and hold the enemy in check until Longstreet could take his place.

On my return to Sudley's Mill I found everything changed, and great excitement prevailing there. Two brigades of the enemy had suddenly appeared in our rear, just where our provision and ammunition trains had been stationed. General Stuart had only a small portion of his cavalry and one battery of his horse-artillery at hand, but he was making every effort to save the trains, which were of the first importance to our army. There was the greatest confusion possible among the waggon-drivers: many of whose teams were "hitched on," and were driving off at the top of their speed; others had to be held back by main force to the performance of their duty, and made to put the horses to the waggons. All this time a rattling hail of the enemy's bullets was falling all around us. The quartermaster in charge of the trains, and many others, had already been killed. A little coolness and energy on the part of our commander, however, soon wrought a great improvement in the situation. Our sharpshooters were quickly dismounted and placed behind a fence, where they received the enemy with a very well-directed fire; while Pelham, who had come up at full gallop with his guns, threw from a favourable position such a deadly shower of grape and canister upon the advancing lines of the foe, as brought them suddenly to a halt.

Having been ordered to place the right wing of our sharpshooters, I was brought very conspicuously to the notice of the enemy as the only man on horseback at this part of the field, and several bullets had already whistled past me in uncomfortable proximity to my person, when one of the Yankee marksmen sent a ball, to my infinite annoyance, crashing right through a box of regalia cigars, which, it may be remembered, I had tied to the pommel of my saddle as my part of the spoils of the sutler's waggon taken at Manassas Plains. I was just expressing my displeasure in pretty round terms, and directing the attention of some of our men to the impudent fellow who had fired the shot, when General Stuart rode up and directed me to ride in full haste back to Jackson, and make

report of the state of affairs, and order, in his name, the first troops I should meet on the way to his immediate assistance.

After a rapid gallop of a few minutes I met two brigades of A. P. Hill's division, which I ordered to proceed at a double-quick to the point of danger. Very soon I encountered General Hill himself, to whom I made the necessary explanations, and who at once proceeded in person to the threatened position. Meanwhile the cannonade had become fearful, more and more batteries had joined in the action, and from a hundred pieces of artillery the thunder of the battle roared along our lines. In the dense smoke that enveloped the field, and amid the bursting of innumerable shells, it was not easy to find General Jackson, whom I discovered at last sitting comfortably on a caisson, quietly writing his despatches. After I had made my report, I remarked to the General that it had been very difficult to find him, and that this was rather a hot place for him to be in. "My dear Major," he replied, "I am very much obliged to you for the orders you have given. Hill will take care of the enemy in our rear. I know what they are; there cannot be more than two brigades of them. And as for my position here, I believe we have been together in hotter places before." The great hero then calmly resumed his writing, cannon-shot ploughing up the ground all around him and covering his MS. with dust, so that, like one of Napoleon's generals under similar circumstances, he was in no need of sand to dry up his ink.

In the mean time the trains had been saved, and the bold Yankees that had attacked our rear had been driven back with fearful loss, leaving the greater part of their number prisoners in our hands.

It was now about mid-day, and the engagement had become general. The Federal Commander-in-Chief again and again attempted to break Jackson's line, but again and again his forces had to recoil with wasted ranks from the STONE WALL in front of them.

We were pressing slowly forward on our right, where our horse-artillery, under the gallant Pelham, did excellent service. Our cavalry was also here actively employed, one regiment alone, the 5th Virginia, under Colonel Rosser, taking 500 prisoners.

Many of the enemy's wounded having fallen into our hands, we had erected a temporary hospital in a shady grove, near a cool, clear spring, where several hundred of them had been received. It may have been that the enemy by accident fired too high, or they may have mistaken this group of men for a body of our troops, but suddenly a heavy fire was concentrated upon this point, and it was indeed a sickening sight to see shot after shot strike in among them, shell after shell explode over this dense mass of sufferers, who, with limbs shattered or lacerated by ghastly wounds, attempted to crawl out of the way, cursing their own friends for the agonies they had to endure.

The enemy, finding that they could not dislodge us, did not renew their attack later than four o'clock in the afternoon, and at five the advance of Longstreet's corps made its appearance, amid loud cheering all along our lines. These troops took up their position in line of battle on Jackson's right wing as fast as they arrived, and before sundown the last division of the corps, Hood's Texans, had come up, forming the extreme right of Longstreet's line. Yet farther on was Stuart with a portion of his cavalry —FitzLee, with the larger part of his brigade, having been detailed to Jackson on the extreme left. General Robert E. Lee had also now arrived, and the men of our army, throughout its entire extent, were cheered by the confident belief that on the following day a great

victory would be gained for our arms.

Shortly before dusk we had yet a brisk little cannonade between some Federal batteries and a section of the famous Washington Artillery, which occupied a space intervening between Hood's Texans and our own position. While this was going on, a body of Federal cavalry impudently trotted over an open field quite within range of our guns, which opening opportunely upon them, and dropping a shell or two that exploded directly among their ranks, the whole squadron scattered in every direction, amidst the derisive cheers of the gunners and all of our troops who witnessed their rapid disappearance.

After nightfall the Texans became engaged in a very heavy skirmish, which sounded for some time like a general conflict, but which ended, without much loss on either side, in their driving the enemy from a small piece of ground in our front.

Late in the night I was requested by General Stuart to bear him company in a little reconnaissance outside our lines, which came very near terminating disastrously, as on our return, in the thick darkness, we were received with a sharp but fortunately ill-aimed fire from our own men. The rest of the night we slept by the side of our guns, and as we could not unsaddle our horses, I had nothing for a pillow but a cartridge-box which I had picked up on the ground.

SECOND GREAT BATTLE OF MANASSAS, OR BATTLE OF GROVETON.

30th August.—The two great armies were now in full force confronting each other, Each numbered from 50,000 to 60,000 men, though Pope's may have a little exceeded the latter number, as he had been drawing reinforcements from Alexandria, where his reserves of 20,000 men had been collected. The early morning and forenoon of this memorable day passed in comparative quiet, yet before set of sun was to be fought one of the most sanguinary conflicts of the war. From time to time the rattle of slight skirmishing sounded along the lines, as it always does when two hostile armies are brought so closely together, and at long intervals the boom of cannon broke, like a sullen warning, through the hazy, sultry air.

On our right was a body of Federal cavalry operating with great audacity, and as some of their skirmishers approached our position with what I regarded as excessive impudence, I determined (with the consent of General Stuart) to give them a lesson. At my request General Hood detailed to me several of his Texan marksmen, who moved forward with alacrity and pleasure to this exciting little enterprise, crawling through the high grass and along the fences with the suppleness of serpents, in a manner that might have excited the envy of the cleverest Indian on the war-path. The Federal cavalrymen seemed not a little surprised to see me, as being on horseback I was the only one of the party visible to them, and were evidently quite undecided what to do when I halted at a distance from them of about 200 yards. Among my riflemen, one had been pointed out to me as the best shot, who was a Prussian by birth, but who had lived for many years on the prairies of Texas. He was the first to fire. Raising his rifle, he said to me with a certain pride, a smile lighting up his brown, weather-beaten features, "Now, Major, you shall see what an old Prussian can do." An instant afterwards the crack of the rifle was heard, and the foremost of the Yankees rolled in the dust, then a second victim fell pierced by the bullet of another Texan, and the bold body of Fed-

eral cavalry galloped off as if a legion of demons were in chase of them, amidst the tumultuous shouts of Hood's men, and of our own cavalry and cannoneers, who had been looking on with great interest. Unfortunately we could not lay hold of the riderless horses, which rapidly followed their vanishing companions; but nothing could prevent my Texans from getting their spoils from the dead—a booty, in their opinion, richly merited by them.

About two o'clock in the afternoon the oppressive stillness of the situation gave place to commotion and activity. Adjutants were galloping to and fro. General Stuart was hastily summoned to General Lee's headquarters, where Jackson and Longstreet were already in council with our Commander-in-Chief. Strong reserves were posted in the centre, and forty pieces of cannon were concentrated there. Our horse-artillery was in readiness for action; and Colonel Rosser, who commanded the 5th Virginia Cavalry, but was an artillerist by education, had four batteries temporarily placed under his charge, with which he trotted to the front, Every one now saw that we were on the eve of great events, and a strange feeling of anxiety, as is often the case just before a battle, came over many a stout heart—a feeling which can be compared only to the heavy sultry silence that precedes the thunder-storm.

The greater part of the two hostile armies were separated by a narrow open valley of about three miles in length and half a mile in breadth, shut in by two parallel ranges of wooded hills, which fell away on the left into a wide wooded plain occupied by the outermost divisions of Jackson's corps, and closed on the extreme right by overlooking heights, which were held by our horse-artillery.

It had been reported to General Lee that the enemy had massed arge forces opposite to his centre, or the lower part of the little valley just described, which induced him to suppose that General Pope had determined to try one of Napoleon's *manœuvres de force*, and would attempt, by overwhelming numbers, to break through the centre in a sudden attack, trusting to dispose of the two wings easily thereafter. Our noble leader had not been deceived, and his measures to frustrate the plans of the enemy had been admirably concerted.

About three o'clock in the afternoon the close columns of the Yankees emerged suddenly out of the dark green of the opposing forest at a double-quick, five extended lines, at intervals of sixty yards, comprising, at the least, 15,000 men. Their colours were borne proudly aloft, and they advanced across the open space before us in beautiful order. Nearer and nearer they came, each one of us looking on with hushed anxiety at the imposing columns which moved towards the Confederate position as a waterspout moves over the deep. The silence was something appalling, when, at the instant, forty pieces of artillery poured a withering shower of shells into the very midst of the advancing host, while, at the same time, their first line was received with a perfect sheet of fire from our triple infantry line concealed in the dense undergrowth of the forest. The artillery was in charge of Colonel Stephen D. Lee, and the accuracy with which the shells exploded in the very faces of the foe testified to the admirable service of the guns. It was as if an annihilating bolt out of the thunder-cloud had let loose its fury upon those doomed men, who until now had been pressing onward like moving walls, and they now wavered and swayed to and fro as if the very earth reeled beneath their feet. Again and again roared the thunder of our guns, again and again deadly volleys sent their hail of bullets into the dense ranks of the enemy, until

all at once this splendidly-organised body of troops broke in disorder, and became a confused mass of fugitives. The Federal officers did their best to reanimate them. With the utmost energy and courage they brought their men forward to three several assaults, and three times were they hurled back, leaving hundreds of their number dead and wounded on the plain. At last physical strength and moral endurance alike gave way before the terrible effect of our fire, and the whole force fled in disorderly rout to the rear, a flight which could no longer be checked. At this moment the wild yell of the Confederates drowned the noise of the guns. As far as the eye could reach, the long lines of our army, with their red battle-flags lit up by the evening sun to a colour like blood, were breaking over the plain in pursuit. It was a moment indeed of the intensest excitement and enthusiasm. With great difficulty could the cannoneers be kept back to their pieces, scarcely could we, the officers of the general staff, resist the impulse to throw ourselves with our victorious comrades upon the retreating enemy.

Thus the running fight was kept up for nearly two miles, our men, flushed with success, driving everything before them and taking many prisoners. Suddenly, however, their headlong advance was vigorously checked at the village of Groveton, situated on a range of hills, now held by the main body of Pope's army, from which more than 100 pieces of artillery hurled their terrible missiles upon the Confederates exposed in the open plain and exhausted by the pursuit. In their turn they staggered, halted, and fell slowly back; but before the shouts of triumph of the Federals had died away, the onset was renewed and continued until we had brought the last man of our reserves into action. As the sun sank behind the heights of Manassas, the enemy, after a very gallant struggle, was driven entirely from the field, retreating towards Centreville in great confusion, leaving behind them many thousands of dead, wounded, and prisoners, besides many pieces of cannon and regimental standards, and a considerable quantity of small arms.

In the mean time our cavalry had been pressing forward on the right flank, driving the Federal horse with little resistance before them over a rolling wooded ground, from which we could see plainly the progress of the battle. Our horse-artillery, acting in concert with Rosser's four batteries, and advancing on a line parallel with that taken by the cavalry on the Groveton side, had been pouring a destructive flank-fire on the dense ranks of the Yankees. This fire was energetically returned by the numerous batteries of the enemy, which, firing too high, threw their shells all over the woods through which we of the cavalry were passing, breaking and shattering trees and branches in every direction, and inflicting much injury on men and horses. I myself received several slight injuries from the splinters and flying limbs with which the air was filled, and made a very narrow escape from serious damage, as one of the enemy's shells exploded between my horse's legs, striking, strange to say, neither rider nor animal.

After the taking of the Groveton heights, as the enemy was retreating in the direction of Centreville —all except their cavalry, which fell back towards Manassas Plains —our main line of battle had to move as on a pivot, the right wing advancing rapidly, and the whole standing nearly perpendicular to our former position. As the retreat led through a densely-wooded country where cavalry could be of little use, only FitzLee's brigade joined our army in the pursuit—General Stuart pushing forward with Robertson's brigade to drive off the strong force of Federal

cavalry which had been there brought together, and which would otherwise have operated successfully on our exposed flank. The 2d Virginia Cavalry, under the gallant Colonel Munford, was in the advance, and arrived at the plateau of Manassas before the two other regiments of the brigade had come up. Here they found the Yankee horse in far superior numbers drawn up in two magnificent lines of battle, one behind the other. Without waiting for the arrival of their comrades, the brave fellows of the 2d, their intrepid Colonel at their head, threw themselves upon the foe. They succeeded in breaking the first line by their impetuous charge, but having been thrown into some disorder by the length of the attack, the second line of the enemy, using well its opportunity, made a counter-charge in splendid style, and drove them back in confused flight, shooting and sabring many of the men, the rallied Yankee regiments of the first line joining in the pursuit. At this moment we arrived with the 7th and 12th at the scene of the disaster, and, receiving our flying comrades into our ranks, we charged furiously the hostile lines, scattering them in every direction, recapturing all our men who had fallen into their hands, killing the commander of the entire force and many other officers, among whom was the Major who had given me such a run at Verdiersville, besides killing and wounding a large number of their soldiers, and taking several hundred prisoners and horses. The pursuit was not abandoned until we had chased them over the stream of Bull Run; and we heard later that the stampeded horsemen had continued their flight into the fortifications of Centreville. Our loss was comparatively small in killed, consisting mostly of wounded, among whom was the brave commander of the 2d, Colonel Munford, who had received several sabre-cuts on the head.

Night had now set in, and as we approached the field of battle on our return to the main body of our army, we found that fighting and pursuit had entirely ceased, darkness having at last checked our victorious progress. It was exceedingly unfortunate for the Confederates that the battle had been commenced so late in the afternoon, as two hours more of daylight would have rendered the result of the day yet more disastrous to the Federal army. Their loss, however, during the several days' fighting which terminated with the Battle of Groveton had been immense, amounting to at least 20,000 men in killed, wounded, and prisoners, 30 pieces of artillery, about 40,000 small arms, many standards, and uncounted stores of ammunition and provisions. The Yankee troops were totally demoralised, and had lost all confidence in their commanding general; and the Government at Washington, not less than the whole people of the North, looked with the greatest terror and anxiety into the future. Our loss had also been heavy, estimated in the last battle alone at 6000 in killed and wounded. Many a noble fellow breathed his last sigh for the South on the slippery heights of Groveton.

The little military family of our own staff had specially to grieve for the loss of one of our number—Captain Hardeman Stuart, a nephew of our General, who had charge of the Signal Corps* of our cavalry. Poor Stuart, having been surprised with his party on the morning of the 30th by a body of Federal horse,

* The Signal Corps is an institution peculiar to the American armies, organised for telegraphic communications between distant points by the waving of flags of various colours in the daytime and of lights of various colours at night. It is somewhat similar to the old semaphore system, and in campaigning can only be employed to advantage in a hilly region of country, where the signals can be made from elevated spots.

was only able to escape with two of his men, leaving their apparatus and horses behind. Reaching the Confederate lines on foot, just as the battle was commencing, and not being able to render more important service, these three heroes seized each one of the muskets which had been thrown down in large numbers by the enemy in their retreat, and joined the ranks of the 18th Mississippi infantry which were just moving at a double-quick towards the Groveton heights. There they fell in glorious companionship after the regiment had captured several of the enemy's batteries.

We encamped on the field of battle, and were occupied during the greater part of the night in carrying water to the wounded, and otherwise ministering to the wants of the sufferers to the extent of our ability.

FROM THE SECOND BATTLE OF MANASSAS TO THE INVASION OF MARYLAND.

(*31st of August to the 5th of September.*)

We rested but a few hours after the fatigues of Groveton, and I was roused at peep of day by General Stuart, who desired me to accompany him on a little expedition to reconnoitre the position of the enemy. It was a dark cloudy morning, and a sharp wind drove a drizzling rain, which had been falling throughout the night, right in our faces, so that we found the ride through the small pine thickets that lay in our way exceedingly disagreeable. Of the enemy we could discover nothing ourselves. From our scouts, and from the Federal prisoners that were still coming in every half-hour in squads of eight or ten, we learned that the army of General Pope had made a halt in and around Centreville. I was now asked by General Stuart to ride over to Jackson's headquarters, on the left of our lines, to make report and carry him important papers, and to proceed thence yet farther to the left to Sudley's Mill, with orders for General FitzLee with his brigade, which had bivouacked there during the night, to march at once along the Little River Turnpike in the direction of Fairfax Court-house, to a point where General Stuart himself, with Robertson's brigade, taking a short cut across the fields, would join him in the afternoon.

The headquarters of Jackson were at least five miles distant on our extreme left, and I had to ride along the entire line of our army, which at this moment was somewhat irregular. As the surface was much broken and covered with dense forests, I ran a narrow hazard of losing my way, and was compelled to make frequent inquiries of the different bodies of troops I passed *en route*. My appearance in the saddle was not a little *bizarre*, as I pushed onward through the rain, which still continued to descend soakingly. For protection against the storm I had wrapped myself up completely in my black oil-cloth cloak, at the same time turning down the wide brim of my slouched hat so as wholly to conceal my face. If these precautions kept me comparatively dry, they made it difficult for any one to distinguish me from a Yankee cavalier, and thus involved me in a ridiculous adventure which might have had a tragical result. I had been questioning an infantry quartermaster as to the whereabouts of General Jackson, and my interlocutor, forming some grave suspicions from my appearance and foreign accent, took his measures accordingly. A few minutes after I had left him, two men on horseback came up, placing themselves on either side of me, and commenced a conversation which could not have been more impertinently inquisitive if they had learned to ask questions in Connecticut. I very soon wearied

of this cross-examination, and so informed my companions, adding that if they desired anything at my hands they might express themselves fully. Whereupon they made polite apologies, declaring that they desired nothing beyond the pleasure of my company; but as at this moment three other horsemen came riding towards us, their manner underwent a sudden change, and they demanded my surrender as a Yankee, and called upon me to hand over to them any papers that might be in my possession. Exceedingly annoyed at this, I threw open my oil-cloth cloak, disclosing my grey uniform, and said to them with some disgust, that if they still doubted my confraternity, one or two of them might ride with me to General Jackson's headquarters, when they would soon be convinced of their mistake; but that under no circumstances whatever would I expose to their inspection important papers which had been committed to my charge, and that, if need were, I would defend them with my life. This, however, wrought no change of opinion in my pertinacious accusers. They replied that any stranger might tell the same story; and that, as for my grey coat, it was a common Yankee trick to assume the Confederate uniform—it was just what a spy would naturally do. Losing all patience, I now drew my shining Damascus blade, and, driving my spurs into the flanks of my steed, I separated myself by a sudden leap from my disagreeable companionship, and continued in a quiet walk upon my journey. The quartermaster's troopers were taken completely by surprise by this determined movement, but they drew their revolvers, and, as if undecided what steps to take in the matter, slowly followed me at the distance of twenty or thirty yards. Fortunately I soon met an officer of my acquaintance, who was exceedingly diverted at my predicament, and quickly satisfied my would-be captors of their error. I was still so provoked, however, that I sent my card to the suspicious quartermaster, inviting him to meet me at General Stuart's headquarters, where I should be most happy to give him a good lesson for his future conduct. But he never came, and I never heard of him again.

After a long and weary ride over the battle-fields of the last few days, which were still cumbered with the unburied corpses of the slain, I at last found Jackson, who was just returning with General Robert E. Lee from a little reconnaissance beyond the Stone Bridge over Bull Run. Here they had been fired at by the advance pickets of the enemy, but had fortunately sustained no injury. They received me very kindly, and laughed at the recital of my recent adventure; but our interview was a short one, as I had to hasten after General FitzLee, who had already been ordered by Jackson to proceed with his command in the direction of Fairfax Court-house, and was thus several hours ahead of me. A disagreeable gallop through the intricate bridle-paths of the forest enabled me to overtake our horsemen at the end of five or six hours. They had just come to a halt, as our advance-guard had surprised and taken to the last man a picket of the 2d U.S. Cavalry, regular army, and two of our squadrons were on the point of starting to attack the Yankee picket reserves, who, having no idea of our approach, had bivouacked carelessly in and around a farmyard about a mile and a half higher up the road. FitzLee had been a lieutenant in the 2d U.S. Cavalry* before the war, and he was greatly delighted at making prisoners in this way of many of his old comrades. For myself, being badly in want of a

* General Robert E. Lee had been the Lieutenant-Colonel of this fine regiment, and many other Confederate officers had formerly served in it.

new horse, the steed I then bestrode having been very nearly broken down by the fatigues of the campaign, I joined with alacrity and pleasure the attacking detachment. There was but little fighting to be done. We rushed so suddenly and unexpectedly upon the Yankee reserves that they had not even time to mount, and two full companies with their officers fell into our hands. We captured also their horses, from among which I lost no time in exchanging a noble bay for my own worn-out animal. The officers gave their parole not to escape, and were treated by us with the utmost courtesy, being allowed to ride their own horses, and accompany our staff at the head of the column. They had served in former days both with FitzLee and Stuart; and it was curious, as an illustration of the war, to hear these quondam companions-in-arms talking and laughing over the olden time. Late in the afternoon we were joined by Stuart with Robertson's brigade, and continued our march towards Fairfax Court-house.

We had been informed by our scouts that a large waggon-train of the enemy was moving on a parallel turnpike two miles distant from us, in the same direction with our column, and the shades of night were just closing in upon us when the heavy rumbling of the convoy, which was several miles in length, became distinctly audible. As the escort protecting this train consisted of several brigades of infantry, General Stuart did not regard it as prudent to hazard a direct attack, and concluded to pay them only a distant salutation. This was very handsomely done by our horse-artilley, which, being well posted on an eminence, soon began to perform great execution on the long line of waggons, whose white tops we could see, through the dusk of evening, winding slowly along the road like a gigantic snake. The confusion in a few minutes became bewildering, as the balls from our guns went crashing through the heavily-laden vans, and the loud cries of the drivers vainly endeavouring to get out of range commingled in tumultuous din with the disorderly commands of the officers of the supporting force, who did not seem to know from what quarter to expect the attack, or how to meet it; and by the time they had formed their line of battle, and were pushing bravely forward upon our position, we had proceeded already several miles upon the back-track towards the small village of Chantilly, which we reached about ten o'clock, and where our cavalry encamped for the night.

Some six miles distant from Chantilly — in very unsafe proximity, it must be admitted, to the enemy's lines—lived on their plantation a family who were old and dear friends of Stuart. Finding himself in their neighbourhood, and not having seen them for a considerable time, our General could not resist the opportunity afforded by our night's halt in bivouac of paying them a visit, and the members of his staff determined to keep him company. A brisk canter through the dark woods brought us about midnight to the mansion, where all were fast asleep except two ferocious dogs that tried unsuccessfully to resist our entrance to the immediate grounds. Stuart proposed that we should arouse the slumbering inhabitants with the dulcet notes of a serenade; and the serenade was attempted; but the discordant voices that joined in the effort sounded so very like the voices of the wild Indians in their war-whoop, that the proprietor, at once awakened and fully persuaded that his peaceful residence was surrounded by a party of marauding Yankees, carefully opened a window and begged most anxiously that the building and the lives of its inmates might be spared, promising that he would do his best to satisfy our de-

mands. His surprise and delight, when at last he recognised "Jeb" Stuart's voice, cannot be described. In a few minutes the whole household, young and old, were aroused, and we remained talking with our kind friends, until the morning sun, stealing through the curtains of the drawing-room, reminded us that it was time to be off. And so, after a hasty but hearty breakfast, we took leave of the hospitable family and rode back to our command.

Meanwhile the Federal army had halted in the neighbourhood of Fairfax Court-house, and was there throwing up intrenchments. Our Generals, however, did not suppose that they really intended to make a stand at that point, and their further retreat towards Alexandria was confidently expected. As they had received strong reinforcements from Alexandria and Washington, General Lee did not deem it advisable to press them vigorously the day after the battle of Groveton. Our own army had suffered severely in fight and from fatigue during the recent continuous engagements and marches, and fresh troops from Gordonsville and Richmond were hourly looked for. Our men, therefore, had been employed only in burying the dead and collecting the ample spoils of victory. The small arms lying about everywhere were picked up and cleaned. Thus the morning of the 1st of September passed off quietly enough.

Stuart and I rode off to Jackson's corps, which was stationed at Ox Hill, and found Old Stonewall with his outposts very much amused at the effect of the rifle practice of some of his marksmen upon a squad of Yankee cavalry who had been advancing imprudently, and were just galloping off in a hurry across an open field.

About noon the cavalry received orders to proceed cautiously along the road to Fairfax Court-house, Jackson's corps following at a short distance behind. The beautiful weather of the early morning had now changed into a drenching downpour of rain, and our column marched slowly onward, the 5th Virginia in the lead, with whose commander, Colonel Rosser, I was riding in front of the regiment. We were discussing our late fights and adventures, when suddenly the few men who formed our extreme advance and were riding a few rods ahead of us, came back at full gallop, and at the same moment rattling volleys from the thick pine-woods which lined the turnpike on either side sent a shower of balls over our heads. We had fallen into an ambuscade, which, if the Yankees had waited a little longer before firing, might have turned out very disastrously for us; but as only the head of our column was visible to them, and as they fired much too high, the damage done was inconsiderable, only a few men and horses being wounded. The order to wheel about was quickly given and quickly executed. Volunteering to ride back and report to General Stuart, I galloped rapidly to the rear, the 5th Virginia following in haste and the Yankees still delivering their fire, which was now wholly ineffective, the bullets clattering through the forest. Two pieces of our horse-artillery, which had been detailed to the 5th, and which had loitered a little in the rear, I brought to a halt on a slight eminence in the road, and ordered to open fire as soon as the road was clear of our cavalry, the main body of which I arrested. A few minutes afterwards, I met Jackson and Stuart, who had been summoned to the front by the firing and the halting of the column. Old Stonewall made his dispositions with his usual celerity. He ordered Stuart to move along the by-roads towards Fairfax Court-house, and ascertain if the Federals were only making a demonstration, or if this was a general advance. For himself he was determined to stop the farther progress of the Yankees at once, and before we had turned off into

the dark narrow path through the woods, the leading division of his corps had formed line of battle, and, advancing at double-quick, was soon hotly engaged with the enemy.

The rain was still pouring in torrents. The appearance of our column as it made its tortuous way through the dripping woods was not inspiriting, nor was its temper as buoyant as it might have been under happier auspices of sky and surroundings. The rattling of musketry and the roar of the cannonade on our left becoming every moment louder and fiercer, we could not but entertain some anxiety as to the result, for in case of Jackson's defeat, our situation would be rendered exceedingly precarious. Late in the evening, however, our patrols and scouts reported the bulk of General Pope's army in full retreat towards Alexandria; and the approaching darkness making our farther advance impracticable, General Stuart determined to return. We were warranted now in believing that Jackson had been victorious, but as we had no information of the enemy's position, or of the strength of the force they had sent against him, it was necessary to march back with great circumspection. After several false alarms, we reached an outpost a little past midnight, wet and chilled to the very bones. Jackson's fight had been a sanguinary one, but the Yankees had been driven back with heavy loss, leaving behind them their dead and wounded, and 1000 of their number as prisoners in our hands. Among their dead were two Generals, one of whom, the famous warrior Phil Kearney, had years before left an arm on one of the battle-fields of Mexico. His body was respectfully taken care of, and sent with all military honours, into the Federal lines under flag of truce the next day.

We pitched our camp in a dense pine-grove near Chantilly, and for the remainder of the night were occupied in drying our drenched garments by the heat of roaring wood-fires.

On the morning of the 2d September we were agreeably surprised by the arrival of Hampton's splendid brigade, which had been retained on picket duty on the James, Chickahominy, and Pamunkey rivers, and our loud cheering was heartily responded to by the dashing horsemen of the Carolinas and Mississippi, who had long been anxious to meet the enemy under the lead of the gallant Stuart. As yet they had seen no fighting under his direct orders. Their desire was very speedily to be gratified. The main body of the Federal army had retreated towards Alexandria, but a strong cavalry force with horse-artillery still held Fairfax Court-house and its neighbourhood, and Stuart had been directed to drive them off.

The sun of the following day had just begun to exert its reinvigorating power upon our shivering limbs when we again set out for action. In the advance were Hampton's brigade, with the flying artillery attached to it, and the latter soon became hotly engaged with some of the enemy's batteries. From point to point we drove the Yankees slowly before us, until late in the afternoon they offered more determined resistance on a ridge about two miles in front of the Court-house. Hampton was now ordered to make a little circuit to the left to take the enemy in flank, and as soon as we heard the thunder of his guns we pressed forward with FitzLee's force, driving the Yankees in rapid retreat from their position. Stuart and I reached the abandoned heights, far ahead of our troops, just in time to see the long blue lines of the Federals trotting through the village, and their track marked by blazing farm-houses to the right and left in the fertile fields around it. The General, justly exasperated at the sight, turned round to me and said, "Major, ride as quick as you can,

and bring up some of Pelham's guns at full gallop, that we may give a parting salute to these rascally incendiaries." Not less eager than he, I reached the artillery in a few minutes, and, getting the pieces into position without loss of time, we sent several shells with so much accuracy into the rear of the hostile column that, leaving their dead and wounded, they galloped off in the greatest confusion.

The magnificent lines of Hampton's brigade now appeared in brisk pursuit on the left, our Virginia horsemen, under FitzLee, had just joined us, and every one burned with the desire to throw himself forward upon the enemy. Stuart and myself took the lead; waving our battle-flag, which I had taken from the standard-bearer, high over my head, I echoed the loud yell of our men that came thundering after us, our artillery meanwhile firing shot after shot, which hurtled through the air above us; and so we entered the village of Fairfax Court-house at the moment that the last of the Federal cavalry, in headlong flight, galloped out on the opposite side. It was a moment of the wildest joy and excitement. The delirious gratitude and delight of the inhabitants, who for more than a year had been under Yankee rule, cannot be described when I planted the Confederate colours upon a little open space in the centre of the village, and thus took formal possession of it again.

As night was approaching, and we knew from the freshness of their horses there was little chance of overtaking the fugitive Yankees, only two squadrons were sent in pursuit of them, and the rest of our command halted and encamped around the Court-house. Amid all the confusion and intoxication of the hour I did not lose the opportunity of capturing a very good and well-equipped Yankee horse that was galloping about riderless, his master having been killed by a shell from our artillery. One gets a sharp practical eye for such things after a little experience of active warfare.

General Stuart established his headquarters at the house of a citizen whose daughter he had previously known, and regarded as a young lady of very ardent patriotism. Her subsequent conduct did not justify this opinion. In a playful, imprudent manner, the General had bestowed upon her a sort of honorary commission upon his staff, which caused her to be arrested at a somewhat later period by the Federal authorities; but long before the termination of the war she managed to marry a Yankee officer, and took the oath of allegiance to the Northern Government, thus doubly discrediting the title of Virginian.

After half an hour's rest, Stuart requested me to ride with him to the headquarters of General Jackson, who had bivouacked only a few miles from the Court-house. A rapid gallop soon accomplished the distance, and we arrived just in time to partake of his simple supper, consisting of coffee and corn-bread.* At the conclusion of the repast, the night being already far advanced, we accepted General Jackson's invitation to sleep for the few hours till dawn beneath his small tent-fly. Wearied out by the exertions of the previous day, I was still deeply wrapt in slumber when I felt the pressure of a light touch on my shoulder, and a mild voice said to me, "Major, it is time to rise and start." Before I was yet

* This article of food formed so much the most considerable part of our commissariat during the whole of my campaigns, that it may be well to explain that in America "corn-bread" invariably means bread made of Indian meal, and not of wheat flour. The Virginians are especially skilled in its preparation, and the old negro cook of the planter's family used to produce several varieties of this bread, which were exceedingly palatable and nutritious.

fully awake, my caller placed a basin of water and a towel on a camp-stool near my head, and continued, "Now, Major, wash quickly; a cup of coffee is waiting for you, your horse is saddled, and you must be off at once." To my utter surprise, I now discovered that my attentive servitor was the great Stonewall himself—the light touch had been given by the iron hand, and the soft voice was that which had been heard in short energetic sentences so often amid the tumult of battle. I shall never forget the smile that broke over his kindly face at my amazement in recognising him.

General Stuart was himself already in the saddle, and in a few minutes we galloped back to the Court-house, the newly-risen sun just touching the tops of the tall hickory-trees, and the whole forest exhaling the most delicious odour, for the delight and refreshment of only such "early birds" as ourselves. Half an hour after our return to the village, our whole command was mounted and on the march to the little town of Drainsville.

We rode in advance with Hampton's brigade, which had some slight skirmishing with small bodies of Federal cavalry that from time to time made their appearance, but were driven back with little difficulty.

The part of Virginia through which we were passing abounds with delicious peaches, and as this fruit was just ripening, it was a very grateful attention in the proprietors of the different farms and orchards on the road to invite us to partake of it freely. At one point of our day's march there came out to the highway, from a neighbouring mansion which was decorated with the Confederate flag, a little cavalcade, consisting of an old gentleman with grey hair, and three very pretty daughters. Galloping up to the column, the old gentleman addressed himself accidentally to Stuart, begging that he would be good enough to point out the famous cavalry leader whom he and his fair daughters were so anxious to see. Stuart, after having maintained for a while his incognito, at last acknowledged that he was himself the man, and the surprise of *paterfamilias* and the blushing confusion of the young ladies amused us not a little. They all insisted upon our stopping for a short time at their house, where luncheon had been prepared for the General and staff; and I must admit that, in my breakfastless condition, I awaited Stuart's consent, which was only hesitatingly given, with some impatience.

Soon after this we witnessed a most touching scene. At the portico of a modest, cheerful dwelling by the roadside, there stood, as we rode along, an elderly lady in deep mourning, who held by the hand a fair-haired boy of about fifteen years of age, and who asked of the General that she might be permitted to bless our battle-flag. Having invoked the favor of heaven upon our colours in a manner as earnest as it was unaffected, she told us that she was a widow who had lost already two sons in the war, but that she was ready to sacrifice her last child for the sacred cause of her country. The eyes of the boy brightened up, and his fist was clenched at this; and tears fell down on our beards as we turned the heads of our horses towards the passing column.

During the afternoon we rode over the ground, in the immediate neighbourhood of Drainsville, where Stuart in the year 1861 had fought his first fight. He showed me with pleasure the different positions which he and the enemy had occupied, and explained how differently he would have acted at that time, had he been favoured with the benefit of his present experience.

We encamped in and around Drainsville, our headquarters being established in the ample garden of

a hotel in the centre of the village. Here, for the first time since we had left Hanover Court-house, were we enabled to reinforce our very dilapidated wardrobe from our long-missed portmanteaus, which we found in the waggons belonging to the cavalry staff. The following day was one of strange, blessed, uninterrupted quietude at Drainsville, the first day of rest after three weeks of continuous hard fighting. I have no power to convey the feeling of enjoyment with which, after a refreshing bath and the investment of the outward man in clean clothing from head to foot, I lay stretched upon my blanket beneath the shade of a wide-spreading hickory-tree. The day was delicious. The breeze came to me burdened with the fragrance of the latest summer flowers, lifting gently my hair, and whispering to me from the swaying branches overhead. Even the horses seemed to join in the general lassitude of the camp. They lay around us in the deep rich grass, which they were too lazy to crop, the very types of perfect physical satisfaction. And so we rested at headquarters—the officers, the soldiers, the negroes, the horses, the mules, all wrapped in the *dolce far niente* which marked the termination of our eventful summer campaign in Virginia.

(*To be continued.*)

MISS MARJORIBANKS.—PART IX.

CHAPTER XXX.

Mr. Cavendish was led back to his own house that evening by General Travers, whose claim of acquaintance was too decided to be rejected. He never knew very well what passed between the moment when Miss Marjoribanks began to expound to him the urgent necessity that he should confide in her, and the moment in which he found himself in his own house, admitted eagerly by the surprised and anxious servants, and conducted by the energetic soldier. That he had taken leave of Lucilla at her own door, that he had watched her white dress sweep away into the dark garden with a faint sense that it was his only remaining protector who thus left him, and that after that he had smoked a horrible cigar with Mr. Centum, and been brought home by the old acquaintance who had turned up at so unlucky a moment,—was all that the poor man was aware of. And yet it is to be supposed that on the whole he behaved himself very much like other people, since General Travers had no distinct idea that his company was undesirable, or that his cordial recognition was anything but welcome. The General, indeed, took it as quite natural, under the circumstances, that Cavendish should be a little confused. A man who is no longer a very young man, and has a character to support, does not care to be found mooning with the object of his affections on a summer evening, like a boy of twenty; and General Travers was perfectly aware that he had thus a very good joke against Cavendish. "It is worth a man's while to set up a bachelor establishment in the country," the General said. "By Jove! I wish I could do it. It makes a fellow feel Arcadian, and ready for anything;" and for his own part he was very ready to seize upon his former acquaintance, a man who belonged to his club, and had a chance to know what he was talking about. "As for Charlie Centum," the soldier said, "what between business and matrimony, he has grown the greatest guy imaginable; and I can't go off directly, you know; and then there's always this business about the depôt. It's

immense luck to find you here, Cavendish," General Travers added, with flattering cordiality; and if poor Mr. Cavendish was not grateful, it certainly was not his friend's fault. He led the way into his house with a glum countenance and a sinking heart, though fortunately the latter was not visible. It was a very nice house, fitted up with all that luxury of comfort which a man who has, as Mrs. Centum said, "only himself to look to," can afford to collect around him. Mr. Cavendish had only himself, and he had made his habitation perfect, though, on the whole, he did not pass a very great deal of his time at home. He had some nice pictures and a good library, though he was not particularly given to the arts; and he had an admirable cellar, as all the gentlemen owned in Carlingford, though, for his own part, he was very moderate in that point, and did not give himself any airs on the subject. Mr. Centum, on the contrary, was one of the men who talk about vintages, and raise expectations never to be carried out. And General Travers could not but feel the force of the contrast as he sat deep into the night, and "talked over everything," with the man who by that time he felt convinced was one of his best friends.

As for Mr. Cavendish, it would be very difficult to describe his feelings. He had been knocking about in all sorts of poor places, making clandestine visits to his sister, and hovering round the more than suburban simplicity of Grove Street, and the sense of being once more enveloped and surrounded by all that was pleasant to the eye and comfortable to the outer man was wonderfully consolatory and agreeable. But his mind was in a dreadfully harassed condition all the same. He was preoccupied to the last degree, wondering what Miss Marjoribanks really knew, and how far he had betrayed himself, and to what extent it would be safe, as she herself said, to confide in Lucilla; and at the same time he was obliged to listen to and show a certain interest in the General's stories, and to make now and then a painful effort of mind to recall some of the mutual friends referred to, whose names and persons had in the mean time slipped out of his memory. All the babble of the club, which General Travers felt must be so refreshing to the ears of a rusticated member, fell as flat upon Mr. Cavendish, whose mind was full of other matters, as if it had been the merest old woman's gossip, which, to be sure, it slightly resembled in some points. The gallant General made himself so agreeable that he nearly drove the unfortunate man out of his senses, and, when he had exhausted all other means of aggravation, returned with fresh zest to the sentimental circumstances in which, as he supposed, he had found his companion out.

"Very sensible I call it," said General Travers. "To be candid, I don't call her strictly handsome, you know; she's too big for that—and I don't suppose she's of any family to speak of; though perhaps you don't mind that trifling circumstance; but a woman that will dress well and light up well, and knows how to give a man a capital dinner, by Jove! and no doubt has a pretty little bit of money into the bargain—I respect your taste, Cavendish," said the friendly critic, with effusion; and somehow this applause irritated its recipient more than all that had gone before.

"I am sure I am much obliged to you," said Mr. Cavendish, "though, unfortunately, I don't merit your approbation. Miss Marjoribanks is a great friend of mine, but she wouldn't have me, and I don't mean to ask her. At the same time, she has very good connections; and that is not the way to talk of a girl of twenty. She is worth a dozen of your fast young ladies," said the sufferer, with some heat. He was not in the least in love with Lucilla, and indeed had a certain

dread of her at this present moment; but he could not forget that she had once stood by him in his need—and, besides, he was glad of any subject on which he could contradict his visitor. "I daresay her family is better than either yours or mine. Scotch, you know," said Mr. Cavendish, trying to laugh. As for the General, he leaned back in his chair with an indulgent air, and stroked his mustache.

"Beg your pardon—meant no offence," he said. "For my part, I don't see that it matters, if a woman is good-looking and has something, you know. For instance, there was a pretty little thing—a charming little thing—Lake, or something like that——"

"Ah!" said Mr. Cavendish. It was a frightful want of self-control; but he had been a long time at full strain, and he could not help it. It did not occur to him, for the moment, that nobody in his senses would have applied the term "little thing" to Barbara; and, after all the slow aggravation that he had been submitting to, the idea of this insolent soldier interfering in Grove Street was beyond his power of endurance. As for the General, the tone of this exclamation was such that he too turned round on his chair, and said, "Yes?" with equally unmistakable meaning, startled, but ready for the emergency, whatever it might be.

Thus the two looked at each other for a second, friends in the ordinary acceptation of the word, and yet, perhaps, on the eve of becoming enemies. Mr. Cavendish had, up to that moment, pretty nearly forgotten Barbara Lake. It was a piquant sort of occupation when he had nothing else to do, and when the world, according to his morbid fancy, was on the eve of turning its back upon him—but from the moment when he had said between his teeth "Confound these women!" and had felt the excitement of the approaching crisis, Barbara, and her crimson cheeks, and her level eyebrows, and her contralto, had gone altogether out of his mind. At the same time a man may feel himself at liberty to forget a woman when other matters of more immediate interest are absorbing his attention, and yet be driven furious by the idea suddenly presented to him that somebody else, who has nothing earthly to do with it, is about to interfere. Mr. Cavendish, however, recovered himself while the General sat staring at him, and began to see how ridiculous his defiance was.

"Well?—go on. I did not say anything," he said, and lighted another cigar. Yet he did not face his companion as a friendly listener should, but began to beat measure to an irritating imaginary air on the table, with a certain savage energy by moments, as if he were beating time on the General's head.

"Then why do you stop a fellow short like that?" said General Travers; "I was going to tell you of some one I saw the other day in the house of your—your friend, you know. She was under Miss Marjoribanks's wing, that was how I saw her—and I hope you are not playing the gay deceiver, my friend; —a little thing, round-faced, hazel-eyed—a little soft rosebud sort of creature," said the General, growing eloquent. "By Jove, Cavendish, I hope you don't mean to make yourself disagreeable. These sort of looks, you know——"

"It was Rose, I suppose," said Mr. Cavendish, relieved in a moment; and, to tell the truth, he could not help laughing. The more eloquent and angry the General grew, the more amused and contemptuous grew his entertainer. He was so tickled by the position of affairs, that he actually forgot his anxieties for the moment. "No doubt it was Rose," he repeated, and laughed; Rose! what anybody could see in that little dragon! And then the contrast between the soldier, who prided himself on his knowledge of the world,

and liked to talk of position, &c., to the annoyance of those who had none, and the amusement of those who happen to possess that valuable qualification—and the mistress of the Female School of Design, filled Mr. Cavendish with amusement: perhaps all the more because he himself was in a similar scrape; but, at all events, being in the same position, he ought not to have found it so ridiculous as he seemed to do. As for General Travers, he was as much disposed to be angry as, a moment before, Mr. Cavendish had been.

"It might be Rose," he said, "or Lily either, for anything I can tell; but there is nothing laughable in it that I can see. You seem to be perfectly *au courant*, at all events—which I hope is quite satisfactory to Miss Marjoribanks," said the soldier; and then he resumed after a disagreeable little pause, "I suppose everybody meets *there* on Thursday, according to what they tell me. What do you do with yourself, Cavendish, in a general way? So far as I can see, there ain't very much attraction. These steady-going dinners are enough to kill any man; always excepting your—friend's," said General Travers, with a slight sneer. "It's to-morrow, ain't it?—Thursday?" and he looked, with what seemed to his victim an insulting consciousness, in poor Cavendish's face. But in reality, the General did not mean to be insulting, and knew nothing whatever of the horrible internal pang which rent his companion when it was thus recalled to him that it *was* to-morrow, a fact which, up to this moment, had not occurred to the unfortunate. To-morrow; and not even to-morrow—to-day—for by this time it was two o'clock in the morning, and the unwelcome intruder was wasting the little time he had for deciding what he should do. Once more his own personal anxieties, which he had put aside for a moment at the sudden dictate of jealousy, surged over everything, and swallowed up all lesser sensations. To-morrow!—and by this time everybody knew that he was in Carlingford, and he could not stay away from the weekly assembly without attracting general attention to himself, and throwing open the flood-gates of suspicion. What was he to do? should he turn his back on the enemy once for all, and run away and break off his connection with Carlingford? or should he dare everything and face the Archdeacon, and put his trust in Lucilla, as that high-minded young woman had invited him to do? With these thoughts in his mind, it may be supposed that Mr. Cavendish gave but a very mingled attention to the babble of his visitor, who found the wine so good and the cigars exquisite, and perhaps had begun to be a little moved out of his ordinary lucidity by their effect.

"You've got a nice little house, Cavendish," said the General, "but it's too small for a married man, my boy. These women are the very deuce for turning a man out of his comfortable quarters. You'll have to go in for boudoirs and those sort of things; and, by George! you'll be an ass if you do, with a snug little box like this to retire into," said the philosophical warrior; and poor Cavendish smiled a ghastly smile, with the strongest inclination all the time to take him by the collar and turn him out of doors. But then he *was* a warrior and a general officer, and a member of the same club, and six feet high—all which particulars, not to speak of the sacred rights of hospitality, made it somewhat difficult to carry this idea out.

"Don't you think Centum will be sitting up for you?" he said, mildly; "it's past two o'clock; and it's Thursday morning," the victim said, with a sigh. The last words were an involuntary utterance of his own despair, but fortunately they struck General Travers's vein of humour, which happened to be lively at

the moment, and worked the desired but unexpected result. The General laughed loud and long, and declared that he respected a man who was above-board, and meant to look respectable for Miss Marjoribanks's sake; and then he poured a mighty libation to Lucilla, and took an affectionate leave of her supposed lover. The General made a great commotion in the decorous quiet of Grange Lane when he knocked at Mr. Centum's door. Though it was nearly three o'clock in the morning, nothing but his inherent dread of a woman would have prevented him from knocking up the banker to share his hilarity; but Mrs. Centum, in her night-cap, peaceably asleep as she was at the moment, daunted the soul of the gallant soldier; and naturally his recollection was not very perfect next day. "I had something very funny to tell you; but, by Jove! I forget what it was," General Travers said next morning when he met his host at breakfast; and thus Mr. Cavendish was spared the laugh which the two might have had against him But for his part he shut his door upon his departing guest, without any sense, poor fellow, of having done or said anything in the least funny. He said, "Thank heaven!" with a kind of groan of relief when his troublesome visitor was gone. And then he went back again into his library, where they had been sitting. Perhaps he had never fully appreciated before the comfort of everything, the handsome house which he had enjoyed so long without thinking anything of it, and all the pleasant luxurious accessories of life. He had been doing without them for a week or two, and he had not liked it; and yet at that moment it seemed to Mr. Cavendish that he could rather be content to lose them all at a stroke, to make it known in Carlingford that he was ruined and had lost his fortune, than that Carlingford should find out that he was not, after all, one of the Cavendishes, nor the person it took him for. But, alas! all his fortune could not bring reality to these pretensions, nor hinder the exposure to which he looked forward with such horror. It is true that he was an adventurer, but he was not a base one; nor had he done anything dishonourable either to gain his fortune or to captivate the good opinion of society, which had become so important to him. But there are actual crimes that would be sooner forgiven to a man than the folly of having permitted himself to be considered one of the Cavendishes, and having set his heart on making a figure in that mild provincial world. Mr. Cavendish knew enough of human nature to know that a duchess or a lord-chamberlain would forgive more readily than Mr and Mrs. Centum any such imposition upon them, and intrusion into their exclusive circle. And then his sister, who could not run away! For her sake it seemed to him that he had better rush off at once, and sell his house and furniture and horses, and give up Carlingford. As he thought of that, all the advantages of Carlingford came upon him stronger than ever. Perhaps a man who has always been used to be recognised as one of the members of a local aristocracy, would not have seen anything half so precious as Mr. Cavendish saw in the fact of being everywhere known and acknowledged as a constituent part of Grange Lane;—recognised by the county people, and by the poor people, and pointed out as he passed by one and another to any stranger who might happen to be so ignorant as not to know Mr. Cavendish. To people who are not used to it, there is a charm in this universal acknowledgment. And then he had more need of it than most men have; and, when Carlingford signed his patent of gentility, and acknowledged and prised him, it did an infinite deal more than it had any intention of doing. To keep his regard and recognition he would

have done anything, given up the half or third part, or even, on emergency, all he had. Perhaps he had an undue confidence in the magnanimity of society, and was too sure that in such a case it would behave with a grand ur worthy of the occasion; but still he was quite right in thinking that it could forgive the loss of his fortune sooner than his real offence. And now it was Thursday morning, the day of trial, and what was he to do?

When a man has thoughts like these to entertain him, nothing can be more useless than to go to bed, although in ordinary circumstances, at three o'clock in the morning, that is about the only thing one can do. Poor Mr. Cavendish, however, was not quite free to act as he thought proper. He had been a long time away from home, and he did not feel himself in a position to shock his servants' feelings with impunity. He went to his room, accordingly, like a martyr, carrying all his difficulties with him, and those unpleasant companions naturally made a night of it when they thus had him all to themselves. When sheer fatigue and exhaustion procured him a moment's sleep, it was only getting deeper and deeper into trouble; for then it was the Archdeacon who had planted a heavy foot on his neck, or General Travers, who, with still more fatal force, had found out the way to Grove Street. When Mr. Cavendish awoke, he said to himself, "Confound these women!" with more fervour than ever; but, at the same time, he swore a mighty oath to himself that he would horsewhip the fellow who ventured to come in his way. Barbara Lake might be no great things, but at least it was to him, and no one else, that she belonged. Such was the complication that afforded him a little outlet for his temper in the midst of the dreadful difficulties of his position, and the question which was constantly renewing itself in his thoughts, as to whether he should go or stay. The idea of presenting himself in the centre of society in Miss Marjoribanks's drawing-room, and being met by the Archdeacon, and held up to public contempt there and then, with all the world looking on, and even Travers, who would carry the narrative out of Carlingford, was something too horrible to be contemplated; and yet how was he to escape? He was still in this state of mind, driven backwards and forwards by every new wind, when the morning came, and when Miss Marjoribanks's note was put into his hand.

For the truth was, that, after long consideration, Lucilla had determined that the matter was one which could not be permitted to stand over. She was of too energetic a temperament to let things linger on in an uncertain way when they could be made an end of, and brought to a conclusion; and then, as nobody can predict what sudden and unexpected turn human affairs may take, it was always possible that, if Miss Marjoribanks did not make an end of the business dramatically, and to the satisfaction of everybody concerned, it might be found some fine day to have resolved itself by means of some one of those illegitimate and incomplete expedients which abound in ordinary life. It was with this view that Miss Marjoribanks took the step of writing to Mr. Cavendish. She had written in the sacred retirement of her own maiden chamber, when all the world was still; perhaps at the moment when General Travers was, as he would himself have vulgarly called it, "chaffing" Cavendish about the beautiful and disinterested friendship which united him to the young sovereign of Grange Lane. But naturally such poor raillery was far from the virginal thoughts of Lucilla at that retired and sacred hour; and we may venture to add, that the elevating influence of the maiden's bower in which she composed it,

and of that tranquil moment of meditation and solitude, breathed in every line, and gave force to every sentiment of the letter which Mr. Cavendish tore open with an excited hand. Perhaps he was too anxious and curious to give it the solemn perusal which it ought to have received.

"My dear Mr. Cavendish,—It was very unlucky that we should have been interrupted this evening at such an important moment, when I had so much to say to you. But I think the best thing I can do is to write, feeling quite sure that when you know all *you cannot possibly mistake* my motives. Everybody has retired, and I am quite alone, and the silence* seems to me full of meaning when I think that the fate of a person for whom I have so great a regard may be hanging upon it. I might be afraid of writing to you so frankly, if I did not feel quite sure that you would appreciate my intention. Dear Mr. Cavendish, it is not the Archdeacon who has said anything. *He does not know it is you;* therefore, of course, he could not say anything directly bearing upon you. But then, you know, if he were to meet you by hazard, as he is sure to do some day—and for my part I rather think he is fond of Grove Street—you would be exposed at once, and everything would be lost, for we all know the prejudices that exist in Carlingford. I have another plan of operations to propose to you, which I feel quite sure is for your good, and also naturally for the good of anybody to whom you may intend to unite your fortunes. I feel quite sure that it is far safer to adopt a bold resolution, and to have it over at once. Come to dinner to-morrow. If you may happen to find an enemy, you will find also an unlooked-for friend; and, so far as I am concerned, you *know* that you may calculate on my support. I do not wonder at your being anxious about it, but if you will only have full confidence in me and a little in yourself, believe me it will be all over in a night. If there had ever been anything between you and me, as these stupid people suppose, I might have felt hesitation in writing to you like this; but when I know a thing to be right, I hope I will never be afraid to do it. I have been called upon to do many things that are not common for girls of my age, and perhaps that is why I made up my mind at once to set this all straight for you. Once more I repeat, dear Mr. Cavendish, have confidence in me. Come to-morrow evening as if nothing had happened; and take my word for it that all will go well.—Your friend,

"Lucilla Marjoribanks.

"*P. S.*—If you would like to come and talk it over with me to-morrow, I shall be at home till twelve o'clock; but unless it will be a satisfaction to your own mind, it is not necessary for me, for I have all my plans laid."

It would be quite out of the question to attempt any explanation of Mr. Cavendish's feelings when he read this letter. His utter bewilderment, his terror, his rage, his final helpless sense that it would be utterly hopeless for him, or half-a-dozen men, to enter the field against this curious complication of unknown friends and open enemies and generous protectors, took away from him the last remnant of courage. He did not know what to do or to think. He swallowed his coffee with a sense of despair, and sent the rest of his

* It is only justice to Miss Marjoribanks to say that she was not addicted to fine writing: but then she was a person who liked to have everything in keeping, and naturally an emergency such as the present does not come every day, and requires to be treated accordingly.

breakfast away untasted; thus betraying, without intending it, his emotions to his kitchen. "It stands to reason as there's a cause for it," Mr. Cavendish's domestics concluded in committee of the whole house; though, surely, if ever man had good reason for not eating his breakfast, it was he. When he had gone over it all again till his head had grown utterly confused and his thoughts were all topsy-turvy, Mr. Cavendish took a sudden resolution. He went up-stairs and changed his dress with a certain solemnity. He made a toilette more careful than if he were going, as he once had gone, to propose. It was like Nelson going into gala uniform for a battle. And then he went out to discover, if possible, what was coming to him. The difference was, that in this battle no honour, but only a possible salvage of reputation and fortunate escape, was to be gained.

CHAPTER XXXI.

It is possible that some people may think Mr. Cavendish's emotions too acute for all the danger to which he was exposed; but no doubt every alarm gets intensified when a man broods on it, and thinks of nothing else for weeks at a time. All that he had to do at the present moment was to walk into Carlingford by the most frequented way, and to go up Grange Lane, where every house was open to him, and where nobody was so great a favourite as he. There were as many chances in his favour that he would not in that friendly neighbourhood encounter his one enemy, as there is for every man who goes into action that the bullet which is predestined to strike somebody will not be directed to him; but then Mr. Cavendish had not the excitement of personal conflict, nor the kind of security which is given by sharing a risk with a great many other people. And to see everything smiling and serene around, and yet to know that the most deadly danger may arrive to you at any innocent opening or round the first street corner, is a kind of risk which naturally tells upon the nerves more than a more open peril. Mr. Cavendish met Dr. Marjoribanks, and the Doctor was good enough to stop his brougham and keep him in conversation for five minutes with his back to the foe, if foe there was approaching; and then he met Mrs. Chiley, who all but kissed him, and was so glad to see him again, and so pleased that he was in time to make acquaintance with the Archdeacon, and so sure that Lucilla would be quite happy now he had come back. "Perhaps I ought not to say so, but I *know* she has missed you," said the injudicious old lady; and she took both his hands and held the miserable man in a kind of pillory, from whence he gazed with despairing eyes over her shoulder, feeling sure that now was the fatal moment, and that his enemy *must* be coming. But fortune still favoured him, as it happened. He had the presence of mind to say, "I am going to call on Miss Marjoribanks;" and Mrs. Chiley dropped his hands on the instant as if they burned her, and patted him on the arm and sent him away. "She is sure to be in just now, and I am so glad; and, my dear, you need not mind me, for I am both your friends, you know," Mrs. Chiley said. But when he was delivered from that danger, something still more formidable awaited the unfortunate man. He could not believe his eyes at first, nor conceive it possible that Fate would have such a spite against him; but there was no mistaking the crumpled dress, any more than the straight eyebrows and flashing oblique glances that had al-

ready found him out. Of all the horrible chances in the world, it was Barbara—Barbara, who had a right to think he had deserted her on the previous night, and with whom his next interview could not be otherwise than stormy—who thus appeared like a lion in his way. When he saw what awaited him, Mr. Cavendish lost courage. His heart sank down into unfathomable depths. He did not know what he could say to her to shorten the inevitable interview, nor how he could escape, nor how hinder her from discovering that it was Lucilla he was going to see; and he had no longer any doubt in his mind that while he was thus engaged the Archdeacon must inevitably appear. If he had had time to think of ordinary subjects, he would have been sufficiently annoyed at the idea of an interview with Barbara in broad daylight on the sacred soil of Grange Lane, where all the world could or might be spectators; but such a merely prudential sentiment was entirely swallowed up to-day in much more urgent considerations. He would have been content just now, in the horror of the moment, to plight his troth to Barbara by way of getting rid of her, and leaving his path clear; but he could not stop her or himself from advancing, and dared not give any vent to the panic which was consuming his soul.

"Oh, I am sure I never thought of seeing you here, Mr. Cavendish," said Barbara, with a toss of her head. She would have done a great deal to secure her wavering lover, but she could not be amiable at a moment when she had him at a disadvantage. "Perhaps you are going to see Miss Marjoribanks," said the foolish young woman. To tell the truth, she did not suspect him of any such treachery; but, naturally, her heart was beating louder than usual, and she had the best position of the two, or thought she had, and chose what she supposed the most aggravating thing to say.

But it is always hard to tell what a man may do when he is in a state of despair. Mr. Cavendish looked her in the face with the composure of desperation, though she did not know that. All that he was able to think of was how to get rid of her soonest, and to be able to continue his way. "Yes, I am going to see Miss Marjoribanks," he said, with a face which extremity rendered stolid and impassible. As for poor Barbara, her colour changed in a moment. The very least that she had a right to expect was that he should have asked her pardon, put himself at her feet; and her mingled spite and humiliation and mortification at this response were beyond telling. Her cheeks blazed with sudden rage, her passion was so furious that she actually did what he wanted and stood out of his way, and made him an imperious sign to pass on and leave her. But even then she did not expect to be taken at her word. When Mr. Cavendish took off his hat in that heartless way and passed on, Barbara stood aghast, not able to believe her senses. Had he really passed and left her, she who had done so much for him? Had he actually gone over to her adversary before her very eyes? She stood stock-still when he left her, gazing after him, blazing with rage and despite, and scarcely able to keep herself from shrieking out the torrent of reproaches and vituperations that were in her mind. She made no attempt whatever to hide her wrath or jealous curiosity from any eyes that might be there to see; but to be sure she had, as her sister said, no proper pride. If Mr. Cavendish had carried out his intentions, the chances are that Barbara, driven desperate, would have rushed after him, and found some means of breaking in upon his interview with Lucilla; but after all this badgering, he had not the courage to carry out his intentions. He

looked down the long sunshiny line of Grange Lane with a sickening sense that any of these doors might open at any moment, and his fate rush out upon him. There was not a soul to be seen, but that only made it all the more likely to poor Mr. Cavendish's distempered fancy that somebody was coming. He had not even a single thought at leisure to give to Barbara, and never asked himself whether or not she was standing watching him. All his senses and faculties were engaged forecasting what might happen to him before he could reach Dr. Marjoribanks's house. He was approaching it from the lower end of Grange Lane, and consequently had everything to risk; and when Mr. Centum's door opened, and all the nurses and all the children poured out, the unfortunate man felt his heart jump, and drop again, if possible, lower than ever. It was this that drove him, instead of going on to Lucilla, to take refuge in his sister's house, where the door happened to be open. He rushed in there, and took breath, and was safe for the instant. But Barbara, for her part, watching him, divined none of Mr. Cavendish's reasons. Her heart too gave a jump, and her wrath cooled down miraculously. No doubt it was a little impatience at being questioned which had made him answer as he did. He had not gone to Lucilla—he had not deserted her standard, who had always met him half-way, and done so much for him. Barbara calmed down as she saw him enter at Mrs. Woodburn's door. After having thus witnessed his safe exit, she felt at liberty to go back and return to her own affairs, and prepare her toilette for the evening; for it moved her very little less than Mr. Cavendish to know that it was Thursday, and that there was no telling what might happen that night.

As for the hero of all this commotion, he went and buried himself in Mrs. Woodburn's back drawing-room, and threw himself on the sofa in the dark corner, and wiped his forehead like the Archdeacon. It was not his fault if events had overwhelmed him. If he had not met in succession Dr. Marjoribanks and Mrs. Chiley and Barbara, he would have gone right to Lucilla without stopping to question himself further, but he could not bear all this accumulation. Panic had seized upon him, and this panic wrought more effectually than all argument. It was so terrible to live under such a shadow, that he felt it must be put an end to. If only he were left at rest for this moment, he felt that he could make up his mind to take the perilous leap at night, and dare anything. "It can't be worse than ruin," he said to himself, and tried not to think that for his sister it might be something even worse than ruin. But the first thing of all was to get a little rest in the mean time, and hide himself, and forget the nightmare that was seated on his shoulders. When Mrs. Woodburn came to him in haste, and saw his careful dress and pale looks, she was frightened for the moment. She thought it possible for one second that despair had driven him out of his wits, and that there might be, for anything she could tell, a little bottle of prussic acid in his waistcoat pocket. That was her first idea, and her second was that he was going to carry out at last his most wise and laudable resolution of proposing to Miss Marjoribanks, and that it was this, naturally a serious and hazardous enterprise, which made him look so pale.

"Harry, if you are going to Lucilla——!" said Mrs. Woodburn; "wait and rest yourself a little, and I will get you a glass of wine. Keep still; there's some Tokay," said the anxious sister. "Don't you go and worry yourself. You shall see nobody. I'll bring it you with my own hand."

"Oh, confound the Tokay!" said Mr. Cavendish. "I know what

Woodburn's Tokay is—if that mattered. Look here, I want to speak to you. I *was* going to Lucilla, but I'm not up to it. Oh, not in the way you think! Don't be a fool like everybody. I tell you she wouldn't have me, and I won't ask her. Read this, which is much more to the purpose," Mr. Cavendish added, taking out Miss Marjoribanks's letter. He watched her, while she read it, with that sense of contempt and superiority which a man naturally feels who has advanced much beyond the point in any special matter at which his interlocutor is still stationary. He even smiled at her cry of horror and amazement, and found the agitation she showed ridiculous. "Don't make a row about it," he said, regaining his colour as his sister lost hers. "It's all right. I can't ask Lucilla Marjoribanks to have me after that, but I mean to put my trust in her, as she says. I was going to ask her to explain; but after all, on thinking of it, I don't see the good of explanations," said Mr. Cavendish, with lofty tranquillity. "The fact is, she is right, Nelly, and, stand or fall, we'll have it out to-night."

But Mrs. Woodburn was scarcely in a condition to reply, much less to give any advice. "Oh, good heavens, what does she know?" cried the trembling woman, quite reduced to her own identity for the moment. "What do you suppose she can know? She gave me a dreadful fright, coming and asking about you and your name. And then she never was a great friend of mine—and if she should say anything to Woodburn! Oh, Harry, go away, go away, and don't face her. You know you slighted her, and she is laying a snare for us. Oh, Harry, go away! She can't do you much harm, but she could ruin me, and any little peace I have! Woodburn would never—never forgive—Woodburn would be frantic, you know. It has always been he that made a fuss about the Cavendishes—and, good heavens! to be in a girl's power, and she one that you have slighted, Harry! Oh, for heaven's sake, for pity's sake, if you care anything for me——"

"Hold your tongue, Nelly," said Mr. Cavendish. "Don't make a row. What on earth is the use of heaven's-saking? I tell you I am going to make an end of it. If I were to run away now, it would turn up again at some other corner, and some other moment. Give me a pen and a bit of paper. I will write a note, and say I am coming. I don't want any explanations. If it's all a mistake, so much the better; but I'm going to face it out to-night."

It was some time before Mrs. Woodburn recovered her senses; but in the mean time her brother wrote Lucilla his note, and in sight of his sister's agitation felt himself perfectly composed and serene and manful. It even made him complaisant a little to feel the difference that there was, when the emergency really arrived at last, between his own manly calm and her womanish panic. But then it was for herself that she was afraid, lest her husband should find out that she was not one of the Cavendishes. "You must have been giving yourself airs on the subject," Mr. Cavendish said, as he fastened up his note. "I never was so foolish as that, for my part;" and naturally the more he admired his own steadiness and courage, the steadier and more courageous he grew—or at least so he felt for the moment, with her terror before his eyes.

"If you do go," said Mrs. Woodburn at last, "oh, Harry, for goodness' sake, mind that you deny *everything*. If you confess to anything, it will all be proved against you; don't allow a single thing that's said to you. It is a mistaken identity, you know—that is what it is; there was a case in the papers just the other day. Oh, Harry, for heaven's sake don't be weak!—deny everything; you don't

know anything about it—you don't know what they mean—you can't understand——"

"It is I that have to do it, Nelly," said Mr. Cavendish, more and more tranquil and superior. "You must let me do it my way;" and he was very kind and reassuring to her in his composure. This was how things ought to be; and it was astonishing how much he gained in his own mind and estimation by Mrs. Woodburn's panic. Being the stronger vessel, he was of course superior to all that. But somehow when he had got back to his own house again, and had no longer the spectacle of his sister's terror before him, the courage began to ooze out of Mr. Cavendish's finger-points; he tried hard to stimulate himself up to the same point, and to regain that lofty and assured position; but as the evening approached, matters grew rather worse than better. He did not turn and flee, because flight, in the present alarmed and touchy state of public opinion, would have equally been destruction; and nobody could answer for it how far, if he failed to obey her, Miss Marjoribanks's discretion might go. And thus the eventful evening fell, and the sun went down, which was to Mr. Cavendish as if it might be the last sun he should ever (metaphorically) see—while, in the mean time, all the other people dressed for dinner as if nothing was going to happen, and as if it was merely a Thursday like other Thursdays which was coming on Grange Lane.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Lucilla waited till twelve o'clock, as she had said, for Mr. Cavendish's visit; and so mingled are human sentiments, even in the mind of a person of genius, that there is no doubt she was at once a little disappointed, and that Mr. Cavendish gained largely in her estimation by not coming. Her pity began to be mingled by a certain respect, of which, to tell the truth, he was not worthy; but then Miss Marjoribanks did not know that it was circumstances, and not self-regard, or any sense of dignity, that had kept him back. With the truest consideration, it was in the dining-room that Lucilla had placed herself to await his visit; for she had made up her mind that he should not be disturbed *this time* by any untimely morning caller. But as she sat at the window and looked out upon the garden, and was tantalized by fifty successive ringings of the bell, none of which heralded her expected visitor, a gentler sentiment gradually grew in Lucilla's mind. Perhaps it would not be just to call it positively regret; but yet she could not help a kind of impression that if the Archdeacon had never come to Carlingford, and if Mr. Cavendish had never been so weak as to be drawn aside by Barbara Lake, and if everything had gone as might have been expected from first appearances—that on the whole, it might have been well. After all, he had a great many good qualities. He had yielded to panic for the moment, but (as far as Lucilla knew) he was now girding up his loins to meet the emergency in a creditable way; and if, as has been just said, nothing had come in the way—if there had been no Archdeacon, no Mrs. Mortimer, no Barbara—if Mr. Chiltern had died, as was to have been expected, and Mr. Cavendish been elected for Carlingford — then Lucilla could not help a momentary sense that the arrangement altogether might have been a not undesirable one. Now, of course, all that was at an end. By dexterous management the crisis might be tided over, and the worst avoided; but Lucilla became regretfully conscious that now no fate higher than Barbara was possible for the unfortunate man who might

once, and with hope, have aspired to herself. It was very sad, but there was no help for it. A certain tenderness of compassion entered Miss Marjoribanks's bosom as she realised this change. It would be hard if a woman did not pity a man thus shut out by hard fate from any possibility of ever becoming the companion of her existence — a man who, on the whole, had many capabilities, yet whose highest fortune in life could not mount above Barbara Lake! The thought filled Lucilla's heart with gentle regret. It was sad, but it was inevitable; and when Mr. Cavendish's note was brought to her, in which he said only, and very briefly, that though not sure whether he understood the meaning of her letter, he should certainly do himself the pleasure of accepting as usual her kind invitation, Miss Marjoribanks's regret grew more and more profound. Such a man, who had been capable of appreciating herself, to think that, having known her, he should decline upon Barbara! The pity was entirely disinterested, for nobody knew better than Lucilla that, under the circumstances, no other arrangement was possible. He might marry the drawing-master's daughter, but Miss Marjoribanks was too well aware of her duty to her friends, and to her position in society, to have given her consent to his marriage with anybody's daughter in Grange Lane. But still it was a pity—nobody could say that it was not a pity—a man so visibly capable of better things.

Lucilla, however, could not afford to waste her morning in unprofitable regrets. An evening so critical and conclusive had to be provided for in many different ways. Among other things, she had to invite, or rather command, the presence of a guest whom, to tell the truth, she had no particular desire to see. The Archdeacon was only a man when all was said, and might change his mind like other men; and to bring Mrs. Mortimer to Grange Lane in the evening, looking interesting, as, to be sure, she could look by times, after that unpleasant exhibition of Dr. Marjoribanks's feelings, was naturally a trial to Lucilla. Mr. Beverley had drawn back once before, and that when Mrs. Mortimer was young, and no doubt a great deal more attractive than at present; and now that she was a widow, forlorn and faded, it would be no wonder if he were to draw back, especially, as Lucilla acknowledged to herself, when he saw the ancient object of his affections in her own society, and among all the fresh young faces of Grange Lane: and if the Archdeacon should draw back, and leave the field open, and perhaps the Doctor, who ought to know better, should step in—when she had got so far, Lucilla rose up and shook out her draperies, as if by way of shaking off the disagreeable idea. "At all events, I have to do my duty," she said to herself. And thus it was with that last and most exquisite refinement of well-doing, the thought that she might possibly be going to harm herself in benefiting others, that Miss Marjoribanks heroically put on her hat, and issued forth in the dinner-hour of the little pupils, to invite her last and most important guest.

This period of suspense was not by any means a happy or comfortable period for Mrs. Mortimer. The poor widow was living in a constant expectation of something happening, whereas her only true policy was to have made up her mind that nothing would ever happen, and shaped herself accordingly to her life. Instead of eating her dinner as she ought to have done at that hour of leisure, and fortifying herself for the weary afternoon's work, she was sitting as usual at the window when Miss Marjoribanks came to the door. And if it was a tedious business looking out of the window when the rain was drenching the four walls of the garden and breaking down the flowers, and reducing

all the poor little shrubs to abject misery, it could not be said to be much more cheerful in the sunshine, when pleasant sounds came in over that enclosure—voices and footsteps of people who might be called alive, while this solitary woman was buried, and had nothing to do with life. Such a fate may be accepted when people make up their minds to it; but when, so far from making up one's mind, one fixes one's thoughts upon the life outside, and fancies that every moment the call may come, and one may find one's place again in the active world, the tedium grows more and more insupportable. As for Lucilla, naturally she could not see any reason why Mrs. Mortimer should sit at the window—why she could not content herself, and eat her dinner instead.

"There are a great many people in Carlingford who have not nearly such a pleasant look-out," Lucilla said; "for my part, I think it is a very pretty garden. The Wisteria has grown quite nice, and there is a little of everything," said Miss Marjoribanks; and, so far as that went, she was no doubt the best judge, having done it all herself.

"Oh, yes, it is very pretty; and I am sure I am very grateful to Providence for giving me such a home," said the widow; but she sighed, poor soul, as she said it; for, to tell the truth, though she was not so young as she once was, it takes some people a long time to find out that they themselves are growing old, and have done with life. And then outside, in that existence which she could hear but could not see, there was one figure which was wonderfully interesting to poor Mrs. Mortimer; which is a complication which has a remarkable effect on the question of content or discontent.

"You ought to take a walk every day," said Miss Marjoribanks, "that is what is the matter with you; but, in the mean time, there is something else I want you to do. This is Thursday, you know, and I have always some people on Thursday. It is not a party—it is only an Evening—and no dress to speak of. Your black silk will look quite nice, and be all that is necessary. Black is very becoming to some people," said Lucilla, reflectively. She looked at Mrs. Mortimer with her head a little on one side, and saw in a moment, with the rapid glance of genius, just what she wanted. "And some lace for your head," Miss Marjoribanks added. "I don't think you have gone off at all, and I am sure you will look very nice. It is at nine o'clock."

"This evening, Lucilla!" said Mrs. Mortimer, faintly; "but you know I never go out—I am not fit for society. Oh, don't ask me, please! Since poor Edward died——"

"Yes," said Lucilla, "it must have been a great loss, I am sure; though I can't say I mind going into a room alone, as some people do; but you know you can avoid that, if you like, by coming early. Come at eight, and there will be nobody in the drawing-room, and you can choose your own corner. Put it quite back—at the back of your head," said Miss Marjoribanks, with a little anxiety. "I could show you how if I had the lace. I do so want you to look nice. Oh, never mind the fashion. When one has a style of one's own, it is always twenty times better. Put it as you used to wear it before you were married; and then, with that new black silk——"

"Oh, Lucilla, don't ask me," said the widow. "I shall not know how to talk, nor look, nor anything; and then I know nobody; and then——"

"My dear, you have always me," said Lucilla, with tender reproach. "I am so sorry I can't stop any longer. I leave it quite to your own taste about the lace. And you will find people you know, you may be quite sure of that. Remember not later than nine o'clock; and come at eight if you don't like

to come into the room by yourself. Good-bye now. I want you to look very nice to-night," Miss Marjoribanks added, giving her friend an affectionate kiss; "you must, for my sake."

"But, Lucilla——" cried Mrs. Mortimer.

It was vain to make any further protest, however, for Lucilla was gone, having, in the first place, communicated her requirements to Mary Jane, who was not likely to forget, nor to let her mistress be late. "And mind she is *nice*," said Miss Marjoribanks, emphatically, as she went out at the door. It was necessary she should be nice; without that the intended *situation* which Lucilla was preparing—the grand finale of her exertions—would fall flat, and probably fail of its effect. For this it was necessary that the widow should look not only pretty, but interesting, and a little pathetic, and all that a widow should look when first dragged back into society. Miss Marjoribanks gave a momentary sigh as she emerged from the garden door, and could not but feel conscious that in all this she might be preparing the most dread discomfiture and downfall for herself. Even if it passed over as it ought to do, and nobody was charmed but the Archdeacon, who was the right person to be charmed, Lucilla felt that after this she never could have that entire confidence in her father which she had had up to this moment. The incipient sentiment Dr. Marjoribanks had exhibited was one that struck at the roots of all faith in him as a father; and every person of sensibility will at once perceive how painful such a suggestion must have been to the mind of a young woman so entirely devoted as was Miss Marjoribanks to the consolation and comfort of her dear papa.

Lucilla was not allowed to spend the rest of this momentous afternoon in maturing her plans, as might have been necessary to a lesser intelligence; and when the refreshing moment came at which she could have her cup of tea before preparing for the fatigues of the evening, it was Mrs. Chiley who came to assist at that ceremony. The old lady came in with an important air, and gave Lucilla a long, lingering kiss, as old ladies sometimes do when they particularly mean it. "My dear, I am not going to stay a moment, but I thought you might have something to tell me," the kind old woman said, arranging herself in her chair with the satisfaction of a listener who expects to be confided in. As for Lucilla, who had no clue to Mrs. Chiley's special curiosity, and who had a good many things on her mind just at that moment which she rather preferred not to talk about, she was at once struck by veritable astonishment, and did not know what to say.

"Dear Mrs. Chiley, what should I have to tell you?" said Miss Marjoribanks. "You know very well where I should go the very first moment if anything happened;" and by way of staving off more particular questions, she took her old friend a cup of tea.

"Yes, my dear, I hope so," said Mrs. Chiley, but at the same time her disappointment was evident. "It is very nice, thank you—your tea is always nice, Lucilla—but it was not that I was thinking of. I can't understand how it is, I am sure. When I saw him to-day with my own eyes, and could not help seeing how anxious he was looking! I hope, I do hope, you have not been so cruel as to refuse him, Lucilla—and all for something that is not his fault, poor fellow, or that could be explained, you may be sure."

As for Miss Marjoribanks, she grew more and more surprised. She put away the kettle without filling the teapot, and left her own cup standing untasted, and went and sat down on the stool by Mrs. Chiley's feet. "Tell me whom I have refused this time, for I don't

know anything about it," said Lucilla; and then her visitor burst forth.

"It must be all that creature's fault! He told me he was coming here; and to tell the truth, I stood and watched him, for you know how interested I am, my dear; and then a little while after he met *that* Barbara. Oh, Lucilla, why were you ever so foolish as to have her here? I told you how it would end when you brought those artist people about your house. They are all a set of adventurers!" cried Mrs. Chiley. "I saw them meet, and I was so disgusted that I did not know what I was doing; but he passed her as nicely as possible. Just a civil word, you know, and then he was past. Just as I would have done myself; for it is always best not to be uncivil to anybody. I could see her standing as if she had been struck with lightning; and naturally, Lucilla, I never thought anything else than that he had come here, and that all was right between you. Oh, my dear, I hope you are sure you have not refused him," Mrs. Chiley said, piteously; "anyhow, Lucilla, you need not mind telling *me*. I may be sorry, but I will not blame you, my dear."

"I have not refused anybody," said Lucilla, with a modest innocence that it was a pleasure to see; "but, dear Mrs. Chiley," she continued, raising her drooping eyelids, "I think you make a mistake about Mr. Cavendish. My own opinion is that Barbara would make him a very nice wife. Oh, please, don't be angry! I don't mean to say, you know, that I think her quite what one would call *nice*—for one's self. But then the gentlemen have such strange ways of thinking. Many a girl whom we could not put up with is quite popular with Them," said Miss Marjoribanks, with a certain mild wonder at the inexplicable creatures whom she thus condescended to discuss. "I suppose they have a different standard, you know; and for my part, I would advise Mr. Cavendish to marry Barbara. I think it is the best thing he could do."

"Lucilla!" cried Mrs. Chiley, almost with a shriek of horror. She thought, as was perhaps natural, that there was some pique in what her young companion said; not doing Miss Marjoribanks justice—as indeed few people did—for that perfect truthfulness which it was Lucilla's luck always to be able to maintain. Mrs. Chiley thought it was her young friend's maidenly pride and determination not to take up the part of a woman slighted or jilted. "You may refuse him, my dear, if your heart is not against him," said the old lady; "but I would not be so hard upon him as that, poor fellow. You may say what you please, but I always will think him nice, Lucilla. I know I ought to be on the Archdeacon's side," said Mrs. Chiley, putting her handkerchief to her eyes; "but I am an old woman, and I like my old friends best. Oh, Lucilla, it is not kind of you to keep up appearances with me. I wish you would give way a little. It would do you good, my darling; and you know I might be both your grandmothers, Lucilla," she cried, putting her arm round her favourite. As for Miss Marjoribanks, she gave her old friend a close embrace, which was the only thing that even her genius could suggest to do.

"I have always *you*," said Lucilla, with touching eloquence; and then she freed herself a little from Mrs. Chiley's arms. "I don't say, perhaps, that everybody will receive her; but I mean to make an effort, for my part; and I shall certainly tell Mr. Cavendish so if he ever speaks of it to me. As for Mr. Beverley, he is going to be married too. Did not you hear? He told me all about it himself one day," said Miss Marjoribanks; "and I will ask him to-night if I may not tell you who the lady is. It is quite a little romance, and I hope we shall

have two marriages, and it will make it quite gay for the winter. When you know all about it," Lucilla added, tenderly, by way of breaking the shock, "I am sure you will be pleased."

But instead of being pleased, Mrs. Chiley was speechless for the moment. Her fresh old cheeks grew ashy with dismay and horror. "The Archdeacon too," she cried, gasping for breath. "Oh, Lucilla, my dear!—and you?" cried the old lady, overwhelmed. She held Miss Marjoribanks fast, and sobbed over her in the despair of the moment. To think, after all the pains that had been taken, and all the hopes and all the speculations, that neither the one nor the other was coming to anything! "If it should be that General, after all—and I cannot abide him," sobbed Lucilla's anxious friend. But Miss Marjoribanks's genius carried her through this trial, as well as through all the others which she had yet encountered on her way.

"Dear Mrs. Chiley!" said Lucilla, "it is so good of you to care; but if it had been *that* I was thinking of, I need never have come home at all, you know; and my object in life is just what it has always been, to be a comfort to papa."

Upon which Mrs. Chiley kissed her young friend once more with lingering meaning. "My dear, I don't know what They mean," she said, with indignation; "everybody knows men are great fools where women are concerned—but I never knew what idiots they were till now; and you are too good for them, my darling!" said Mrs. Chiley, with indignant tenderness. Perhaps Miss Marjoribanks was in some respects of the same way of thinking. She conducted her sympathetic friend to the garden door, when it came to be time for everybody to go and dress, with a certain pathetic elevation in her own person, which was not out of accord with Mrs. Chiley's virtuous wrath. To have Mrs. Mortimer and Barbara Lake preferred to her did not wound Lucilla's pride—one can be wounded in that way only by one's equals. She thought of it with a certain mild pity and charitable contempt. Both these two men had had the chance of having *her*, and this was how they had chosen! And there can be little wonder if Miss Marjoribanks's compassion for them was mingled with a little friendly and condescending disdain.

It was, however, an ease to Lucilla's mind that she had let Mrs. Chiley know, and was so far free to work out her plans without any fear of misconception. And on the whole, her old friend's tender indignation was not disagreeable to Miss Marjoribanks. Thus it was, without any interval of repose to speak of, that her lofty energies went on unwearied to overrule and guide the crisis which was to decide so many people's fate.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Dr. Marjoribanks was not a man to take very much notice of trivial external changes; and he knew Lucilla and her constitution, and, being a medical man, was not perhaps so liable to paternal anxieties as an unprofessional father might have been; but even he was a little struck by Miss Marjoribanks's appearance when he came into the drawing-room. He said, "You are flushed, Lucilla? is anything going to happen?" with the calmness of a man who knew there was not much the matter—but yet he did observe that her colour was not exactly what it always was. "I am quite well, papa, thank you," said Lucilla, which, to be sure, was a fact the Doctor had never doubted; and then the people began to come in, and there was no more to be said

But there could be no doubt that Lucilla had more colour than usual. Her pulse was quite steady, and her heart going on at its ordinary rate; but her admirable circulation was nevertheless so far affected, that the ordinary rose-tints of her complexion were all deepened. It was not so distinctly an improvement as it would have been had she been habitually pale; but still the flush was moderate, and did Miss Marjoribanks no harm. And then it was a larger party than usual. The Centums were there, who were General Travers's chaperons, and so were the Woodburns, and of course Mrs. Chiley, which made up the number of ladies beyond what was general at Dr. Marjoribanks's table. Lucilla received all her guests with the sweetest smiles and all her ordinary ease and self-possession, but at the same time her mind was not free from some excitement. She was on the eve of a crisis which would be the greatest failure or the greatest success of her public life, and naturally she anticipated it with a certain emotion. But at the same time Miss Marjoribanks gave proof of her superiority in the absolute control she had over her feelings. As for Mr. Cavendish, he had sufficient sense to come very early, and to get into a dark corner and keep himself out of the way; for though he was screwed up to the emergency, his self-possession was nothing to that of Lucilla. On the whole, it was perhaps Mrs. Woodburn who suffered the most. Her heightened colour was more conspicuous than that of Miss Marjoribanks, because as a general rule she was pale. She was pale, almost white, and had dark eyes and dark hair, and possessed precisely all the accessories which make a sudden change of complexion remarkable; and the effect this evening was so evident that even her husband admired her for a moment, and then stopped short to inquire, "By George! had she begun to paint?" to which question Mrs. Woodburn naturally replied only by an indignant shrug of her white shoulders and aversion of her head. She would not have been sorry, perhaps, for this night only, if he had believed that it was rouge, and not emotion. Of all the people at Dr. Marjoribanks's table, she perhaps was the only one really to be pitied. Even Mr. Cavendish, if vanquished, would at the most receive only the recompense of his deeds, and could go away and begin over again somewhere else, or bury himself in the great depths of general society, where nobody would be the wiser; but as for his sister, she could not go away. The first result for her would be to give the master to whom she belonged, and for whom she had, with some affection, a great deal of not unnatural contempt, a cruel and overwhelming power over her; and she knew, poor soul, that he was not at all too generous or delicate to make use of such a power. In such a case she would be bound to the rock, like a kind of hapless Andromeda, to be pecked at by all the birds and blown at by all the winds, not to speak of the devouring monster from whom no hero could ever deliver her; and with all these horrible consequences before her eyes, she had to sit still and look on and do nothing, to see all the hidden meaning of every look and movement without appearing to see it, to maintain ordinary conversation when her ear was strained to the uttermost to hear words of fate on which her whole future depended. No wonder her colour was high; and she could not go into a corner, as Mr. Cavendish did, nor keep silent, nor withdraw herself from observation. Neither her pulse nor her heart would have borne the scrutiny to which Miss Marjoribanks's calm organs might have been subjected with perfect security; and the chances are, if the Doctor had by any hazard put his finger on her

wrist when he shook hands with her, that instead of handing her over to General Travers to be taken down to dinner, he would have, on the contrary, sent her off to bed.

Fortunately by this time the season had arrived at that happy moment when people once more begin to dine by artificial light; and at the same time it was not absolutely dark in the drawing-room, so that Lucilla had not, as she said, thought it necessary to have the candles lighted. "If there should happen to be a mistake as to who is to take down who, it will only be all the more amusing," said Miss Marjoribanks, "so long as you do not go off and leave *me*." This was addressed to the Archdeacon, to whom Lucilla was very particular in her attentions at that moment. Mrs. Chiley, who was looking on with a great sense of depression, could not help wondering why—"When she knows he is engaged and everything settled," the old lady said to herself with natural indignation. For her part, she did not see what right a man had to introduce himself thus under false pretences into the confiding bosom of society—when he was as bad as married, or even indeed worse. She was ruffled, and she did not think it worth while to conceal that she was so; for, to be sure, there are limits to human patience, and a visitor who stays six weeks ought at least to have confidence in his entertainers. Mrs. Chiley for once in her life could have boxed Lucilla's ears for her uncalled-for civility. "I think it very strange that it is not the General who takes her down-stairs," she said to Mrs. Centum. "It is all very well to have a respect for clergymen; but after being here so often, and the General quite a stranger—I am surprised at Lucilla," said the indiscreet old lady. As for Mrs. Centum, she felt the neglect, but she had too much proper pride to own that her man was not receiving due attention. "It is not the first time General Travers has been here," she said, reserving the question; and so in the uncertain light, when nobody was sure who was his neighbour, the procession filed down-stairs.

To enter the dining-room, all brilliant and shining as it was, radiant with light and flowers and crystal and silver, and everything that makes a dinner-table pretty to look upon, was, as Mrs. Centum said, "quite a contrast." A close observer might have remarked, as Mrs. Woodburn and Lucilla took their places, that both of them, instead of that flush which had been so noticeable a short time before, had become quite pale. It was the moment of trial. Poor Mr. Cavendish, in his excitement, had taken just the place he ought not to have taken, immediately under the lamp at the centre of the table. During the moment when the unsuspecting Archdeacon said grace with his eyes decorously cast down, Miss Marjoribanks owned the ordinary weakness of humanity so much as to drop her fan and her handkerchief, and even the napkin which was arranged in a symmetrical pyramid on her plate. Such a sign of human feebleness could but endear her to everybody who was aware of the momentous character of the crisis. When these were all happily recovered and everybody seated, Lucilla kept her eyes fixed upon the Archdeacon's face. It was, as we have said, a terrible moment. When he raised his head and looked round him, naturally Mr. Beverley's eyes went direct to the mark like an arrow; he looked, and he saw at the centre of the table, surrounded by every kind of regard and consideration, full in the light of the lamp, his favourite adventurer, the impostor whom he had denounced the first time he took his place by Miss Marjoribanks's side. The Archdeacon rose to his feet in the excitement of the discovery; he put his hand over his

eyes as if to clear them. He said, "Good God!" loud out, with an accent of horror which paralysed the two people lower down than himself. As for Miss Marjoribanks, she was not paralysed—she who had not lost a single glance of his eyes or movement of his large person. Lucilla rose to the height of the position. She put her hand upon his arm sharply, and with a certain energy. "Mr. Beverley, Thomas is behind you with the soup," said Miss Marjoribanks. The Archdeacon turned round to see what it was, conscious that somebody had spoken to him, but as indifferent to his companion and to civility as he was to Thomas and the soup. "What?" he said, hoarsely, interrupting his scrutiny for the moment. But when he had met Miss Marjoribanks's eye the Archdeacon sat down. Lucilla did not liberate him for a moment from that gaze. She fixed her eyes upon his eyes, and looked at him as people only look when they mean something. "If you tell me what surprised you so much, perhaps I can explain," said Miss Marjoribanks. She spoke so that nobody could hear but himself; and in the mean time General Travers at her left hand was making himself excessively agreeable to Mrs. Woodburn, and no doubt occupying all her attention; and Lucilla never turned her eyes for a moment from the Archdeacon's face.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Beverley. "I was confounded by what I saw. Good heavens! it is not possible I can deceive myself. I understand your alarm. I am not going to make a disturbance and break up your party. I can wait," the Archdeacon said, drawing a rapid forcible breath. "Miss Marjoribanks, do you know who that man is?"

"Oh yes," said Lucilla, softening into a smile. "Perfectly, I assure you. He is one of papa's guests, and very much respected in Carlingford; and he is one of my—very particular friends," Miss Marjoribanks added. She laughed as she spoke, a kind of laugh which is only appropriate to one subject, and which is as good, any day, as a confession; and the flush was so obliging as to return at that moment to her ingenuous countenance. "We have known each other a long time," Lucilla went on after that pretty pause; and then she raised her confiding eyes, which had been cast down, once more to the Archdeacon's face. "You can't think how nice he is, Mr. Beverley," said Miss Marjoribanks. She clasped her hands together, just for a moment, as she did so, with an eloquent meaning which it was impossible to mistake. The Archdeacon, for his part, gazed at her like a man in a dream. Whether it was true—or whether he was being made a fool of more completely than ever man before was—or whether he was the victim of an optical or some other kind of delusion,—the poor man could not tell. He was utterly stricken dumb, and did not know what to say. He accepted the soup humbly, which Thomas set before him, though it was a white soup, an effeminate dish, which went utterly in the face of his principles. And then he looked at the innocent young creature at his side in that flutter of happy confusion. It was a terrible position for the Broad-Churchman. After such a tacit confession he could not spring from his seat and hurl the impostor out of the room, as in the first place he had a mind to do. On the contrary, it was with a voice trembling with emotion that he spoke.

"My dear Miss Marjoribanks," said the Archdeacon, "I am struck dumb by what you tell me. Good heavens! that it should have come to this; and yet I should be neglecting my duty if I kept silent. You do not—you cannot know who he is."

"Oh yes," said Lucilla, with another little laugh—"*everything*—

and how he used to know Mrs. Mortimer, and all about it. He has no secrets from me," said Miss Marjoribanks. She caught Mr. Cavendish's eye at the moment, who was casting a stealthy glance in her direction, and who looked cowed and silenced and unquiet to the most miserable degree; and she gave him a little reassuring nod, which the Archdeacon watched with an inward groan. What was he to do? He could not publicly expose the man who had just received that mark of confidence from his young hostess, who knew everything. Perhaps it was one of the greatest trials of Christian patience and fortitude which the Archdeacon, who was not great, as he himself would have said, in the passive virtues, had undergone in all the course of his life. He was so utterly subdued and confounded that he ate his soup, and never found out what kind of soup it was. That is, he consumed it in large spoonfuls without being aware, by way of occupying his energies and filling up the time.

"You cannot mean it," he said, after a pause. "You must be imperfectly informed. At least let me talk to your father. You must hear all the rights of the story. If you will let me speak half-a-dozen words to — to that person, Miss Marjoribanks, I am sure he will leave the place; he will give up any claim——"

"Oh yes, please talk to him," said Miss Marjoribanks, "it will be so nice to see you friends. Nothing would make me so happy. You know I have heard all about it from you and from Mrs. Mortimer already, so I am sure there cannot be much more to tell; and as for papa, he is very fond of Mr. Cavendish," said Lucilla, with an imperceptible elevation of her voice.

"Is it *he* whom you call Mr. Cavendish?" said the Archdeacon. He too had raised his voice without knowing it, and several people looked up, who were not at the moment engaged in active conversation of their own. The owner of that name, for his part, also turned his face towards the upper end of the table. He was sick of the suspense and continued endurance, and by this time was ready to rush upon his fate.

"Did any one call me?" he said; and there was a little pause, and the company in general fixed its regard upon those three people with a sense that something remarkable was going on among them, though it could not tell what or why.

"The Archdeacon wants to make your acquaintance," said Miss Marjoribanks. "Mr. Cavendish — Mr. Beverley. There, you know each other; and when we are gone you can talk to each other, if you like," Lucilla added; "but in the mean time *you* are too far off, and *I* want the Archdeacon. He is *so* much liked in Carlingford," she continued, lowering her voice. "You can't think how glad we are to have him back again. I am sure if you only knew him better——" said Miss Marjoribanks. As for the Archdeacon, words could not give any idea of the state of his mind. He ate his dinner sternly after that, and did not look at anything but his plate. He consumed the most exquisite *plats*, the tenderest wings of chicken and morsels of *paté*, as if they had been his personal enemies. For, to tell the truth, he felt the tables altogether turned upon him, and was confounded, and did not know what it could mean.

It was the General who took up Mr. Beverley's abandoned place in the conversation. The gallant soldier talked for two with the best will in the world. He talked of Cavendish, and all the pleasant hours they had spent together, and what a good fellow he was, and how much the men in the club would be amused to hear of his domesticity. It was a kind of talk very natural to a man who found himself placed at table between his friend's sister, and, as he supposed,

his friend's future bride. And naturally the Archdeacon got all the benefit. As for Lucilla, she received it with the most perfect grace in the world, and saw all the delicate points of the General's wit, and appreciated him so thoroughly that he felt half inclined to envy Cavendish. "By Jove! he is the luckiest fellow I know," General Travers said; and probably it was the charms of his intelligent and animated conversation that kept the ladies so long at table. Mrs. Chiley, for her part, did not know what to make of it. She said afterwards that she kept looking at Lucilla until she was really quite ashamed; and though she was at the other end of the table, she could see that the poor dear did not enjoy her dinner. It happened, too, that when they did move at last, the drawing-room was fuller than usual. Everybody had come that evening — Sir John, and some others of the county people, who only came now and then, and without any exception *everybody* in Carlingford. And Lucilla certainly was not herself for the first half-hour. She kept close to the door, and regarded the staircase with an anxious countenance. When she was herself at the helm of affairs, there was a certain security that everything would go on tolerably — but nobody could tell what a set of men left to themselves might or might not do. Perhaps, after all, this was the most dreadful moment of the evening. Mrs Mortimer was in the drawing-room, hidden away under the curtains of a window, knowing nobody, speaking to nobody, and in a state of mind to commit suicide with pleasure; but Miss Marjoribanks, though she had cajoled her into that martyrdom, took no notice of Mrs. Mortimer. She was civil, it is true, to her other guests, but there could not be a doubt that Lucilla was horribly preoccupied, and in a state of mind quite unusual to her. "I am sure she is not well," Mrs. Chiley said, who was watching her from afar. "I saw that she did not eat any dinner" — and the kind old lady got up slowly and extricated herself from the crowd, and put herself in motion as best she could, to go to her young friend's aid.

It was at this moment that Lucilla turned round radiant upon the observant assembly. The change occurred in less than a moment, so suddenly that nobody saw the actual point of revolution. Miss Marjoribanks turned round upon the company and took Mr. Cavendish's arm, who had just come up-stairs. "There is a very, very old friend of yours in the corner who wants to see you," said Lucilla; and she led him across the room as a conqueror might have led a captive. She took him through the crowd, to whom she dispensed on every side her most gracious glances. "I am coming directly," Miss Marjoribanks said—for naturally she was called on all sides. What most people remarked at this moment was, that the Archdeacon, who had also come in with the other gentlemen, was standing very sullen and lowering at the door, watching that triumphal progress. And it certainly was not Lucilla's fault if Mrs. Chiley and Lady Richmond, and a few other ladies, were thus led to form a false idea of the state of affairs. "I suppose it is all right between them at last," Lady Richmond said, not thinking that Barbara Lake was standing by and heard her. According to appearances, it was all perfectly right between them. Miss Marjoribanks, triumphant, led Mr. Cavendish all the length of the room to the corner where the widow sat among the curtains, and the Archdeacon looked on with a visible passion, and jealous rage, which were highly improper in a clergyman, but yet which were exciting to see. And this was how the little drama was to conclude, according to Lady Richmond and Mrs. Chiley, who, on

the whole, were satisfied with the conclusion. But naturally, there were other people to be consulted. There was Mr. Beverley, whom Miss Marjoribanks held in leash, but who was not yet subdued; and there was Dr. Marjoribanks, who began to feel a little curiosity about his daughter's movements, and did not make them out; and there was Barbara Lake, who had begun to blaze like a tempest with her crimson cheeks and black bold eyes. But by this time Lucilla was herself again, and felt the reins in her hands. When she had deposited Mr. Cavendish in safety, she faced round upon the malcontents and upon the observers, and on the world in general. Now that her mind was at rest, and everything under her own inspection, she felt herself ready and able for all.

GIACOMO LEOPARDI.

It is a very common complaint with students of the Italian language that, after the little well-known round furnished by Manzoni and Silvio Pellico, there is nothing for them to read unless they betake themselves at once, without any interval, to the lofty heaven of poetry, which is not, unfortunately, within everybody's reach, or to everybody's taste. While it is true that Dante stands in the highest rank of poets with Homer and with Shakespeare, and has exercised in his own country, and out of it, an influence perhaps more intense and personal than any other great singer, it is also true that the ordinary modern mind requires a great many mechanical aids and helps before it can get itself up to the level of Dante, and is by no means prepared to leap from Manzoni's limpid narrative straight into the great depths of the majestic Florentine. And the stepping-stones are wonderfully few between the one and the other. The works of Leopardi are so little known in England, that it is scarcely presumption to fancy that it is a new poet whom we are about to introduce to a large number of our readers; and though it would be vain to pretend that they are of an order which can be called popular, they express at least the emotions of a mind of our own century, whose thoughts run in a more modern channel than those of the greater poets of Italy, and by means of whom the reader may perhaps ascend more easily to those great and solemn heights. Leopardi has neither the breadth nor the depth of the great masters of Italian song. Perhaps no favourable combination of circumstances could have qualified him to take his place in the first rank among those supreme intelligences, whose first and greatest qualification is the largeness of their nature and power of comprehending and embracing all the lesser individualities. He is, on the contrary, all individual—one of those marked, distinct, and separate souls, who in themselves are more interesting, by right of being less great, than the Shakespeares and Dantes. Never was any manifestation of hero-worship more futile or more foolish than that which searches, naturally in vain, for the lost story and undiscoverable personal characteristics of Shakespeare, for example, the broadest and most infinite of all. Had he been a man of the second class, of sharply-marked individuality, he would have reproduced himself so often as to satisfy all the demands even of a tercentenary commemoration. But in that case he would not have been Shakespeare, the serene creator of a world, but a limited individual, seeing the universe through one sole pair of eyes, and working with one set of tools, and producing the one distinct

figure of himself, and not the varied figures of a host of men, for the benefit of posterity. It might have been a gain to biography, but it would have been an infinite loss to the world.

Yet for itself and by itself the secondary development of genius is perhaps the more interesting of the two. It has light enough to reveal in full relief the human character and career of the individual who possesses it; while, at the same time, it has not sufficient light to dazzle the spectator, and fill his eyes with motes and discs of shadow, as happens to a man who takes to gazing at the sun. What we call the temperament and peculiarities of genius—attributes which critical imbecility would fain attach to the greatest—are infallibly drawn from those men in the second rank who alone can come fully under our observation. The great poet, if he is not lost in the infinite heights like a mountain-top, is probably lost in those depths of universal nature, which are not less infinite, where the man who is manifold and many-sided and in sympathy with all men, presents few inequalities for the curious to grasp at. He is too broad, too large, too all-embracing to be peculiar: and the eye loses itself in his greatness as in the sea, the sky, the light, and all unfathomable things.

But a man of the second rank is altogether different. He is neither too high, nor too deep, nor too broad to be inspected round and round. And his genius, instead of cloaking him in an excess of light, betrays him, and makes all his irregularities, his weakness, his heights and hollows, visible to the spectator. It is to this class that Leopardi belongs. The two small volumes, which are all that he has left behind him, are full of clear landscapes and rural scenes done at a touch, fresh and dewy as are the evenings and the mornings which they preserve for ever. They abound with those touches of nature that go to the heart, and with pathetic reasonings full of restrained fire and power, and detached thoughts of the most subtle beauty. But still the great thing in them is not so much the poems or the philosophy as the singular human soul, clearly defined and apparent against the confused background of the world from which he has separated himself, and amid the peaceable nature which is external to him. It is not his to walk like Dante over the burning sands below, or to mount the celestial degrees above, with calm eyes open and ears intent, and a soul never so much preoccupied as to be unaware of the call of any miserable shadow in the gloom, or serene spirit in the light. Leopardi, in hell or in heaven, would have seen none of these things; he would have seen with the most wonderful intensity his own sufferings or delights, and a dim crowd surrounding him, whose pains or joys were naturally the reflex of his; but that would have been all. To the greater poet humanity was infinite, and the sky and the deeps teemed with living creatures, with whom he himself might or might not have distinct relations, but who existed, and whom he saw. But to the lesser there are only two unmistakable existences in heaven and earth, himself and another—who may be God, or Chance, or Fate, or Joy, or Misery, as a harder or happier education may decide. Of such was Leopardi, whom we think we are justified in calling one of the greatest of modern Italian writers. It is impossible to read his works—we might almost say, so strong is the personal impression they convey, to look at him—without the profoundest, almost painful, sympathy and pity; nor without, at the same time, the most earnest interest and a kind of hope, which may all orthodox theologians forgive us, that instead of his harsh stepdame Nature, Leopardi might wake up in the other existence with a wonderful and joyful surprise to find a

Father-God putting some sense and reason into life. It is possible to imagine that after such a discovery the poor soul would make his way even down to Hades, if that were needful, with a certain content. One does not concern one's self particularly about Dante's experiences (who knew so well all about it) in the other world—which is a proof of what we have been saying, that the lesser genius, being the more distinct individual, is, in a certain sense, more interesting. For, to tell the truth, for our own part, we cannot prevent our imagination from following Leopardi out of the profound darkness of his life into the hereafter which he did not believe in, with a curious sense of watching the amazement, and shock of unfamiliar joy, of his awaking there.

Affixed to the volumes which contain his collected works, one of his friends has given us a brief biography—the story of a life without any events—valuable only as a kind of exposition and elucidation of his own utterances. Leopardi was one of the men who are born to struggle with pain and bodily suffering, and condemned to a forced renunciation of everything that in the world is called happiness. Signor Ranieri, his biographer, treats with a certain magnificent indistinctness, which is perhaps natural to the flowing and redundant Italian, the nature of Leopardi's malady. But it was such as to render life a continual agony, and to cut him off from all the happier ties which a man can form for himself. Everybody has known instances of such involuntary martyrdom, and most people have seen examples in which the hard lot was conquered by a patient spirit, and made into something sublime; but Leopardi's spirit was not patient, nor had it the natural softness which helps resignation. Sick and helpless and suffering, his impotent body contained a fiery, impetuous, Italian soul. He had it in him to do and dare, and love and enjoy, with all the force and fulness of his race; and he found himself fettered and feeble, forbidden the joys of existence, and even its labours, which might have made him forget its joys. When he found this out—which does not seem to have been until after all the hopes and plans of youth had formed in his mind—bitterness and despair filled his heart; and thereafter he affords the strange and pitiful spectacle of a man struggling to convince himself, since he cannot be happy, that happiness does not exist. In almost everything he has written, the stamp of this conflict is impressed. In the depths of his heart he believes in love and in joy, with a strength of conviction all the more deep that he is continually asserting to himself their non-existence; and when he breaks into song, or falls into those minute and subtle trains of thought which are even more poetic than his poetry, it is not so much the world as himself whom he addresses. If he could but make sure that not he only, but *all* are miserable; and yet he can never make sure; and the more boldly he asserts it, the more evident is the doubt underneath, and sense, after all, that it is he who is the shadow in the landscape, and that joy exists though he cannot find it. Nature is cruel to him, and yet he clings to her; love is forbidden to him, and yet an infinite love of love possesses his spirit; his mind burns with activity and vital force, and yet to him all spheres of activity are closed.

For such a lot it should have been a patient feminine soul open to the smaller compensations of an incomplete life; and it was the fiery spirit of a man, impatient, exacting, thirsting for enjoyment and progress. Nothing can be more terrible than such a conjunction of strength and weakness; and his suffering continually intensifies his individuality, and keeps his eye more and more fixed upon himself.

He asks the heavens and the earth to tell him why it is, and he can find no answer. Life has no reason, no meaning, in the eyes of a man to whom it is a perpetual dying, and who has no religious hope to inspire him with expectation of another life to set matters right. There are many good people who would doubtless say that his misery was the due recompense of his infidelity, and leave the unhappy poet with composure to his fate; but it is hard to leave him in his suffering and yearning and despair, or to hear without a pang of sympathy the cry that comes out of his heart. This is the interest which gives a double power to his minute and melancholy philosophy, and to his outbreaks of tender and plaintive song. His life and his productions afford a picture terribly intense and full of a sad unity, of a condition of being which every thoughtful mind must one time or other have passed through, but which with Leopardi endured always. Few are the men who do not come to a pause one time or other in their existence, stricken with the hopelessness, the powerlessness, the mockery of life, and with a sense that somehow the reason of it must be demanded from God, who is responsible; but most men are beguiled from that great question by the softer solacements of humanity, the tenderness of friends, the stir of occupation, the tranquillising flow of time itself, and that strange sustaining force of mere existence which can endure and surmount a thousand deaths. But to Leopardi these secondary consolations were wanting; he was kept for ever face to face with that grand question which nobody can answer. Existence for him was a feeble current wanting the tide and force of health. Occupation he had none of any absorbing or compulsory character; and the question was all the more bitter and absolute since life was limited, in his eyes, by the grave. A man without hope for the hereafter may yet derive a certain philosophic satisfaction from the thought that life, circumscribed as it is, still has had its share of joy, its natural delights, and exhilarating sense of being; but with Leopardi life was but a cheat, a lie, and inexplicable hard necessity, which some cruel unknown power had imposed upon him. There is a sonnet among his poems which expresses in the most striking manner his final abandonment of the idea of immortality. We give it literally, with its broken strain and occasional rhymes, as it stands in the original, though it is as hard to render the jar and tuneless discord of this despair as the sweeter tones to which the Italian lends itself more lovingly. The tradition goes that it was after a discussion with one of his philosophical friends, and consequent abandonment of the last hope, that this sad utterance was made:—

To Myself.

Now stand thou still for ever,
My weary heart; the extreme delusion dead.
Eternal I supposed me. Be it known
That this has perished; of these dear deceits,
Not only hope, but even desire is flown.
Be still for ever; thou hast throbbed enough,
Thy impulses are nothing worth;
Nor does earth merit even a sigh.
Life is but bitterness and pain,
And other hope is none: the world is dust.
At length compose thee; be despair revealed
For the last time. Fate to our mortal race
Has given only to die. Henceforth despise
Nature, thyself, and the vile powers that bring
To common misery all, themselves concealed;—
And vanity of every living thing.

Was it perhaps a comfortable German professor, whose scepticism had never cost him an hour's sleep nor half a meal, who thus stole the last hope from the forlorn bosom of the suffering Italian? If it was so, let us hope that he has been down in the deepest circle of the Inferno, where the traitors shiver

in the ice and rend each other, since he did that day's work. It is a poor business to diminish any man's spiritual consolations, whatever they may be; but to take the Christian lamp, however faint and feeble, out of the hand of a sufferer banished from all the lights of earth, is a kind of philosophical atrocity of which surely no man ever could be guilty who was capable of any real sentiment whatever on the subject, or who considered religious speculation in any higher light than as a relish to his beer. Leopardi does not seem to have hated and scorned the *Tedeschi*, like the rest of his countrymen. And no doubt the Teuton (if it was a Teuton) mooned on upon his way, after he had accomplished this piece of work, with undisturbed equanimity, and would have wondered much, and observed as a psychological curiosity, the bitter despair of his hapless convert. This, however, is the only distinct utterance of that grand final despair to which Leopardi gives vent. His want of hope shows itself more in the utter absence of all light, except that of his bitterly-regretted youth, upon the lovely little sketches of nature and rural life, which are all rounded with a sigh, and upon his close and acute studies of men and thought, than in any direct statement. In the East there linger still the traces of that glory by which he was once attended; but neither above him is there any sun shining, nor from the western wilderness before is there any symptom of the evening light. The light comes all from behind, and projects his shadow drearily over the unresponsive earth; and in bitterness, with a sense of wrong and injury and injustice, he recalls to himself the unrealised hopes and vain imaginations of his youth.

Giacomo Leopardi was born in Recanati, in the March of Ancona, in 1795, of a noble, well-regulated (*costumata*), and religious family. It was perhaps the moment when the fortunes of Italy were at their lowest ebb, and when least of all she had any career to offer to her children. He was not false to the universal tradition of all the poets and writers of Italy who have kept up since Dante's time an unfailing and fervent protest against the dismemberment of the *patria* and the presence of the stranger. But his genius was not political, nor had any such gleam of revival arisen as that which inspired and justified the fiery eloquence of the Florentine Guisti, born later when the patience or disgust of despair had changed into the fury of hope. It would be well for those who still doubt the reality and stability of the Italian kingdom to study a little the unfailing and unanimous sentiment of all the minds that have in her bitterness and depression given utterance to Italy. Such a study might teach even the narrow spectator who still talks of Piedmont to believe that perhaps the Italians know better what they want and is good for them than he does. Leopardi was not false to this universal sentiment; but the effect of his country's downfall and bondage upon him was characteristic and individual, like that of every other great influence of his life. The sentiment of national prostration aggravated the gloom of everything that surrounded himself. He was a soul bound hand and foot in a country bound hand and foot, the one completing the other's misery—and, naturally, the view that he took of her position agreed with the general tenor of his mind and thoughts. It was not in his way to gnash his teeth at the *stranieri*. What he saw and mourned, and chafed over with the bitterness of shame as well as grief, was her submission to her fate, and the supineness of the race under their yoke. At one time, indeed—but the poem bears traces of being one of his earliest—he finds his country seated on the ground, with hair dishevelled and unveiled, hiding her

face on her knees; and calls upon heaven and earth to tell him why—who has brought her to this? "Do none fight for thee?" he asks; "do none of thine own defend thee?"

Where are thy sons? I hear the sound of arms,
Trumpets, and chariots, and the voice of war.
On foreign coasts afar
Thy children fight. Listen, oh Italy,
Listen . . . . . in foreign lands thy children fight—
. . . . . .
Oh hapless he who thus in war is spent,
Not for his native shores encountering death,
For babes nor wife—but unto strangers lent,
For strangers slain; who with his dying breath
Can never say, Dear land, to thee
I render back the life thou gavest me.

But it is not under this picturesque form that he generally regards the prostration of his country. For the most part he upbraids her and her people with it, with lofty indignation and shame. "Turn thee behind and look at that infinite host of immortals, and weep and disdain thyself," he says. "For once take thought of thine ancestors, and of thy children"—and then he blesses passionately the fate of Dante, who did not live to see these miseries:—

Blessed art thou whom fate
Gave not to live among so many harms,
Who seest not thy Italy for mate
Grasped in the barbarous soldier's arms,
Nor how the pilgrim's frenzy and vile sale,
Ravage and waste our hills and cities fair,
Nor of Italian genius rare
The works divine dragged over hill and vale,
Beyond the Alps to wretched slavery.

Still more bitter is the bridal song with which he hails the marriage of his sister Paolina, *La sua celeste sorella*, as his biographer describes her—

My sister, who in grave and troublous times,
Wilt give increase to the unhappy race
Of Italy unhappy,

"Thy sons will be," he says to the bride, "either wretched or *codardi*—choose for them to be wretched;" and then he breaks forth into the following appeal:—

Women, from you I claim
Of our estate the reason true.
Is, then, the holy flame
Of youth extinguished by your hands? by you
Our soul diminished? yours the blame
Of slumbrous minds, unworthy wills,
And this poor mass of flesh and nerve that fills
The mould of native force and right?
To worthy deeds
Love is a spur to him who loves aright,
And beauty to high influence leads
But he whose heart ne'er leaps
Within his breast, when to the combat rise
The winds, and when the angry skies
And cloud over Olympus sweeps,
And the dull roar of tempest shakes the hill;
Let him from love be banished still.
Oh brides, oh virgins, guard
Your hearts 'gainst him whom peril moves;
His wishes and his vulgar loves
With scorn and hate reward.
If in your female race
The love of men, not babes, has place.

This will show how deep in Leopardi's heart was the sense of national downfall—a depression which reacted upon himself. While he was still very young, his wonderful classical acquirements and the beginnings of his genius had attracted so much attention, that Niebuhr, whom he met at Rome, not only declared "publicly to the world his faith in the present and future greatness of the young Recanatese," but "in the name of the *dottissima Germania*," which, says Signor Ranieri, "he represented so nobly, offered to Leopardi a chair of Greek philosophy in Prussia;" a thing which, the patriotic biographer adds, "was never offered to him by *l'infelicissima Italia*, and would not by her have been offered in vain." But Italy, the unhappiest, had nothing to offer at that sad moment. She had no public service, no honourable career to give to her children, but had to leave them to consume their hearts and waste their genius; to lose their voices in the silence, or

their lives in a hopeless struggle against bondage and misery. There is nothing about freedom or oppression in the following poem, written apparently in one of the many visits paid by Leopardi to his paternal home; but it shows more clearly than a hundred denunciations how stifling and terrible to everything that was best and most hopeful in the race, was that period of stupor and national death now fortunately at an end:—

Recollection.

Fair stars of Ursa, I ne'er thought to turn,
As in old times, to contemplate your light
On the home-garden glimmering, nor to talk
And reason with you at the windows where
I mused, a child—and which behold at last
The end of all my joys. How many dreams
And fancies once took life beneath your rays,
And those companion lights that shine with you!
When silent, seated on the verdant sward,
Gazing at the clear heavens, hearing afar
The distant frog croak in the dusky fields,
It was my wont to pass the lingering eve.
The glow-worm wandered by the hedge, the nets*
Shrilled to the wind; the odorous alleys breathed,
And the sad cypress yonder in the wood—
And 'neath my father's roof was sound of voice
Alternate, and the servants' tranquil toil—
What thoughts immense, what gentle dreams inspired,
The sight of that fair sea, and those blue hills,
Which, one day crossing, I should swift disclose,
Thus said I in my thoughts, mysterious worlds,
Mysterious gladness feigning for my life!
For still my fate I knew not, unaware
How many times this naked, mournful life,
Glad and well pleased, for death I would have changed—
Nor did my heart e'er whisper my green age
Should be condemned to waste and pass its prime
In this wild native village, 'mid a race
Unlearned and dull, to whom fair Wisdom's name
And Knowledge, like the names of strangers sound,
An argument of laughter and of jest;
Who hated me and fled me. Not that they
Were envious; of no greater destiny
They held me than themselves; but that I bore
Esteem for my own being in my heart,
Though ne'er to man disclosed by any sign.
Here passed my years, reclase and desolate,
Without or love or life: bitter and harsh,
Among the unkindly multitude I grew.
Here was I robbed of pity and of trust,
And, studying the poor herd, became of men
A scorner and disdainful. Thus flew by
The dear days of my youth; more dear than fame
Or laurel; dearer than the limpid light
Of day; dearer than breath. Oh thou sole flower
Of arid life, here, without use or aim
Or one delight, I lost thee; 'mid a crowd
Of sorrows mean, in this abode obscure.
The wind brings softly from the village towers
The chiming of the hour; and I recall
How oft, a child, awaking in the dark,
Pursued by terrors, sighing for the morn,
That sound consoled me; nothing can I hear
Or see, but some imagination past
Returns, or some sweet memory wakes again,
Sweet for itself; but mingled with the sad
Thoughts of the present, and a vain desire
After the past; and the sad words—I was.
That balcony below, turned to the last
Rays of the day; these pictured walls; the herds
Which in my mind I see; the sun that rose
O'er the Campagna, to my leisure bore
Thousand delights, so long as at my side,
Where'er I was, my strong delusion went.
In those old halls, when shone the whitening snow,
Around those ample windows, when the winds
Whistled, resounded sports and festive voice,
While still the bitter worthless mystery
Of all things looked to us a mystery full
Of sweetness; and the thoughtless lad serene,
Like lover inexpert, deceived, would woo
His life, admiring the celestial grace
Of beauty only by his fancy given.
Oh hopes, oh hopes, gentle deceits and sweet,
Of my first age! I still to you return.
Nor know I how, by change of time or thought,
Or influence, to forget. Phantoms and dreams
Are glory and renown—a mere desire,
Goodness and joy. Life has not one sole fruit,

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* Nets for little birds.

But useless misery all. Though bare and void
Have been my years, though desert and obscure
My mortal state, little of fortune's gifts
I seek or heed. Ah, but by times my thoughts
To you go back, oh hopes of old—to you,
Blessed imaginations of my youth!
When I regard my life, so mean and poor
And mournful, and that death alone is all
To which so much hope has advanced my days,
I feel my heart stand still, and know not how
To be consoled of such a destiny.
When this death, oft invoked, shall be at hand,
When my misfortunes to their end arrive,
When this earth like a foreign valley lies
Behind, and when the future flies away
Out of my sight; then still, my hopes, of you,
I will bethink me, and that image still
Will come with sighs; will make it miserable
To have lived in vain; will temper with distress
Even the great sweetness of the fatal day.

Such is the profound unalterable melancholy which breathes out of everything Leopardi has ever written. He had lived in vain; God had refused him health and action and happiness, and his country had no occupation for him. A foreign land might have given him employment for his genius, and for the vast stores of learning which his youth had accumulated; but Italy, dismembered and without hope, Italy *infelicissima*, could but let him go back to the garden at Recanati, to watch the cypress trees sway in the night wind, and mourn to the stars from the loggia, which he had once paced in the glory of his hope. Touched by another hand than his own, the figure of the sad and sick Italian in his ancestral house, among the frescoed walls and stately gardens, with the blue Apennines at hand, and the great sea, would make just such a picture as once sentimental fancy identified with Italy. But as for the Conte Giacomo, he finds no fitness in it. "The same sound is in his ears as in these days he heard," and those sounds and sights go to his heart. They are so many witnesses and proofs to him that he has lived in vain. The same sentiment which runs through all his poems is reproduced in the following brief idyll with a softer touch, and in a more gentle strain:—

To Silvia.

Silvia, rememb'rest thou the hour,
When in this life that mortals live,
Thine eyes shone with the power
Of beauty, laughing, fugitive,
Whilst thou, both glad and pensive, went
Up youth's ascent?
The quiet rooms among,
And all the encircling ways,
Echoed thy ceaseless song;
While on thy woman's work intent,
Seated, thou found'st enough content
In the vague future at thy feet.
The odorous May was sweet,
And thus were wont to pass the quiet days.
I from my studies light,
Or laboured theme on which my prime,
All that in me was best and bright,
Was spent, awoke from time to time—
For so thy voice had power to rouse—
My voice, and the swift hand that flew
The weary linen through—
And from the galleries of my father's house
Would gaze upon the heavens serene,
Orchards and every golden way;
And here the hills and there the sea was seen
Far off. What mortal tongue can say,
What thus within my heart was wrought!
What gentle thought!
What hopes, what hearts, oh Silvia mine!
How human life and fate
Upon us two would shine!
When such a hope remembrance wakes,
Something my spirit takes,
Sharp and disconsolate,
And turns me to bewail and to repine.
Oh nature, wherefore now
Renderest thou ne'er what thou
Didst promise then? And why with such deceit
Thy children dost thou cheat?
Ere winter dried the grass,
By the close death o'erthrown,
Thou, little tender one, didst pass
And perish: nor had seen nor known
Of thy first years the early flower,
And never yet had the sweet praise
Mellowed thy heart, nor yet the power
Of black locks, and of eyes that rove
Loving—and ne'er to thee of love
Had thy companions talked on festal days.
So perished by-and-by,
Like thee, my sweetest hope—and now
Truth and ripe age have given the lie
To youth. Alas, and how—
Oh dear companion of my years,
How hast thou left me desolate?
Hope wept with many tears!
Is this that world? are these the same
Delights, loves, labours, great events
Of which we reasoned, every name
Ere thou wert spent?
Is this of mortal folk the fate

When first the True was known,
Thou, sad one, fell'st, and, pointing, gave
Sign where the cold death and bare grave
Clear in the distance shone.

Still more delicate in its mournful sentiment is the '*Sabato del Villaggio.*' The melancholy of the moment after the feast is over, has been often enough the subject of verse; but to Leopardi the feast itself is sad. It is the eve of the holiday, the bloom of anticipation, undebased by any touch of reality, which strikes his pensive fancy. That, unconnected as it is with anything actual, is the true moment of happiness—and it is to this he turns, never without a thought that the festa of his life has been to him disappointment and bitterness, although the eve of that festival, the early moment of hope and anticipation, was so sweet. Nothing can be more sweet and perfect than the original, which, however, like almost all his poems, is in a measure very difficult to follow, and almost impossible to reproduce with any exactness—the arrangement of the rhymes being entirely without rule, and occurring just as it may happen.

The Village Saturday.

From the Campagna, when the sun is low,
The little maiden goes,
Bearing her load of grass, her hands aglow
With heaps of violet and rose,
With which, as she is wont, to deck her hair,
And her fair bosom to adorn,
To grace the feast to-morrow morn;
And seated with her neighbours on the stair
Where latest falls the sun,
The old woman talks and spins and tells her tale
Of her best days before her course was run;
How for the festa, decked and fair,
She danced the evening through among her peers,
Among the comrades of her fairer years.
The brown air darkens; the blue sky
Deepens; the shadows turn and lie
From hills and house tops, changing round
At whitening of the recent moon;
And lo, the bell whose sound
Tells of the festa drawing nigh,
And thou wouldst say, to hear
That voice the heart takes cheer.
And in the Piazzetta in a crowd
The children shout and cry,
Making a tumult gay and loud;
And back to his poor board the labourer goes,
Whistling, and thinking of his day's repose.
And when around all other work is done,
And all the world is still,
I hear the hammer beat, the saw's sharp tone,
The carver* with his lamp alone
In his closed shop withdrawn,
Intent to end his work before the dawn.

Of all the seven the happiest morn,
So full of hope and joy!
To-morrow sadness and annoy
Reclaim the hours, and to the accustomed toil
Each in his fancy will return.
Oh joyous boy!
Thy flowery age that so doth smile,
Is like a day of gladness rife,
A clear day and serene,
That comes before the festa of thy life.
Be glad, my child, the path is fair and green,
The season sweet to see.
No more to thee I say;
But if thy festa lingers on its way,
It will be well for thee.

These dreary philosophisings never fail to conclude the sweet and fresh pictures which he seems to linger over with a yearning fondness in spite of himself. Let us add another snatch of verse without the sting, from which it can be separated without injuring the completeness of the picture:—

The Quiet after the Storm.

The storm is past and gone;
I hear the birds make festa, and on high
Upon the road the fowls with clearest tone
Repeat their verse. And lo, the opening sky
Breaks to the Westward o'er the mountain's head;
From the Campagna, all the shadows clear,
And, glimmering in the vale, the streams appear.
Now every heart is glad; on each hand springs
The common sound and din.
The common works begin;
The artisan looks out, and sings,
His work in hand, and by the opening high
Admires the humid sky.
Forth comes the little woman to the tide,
The flowing current of new rain;
The herbalist awakes again,
From path to path beside,
His daily cry;
And lo the sun returns, and smiling glows
Upon the hills and villas; terrace hair

* *Legnaiuolo*, worker in wood.

And loggia open wide the family throws;
And from the distant road I hear
Tinkling of bells—the waggon onward goes;
The passenger resumes his way,
So every heart grows gay.

It is impossible not to recognise in all these sketches of song the same landscape which is first presented to us by night in the Recanati garden. There are always at hand the mountains and the sea, and the balcony which faces to the sunset, and which is opened by "the family" when the sweeping rain is over, and the sky breaks over Apennine. Local affection is an Italian quality, but scarcely in this fashion; and it is curious to see how the paternal house which was to him a prison, and the sight of which made him so bitterly aware that he had lived in vain, comes in always as the central point in his landscape. His biographer gives a fanciful and pleasant description of the effect which Florence had upon his mind, with "the luxuriance of its flowers, the harmony of its language, the ineradicable grace of its women, the purity of its life, the graceful, and, so to speak, aerial curve of its architecture, the something *un non so che*, of caressing and homelike—a something Attic and light, which he had up to that time supposed ideal, and now found palpable and existent." But whatever his personal predilections might be, it is always to the old house of the Leopardi, with its balconies and terraces, that he goes back in verse. It is there he watches the sky, and sees the morning rise and the evening fall. Perhaps because this home, in after days so monotonous and dreary, was still always enshrined in the light of his youth. It is there that he is roused from his studies by the young voice of the girl who sings perpetually at her work, to come out and regard the sea and the hills and all the "golden ways." It is from thence that he watches the shadows turn from eastward to westward as the moon rises, in that magical moment which stands for twilight in Italy; and sees the artisan come out with his work in his hand to look at the clearing of the sky, and the little woman step forth to the current of the new-fallen rain. Even the fowls that "say their verse," and the frog that croaks in the dark fields, attract his ear. From his loggia he sees all and hears all, without knowing that he either sees or hears; and thus, whenever his thoughts or his pangs leave him free for a moment, it is the old familiar landscape that rises before him—a landscape all Italian, with bird-nets on the boughs, and frogs in the fields, and fireflies in the hedges; surveyed from that balcony, the "loggia, volta agli estremi raggi del dì," where at the same time he can hear the alternate voices indoors, and sounds of the tranquil domestic work; lighted with the light of stars, and made musical by the dark sweep of the cypress trees close at hand, the village bell in the distance, the villagers making ready for the weekly festa. His soul chafed to think that these were all; that the man had never found in his life any impressions so deep or distinct as those which had stamped themselves without his consciousness on the youth's ardent imagination. Perhaps it only required a deeper philosophy, a gentler spirit, to show to the suffering poet how much real treasure he had in these associations of his youth; perhaps a little happiness would have done it. But it is not our business to reproach Leopardi or set him right. So intense an appreciation of use and joy in a nature which God and the circumstances of his life and his country had made incapable of either, place a soul, so noble and sorrowful, almost above criticism. What can anybody say to a man, full of man's fullest energies and wishes, who is denied and unfitted for everything that makes life worth having? One can say, "God willed it so," with a sickening sense of how easy it is

for others to content themselves with that ultimate certainty, and how hard for him. The only possible way of supporting such hard conditions is the belief that this life is, after all, but a fragment of life, which God, when his time comes, will clear up and set right; and in the mean time, the harder the service the more trustworthy and proved the soldier. But Leopardi was destitute of such a hope. Somehow, in a combination of circumstances so heartrending, one has not the heart to blame the sufferer. He has the infinitely Pitiful to deal with in the blindness of his misery, and is not to be judged by happier men.

The following poem, though in a similar strain, seems to have been the production of a less gloomy moment, since he can still admit in it a kind of possibility of happiness, even though turning in the end to sorrow; and the idea which runs through it of the connection between the two great powers of earth—the "dolci signori, amici all' umana famiglia"—has a subtle and melancholy sweetness very characteristic of his mind:—

Love and Death.

Brethren, at the same time to Love and Death,
Fate gave of life the breath.
Two things so lovely ne'er had birth,
Or in the stars above or in the earth.
Of one comes all the good,
Pleasures of greatest worth,
That can be found in life's great flood.
The other every pain,
All great griefs doth annul,
A maid most beautiful,
Sweet to behold and of another strain
From that which cowards feign.
The boy Love many a day
Goes gladly by her side
Together flying o'er life's desert wide—
Of each wise heart the greatest comforts they.
No heart was e'er more wise
Than when by Love impelled, nor e'er
More strong a poor life to despise,
And for another master ne'er
So prompt in peril or in pain.
O Love! when thou dost aid,
Courage is born or wakes again
And wise in works are made,
Not as of old, in fancies vain,
The sons of mortal men.
When in the heart profound
New Love first draws its breath
Languid and faint, is with it found
A wish for Death.
Such is the first effect, I know not why,
When love is true and high:
Perhaps because the eyes take fright
Then at this desert, and earth seems
A waste wherein no man can dwell
Without that new, sole, infinite
Joy that has dawned upon his dreams.
But from the wilder storms that swell
Within his heart, this longing mild,
This tender longing scarce expressed,
Shrinks and gives place unto the wild
Passion that rages in his breast.
Until that potentate
Hath all subdued, and care's consuming fire
Within his bosom has its seat,
Then often, with imploring breath
And an intense desire,
The troubled lover turns to thee, oh Death!
Then oft at eve, or when the dawn grows white,
Abandoning to rest his weary frame,
Himself most blest would name
If never more to raise his weary head,
Or see again the bitter light!
And often at the sound of funeral-bell,
Or chant that doth conduct the dead
To that oblivion where they dwell,
With ardent sighs he envies him who last
Among the silent folk has past.
For this the peasant left
Untaught—the villager, of high
Virtues that knowledge gives, bereft—
The maiden mild and shy—
Who once, at the mere name of Death,
Shivered and held their breath,
Learn to take courage for the tomb;
Eyes full of constancy,
With funeral-fillet dare to bind.
And in their simple minds espy
How gentle 'tis to die.*
So much to Death Love turns the mind.

. . . . . .

Unto the happy and the true,
To souls of genius and of grace,
Fate still concedeth one of you,
Sweet lords, and friends of mortal race,
Whose power no other might can mate,
Unless the force of fate.
And thou who from my earliest years
I have invoked and honoured; thou
Who only pitiest mortal tears,
If ever to thine ears
My song was sweet, delay not now.
Fair Death! incline thee to the might
Of unused prayers; and to the light
Close my sad eyes; and of my years be queen.

. . . . . .

I wait alone, serene,
The day when I may sleep and rest
Upon thy virgin breast.

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* "La gentilezza del morir comprende."

The prose works of Leopardi considerably exceed in extent his poems; but the impress of gloom is still more profound upon them—and leaves at length, by oft repetition, an effect of monotony which the extreme beauty of expression, and, so to speak, ingenuousness of thought, do not quite neutralise. It is a philosophy so different from what we are accustomed to call philosophy, so instinct with feeling and emotion and personal pain, that it seems strange to connect it with the name of that abstract science which does not profess to feel, but to think. As for Leopardi, he cannot get his mind and heart apart, let him do what he will; nor can he even shut out his body from that mysterious partnership, which perhaps was but made all the closer by the painful conditions under which it was sustained. He is a positivist in his way, but not of the school of positivism which takes things so goodnaturedly at the present moment, and finds in the beauty of law and order a sufficient compensation for the want of anything higher. The musing Italian, for his part, could have found no comfort in such a balance of chances as that which determines the amount of undirected letters dropped into a post-office. On the contrary, he falls more fiercely upon the modern theories of progress —"*Dell' umana gente le magnifiche sorti e progressive*"—than on any other thing he encounters in his melancholy way. These theories rouse him to a bitter sport, full of infinite disdain and contempt, as in the *Palinodia*, addressed to the well-known Gino Capponi. "*Viva la statistica!*" he cries, and describes with fierce scorn how the chronicles of small beer are become the gospel of the century. To the same *candido Gino*, he evolves in the same poem his own system—

These laws
Nature and fate have writ in adamant,
Nor Volta, nor yet Davy, with their din
Of fulminations, e'er can cancel them,
Nor with her engines England; nor with flood
Of prints political the newborn age.
The good in sadness; but the vile and base
In a perpetual feast; 'gainst all great souls
The world one vast conspiracy in arms.
True honour followed still by calumny,
Envy, and hate; ever the weak for food
Given to the strong.

This creed is distinct, and utterly free from that impartial recognition of the complex forces and contradictions of everything human which modern philosophy has come to. Leopardi, in his way, is as arbitrary as a theologian of the oldest school. He will admit nothing that goes against his theory. When people entertain a delusion that they are or have been happy, he does not hesitate to say that it is the ancient cowardice of the human race that makes them think so—and pursues with virulence, in repeated dialogues between various interlocutors, this obstinate self-deceit. But he does it with a minute research and curious grace which gives a charm even to the melancholy monotone; and there are touches of the most delicate observation, and breaks of insight mingled even with the most determined statements of his miserable theory. The following fragment, which is less gloomy than the majority, will remind the reader, in its elaborate and fanciful reasonings, of some of the minute imaginative arguments of Jeremy Taylor:

"Birds are naturally the gayest creatures in the world. I do not say that, when you see or hear them, they will always cheer you; but speaking of themselves, that they feel gladness and joy more than any other living thing. The other animals are generally serious and grave; many of them even appear melancholy; seldom they show any signs of joy, and these few and brief: in the greater part of their enjoyments and delights they make no sign of pleasure; in the green plains, in the open and lightsome landscape, in the splendid sunshine, in the crystalline and sweet air, if they take delight, they are not used to make any expression of it—except in so far as it is said

of the leopards, that in moonlight nights, and especially when the moon is full, they leap and play together, taking pleasure in that light, according to Xenophon. Birds for the most part show themselves happy by their movements and their aspect; and there is no reason why the very sight of them should cheer us, if not that their forms and their actions universally are such as denote by nature a special disposition to enjoyment and pleasure. For every delight and every content they sing; and when the delight and content are great, so much the more breath and study they put in their song. And as they sing a great part of their time, it may be inferred that ordinarily they are in a state of enjoyment. And it is notably remarked that when they love they sing better and oftener, and at greater length than ever, though it is not to be supposed that other delights and happiness do not move them to sing besides love. For example, it is clearly evident that on a placid and serene day they sing more than on a day obscure and disturbed; and in a storm they are silent, as they also are in any other terror which comes over them; but, that being past, come out singing and rejoicing one with another. It is also their custom to sing in the morning when they wake, to which they are moved partly by the gladness which they take from the new day, and partly from the general pleasure with which every animal feels himself restored and renovated by sleep. They also rejoice above all in the gay verdure, in the fertile vales, in the pure and lucid water, in the beautiful country. In these things it is evident that that which appears beautiful and pleasant to us appears so also to them. This can also be seen by the kind of haunts in the country which are most frequented by birds, and their assiduous and fervid song. On the other hand, the other animals, if not perhaps those which are domesticated and used to live with men, have little or none of the judgment which we exercise on the beauty or pleasantness of places—which is not wonderful, since they are only delighted with that which is natural. Now, in these matters a great part of what we call nature is not so in reality—indeed is rather art; as, for example, the laboured fields, the trees and other plants trained and planted in order, the streams confined within certain limits, and directed to a special course, and similar things which have neither the condition nor the likeness which they had naturally; so that the aspect of every inhabited land, in all civilised generations, not even considering cities, and other places where men are obliged to live together, is artificial, and very different from its natural appearance. Some say, in connection with this, that the voice of the birds is more gentle and sweet, and the song more modulated, in our neighbourhood than in those where the men are rude and savage; and conclude that birds, being free, acquire something of the civilization of those men to whose habitations they are accustomed.

"Whether this be true or not, it was certainly a notable provision of nature to assign song and flight to the same class of beings, so that those who have to gladden their fellow-creatures with their voice should be usually in an elevated position, which enables them to diffuse their song through a larger space and reach a greater number of hearers; so that the air, which is the destined element of sound, should be peopled by vocal and musical creatures. Without doubt, great comfort and delight results, not only to men, but in my opinion, to the other animals also, in hearing the song of the birds. And this I believe to originate, not in the sweetness of the sounds, how sweet soever they may be, nor in their variety, nor in their harmony together, but in that sense of gladness which is placed by nature in song generally, and specially in the song of birds, which is, so to speak, a laugh given by the bird when it feels itself in a state of pleasure and peace.

"From this it may be said, that in some respects birds share in man's privilege of laughter — a privilege not possessed by the other animals; which leads many to think that man, who is defined as an intellectual and rational animal, might not less sufficiently be defined as a laughing animal —since the laugh appears to them not less proper and particular to man than his reason. It is certainly an admirable thing, that in man, who is of all creatures the most worn and miserable, should be found this faculty of laughter, unknown to any other animal. And strange, too, is the use which we make of this faculty: since many may be seen in the midst of great calamities, others in great sadness of soul, others to whom there scarcely remains any love of life, convinced of the vanity of every human advantage, almost incapable

of any joy, and deprived of every hope; nevertheless they laugh. And those even who are best aware of the vanity of the above-mentioned advantages and the infelicity of life, and who consequently hope the least, and are least disposed to rejoicing, are generally, of all others, the men most inclined to laughter. The nature of which peculiarity it is scarcely possible to define and explain; if it were not perhaps that laughter is a kind of madness, not lasting, a momentary raving and delirium. For men, being never truly satisfied nor delighted with anything, can never have any reasonable or just occasion for laughter. It would even be curious to search when and on what occasion man was first moved to exercise and to know this his power. For it cannot be doubted that in a primitive and savage state he appears, for the most part, serious like the other animals, and even in appearance melancholy. From which I am of opinion that laughter not only appeared in the world after weeping, which, indeed, no one can dispute, but that a long space of time was needful to experiment upon it beforehand; in which time neither, as Virgil says, the mother smiled to her child, nor did he recognise her with a smile. . . . But of these things I will treat more fully in a history of laughter, which it is my intention to make; in which, searching out its origin, I will follow it up by narrating its facts and fortune down to the present time, in which it finds itself exalted to greater dignity and high estate than ever; holding among civilised nations a sphere, and fulfilling an office, which in some respect supplies the place filled in other times by virtue, justice, honour, and similar qualities; and in many cases frightens and restrains men from evil deeds. To conclude, in respect to the song of the birds, I say, that since we are wont to take comfort and pleasure in the visible and recognised happiness of others of which we have no envy, therefore it is praiseworthy of nature to make public the song of the birds, which is a demonstration of joy and a kind of laughter; while the song and the smiles of men, out of respect to the rest of the world, are private; and she has wisely ordered that the earth and the air should be full of creatures, who all the day with voices of joy resounding and solemn, applaud the universal life, and invite the living to gladness, making continual testimony, even though false, to the happiness of all things."

There is a leisure and minuteness in the "linked sweetness long drawn out" of those prolonged and fanciful sentences, which are in themselves a demonstration of the unoccupied life and too tranquil atmosphere amid which they were produced. They look like works executed in the stillness of the old world before life had so swift a current as now, or in those nooks of the present, where men still expend an artist's soul upon a minute cameo. The following, which we extract from the '*Detti Memorabili di Filippo Ottonieri*,' is of a different and less visionary strain. Leopardi seems to have taken a pleasure, like one of our own greatest writers, in putting his ideas into the mouth of some phantom of his own creating, to which, with a quaint particularity more picturesque than the "One has said" of our illustrious contemporary, he gave a name and local habitation, in one case, as follows:—

"Filippo Ottonieri, of whom it is my intention to record certain remarkable speculations, which I have heard partly from his own mouth, partly related by others, was born and lived the greater part of his life at Urbiana, in the province of Valdivento, where he died not long ago. . . . In philosophy he took pleasure in calling himself a Socratist; and often, like Socrates, he spent a great part of the day in conversation, reasoning philosophically, now with one, now with another, and principally with his familiars, upon any subject that the occasion might supply. But he did not frequent, like Socrates, the shops of the shoemakers, the carpenters, or any other operatives, believing that if the carpenters and workmen of Athens had time to spend in philosophy, those of Urbiana, if they did as much, would die of hunger. Nor did he reason after the fashion of Socrates, interrogating and arguing continuously, saying that though the moderns are more patient than the ancients, he could find nobody to-day who could support the infliction of answering a thousand continuous questions, or listening to a century of conclusions. To tell the truth, he had little in common with Socrates, except his manner of speech, sometimes ironical and of covert mean-

ing. Concerning the origin of the famous Socratic irony, he said: Socrates was born with a gentle soul, and even with the greatest disposition towards love; but he was unfortunate in his bodily aspect, and probably at the end of his youth despaired of being loved with any other love than that of friendship, which was little like to satisfy a delicate and fervid heart, which often felt towards others a much sweeter impulse. On the other hand, though he abounded in the courage which is born of reason, it does not appear that he was sufficiently furnished with that which comes by nature, nor with the other qualities which in these times of war and sedition, and of the license which existed among the Athenians, were necessary for public employment in his country. Also his ungracious and ridiculous appearance must have been of no small prejudice to him in the sight of a people who, even in speech, made little difference between the good and the beautiful, and were besides extremely disposed to ridicule others. Thus in a city free, full of commotion, of passions, of business, of amusement, riches, and other good fortune, Socrates, poor, abandoned by love, unfit for public occupation, and nevertheless gifted with the grandest genius—which, joined to such conditions, naturally increased beyond measure the annoyance to which he was subject—set himself in his idleness to reason subtlely of the actions, customs, and qualities of his fellow-citizens; in which there mingled a certain irony, as might well arrive to one who felt himself debarred from any part, so to speak, in life. But the modesty and magnanimity of his nature, and also the celebrity which he gained by these very reasonings, consoled in some degree his self-esteem, and kept this irony from becoming disdainful and bitter, making it tranquil and sweet.

"Thus philosophy, for the first time, according to the famous saying of Cicero, was brought down from heaven and introduced by Socrates into the cities and houses; and, turned from speculation on occult matters, in which it had been occupied up to that time, came to consider the habits and the life of man, and to discuss virtue and vice, things good and useful, and the contrary. Although at the beginning Socrates had no thought in his mind of making such an innovation, or of teaching anything, or gaining the name of philosopher, which in those days belonged solely to physiologists and metaphysicians, and which he, by his discussions and colloquies, could not hope to acquire: while at the same time he professed openly to know nothing, and proposed only the discussion in conversation of different cases, preferring that pastime to philosophy itself, not less than to any other science and art, because, inclining much more to action than to speculation, he turned to discussion only because of the difficulties which kept him from working. And in his conversations he occupied himself more willingly with persons young and beautiful than with any others, thus deceiving his own wishes, and pleasing himself in the thought of being esteemed by those by whom much more he would have desired to be loved. And since all the schools of Greek philosophy which have originated since that time derive in some degree from the Socratic, Ottonieri concluded that the origin of almost all Greek philosophy, from which modern philosophy in its turn proceeds, was the flat nose and satyr-countenance of a man of excellent genius and most ardent heart."

Our space will not permit us to do more than add to these imperfect examples of Leopardi's genius a few of his 'Pensieri,' which we select not so much as being abstractly the finest, but as treating of matters in which the general reader is less apt to be radically opposed to his conclusions than in those which embody his all-embracing theory of human baseness and wretchedness.

From the moment when practical knowledge of life begins, man every day remits something of that severity which makes the youth, always looking for perfection, and expecting to find it, and measuring everything by the ideal which he has in his mind, so slow to pardon the defects, and to concede his esteem to the scanty and imperfect virtues, the unimportant goodness, which he finds among men. Afterwards, when he sees how imperfect all things are, and that there is nothing better in the world than the little good he once despised, and that scarcely any thing or person is veritably estimable, by little and little he changes his standard, and, judging that which comes before him not by the perfect but by the real, accustoms himself to pardon liberally, and to give value to every mediocre virtue, every shadow of worth, every little quality he finds; so that in the end many things and persons appear

to him laudable, which at first were scarcely supportable. This process goes so far, that whereas at the commencement he could scarcely find a situation to call for his esteem, in process of time he becomes almost incapable of despising anything, especially when he is rich in intelligence. And, indeed, to be very disdainful and discontented after the first youth is past, is not a good sign, but belongs to those who, by reason of small intellect or small experience, have not known the world; or rather to those fools who despise others in consequence of the great esteem they have for themselves. In short, the saying, though unlikely, is true, and shows nothing so much as the extreme meanness of human things: that experience of the world teaches a man to praise more than to blame.

In every country the vices and evils universal to man and to human society are noted as peculiar to the place. I have never lived anywhere without hearing that the women were vain and inconstant, ill-instructed, and reading little; that the public were curious about their neighbours' affairs, gossiping, and evil-speaking; that money, favour, and wickedness ruled everything; that envy reigned, and friendship was insincere. So people talk, as if elsewhere matters proceeded in a different fashion. Thus men are miserable by necessity, and resolute to believe themselves miserable by accident.

In places which lie between civilization and barbarism—as, for example, in Naples—a thing is specially observable, which in some degree may be verified everywhere: namely, that a man supposed to be without money is scarcely esteemed a man; but when he is supposed rich, is always in danger of his life. From which it results that in such places it is necessary and general for a man to keep his pecuniary condition in a certain mystery, so that the public may not know whether to despise him or to murder him. Thus thou canst exist only as all men exist, half despised and half esteemed, sometimes in peril of destruction, sometimes left alone.

Baldassar Castiglione, in the 'Courtier,' gives very truly the reason why the aged are wont to praise the time when they were young, and abuse the present. The cause, he says, of this false opinion among the old is, in my judgment, because the years in their flight carry with them many comforts, and among others take away from the blood a great part of its vitality, as the constitution changes, and the organs become feeble by which the soul works. Therefore, from our hearts, when this period arrives, as the leaves drop from the trees in autumn, fall the sweet flowers of content, and in the place of serene and clear thoughts comes in a cloudy and turbid sadness, accompanied by a thousand calamities—so that not only the body but even the soul grows infirm, and retains nothing of past pleasures except a tenacious recollection and image of that dear time in the tender age to which could we but return, it appears to us that heaven and earth and all things would make festa and smile to our eyes; while in the mind, as in a delicious and fair garden, flourishes the sweet springtime of gladness. Thus it might be useful for us when, in the cold season, the sun of our life, spoiling us of these pleasures, declines towards the west, to lose our memory also, and find, as says Themistocles, an art which will teach us to forget; for the senses of our body are so fallacious that often they deceive even the judgment of our mind. It appears to me that the old are in the condition of those who, departing from a port, fix their eyes on the land, thus representing to themselves that the vessel stands firm and the shore goes away; although, notwithstanding, on the contrary, the port—and equally time and its pleasures—remain the same, and it is we, flying in the ship of mortality, who go away one after the other into that stormy sea which absorbs and devours all things; nor is it ever granted to us to return to land, but, always beaten by contrary winds, to strike at last upon some rock, and break our ship to pieces. . . . Thus Castiglione, in words not less beautiful than redundant, like all Italian prose-writers, expresses a most true thought. In confirmation of which it may be said that the old exalt the past above the present, not only in things which depend upon man, but even in those which are independent of him, declaring that these also have deteriorated—not in so far as regards themselves, which is true, but generally and in their nature. I suppose that every one remembers to have heard from his aged friends, as I have heard from mine, that the years have become colder than they were, and the winters longer; and that in their time it was the custom to change their winter habiliments and put on those of summer at Easter, which is a

thing impossible now sooner than the month of May, or perhaps June. Not many years ago the cause of this supposed deterioration of the seasons was seriously sought by some physiologists, and alleged to be the cutting down of the wood from the hills, and I know not what other causes for a fact which did not exist; since, on the contrary, it is noted by some one from divers passages of ancient authors, that Italy in the time of the Romans was much colder than now. . . . But the old, feeling the cold at their age more painful than in their youth, believe that this change, which proceeds from themselves, has occurred in external things, and imagine that the warmth which in them is diminishing, is diminished in the earth and in the air. Which imagination is so deeply rooted, that the same idea which is stated by our old people was also affirmed by their seniors, not to go further than a century and a half ago, to the contemporaries of Magalotti, who in his familiar letters writes that certainly the order of the seasons grows worse and worse; that in Italy it is common talk that the medium weather (*mezzi tempi*) has ceased; and in this confusion of boundaries there is no doubt that the cold is always gaining. "I have heard of my father that in his youth at Rome, on the morning of Easter, the day of the Resurrection, every one put on his summer clothes." . . . Thus wrote Magalotti in 1683. Italy would be colder than Greenland if, from that time to this, the cold had continued to increase in the proportion thus described.

It is odious to talk of one's self. But youths, when of a lively nature, and of mind above mediocrity, can scarcely avoid this vice; and speak of their own affairs with an extreme candour, holding it for certain that he who listens is scarcely less interested than themselves. And they are pardonable in so doing; not only on account of their inexperience, but because the need they have of aid and advice is manifest, and of some outlet of words to the passions and tempests of their age. And it seems also to be recognised that youth has a kind of right to occupy the world with its affairs.

Weariness (*la noia—l'ennui*) is in some respects the most sublime of human sentiments. Not that I believe the analysis of such a sentiment to produce all the consequences which many philosophers have imagined to be deduced from it; but nevertheless the inability to be satisfied with any earthly thing, or, so to speak, with the entire earth; to consider the incalculable amplitude of space, the number and marvellous mass of worlds, and find that all is small and petty to the capacity of the soul; to imagine the number of infinite worlds, and the infinite universe, and to feel that the soul and its desires are still greater than a universe so made; and always to accuse everything of insufficiency and nullity, and to endure want and void and weariness, appears to me the greatest sign of greatness and of nobility that can be found in human nature. Besides, this weariness is little observable in men of little note, and scarcely or not at all among the other animals.

From the famous letter of Cicero to Lucceius, in which he persuades the other to compose a history of the Catiline conspiracy, and from another letter, less known, but not less curious, in which the Emperor Vero prays Frontonius his master, to write, as was done, the Parthian war conducted by the same Vero—letters very similar to those which at present are written to journalists, except that the moderns ask for articles in the papers, and the others, being ancients, ask for books—may be demonstrated in some small degree how much faith can be given to history when written by contemporary authors of great credit in their time.

Nothing is more rare in the world than a person habitually supportable.

No one can be said to have become a man without having made some great experience of himself, which, revealing him to himself, and determining his own opinion of himself, determines in some respect his fortune and position in life. For this experience, without which a man is as an infant in the world, the life of the ancients offered many and infinite opportunities; but at present the life of private individuals is so poor in opportunity, and on the whole is of such a nature, that for want of occasion the greater number of men die without the experience of which I speak, and continue as much children as when they were born. To others self-knowledge and self-possession usually come either from necessities and misfortunes, or from some grand, that is strong, passion; and mostly by love, when Love is a grand passion, which does not happen to all. But howsoever it comes, whether in the com-

mencement of life, as with some, or later, and after other loves of less importance, as sometimes occurs, it is certain that in his issue from a love, grand and passionate, man already knows to some extent his fellows, among whom he is allowed to wander with intense desires, with necessities weighty and hitherto unexperienced; he knows, as one initiated, the nature of the passions, since one in burning inflames all the others; he knows nature and his own temperament; he knows the measure of his faculties and forces; and thenceforward can judge what and how much he may hope or despair of himself, and, according to what can be known of the future, what place is destined to him in the world. In short, life has a new aspect to his eyes; it has already changed for him from a thing heard of to a thing seen, and from imagination into reality; and he feels himself in the midst of it, perhaps not more happy, but, so to speak, more potent than before,—that is to say, more capable of making use of himself and of others.

The man who introduces you to another, if he wishes the recommendation to be effectual, leaves in a corner those of your qualities which are most real and individual, and mentions the extrinsic and those which appertain to fortune. If you are great and powerful, he calls you great and powerful; if rich, he says rich; if nothing but noble, he says noble; he does not say magnanimous, nor virtuous nor courteous, nor lovable, nor other similar qualities, if not by way of addition, even when they are really and in an eminent degree your attributes. And if you are learned, and as such celebrated in certain quarters, he does not say learned, nor profound, nor of great genius, nor exalted; but he says celebrated, because, as I have said elsewhere, it is fortune that is fortunate in the world, and not worth.

These 'Pensieri' are selected almost at random from the small but notable collection which forms, perhaps, the most important part of Leopardi's remains. It is impossible, in our limited space, to give any example of the quaint and somewhat grim humour of some of his dialogues; a humour which is all the more remarkable, since it does not seem a quality much developed in his mind; and indeed but for these fragments, might have been pronounced altogether wanting. The little apologue, for example, in which the Sun, on being called by the first hour of the day, declares his intention of striking work, and henceforward leaving the earth to come to him, conveys something of the same grotesque and original effect as those quaint stories of the saints, and their proceedings in heaven, which one hears occasionally from a genial old monk or curate in the quiet corners of Italy. The poor Hour, very anxious and breathless, and much disturbed by the extraordinary resolution so suddenly taken by his "Eccellenza," speaks like a respectful but remonstrant and disapproving Italian domestic; and shows an anxiety about the fate of the Earth, and the *poverini* who inhabit it, which contrasts strongly with the superb composure of the Illustrissimo, who does not see of what consequence to him is the doom of "a certain small number of *creaturine invisibili*," millions of miles away. "It was the poets," he says, "because I was then young, and gave ear to them, who, with their beautiful songs, made me undertake with goodwill, as a pastime or honourable exercise, the ridiculous fatigue of racing to desperation, big and mighty as I am, round a little grain of sand. But now that I am matured by time, and turned to philosophy, I seek in everything the useful, and not the beautiful; and the sentiments of the poets, if they do not disgust me, make me laugh." The result is, that since the days of the poets are over, the Sun thinks it best, though very doubtful of the effect, to send for a philosopher from the earth, who may perhaps have sufficient credit with that planet to set her in motion; for this result his celestial majesty is aware a poet would be best, "for the poets, now with one piece of nonsense, now with another, give people to believe that the things of the world are of weight and value, and that they are lovely and beauti-

ful, and, creating a thousand pleasant hopes, they often engage their neighbours to exert themselves; and the philosophers undo their work. But on the other hand, since the philosophers begin to have the upper hand, I doubt whether the earth will listen to a poet, any more than I myself would listen to him And therefore it is best to seek a "philosopher," for which, accordingly, he gives orders to the waiting Hour, who disappears with the *Eccellenza, si, sarà servita* of a prompt and willing servitor. It was in this way, according to Leopardi, that Copernicus came to his supposed discovery, and was with difficulty induced to serve and second the indolence of his Solar Majesty. The humour is sometimes a little cumbrous, but always quaint and subtle. Of a different kind, and more characteristic of the man, is the dialogue which follows:—

DIALOGUE BETWEEN TORQUATO TASSO AND HIS FAMILIAR GENIUS.

Genius.—How art thou, Torquato?

Tasso.—Thou knowest well how one can be, in a prison, up to the neck in sorrows.

Genius.—Yes; but after having supped it is not a time to be miserable. Be a good fellow, and let us laugh together.

Tasso.—I am little disposed for that; but thy presence and thy conversation always console me. Seat thyself here by my side.

Genius.—I seat myself! it is not easy for a spirit; but you can imagine that I am seated.

Tasso.—Oh, if I could but see again my Leonora! Every time that she returns to my mind a thrill of joy is born in me which moves me from head to foot; there is not a nerve nor vein in me which is not shaken by it. When I think of her, such imaginations and impulses awake in me that for a moment it appears to me that I am still that same Torquato who first made acquaintance with misfortune and with men, and whom I have so often wept as dead. . . . In short, I am astonished how the thought of a woman should have force enough to renew my soul within me, so to speak, and make me forget so many calamities. And if it were not that I have no hope of ever seeing her again, I should believe that I had not lost the faculty of being happy.

Genius.—Which of the two things thinkest thou the sweetest—to see the woman beloved, or to think of her?

Tasso.—I know not. Certain it is that when she was present she appeared to me a woman, but distant she appears to me a goddess.

Genius.—These goddesses are so benign, that when one accosts them, they fold up their divinity, take off the surrounding rays, and put them in their pockets—that they may not overwhelm the mortal who presents himself before them.

Tasso.—What thou sayest is too true. But does not this appear to thee a great sin in women, that in reality they show themselves so different from what we have imagined them?

Genius.—I cannot see what sin there is in this, to be made of flesh and blood rather than of nectar and ambrosia. What is there in the world which has even the shadow or the thousandth part of the perfection which you think should exist in women? And it seems to me strange that you make no marvel that men are men—that is to say, creatures of little grace, and worthy of little praise; by which you ought to understand how it comes about that women in fact are not angels.

Tasso.—With all this, I die of desire to see her and speak to her again.

Genius.—Via! this night in a dream I will lead thee to her, beautiful as youth, and so courteous that thou wilt take heart to talk to her much more frankly and with better acceptance than thou hast ever done in the past. At the last thou shalt clasp her hand, and she, looking at thee fixedly, will put in thy soul such a sweetness that thou shalt be overwhelmed; and all to-morrow, whenever thou rememberest this dream, thou shalt feel thy heart leap with tenderness.

Tasso.—A great comfort, truly; a dream in exchange for the truth.

Genius.—What is the truth?

Tasso.—Pilate did not know it less than I.

Genius.—*Bene;* I will answer for thee. Know that between the true and the dream there is no other difference than that sometimes the latter is more beautiful and more sweet than the other can ever be.

Tasso.—Then a delight which is dreamed is worth as much as a delight which is real?

Genius.—I think so. I have heard of one who, when the woman whom he loved appeared before him in a gentle dream, for all the following day avoided being with her or seeing her, knowing that she could not come up to the paragon of imagination which sleep had left engraven on his mind, and that the true would cancel the false, and deprive him of that extraordinary delight. Therefore the ancients are not to be condemned who were much more solicitous, anxious, and industrious than you in the search of every enjoyment possible to human nature, if they were in the habit of procuring by various modes the sweetness and the delight of dreams. . . . Thus, never finding happiness in their waking moments, they studied to be happy in their sleep; and I think that in some degree they obtained it, and that Mercury granted their prayers more than did the other gods.

Tasso.—From all this, since men are born and live for pleasure, either of body or soul, if pleasure exists solely or principally in dreams, we should determine to live in order to dream—which, to tell the truth, is a thing to which I cannot reduce myself.

Genius.—Thou art already reduced and fixed to it, since thou livest and consentest to live. What is pleasure?

Tasso.—I am not sufficiently experienced in it to know what it is.

Genius.—No one knows it by practice, but only by speculation; because pleasure is a matter of speculation, and not of reality—a desire, not a fact—a sentiment which man conceives in his mind and never experiences; or, to speak more truly, a conceit, not a sentiment. Do you not perceive that, even in a time of delight, which you have infinitely desired and pursued with unspeakable fatigue and pain, not being able to content yourself with the enjoyment which you had in each moment, you were always expecting a greater and truer enjoyment, in which should consist the sum of pleasure? and thus postponed the delight always to the future, which had ended before the moment of full satisfaction came; leaving you nothing better than the blind hope of enjoying better and more truly on another occasion, and the comfort of figuring and narrating to yourself what you have enjoyed; and of telling it also to others, not out of vanity, but as helping yourself to believe your own story. Therefore, whosoever consents to live, in substance and effect does nothing more than to dream; that is to say, he believes that he will enjoy and has enjoyed, which are two things equally false and fantastical.

. . . . . .

Tasso.—In this case our life, failing always of its end, is continually imperfect; and living, of its nature, is a state unnatural.

Genius.—Perhaps.

Tasso.—I do not see a perhaps here. But why then do we live? I would say, why do we consent to live?

Genius.—How can I tell? You ought to know it best who are men.

Tasso.—For me, I swear that I know nothing about it. . . . But certainly this life which I lead is in every respect an unnatural state; for, leaving suffering apart, weariness alone kills me.

Genius.—What is weariness?

Tasso.—I have no lack of experience in this case to answer your question. It appears to me that weariness is of the nature of air, which fills all the space intervening between material things, and all the voids contained in them, and when anything is taken away without being replaced by another, takes its place immediately. Thus all the intervals of human life, between the pleasures and the misfortunes, are filled up with weariness. And as, according to the Peripatetics, there is no void anywhere, thus in our life there is no void, except it be when the mind, from whatsoever cause, intermits the use of thought. For all the rest of time, the soul, considered in itself as separate from the body, is found to contain some passion; so that he who is empty of either pleasure or misfortune, is full of weariness; which also is a passion not different from sorrow or delight.

Genius.— . . . By weariness, it seems to me that nothing else can be understood than the pure desire of happiness, not satisfied with pleasure, and not injured by misfortune; which desire, as I said before, is never satisfied, and true happiness is never found. So that human life, so to speak, is composed and woven, partly of sorrow, and partly of weariness; from the one of which passions it has deliverance only by falling into the other. And this is not any individual destiny, but common to all men.

Tasso.—What remedy might one employ against weariness?

Genius.—Sleep, opium, and grief—and the last the most powerful of all; for while a man suffers he does not weary himself (*si annoia*) in any way whatsoever.

Tasso.—Instead of this medicine I should be content with tedium all my life. But surely the variety of action, of occupations, and sentiments, if it does not free us from weariness, because it never gives true delight, at least solaces and lightens it. In this prison, on the contrary, separated from human intercourse, without even the means of writing, reduced to note for pastime the tickings of a watch, to count the beams, the bricks, and the worm-holes of the floor, to consider the pattern of the pavement, to amuse myself with the butterflies and insects that flutter about the room—to pass almost all the hours in the same way; I have nothing of any kind to defend me from the weight of weariness.

Genius.—Tell me how long have you been reduced to this form of life?

Tasso.—Many weeks, as thou knowest.

Genius.—Knowest thou not, from the first day to the present, any difference in the tedium of thy life?

Tasso.—Certainly—I found it greater at the beginning; because the mind, having no other occupation or amusement, begins to accustom itself by degrees to converse with itself more, and with greater pleasure than at first; and acquires a habit, an inclination, for talking to itself—so much, that often I seem to myself to have a companion, who reasons with me; and every little subject that presents itself to my thoughts is sufficient to make between me and me a great talking.

Genius.—This habit thou wilt find to increase, and be confirmed from day to day; so that when thou art restored to intercourse with men thou wilt appear to thyself less occupied in their society than in solitude. And I do not think that this companionship with self, when made necessary by life, is confined to men like thee, already used to meditation, but that it comes more or less to all. And more, to be separated from men, and, so to speak, from life itself, is useful; for man—even when wise, enlightened, and disenchanted by experience of all human things—accustoms himself over again to admire them from a distance, whence they appear much more beautiful and worthy than close at hand; forgets their vanity and misery; begins to form himself, and almost to recreate the world to his liking; to appreciate, love, and desire life; with which hopes, if he is not entirely deprived of the power or expectation of restoring himself to the society of men, he nourishes and delights himself, as he was wont to do, in his early years. In this way solitude almost fulfils the office of youth; it makes the soul young again; it restores the power of imagination and sets it to work again, and renews in the man of experience the blessings of that first inexperience for which thou sighest. But I leave thee; for I see that sleep comes to thee, and I would not deprive thee of the beautiful dream I promised. Thus between dreaming and musing (*fantasticare*) life consumes away. . . . . But, on the whole, thy time does not pass more slowly in this prison than that of him who oppresses thee, in his halls and gardens. Addio.

Tasso.—Addio; but listen. Thy conversation is consolatory — not that it breaks my sadness; but my life, for the most part, is like a dark night, without moon or stars; while with thee it is like the brown of the twilight, rather grateful than painful. In order that henceforward I may be able to call thee, or find thee, when I have need of thee, tell me where is thy usual abode?

Genius.—Hast thou not yet found it out?—In some generous liquor.

This sudden jovial suggestion comes in strangely enough at the close of the quaint and pensive talk, reminding one, for the moment, of some of Heine's startling flights from a gay surface of verse into a sudden blackness and depth of despair. But with Leopardi it is all the other way. It is the laugh that is abrupt and momentary, breaking in like a discord. We have, however, already exceeded our space, and cannot venture further to extend our quotations. Enough has been given to convey an idea, though in a form which does poor justice to the noble and simple force of the original, of the mind of a very remarkable, very sad, and insufficiently appreciated man.

The latter part of his suffering life was spent in that miserable pursuit of health from one climate to another, with which so many of us are sadly familiar. From the un-

friendly snows of his own Apennines he sought refuge in Florence, in Rome, and finally in Naples, where he established himself on the lovely heights at Capodimonte, having at the same time a "casinuccio" on the skirts of Vesuvius; and between the two kept the enemies of his life for a little while at bay. There he died in his thirty-ninth year, and was buried in the little suburban church of San Vitale, on the Pozzuoli road; to which, perhaps, even this imperfect notice may lead some English pilgrim who may have a heart touched by sorrow of his own, or who still may feel the unspeakable pity of the young and happy for all the *infelicissimi.* There he lies, after his great sufferings, little enough thought of even by his countrymen, but having found, let us hope, better things than he looked for behind the impenetrable veil. The incidents of his life were so few that there is scarcely a word to add to what has been already said, except the eulogium of his qualities, modest and reticent to be made by an Italian, with which his biographer closes. One little intimation, conveyed with curious *naïveté*, which we do not venture to reproduce textually, gives a further touch of gloom to the already clouded picture. "He loved twice, although without hope, as never man loved upon earth," says his regretful friend; and it needed only that last particular to fill up the measure of his griefs. "He was of middle stature, stooping, of a fairness which verged upon pallor, with a large head, a forehead square and broad, eyes languid, and with long lashes, delicate lineaments, a pronunciation modest and sometimes hoarse, and," adds the affectionate historian," an ineffable and almost celestial smile." *

* We subjoin, in the touching simplicity of the original, the inscription on his tomb, said to have been composed by Gioberti: —

Al Conte Giacomo Leopardi, Recanatese,
Filologo ammirato fuori d'Italia
Scrittore de Filosofia and di Poesie Altissimo,
Da paragonare solamente coi Greci;
Che finì di' xxxix anni la Vita,
Per continue malattie miserissima
Fece Antonio Ranieri
Per VII. anni fino all'estrema ora congiunto,
All' amico adorato. MDCCCXXXVII.

SWITZERLAND IN SUMMER AND AUTUMN.

PART II.

"Savantissimi doctores,
Medicinæ professores,
Qui hic assemblati estis;
Et vos, altri messiores,
Sententiarum facultatis
Fideles executores,
Chirurgiani et apothicari
Atque tota campagnia ensei,
Salus, honor, et argentum
Atque bonum appetitum."

—*Le Malade Imaginaire.*

THE most notable point in the Switzerland of to-day, as compared with that of ten years ago, is the accommodation afforded to travellers by numerous hotels erected on lofty positions, amid the finest mountain scenery, and rendering easily accessible some of the wildest portions of the high Alps. There are pedestrians to whom three or four additional hours of ascent, and two or three of descent, are but unconsidered trifles when added to a day's work; but even to most young men who affect the Alps it is no small gain to be able to ride comfortably out of the sweltering lower villages to a comfortable inn at the height of 6000 or 7000 feet, where they can take up quarters, and from whence they can commence their pedestrian ascents in a cool and invigorating atmosphere. It is not, however, mountaineers alone who are beginning to discover that these high hotels are pleasant places of abode for days, and even weeks. I have seen residing there numerous invalids, and even old ladies, who would as soon think of displaying themselves in the ballet as of crossing ten yards of glacier. In July and August, when all Europe is steeped in heat and moisture, the pure dry air of the high mountains is refreshing in the extreme; so also is the splendid scenery thus rendered accessible without fatigue; the company is often of a superior and genial kind, circumstances are favourable to familiar, easy intercourse; and the luxuries of civilisation need not be left behind, though all Europe is lying at our feet.

Of course these high hotels afford great varieties of accommodation, from the splendid affairs at Chamouni to the solid hut on the glacier of the St. Theodole pass, at the height of 10,900 feet, where simple food may be had, and where "it is possible to sleep;" but at very great heights one can find tolerable rooms, and sit down, at a moderate price, to *tables d'hôte* that would certainly not disgrace any of the second-class hostelries below. The famous hotel on the Riffelberg, above Zermatt, is 8400 feet high, in very keen dry air; and it is possible to ride up from it nearly to the top of the Gorner Grat, 10,300 feet, round which there sweeps, with only a glacier intervening, the tremendous range of the Monte Rosa group, from the snowy Cima di Jazi to the brown awful peak of the Matterhorn; while, looking northward, the view is closed in the distance by mountains of the Bernese Oberland. The hotels on the Æggischhorn and the neighbouring Bel Alp lay themselves out for visitors who desire to stay some time, in order to make excursions from their convenient height of about 7000 feet. The former, especially, is justly celebrated for its cellar and its cuisine; but Herr Wellig has a peculiar fancy for always filling the rooms in his highest storey first, though the stairs to that storey might almost

justify a nervous person in being roped; and the latter has an advantage in its outlook, as also in the vicinity of pleasant short walks. The inns on the Wengern Alp and the Little Scheideck are glad to receive travellers *en pension*. On the Faulhorn there is a *gasthof* not lower than 8400 feet, commanding a close view of the southern side of the giants of the Oberland; and near by, at a somewhat lower elevation, the Schynige Platte presents nearly the same scene from a less inhospitable zone. On the neighbouring Niesen there are twenty-four beds at 7765 feet. At nearly 6000 feet, on the Engstlenalp, there is a well-known hostelry, with the Schreckhorn on one side and the Titlis on the other, to which even consumptive patients repair. In the Engadine, St. Moritz, at 6000 feet, with its chalybeate waters, has recently been in great repute with English travellers, while in the Valteline, Le Prese presents a milder climate. Courmayeur is well known to travellers among the Alps; Zermatt itself is 5315 feet. On the Col di Voza there is now an inn, from which the ascent of Mont Blanc can easily be made; for it is only about six hours' ascent from that inn to a *cabane* on the Aiguille de Goûté, and four hours from thence to the summit of the monarch of European mountains. People occasionally pay short visits to the monks of St. Bernard and of the Simplon, while parties have been known to linger upon the Furca. Even the hospice at the Grimsel has announced itself as a hotel and pension, and has its share of men bent on high excursions, though it is difficult to see how any one else except a misanthrope could think of boarding himself in that God-forsaken region. I have counted about two hundred places in Switzerland recommended, for various reasons, as *Kurorte* or sanitariums, and of these at least thirty are about or above 5000 feet high.*

Of all those I visited, however, and they were not few, the one which delighted me most was Mürren, perched above the valley of Lauterbrunnen, at the height of 5350 feet, and, erroneously enough, called the highest hamlet in Europe. I went up there to stay a night, and remained for three weeks, enchanted with the scenery and walks, pleased with the company, and satisfied with the hotel "Silber Horn." This place is accessible within a short distance by rail; Berne, the capital of the Swiss Federation, is not far off; the shops and society of Interlachen are within four hours of walking; the air is dry, though the position is not too high or cold for comfort, and the grandeur of the mountain

* For the benefit of those interested in this matter, I append a list of the principal Kurorte, at all of which will be found special establishments, or at least special arrangements for invalids:—

Canton Geneva.—Monetier, Divonne (properly in Ain).

Canton Vaud.—Ouchy, Montreux, Clarens, Vevay, Rolle, Nyon, Glion, Bex, Veytaux, Villeneuve, Aigle, Lavey, Chernez, l'Etivaz, l'Alliaz, Chalets d'Avant, Roche, Taritet, Tevrité, Sepey, Vers l'Englise, Couchailay, Château d'Oex, Vernez, Sales mit Chene, Yverdun.

Canton Valais.—Bains de Saxon, Leukerbad, Zermatt, The Riffel, Great St. Bernard, the Simplon, the Æggischhorn, the Bel Alp, Morgin.

Canton Bern.—Interlachen, Mürren, Wengern Alp, Engstlen Alp, Kleine Scheideck, the Giessbach, the Reichenbach, Grindelwald, Meyringen, Rosenlaui, the Niesen, the Faulhorn, Schynige Platte, Gurnigel, Heustrich, Leuk, Weissenburg Leisigen, Zweisimmen, Thun, Brüttelen, Bellerive, Worben, Thun.

Canton Ticino.—Bellinzona, Lugano, Locarno, Stabio, Faido, Rovio, Olivone.

Canton Grisons.—St. Moritz, Pontresina, Le Prese, Chur, Thusis, Samaden Bevers, Ponte, St. Bernhardin, Zernetz, Suss, Vulpera.

Canton Zug.—Rigi Scheideck, Kaltbad, Staffel and Klösterli, Felsenegg, Schönburg, Zug, Vitznau.

scenery is unsurpassed, perhaps unequalled, among the Alps, unless it be at one or two not very accessible points on the Italian side, and from the giddy heights attained only by mountaineers. At Mürren you are still in the zone friendly to human life, though on the outskirts of it, with pine-trees and

"Living flowers that skirt the eternal frost,"

patches of corn, a schoolhouse and fine old brown châlets, with a small settled population; but out of this warm nest you look down into deep sudden abysses, where torrents rave and avalanches roaring fall. You look onwards, over narrow meadows, to fantastic pinnacles of jagged rock, and upwards to the snowy giants that shut out half the sky—

"Die Firnen dort, die weissen Hörner,
Die hoch bis in dem Himmel sich verlieren."

Here you have the old hamlet, scarcely yet occupied by strangers, with its simple hardy people raised up above the turmoil of the world, forming a wondrous little unity of joy and sorrow. There you have the wild realm of desert rock and snow, echoing only the voice of thunder, and pulsing in the vibrations of the storm: a reign of

"Ice and rock; broad vales between
Of frozen floods, unfathomable deeps,
Blue as the overhanging heaven, that spread
And wind among the accumulated steeps;
A desert peopled by the storms alone,
Save when the eagle brings some hunter's bone,
And the wolf tracks her there—how hideously
Its shapes are heaped around! rude, bare, and high,
Ghastly, and scarred, and riven. Is this the scene
Where the old earthquake demon taught her young
Ruin? Were these their toys? or did a sea
Of fire envelop once this silent snow?
None can reply—all seems eternal now."

The verandah of the hotel almost appears to overhang the deep gulf of the Lauterbrunnen valley, into which a hundred streams leap, to be shivered into spray long before they touch the stones beneath; and the sound of waters rising through the still air was broken every now and then by the roar of the ice-falls in the wild Trümelettenthal. But what was the sound of avalanches compared with what I heard one day from that balcony, when a great thunderstorm came rolling up the valley beneath my feet, and the dark circling clouds, darting their lightning into each other's bosoms, were as if some infernal tide of demon war was raging on, to be broken on the jagged rocks of the Gspaltenhorn! Still more strange, more weird, more unearthly was it, when one night the moon rose over the snowy

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Canton Underwalden.—Engelberg, Beckenried, Stans, Rotzloch, Schwendibad.

Canton Uri.—Andermatt, Seelisberg.

Canton Schwytz.—Brunnen, Seewen, Nuolen, Stoss.

Canton Zurich.—Richterswyl, Nidelbad, Bocken, Küsnacht, the Uetliberg, Albisbrunnen, Augsterbad, Wipkingen, Gryenbad, Mönchaltorf.

Canton Aargau.—Baden, Wildegg, Rheintfelden, Schinznach, Birmensdorf, Mülligen, Carmel, Brestenberg, Laurenzbad.

Canton St. Gall.—Wallenstadt, Buchenthal, Auf der Wald, Rapperschwyl, Rorschach, Rosengarten, St. Gall, Pfeffers, Ragatz.

Canton Solothurn.—Bad Grenchen, Lostorf, Weissenstein, Frohburg.

Canton Glarus.—Stachelberg.

Canton Basle.—Schweizerhalle, Kilchzimmer, Schauenburg, Langenbruck, Bubendorf.

Canton Thurgau.—Horn.

Canton Schaffhausen.—Haslach.

Canton Appenzell.—Gais, Heinrichsbad, Heiden, Appenzell, Weissbad, Jacobsbad, Gonten, Teufen.

Canton Lucerne.—Sonnenberg, Pilatus, Herrgottswald, Schwarzenberg, Mannberg, Schimbrig.

shoulder of the Maiden Queen, and silvered the backs of some long lifelike clouds which were slowly floating up the valley. The deep gulf below, untouched by the moon's light, was a black sluggish stream, and these clouds were shapes of horror, ghostlike but palpable, neither of earth nor air, now slowly uncoiling, then contracting their horrid length, like fatal monsters certain of their prey. Just opposite the hotel there is the rock precipice of the Black Monk, on a ledge of which a Mürren mother saw for months the red frock of her infant, which had been carried off by a lammergeier. Above, stretching round half the sky, there is the ice-wall of the Bernese Oberland, rising into gigantic towers from the Eiger to the Tschingelhorn, or stretching in a white line across the heavens, here buttressed by rock, there crushing out huge hanging glaciers; now with every upper outline clear against the cold light of dawn, there shining gloriously in full sunlight above a line of clouds, like the inaccessible battlements of heaven, or casting, in the evening glow, a blood-red splendour over the land. Sufficient occupation may be found without leaving the hotel itself; but many interesting excursions can be made from it, such as the ascent of the Schilthorn, which affords one of the very grandest views in Europe; and visits to the Tschingel glacier, to the Seefinen Furke, the falls of the Schmadribach, and the precipices of the upper Lauterbrunnen valley. There are also many short walks among trees and by bushy-banked streams, over meadows and small eminences, such as the Almendhubel. No one who visits Mürren should neglect to follow the path which strikes through a wood to the left, on descending from the inn for about a mile, and takes over the mead was above Lauterbrunnen. It leads to some exquisite spots commanding more extensive views than those from the hamlet itself, for the Schreckhorn and Wetterhorn also become visible—the summit of the Jungfrau is not concealed by the Black Monk, and the precipice is visible down which the avalanches pour opposite the Wengern Alp.

But it is not the views to be enjoyed at these high hotels, so much as the effects of the Alpine air, to which I desire to call attention. Rousseau, whose nervous system and melancholy spirit were profoundly sensitive to atmospheric influences, wrote on this subject with that marvellous combination of thought and music which the hurrying tendencies of the present day scarcely allow us to appreciate, much less to equal. "En effet," he said, "c'est une impression générale qu'éprouvent tous les hommes, quoiqu'ils ne l'observent pas tous, que sur les hautes montagnes, où l'air est pur et subtil, on se sent plus de facilité dans la respiration, plus de légèreté dans le corps, plus de sérénité dans l'esprit, les plaisirs y sont moins ardents, les passions plus modérées. Les méditations y prennent je ne sais quelle volupté tranquille qui n'a rien d'âpre et de sensuel. Il semble, qu'en s'élevant au-dessus du séjour des hommes on y laisse tous les sentiments bas et terrestres, et qu'à mesure qu'on approche des régions éthérées, l'âme contracte quelque chose de leur inaltérable pureté. On y est grave sans mélancholie, paisable sans indolence, content d'être et de penser: tous les désirs trop vifs s'émoussent, ils perdent cette pointe aigue qui les rends douloureux, ils ne laissent au fond du cœur qu'une émotion légère et douce; et c'est ainsi qu'un heureux climat fait servir à la félicité de l'homme les passions qui font ailleurs son tourment. Je doute qu'aucune agitation violente, aucune maladie de vapeurs, pût tenir contre un pareil séjour prolongé, et je suis surpris que des bains de l'air salutaire et bienfaisant des montagnes ne soient pas un des grandes remèdes de la médecine et de la morale."

This is no fanciful picture of the effects of Alpine air, more especially on persons of impoverished blood, of a shattered nerve-system, or affected by certain diseases of the mind and brain. The moisture, heat, light, air, magnetism, electricity, and all things which determine the meteorological character of a country, are of the highest consequence both to health and in disease; and among high mountains these meteorological characteristics are most markedly displayed. Setting aside outlying portions of the Alps, such as the Righi and Pilatus, where some of the usual results are reversed, and confining ourselves to the proper Alpine zone lying between the heights of five and ten thousand feet, it will be found that there prevail certain climatic conditions which no competent physician is inclined to undervalue. Foremost among these is the extreme dryness of the air. Innumerable experiments by Humboldt on the Andes, by Saussure on the Alps, and by Biot, Gay Lussac and Glaisher in balloons, have sufficiently established the fact, that the higher we ascend the drier the atmosphere is found to be. To this rule there are exceptions, chiefly on mountains in the neighbourhood of much higher mountains. Though Pilatus can boast of upwards of 7000 feet, yet its position relative to the great mass of the Swiss Alps makes its summit a damper place than low-lying Zurich. The observations of Plantamour proved that there was scarcely any difference between the moisture of Geneva and that of the great St. Bernard; and it has been found that on the Faulhorn, at 8000 feet, the atmosphere is not so dry as it is in the valleys below. But as a rule, on the slope of the high Alps themselves, every ascent of 1000 feet makes a perceptible improvement in the dryness of the air; and Mühri has calculated the diminution of moisture to be at about one-third between the heights of 4000 and 8000 feet.

Another characteristic of the atmosphere as we ascend the Alps is its decrease in density and pressure. Experiments with the barometer have shown that the atmospheric pressure at 15,000 feet high is only about half that which it is at the level of the sea, thus giving a decrease of about one-fifteenth on every thousand feet, when the disturbing influence of temperature is not taken into account. But this barometric difference is accompanied by an electrical change of still greater importance as regards human health and strength. As the air decreases in density, its positive electricity, as a rule, increases, and with that increase our spirits rise, the body becomes elastic, and a feeling of renewed strength pervades the mind. Nervous and feverish persons in particular suffer much from the negative state of electricity before a storm, and it is in low-lying places, where damp and warmth gather, that the electric negation chiefly prevails. Again, the high Alps are distinguished by the intensity of the light which there shines; for so long as there are objects to reflect the rays of light, and the thinner the air happens to be, the brighter these stream, and the darker are the shadows cast. The effect of light in rarified atmospheres is seen in the exquisite hues of sunrise and sunset in desert countries and on the snowy peaks of lofty mountains—in the deep colouring of Alpine plants and animals, and in the brown-red cheeks of mountaineers. Schlagentweit observed that the fluctuations of temperature among the high Alps are less than in lower regions, which is a decided advantage, because at the same time there is no continued rest or stagnation of air, but constant movement and interchange. "As we ascend above the earth," said Professor Phillips the other day, in his presidential address to the British Association, "heat, moisture, and magnetic force decrease, the velocity of wind ang-

ments, and the proportion of oxygen and nitrogen remains the same." Formerly it used to be imagined that as we ascended the proportion of the first of these gases decreased, but that idea seems now given up, and experience pointed to the fact, that the usual effect of mountain air on the human frame was that of a highly oxygenised atmosphere.

Taking these physical phenomena into account, it may easily be understood why invalids should find among the Alps health and strength, which they have elsewhere sought for in vain, even under the conditions of temperance, exercise, and mental repose. I have suffered more from illness than most men, and have only found two medicines, two physicians that never failed—the desert and the lofty mountain. The dry air of the upper Alps is as the life-giving breath of a purer and higher world. No doubt much must be ascribed to the good effect of the exercise that one takes in Switzerland; but the very fact that that country affords so many incentives to exertion, may be set down among its medical advantages. Mr. Michie bears similar testimony to the effect of a similar atmosphere in Russian Asia. "The constant exposure," he says, "to the clear bracing Siberian air was certainly most beneficial; and I am convinced of this, that, with all its ice and snow, there is no finer—that is, more salubrious—climate in the world than Siberia." In the Alpine zone, from about 5000 to 7000 feet, in which trees end, where rhododendrons, gentians, ranunculi, and anemones are found, and which impinges on the regions of eternal snow, the appetite rapidly improves, digestion becomes easy, the blood is purified, the breathing is fuller, the nerves are new strung, muscular force increases, the heart beats oftener and stronger, the blood is thrown more upon the lungs and skin, the processes of chymification and chylification are quickened, there is an increase of red arterial blood, and the spirits rise in a corresponding degree. Many of the victims of a too sedentary or luxurious civilisation soon find among the Alps that they are approaching the physique of the guides themselves, though a long interval may still remain. Pale faces become ruddy and brown; the breast expands; fatty degeneration gives place to firm muscle; melancholy to liveliness, and nervousness to nerve.

Without going deeply into medical matters, it may be observed that the Alpine air is specially useful in regard to the stomach, the blood, the nerves, and the brain. Most of the painful symptoms included under the term dyspepsia, which arise when the great organ is overcharged or otherwise out of tune, are thus benefited, if it be not in an advanced scirrhous state. Many people experience an immediate relief in their digestion on ascending a few thousand feet, finding they can almost at once both receive and assimilate more food than they could below. This improved digestion has of course itself a beneficial effect upon the blood, which is thus supplied both purer and richer, while at the same time it is more thoroughly oxygenised by the necessity of deeper and more frequent breathing. The intense light, the dryness and the electrical condition of Alpine air, have a most valuable effect upon congestion of the blood, a subtle and little-understood cause of many more palpable diseases. Hence also, as they quicken and strengthen the arterial system, they are useful in congestion of the liver, spleen, and lower intestines, in varicose veins, and in all the varieties of *anæmia*. People of a plethoric system, and especially where there is congestion of the heart or lungs, are warned against mountain air, as something which may possibly prove fatal to them; but even in these cases it is sometimes of use, when judiciously and gradually taken. When the body is better

nourished and the blood improved, the nerves naturally grow stronger, as also from the increased exercise in the open air which may be expected to follow. It would not do to assert that British colliers, who are so long denied light altogether, have less nerve than Hindoos or Arabs; yet it is probable that the intense Alpine light strengthens as well as excites the nerves, and there is no doubt the dry keen air does so. It must not be lost sight of that the effect of mountain air is to stimulate the nerves, so that in certain cases its effects may be injurious, and in others it should be sought after with great caution. Nervous weakness manifests itself in two ways—in excessive torpidity and excessive excitability of the nerves. In the former case, sensation and power of action being defective, and a species of paralysis existing, the powerful air and intense light of the high Alps may at once be had recourse to with every prospect of benefit; but in the latter instance, where the weakness manifests itself in great irritability and sleeplessness, a mild Alpine air should be sought, to begin with, in the first instance. A German medical professor on the Righi told me that when he first tried the Scheideck, all the symptoms of his nervous complaint were frightfully aggravated, but they immediately improved on his descending a thousand feet to the sheltered Klösterli; and after a short stay there he was able to take the Scheideck with benefit. Indeed, mountain air is considered on the Continent to be a special branch of medicine, and invalids who desire to use it as a remedy will do well to consult some practitioner who has made of it a special study. Most people find that the first effect of high air is to excite the nerves, and cause sleeplessness; but though that is undoubtedly the case, yet, when gradually and judiciously taken, it may render essential service even in cases of *erethismus*, as Rousseau asserts in the passage I have quoted. Hysteria may be cured by it as well as hypochondria. What has been said of the blood and nerves may be applied also to the brain. When that organ is in a state of congestion or softening, flee at once to the high Alps; but when it is unduly excited, be content at first with the Lake of Geneva, and ascend gradually. A young Irishman—a religious person, whose brain was very much softened—whom I met on the Riffel, found so much benefit from the atmosphere there that he instinctively clung to it as to life itself, till when the hotel was closed for the season, the servants brought him down with them. It is also to be noted that tubercular disease, like cholera, is unknown among the inhabitants of the high Alps, notwithstanding their hard life, frequent exposure to the weather, and sometimes insufficient food. In the early stages of consumption, even high Alpine air, but in sheltered valleys, has been found very useful; and this is one cause of the rush made to the Engadine of late years. That tubercles should thus be removed from the lungs, is quite conceivable when we remember how much they are caused by imperfect digestion and formation of blood. In scrofula, asthma, and chronic catarrh, Alpine air has been found exceedingly useful. On the other hand, pneumonia, bronchitis, and pleurisy are frequent and very fatal diseases in the higher regions of Switzerland; while in the lower we find abundance of consumption, scrofula, rheumatism, asthma, and cretinism. Alpine air, it must be borne in mind, is not a simple but a general term, including many varieties of atmosphere; and no one of these varieties is a panacea for any disease, though a powerful medicine, which, with judgment, may be most usefully employed.

But Alpine air is only one of several curative means which Swit-

zerland believes itself to possess in an abundance known nowhere else. That little country is literally peppered over with establishments for invalids, real and imaginary, where you can be boarded from two to twenty francs a-day—where you can dose yourself with mineral water, pure water, grapes, milk, or whey, as suits the fancy, and where you may rub sleeves with cardinals and *chevaliers d'industrie*, generals and shopboys, princesses and lorettes. There are a great many hydropathic establishments, especially in Aargau, and other northern cantons; and on that subject I wish to make a brief remark, drawn from experience of about a dozen of these places in England and on the Continent. Water, like fire (*i.e.*, blistering and actual cautery), is a very good servant in medicine, but it is a most dangerous master. There is no doubt that in many cases hydropathy has proved beneficial; in perhaps as many more it has done serious injury. Usefully calling attention to certain physical laws and natural remedies which at the time of its genesis were grossly neglected, it was unfortunate for this system that its author was an uneducated though able man, and that it took its rise among a people who excel in the arts of overloading the stomach and neglecting the skin. The natural consequence was, that the unscientific but ardent mind of Priessnitz, working upon the thick pallid skins and overtasked stomachs of Germany, put forward a system to be law universal which was specially fitted only for a peculiar class of patients—a class to be found everywhere, but most abundant in his own country. And out of this great misapplication, with all its attendant superstitions, the water cure has never yet properly emerged. Its worst features have already disappeared. We no longer hear of patients being required to undergo the hardest labour on the scantiest diet, as Priessnitz himself demanded, or of being ordered to bathe in their clothes and walk about until the clothes dried on them, as was done in the early days of the Righi Kaltbad. The douche is not indiscriminately administered, and abundance of good food is frequently supplied; yet, in its general application, hydropathy still proceeds from the vitiating theory of its origin. It still assumes to be a process applicable to all or almost all diseases, and to all states of vitality. Few or none of its practitioners will admit that it is a process calculated in itself to depress the vital energy, and consequently most inapplicable when that energy is low. Valuable as a depurative, as a corrective, and useful, in a modified form, when the crisis of many diseases has passed and the system has commenced to rebound, it has proved most destructive in the hands of ignorant and still more of blindly enthusiastic practitioners, when applied in the early stages of disease, and when vitality had reached a low ebb. I have known of people dying in a cold or tepid bath at a hydropathic establishment when they ought to have been receiving stimulants in bed, and have seen there a slight attack of rheumatism developed into rheumatic fever. Starting from the basis of German stomachs, and ignoring the fact that its processes are depressing, hydropathy has fallen into the great errors of setting itself up as law universal, and of refusing to fortify the patient for these processes by stimulating food and drink. When a man is struck by a serious illness, nothing can be more absurd than taking him out of the society of his relatives and friends into a circle of utter strangers, depriving him of the stimulants to which he has been accustomed, and at the same time subjecting him to water treatment which would tax the energy of a person in strong health

There is more sense in the plan of trying by means of much stimulation to tide a patient over the commencement of an illness. Slices of cold mutton, mountains of dry toast, and cups of wishy-washy tea, do not make a simpler meal (though less easily digested and less nourishing) than a little cod and oyster, a venison steak, and a pint of champagne. Under a diet largely composed of milk at a German "Kalt Wasser Anstalt," I found my ailments increasing, and my mind rapidly approaching that of a drivelling idiot; while, to increase the evil, patients were ordered to drink enormously of water, though recent experiments made in the French army have shown that the health even of horses is deteriorated by allowing them to drink as much water as they please. But then, as a set-off, whereas nothing is so rigidly prohibited as smoking in English establishments of the kind, there might be seen any day at this place a long line of patients sitting in sitz-baths, with sheets round them, and all with cigars in their mouths. It was a relief to find one Etablissement Hydrothérapique where correcter ideas prevailed—that at Divonne near Geneva, conducted by Dr. Paul Vidart, who says on the subject of aliment, "Cette question si importante pendant la durée d'un traitement hydrothérapique, n'est pas envisagée de la même manière que par nous dans certains établissements d'Allemagne, chez lesquels le culte de la recomposition organique parait fort peu en honneur. Nos résultats nous prouvent cependant que nous sommes dans le vrai. Ainsi, au lieu de pencher vers un régime lacté absolu et débilitant, cause indirecte de plusieurs cas d'anémie consécutive, nous considérons une alimentation copieuse, substantielle, et réparative, comme indispensable, pour compenser, pendant le traitement, les pertes produites chaque jour par la transpiration et par l'exercice." I only stayed a night at this place, and will not swear as to the "alimentation copieuse," but noticed with decided approval that every patient had a bottle of burgundy by his side at supper. In Paris also I examined a hydropathic establishment where a similar regime was followed. When shall we have sanitariums in England free from superstitions, conducted on scientific principles, and availing themselves of all known resources? Meanwhile, for those who desire to be cured by water, Switzerland presents dozens of Etablissements Hydrothérapiques, from that of Dr. Paul to those of the most rigid and economical kind. There are also some on the Italian lakes.

After water as a curative agent in die Schweiz comes molken or whey, usually combined with an inordinate use of milk. Indeed, there is not an innkeeper in the country who will not undertake to doctor you with whey—interspersing other drink and diet of his own prescription. I never entered personally into the mysteries of this remedy, but from what I could learn, it appears that whey—that of goats being preferred, and (!) considered aromatic—is considered good for a great variety of diseases—for hysteria, hypochondria, melancholy, pneumonia, cold, fever, indigestion, and, in fact, half the ills that flesh is heir to. I shall not enter into the *rationale* of its effect upon the human body: suffice to note that its working in that respect is said to be *mannigfaltig und tiefgreifend*. Among the ingredients of which it is composed are sugar, lead, osmazome, lactic acid, mucus, phosphorus, sulphuric acid; and it differs in taste as well as in composition at different seasons of the year. The Whey Cure is taken by means of drinking, baths, and clysters. The unhappy patient is expected to rise early, and to drink from one to eight tumblers of warm whey before breakfast, taking a short walk between each tumbler.

During the day he can have baths and clysters. At breakfast he is confined to milk and white bread, or to some light soup, and so also at supper; but at dinner he is allowed richer soup, pike or trout, and roast-meat or game—all pastry, fat, pork, and salad, being strictly forbidden. The cure is supposed to last from three to six weeks; the quantity of whey used, both in draughts and in clysters, being gradually increased, and as gradually decreased; but some people fancy they are benefited by drinking it every morning throughout the summer—not, however, quite to the extent of eight tumblers.

Of all the Swiss healing theories commend me to the Grape Cure, which is carried out chiefly in autumn on the shores of Lake Leman. Here is no shivering on the brink of cold baths, or swallowing repulsive drinks. It is worth while having incipient consumption in order to live on grapes in that lovely region. The excellent Dr. Curchod of Vevay, who is the great authority on this subject, begins his treatise upon it by remarking, "Without going back to biblical writers, who, since Noah, have spoken of the fruit of the vine, we find mention of grapes as a medicine by the Greek physician Dioscorides, who——" This is going back to the commencement with a vengeance; but authorities in its favour are scarcely required to recommend so pleasant an aid to health. It is employed chiefly in diseases of the lungs, but some other illnesses also benefit by it, and its action is elaborately explained in the treatise just referred to. The grapes are eaten daily up to the extent of six or seven pounds weight—the usual price in Switzerland in autumn for the best grapes being half a franc per pound. They contain most elements necessary to a proper nourishment of the human body, but not quite all, so it is usual to take them along with a small proportion of other nourishment. The practice, however, is not to be recommended of varying the cure by means of a *déjeûner à la fourchette*, and a *table-d'hôte* dinner. The average time for pursuing it is about a month, and one of the symptoms of its having taken effect is a peculiar burning feeling, as if the mouth were filled with pepper; but that is easily got rid of. Few things could be pleasanter than to undergo the grape cure, floating about in a boat on Lake Leman, and residing in the splendid Hotel Byron at Chillon, or the Beau-rivage at Ouchy. No doctor is required to recommend it to me, or to declare that I require it. I don't care a grape-seed for Dioscorides, or Dr. Curchod. All the doctors in the world may swear that the Traubenkur can do me no possible good. They can condemn me, as Dr. Curchod actually had the cruelty to do, to the mud-baths of Acqui. If it is autumn on the Lake of Geneva, I feel dangerously ill; tubercles are forming on my lungs; bronchitis is dragging me to a premature grave; chronic catarrh has afflicted me long; I have borne too patiently with *plethora abdominalis;* there is hypertrophy of my liver; my brains are hyperæmic; every mucous membrane in my body is in a state of violent inflammation. "Ho, garçon! Get me six pounds of grapes, and place them in the boat. Where is Madame la Princesse? No vanity of luncheons more!"

At all the *Kurorte*, and everywhere over Switzerland, the headquarters of the world in autumn, one has a very good opportunity of studying the different nationalities of Europe in their holiday undress; and I am cosmopolitan enough to be allowed to say, that in the comparison, with all their defects, English men and women do not appear to a disadvantage. That John Bull, however, is made of gold, is a notion rapidly undergoing modification. It used to be said on the Continent, and is still said in some of our own guide-books, that none but Englishmen and fools travelled in first-class car-

riages; but I found the first-class carriages crowded with Frankfort Jews, mercantile Germans, Russians of every class, and Parisians often of a low type, with few of our countrymen, so that better society was often to be got in the second. The cheap excursionists from England who, now deluge the Continent have aided in dispelling the delusion, that we are willing to pay anything for nothing; but I question whether that delusion ever really existed to the extent which has been represented. Long before the present day Count Theodore Walsh said of the English, "They will not allow of any excuse in the landlord for the most trifling negligence; and can retain an implacable enmity against him on the subject of a doubtful egg, or of a bill which exceeds their calculations by a franc." Now, as formerly, there is quite as much of this spirit among our tourists as there is any proclivity to waste money either from ignorance or love of display. Indeed, looking at the charges of our insular hotels, small and great, and the general equalization of the price of food, house accommodation, and labour, over the civilized world, it may be questioned whether John Bull, when abroad, does give due credit to the accommodation placed at his disposal. When we "fly for freedom to an inn," and get it, with comfort, at a reasonable price, it should not be forgotten that some acknowledgment of the fact on our part is due, and not only due, but useful. Some people have so little confidence in human nature, as to imagine that the only way to be properly served in this world, is never to show any signs of satisfaction, but continually to carp and find fault. Now, apart from the fact that such a line of policy is even more a punishment to those who indulge in it than it is a nuisance to those against whom it is directed, it is a policy which defeats its own end. The easy-going traveller who can afford to pay out judicious praise, is always best served on the whole, just as the rich man buys at an advantage over the poor. You must pay to inns and innkeepers some respect, if you are to develop good qualities in them; and this is especially the case on the continent, where hotel-keeping was a species of honourable profession long before our limited-liability system made hotel proprietors of lords and knights, and squires of high and low degree. I have seen, at the close of the season in Switzerland, a well-dressed person sitting down at the *table d'hôte* of a fashionable hotel in Geneva, who, a couple of months before, was officiating as a Kellner at Interlachen; and on complaint being made, the explanation given was, that he was the son of a renowned landlord, and had only been learning his business, on something like the old naval principle of going in at the hawse-hole and coming out at the cabin window. This is repugnant to our ideas; but in truth, there were much more objectionable persons than the Kellner sitting unquestioned at the same table—persons in whose countenances the word *forçat* was legibly written to an eye accustomed to the Continental world, and one of whom is now undergoing penal servitude.

If hotels are to be improved, that can only be done by judicious fault-finding, and by judicious praise as well as blame. But, unfortunately, they are sometimes injured by absurd fault-finding. At one of the best of the high hotels I had been staying for some time, along with an Oxford professor and his family, an English barrister, a German noble family, and some other people, all accustomed to move about the world and get money's worth for their money. As the old Swiss woman said of her châlet life, we were *terriblement contents* with the *cuisine*, the cheerful attendance, and the prices; but one wet morning there came up a party of ten English ladies and gentlemen from a watering-place below. Five of

them had breakfast of unlimited mutton-chops, tea, coffee, rolls, butter, honey, and apple-jelly, at the price of two and a half francs a head; and the others for nothing, had the run of the place, sweeping through it like gusts of damp wind for two or three hours. All the food of the hotel had to be brought up thousands of feet, and the landlord could never calculate upon the number of his visitors, though he never ran short of supplies; the place was only open three months of the year; and the breakfast was, of its kind, as good as could be got in Europe; yet these ten persons—acting on the fault-finding principle rather, I hope, than from any natural depravity of disposition—fell foul of the host for the extravagance of his prices. More than this, one of their number having knocked down and broken a piece of carved wood-work, they arbitrarily assessed it at much below its real value, and, refusing to pay more, departed with a proud consciousness of having done their duty as Britons in snubbing the rapacity of Swiss innkeepers. I never saw so good a breakfast tabled in that hotel again. The good landlord was sorely hurt in his feelings, and indeed was ill for several days after. "It was not *juste*," he bitterly said to me. "What is the use of my trying to keep up the character of my hotel, and getting everything of the best, if a lot of strangers are to come up hungry from —— and insult me in this way?" After that no stranger, I noticed, ever got any apple-jelly, and the apple-jelly was divine.

The conclusion most travellers come to in Switzerland is, that the natives are not an interesting people. According to the proverb, it takes ten Jews to cheat a Swiss, and ten Swiss to cheat a Genevese. There is no doubt the Helvetians are of character somewhat hard, but underneath that hardness there is often genuine sentiment as well as manly independence. I think most writers on the country—as, to take a recent instance, the clever authoress of 'A Summer in Switzerland'—bear upon the people too severely. Let me take up a filthy little German village, with its miserable lath-and-plaster houses, its odorous sausages, and the general style of its inhabitants, or a Highland hamlet, or a London court, and it is easy, without departing from truth of detail, to represent the life led there as simply horrible and intolerable. Even the dull dreary lives — existences of semi-conscious misery—led by people innumerable of the better classes of Britain, would, if described to some being of a happier world, appear perfectly unendurable.

> "Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
> And force a churlish soil for scanty bread,"

we are not to expect a manifestation of all the virtues. Their hard life necessarily produces a certain hardness of character; but they have had to endure another influence of a more dangerous kind. For three months of the year, all Europe is poured over them, and that is their real harvest. It is a wonder this has not demoralized them more than it has done. One of its great effects has been to render it very difficult for a stranger to break through the outer crust of Swiss character and Swiss society. More than any one else, the Swiss has one side for his countrymen, and another for the rest of the world. The deluge of travellers that sweeps over him in summer has made him more intently Swiss, and not by any means cosmopolitan at heart. You may be, and probably are, a very fine fellow, but you are not Swiss; and so, not being able to appreciate the exigencies of his position, you are not to be trusted too far. He will feed you, and cash your cheques, and conduct you up peaks or over passes at a certain fixed and reasonable rate, but there the connection ends. For eight or nine months

of the year he knows nothing of strangers; and when they do appear in shoals, they are as fish for his net, not friends or acquaintances for pleasant intercourse. He will study their habits, as Mr. Russel does those of the salmon, and accommodate himself to their wants; he will even deny himself at times, and issue regulations against cheatery, with a view to the preservation and increase of the breed; but it is not to be expected, in the nature of things, that he will look upon you much otherwise than as a sort of human salmon, expressly created for his special support and pleasure. Consequently, Swiss character is about the hardest nut to crack that the tree of European nationality presents; and the difficulty is increased by the innumerable small exclusive social circles existing among the people themselves. All a stranger can see is, that they are somewhat rough and independent, very reliable, especially in their relationships towards each other, somewhat grasping and mercenary, given to intoxication, not over moral "within the regiment," yet influenced deeply by religious feelings, by the recollections of their national history, and in a less degree by sentiment.

Among the other vices of this people there is probably a more marked tendency towards deeds of violence than exists in other countries of Europe where for long there has been a settled state of society. The murders usually committed in Switzerland are rather different from those which prevail in other civilised countries, and have another interest. In Britain, for instance, the *causes célèbres* of this kind which arrest attention are those perpetrated in the very heart of the pressure of modern life. A London man of business is disposed of, in a crowded train, returning to his home in the suburbs; a medical practitioner poisons his relations under the eyes of the Glasgow doctors; a child is found mysteriously dead in the bosom of a respectable family; a young lady buys arsenic, and her lover dies—these are the crimes which throw the great British public into a state of intense excitement, curiosity, and alarm. Switzerland, also, has had a notable instance of advanced murder in the Trumpy-Demme case; but, as a rule, its startling atrocities are of quite a different character. Not in the press of civilisation, under the noses of policemen, amid the snort of steam-engines, or with the murmur of city life rolling round, has the victim of Swiss violence been cruelly driven from his mortal frame; but in the winter dreariness of his mountain home, to which revenge or greed had led the murderer's footstep across the frozen snow; amid the dark pines and huge rocks which give the robber an opportunity of aiming the fatal shot; deep down, with broken limbs, in the cold blue cleft of the glacier, into which a treacherous push had thrust him; in the almost empty inn, where the ruthless host stole upon his heavy slumber; or, if the sufferer was a woman, in the solitary auberge of the mountain-pass, where lust found its unprotected and feeble prey.

When inquiries are made, it will be found there are not many places in Switzerland unconnected with some terrible story of older or of later date. Seidelin, a Dane who crossed the Alps in the year 1726, says naïvely, in his Autobiography, "We were warned by some persons whom we met that our guide was suspected of having murdered two or three travellers whom he was guiding, which information put us into low spirits." The Almers and Andereggs of the present day are far above any such suspicion; but twelve years ago it was discovered that the landlord of an inn on the Splügen pass had been playing a very extensive series of murderous tricks on unsuspecting and solitary travellers. When I was a student, pedestrianising alone in spring, at

which season the roads are almost deserted, I remember having my suspicions excited by questions he put about pecuniary matters; but it was not till some months after, when an account appeared in the Italian papers of his trial and execution, that I realised the full risk which had been incurred. Zibbach, who was formerly in charge of the Grimsel hospice, is believed to have there murdered a German student, before he hit upon arson as a less guilty and more profitable way of making money. A year or two ago an Englishman was fired upon and killed on the Italian side of the Alps, and his guide at the same time was wounded. One hears occasionally of muleteers and porters drawing their knives in a threatening manner when a dispute arises, but travellers thus aggrieved are usually of a rather bumptious character. Still, an accident might happen in that way, for the mountain population, however sensible, are capable of violence. One youth in the Hasli valley, whose head and hand were deeply scarred, and the latter mutilated, explained to me, "It was done by a comrade of mine; we were playing together." Zschokke, who was himself a Swiss, said of his country, "J'y ai trouvé partout des braves gens, mais chacun pour soi, et Dieu pour tous." There is an unjust suspicion at Zermatt, that Taugwald, acting on this principle, cut the rope in the case of the Matterhorn accident; but the Russian grave at the same place tells a worse story with much more probability. The fate of the host's daughter at the Schwarenbach inn on the Gemmi was as frightful a tragedy as that which Werner's genius invented for the gloomy spot. Since the murder on Pilatus, which was never traced owing to a fall of snow having effaced the assassin's footsteps, even bold Swiss have shrunk from being shut up alone in winter as custodians of deserted lofty hotels.

The increasing influx of travellers, however, must affect the style of assassination, and the only violence threatened to me was eminently of a ludicrous rather than of an alarming kind. On starting from Visp up the valley for Zermatt, on a Sunday morning, there were certain bunches of grapes which hung over the wall into the path in such a provoking manner as to call for and receive instant punishment. Having a presentiment that something would arise from this hurried but refreshing repast, I questioned my guide on the subject, but he earnestly declared it was the custom of the country to pluck and eat overhanging grapes. Fortunately I had just thrown away the last skin, when, Marti being some way behind, on turning a corner I suddenly found the path blockaded by six little men, of an appearance that made them oddities even among the odd inhabitants of the valley of the Visp. They were the most extraordinary little goblin-men possible, with big hats and big heads, and big black brass-buttoned coats, with enormous collars to their coats, looking for all the world as if they had just stepped out of the canvass of some painter of the middle ages. They stopped the way, and immediately and violently accused *me* of having plucked and eaten grapes. The sixth and littlest man of all, who bore a singular resemblance to a well-known Edinburgh preacher, and who had cautiously placed himself behind the five other little men, was evidently the ringleader and wire-puller, the soul and genius of the conspiracy. Working his elbows as if they were sending on a telegraphic message through his fingers into the backs of his companions, he whispered out "Trauben!" "rauben!" and immediately the five other little men violently shouted out "Trauben!" "rauben!" "Unsere Trauben" (our grapes), whispered the master-genius, and immediately the others gave voice to the lie. "Ein franc," suggested

he. and immediately the five other goblin-men loudly demanded a franc. "Excuse me, meine Herren," I replied, using strategy against numbers, "but I do not quite understand your dialect. My guide, who is coming up behind, knows it well; you had better settle the matter with him." On this the sixth little man uttered a prolonged "So!" which was echoed by the rest, and taking advantage of a moment of hesitation, I passed through and sauntered slowly on. Perhaps he thought that the guide would have no interest in resisting the demand; but I knew something which the little man did not and could not know. Marti, who was brave as a lion so far as men were concerned, never could resist being swindled by women. Now he had just been overcharged one franc for his night's entertainment by a very powerful middle-aged female, who not only overcharged him, but compelled him to shake hands with her as he was leaving. It was not till well out of her hearing that he ventured to express his feelings on the subject, and I was certain it was so rankling in his mind that a questionable male demand for a franc would rouse all his wrath. The first intimation I received of an attempt to arrest his progress, was a tremendous war shout, and on looking back I saw Marti with his battle-axe—that is to say his ice-hatchet—in his hand, and his yellow hair streaming behind, striding through the six little men, like William Tell or Arnold Von Winkelried in a Swiss engraving. He was quite white with rage, not fear, when he got up to me, and for some time I could get nothing out of him except furious exclamations of "Ein franc!" "Diebe! strasserauber" (thieves! road-robbers!) It was well the six little men did not follow, for Marti was in such a state of towering indignation at their unprincipled conduct, that he would have thought nothing of pitching them into the Visp below, or of splitting their big heads with his hatchet. Looking back I saw them all standing against the sky, with the elbows of the sixth and littlest man of all working frantically in vain attempts to get them to pursue, while the five other little men seemed to be reviling him for the immense, the incalculable, the fatal error he committed in letting me pass. May his Sunday labours be not always so unprofitable!

THE OBSTINATE TITAN.

The heavens were raining, the Deluge was gaining,
  The Titan was straining on tiptoe to stand;
With the waters uprising, it wasn't surprising
  This gentleman-giant could scarcely touch land.

Though it hadn't quite drowned him, the elements round him
  Had risen at last to the cleft in his chin:
When, as if to deride him, old Noah espied him,
  Ranged up alongside him, and bade him "step in."

Said the Patriarch, scoffing, "I keep a good offing;
  My fore-sheet's to windward, my helm is a-lee;
Still, the weather's appalling, my glass is still falling,
  I've got the grub all in,—come cruising with me."

But determined to prove he was up to the move,
  Our Ante-diluv-ian wouldn't be done:
"What! sail with your party? No, thank ye, my hearty!"
  Quoth he; "I'll stop here till I've seen out the fun.

"Besides, it seems clearing, the fog's disappearing,
  The rain'll do good—'twill be fair in an hour;
Though you might lend a fellow your clogs and umbrella;
  I won't come on board—for it's only a shower!"

C+L+N+O.

THE LAYING OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

In writing this simple narrative of the voyage of the Great Eastern, it is not my intention to enter unnecessarily into any scientific details, either as regards the vessel itself, the Cable, or the machinery used for paying it out, or picking it up, and this for two reasons: Firstly, because these details have already been placed fully before the public in other forms; and, secondly, were I to do so, I feel that the blunders I should make would probably be so numerous that my statements would be comparatively worthless.

It may then be asked, considering that the subject has already been so ably treated by Dr. Russell, what object can I have in view in putting another version before the public? This question is easily answered. The narrative of any event, and especially of this expedition, naturally takes its tone from the temper of the writer, and its character will be mainly influenced by his profession and pursuits. So there may be the purely historical description —there may be the political, the philosophical, the scientific, the poetical, dramatic, or the artistic description—and it is in the spirit of the last that I venture to address my readers. As an artist, I felt deeply grateful to the Directors of the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company for the permission, so courteously accorded me, to join the expedition; for I fondly hoped, and fully believed, that, both during the voyage, and more especially at its successful termination at Newfoundland, some incidents would occur which would form the materials for an interesting picture; so that I, too, might have a share, however humble, in transmitting to posterity the success of so noble an undertaking. With the temporary failure of the present expedition this hope has not finally vanished; for I still trust that, through the kindness of the Directors, the chief object I then had in view may at some no distant period be fully attained. In the mean time, I hope that the notes I have collected during the voyage, and which I now lay before the public, may not be wholly devoid of interest, even though they do not at present appear on canvass.

At noon on Saturday, July 15th,* the Great Eastern left her moorings at the Nore, and, guided by the Government steamer Porcupine, proceeded on her voyage amidst the most enthusiastic cheers from the crews and passengers of the various yachts around her. Her course was down a new channel called the "Bullock," which had been sounded and buoyed by the Admiralty. One of the most exciting scenes I ever witnessed was the heaving-up of the anchor, each link of the chain attached weighing over seventy pounds; and nothing could give a better conception of the size of the vessel than the power required in performing that operation. Round the capstan revolved sixty men, with a like number in each of the two lower decks, whose combined efforts were unavailing at times to stir the anchor, in spite of the animated exhortations of Mr. Halpin, the chief officer, and the lively strains of a young fiddler, who, perched on the capstan, played such music as sailors love to hear. At the first sound, however, of the tune, "Slap bang, here we are again!" the men made a determined effort, and, all joining in the lively chorus heart and voice, they succeeded in overcoming the resist-

* Ship's time is used throughout this article.

ance offered; but it was not till after many repetitions of the same invigorating air that the anchor was finally brought up.

Our progress was at first so painfully slow that some grave doubts arose as to whether the vessel could ever attain such a speed as six knots an hour. During her course down Bullock Channel, and even as far as Dover, so long as daylight lasted, ever and anon an excursion steamer or sailing-boat came alongside filled with passengers, who, in spite of the languor of sea-sickness, testified their good wishes for our success by cheering with hearty goodwill. At 4.15 P.M. the Porcupine, having hoisted up a white flag at her mizzen bearing the words, "God speed you," turned slowly round, and, on passing the Great Eastern, gave a ringing cheer, which was answered by deafening shouts on the part of our men, and then alone we proceeded on our eventful voyage.

Descending from the bridge to look about me, my first impression gave me the notion of a decent-sized village. Around me were blacksmiths' forges, carpenters' shops, all resounding with the hum of busy workers. On looking at the live-stock on board, we seemed like a large community seeking another home, taking everything necessary for a permanent settlement, with the exception of the emigrant's chief blessing—namely, a wife: for I need scarcely say that none of the fair sex accompanied the expedition. We numbered nearly five hundred men in all, to supply whose wants there were twelve oxen, one cow, one hundred and twenty sheep, twenty fine Hampshire pigs, and innumerable geese, ducks, and fowls, and all these independently of hundredweights of fresh and preserved meats. Nor must I forget to include a black cat and a jackdaw, who often during the voyage would perch for hours on the top of the dynamometer watching the paying-out of the Cable, apparently, with self-satisfied complacency.

Some idea of the size of the vessel may be obtained by stating that the length of the walk on deck, which we named Regent Street, was exactly one-eighth of a mile; and here daily would the energetic Mr. Cyrus Field take his exercise before breakfast and dinner, taking such hasty strides that no one on board could keep up with him.—Or look at the steerage. Below the deck aft is a spacious room, in which four large wheels are placed in a line from stem to stern, at each of which are two men: though there are two compasses before the foremost wheel, the men steer entirely by the brass finger of a dial, whose motions are guided by the chief steersman, who stands at the wheel in the centre of the ship, which notwithstanding all prognostications to the contrary, answers readily to the helm, though going at a speed of only four knots per hour.

A boatswain on board who, with ten men, had charge of the vessel during the winter, describing her size and solitude, said to me, "Sir, a man might have lain dead in some cabin astern for a whole week before we at the bow would know of it." And I can easily believe it. I have explored the vessel as much as most men on board; I have wandered through long dark passages at moments illumed by the fierce and sudden blaze of an open furnace—nay, I have descended to the very kelson—and yet I know that there are many places from which I should find it difficult to emerge again into light. In my survey I noticed particularly that the names of many streets, alleys, and taverns in the neighbourhood of the docks were painted on various parts of the lower decks, showing how a sailor loves to bear with him a memory of his favourite and familiar localities.

The speed of the vessel increased gradually during her course down

imagine that they had just arrived after a six months' cruise at least. And what things they purchase! One man carries off in triumph a goose, which, when plucked, would hardly suffice for the dinner of even a moderate eater, and yet he liberally invites two or three of his comrades to share his Sunday's repast, when he hopes to enjoy his cherished delicacy, stuffed, as he promises them, with heaps of onions. Another purchases a pair of woollen stockings, which seem better adapted for grating nutmegs than for comfort. Hundredweights of bad butter and rocky cheese—gallons of odious stuff called buttermilk—salt-fish of three years' pickle—scores of eggs—mountains of bread, of which they can get what they like on board—clumsy pipes—poultry, dead and alive—lines to catch cod-fish in Newfoundland (the latter bought also by the gentlemen)—everything is purchased, and at prices, too, far exceeding those usual in our not over-cheap metropolis. As to the mere sight-seers and idlers on deck, whatever impression the vast ship made on them it would be difficult to guess, their admiration being exclusively bestowed on our black pigs. I particularly observed one gentleman, dressed in remnants of varied hue and material, whose contemplation of those animals produced a mixed feeling of delight and regret. Daily he came on board, never moving from the spot they occupied (the painter's shop), inhaling the cherished odour, and ever making earnest but fruitless attempts to obtain one from the purser, in exchange for a huge white pig he left in his boat below. Nor must I forget the noble patriotism of one visitor, evidently a merchant of great standing in the country, who inquired if the ship wanted coaling, offering, in that case, to place fifty tons at our disposal. And most amusing was his expression of astonishment and unbelief when he was informed that the quantity he offered would scarcely suffice for five hours' consumption. When the market flagged, either through the absorption of the supply or the weakness of the demand, our sailors invited the natives to a Terpsichorean contest; so the fiddler was brought on deck, and after much coyness on the part of the performers, several highly characteristic, but, in my opinion, very monotonous and ungraceful figures were executed on both sides. At sunset, after repeated orders, and with much trouble, our noisy visitors left the ship, their departure being attended with the same frightful yells and shouts that had graced their arrival.

On Thursday morning, the weather being fine, Captain Anderson proposed making the ascent of Hungry Hill, a mountain adjacent, whose summit reaches to the respectable height of 2050 feet; it being his custom, wherever he anchored, to select the highest spot of land in the neighbourhood, and to ascend it, in order to learn the nature of the country around. Several of us joined him in this by no means formidable-looking excursion, though, before we were half-way up, many of us regretted that we had not remained with those keen sportsmen below, who spent the day in vainly seeking some feathered, or indeed any object on which to exercise their skill. After a tedious ascent, we at last reached the summit, but, as is usually the case, only to find ourselves enveloped in a dense fog. Before we descended, however, it cleared off for a few moments, enabling us to get a hasty glimpse of the scenery around, whilst far in the distance we descried the Terrible and the Sphinx entering the haven by the narrow channel at the west end. This latter fact was the signal for a hurried and over-precipitous descent, from the tumbles met with in which some of us did not recover for many days.

Throughout Thursday and Friday the ship was visited by numbers of

the neighbouring gentry, and the market was kept up as usual, though the arrival of the two men-of-war relieved us from a little of the pressure. On Friday evening, Captain Napier of the Terrible, and Captain Hamilton of the Sphinx, with all the officers of both vessels, joined us at dinner. Amongst the latter were two intelligent young Danes, whose talk was naturally about *our* beloved Princess, and the shameful spoliation of *their* country; and certainly it would be difficult to find two themes better calculated to awaken a Briton's loyal enthusiasm, or to arouse his fierce indignation.

In spite of the lovely scenery around, we were getting tired of our pleasant inactivity, and were anxious to leave our present moorings. Sorely grieved, too, was Captain Anderson at the delay caused by the late arrival of the Caroline, for well he knew that the time was approaching when the weather could not be depended on for two days together. It was, therefore, with intense satisfaction that we hailed the arrival of a coast-guardsman from Valentia, who, coming overland, reached our ship on Saturday at 11 P.M., bringing the welcome intelligence that the Caroline had commenced laying the shore-end of the Cable (about twenty-seven miles in length,) and that the operation would be completed early on the following morning; so, getting up steam as quickly as possible, we weighed anchor at 2 A.M. on Sunday, July 23d, and, followed by the Terrible and the Sphinx, proceeded to the spot where the splice was to be effected. At 10.30 we came up with the Caroline, and shortly after the Hawk, a fine steamer belonging to the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company, arrived, having on board a distinguished party, including Sir Robert Peel, the Knight of Kerry, Lord John Hay, Captain Hamilton, a director of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, and many other gentlemen connected with the undertaking. There were also some ladies on board, who were sadly disappointed at not being able to visit the ship,—a task which, owing to the roughness of the sea, even the gentlemen could not accomplish without a wetting. Here Mr. Canning rejoined us, accompanied by Dr. W. H. Russell, Mr. Deane, Mr. Temple, and others. The paddle-box boats of the Sphinx having taken the end of our Cable on board the Caroline, the splice with the shore-end was successfully effected at 5.30 P.M.; and the last visitor having left our ship, amidst the firing of guns and loud cheers from all the five vessels, we commenced paying out the Cable from the aft tank at a speed of about four knots per hour.

And now, before proceeding further with my narrative, I think it expedient to explain as briefly as possible the nature of the operations to be performed, and also the means to be employed for carrying them out, in order that I may, if I can, make the subsequent events thoroughly intelligible to the reader.

The Cable, two thousand three hundred miles in length, was coiled in three tanks; one at the stern (I take them in the order used), the second in the fore-part, and the third in the middle of the vessel. The first contained about 840 miles of Cable, the second about 640 miles, and the remainder, together with the shore-end for Newfoundland, was coiled in the middle tank. The ends of these separate coils were kept joined, and the transfer from one tank to another was performed with the greatest ease. From the fore-tank, a trough, with revolving wheels placed at certain distances to prevent too great friction, extended to the paying-out machinery at the stern, whilst from the other tanks smaller troughs led to the main artery. The paying-out machinery, as I have said, is placed at the stern, and is, perhaps, the most perfect thing of its kind that has ever been constructed, not

a hitch occurring in its working throughout the voyage. It consists of a large wheel, round which the Cable makes two turns, and then, passing out, it glides over a succession of smaller wheels, over which others are placed, acting as breakers to prevent it paying out too quickly. Between the last wheel of this machine and the one immediately over the stern of the vessel the dynamometer is placed. This is an instrument for calculating the strain to which the Cable is subjected in its progress. Through the upright grooves of an iron frame, a wheel, UNDER which the cable passes, slides according to the varying strain, the amount being indicated by figures on the side of the frame. When it is necessary to pick up the Cable, a wire rope is passed from the wheel at the bow, and thence outside the vessel to the stern, where it is brought up and fastened securely to the Cable, which is then cut, and the whole dropping into the sea, the rope is hauled in at the bow until the Cable is brought on board and fixed to the picking-up machinery, which is worked by a small steam-engine, and between this machine and the bow-wheel is another dynamometer. Lastly, there are rope-stoppers used to retard the progress of the Cable, or the wire rope when in use; these are made of untwisted hemp rope of great thickness, and are twined two or three times round the cable or rope, and the ends being pulled down by the men, the resistance they give is very effectual. To conclude this explanation—in order to ascertain the perfect continuity of the electric current, signals were continually passed along the whole Cable to Valentia, and *vice versa*, and these tests were made every ten or fifteen minutes throughout the day and night.

And now to resume my narrative. The paying-out of the Cable progressed satisfactorily, the speed increasing to six knots per hour, beyond which rate it was not thought advisable to proceed. Things looked bright indeed; and as regards the elements, no expedition could have started under more favorable auspices. The cloudless afternoon had given place to a real summer evening, and watching from the paddle-boxes the magnificent sunset (our first in the broad Atlantic) under the soothing influence of our pipes, we banished all fear and anxiety, already speculating with too sanguine confidence as to the time we should reach Newfoundland; and when at last we retired to rest, not one of us dreamed of impending disaster.

At 4.20 A.M. on the following morning I was aroused from sleep by the booming report of one of our guns — that being a preconcerted signal for the men-of-war to stop. I hurried on deck, and to my dismay learned that the signalling was imperfect, indicating that some accident had happened to the Cable. Fresh tests were applied over and over again, but ever with the same mortifying result. The communication with shore, however, not being wholly stopped, though it was impossible to say how soon that might occur, orders were given to send out the Hawk to our assistance. In the mean time the Cable had been cut, and, being transferred to the machinery at the bow, we proceeded to pick it up at the slow rate of one mile per hour. Before this latter operation, however, could be begun, we had paid out twelve miles or more; so that, supposing, as it was conjectured, the faulty portion of the Cable had passed overboard at the time of the discovery, it would require twelve hours to bring it to light. When six miles of Cable had been drawn up, it was cut, and tested to see if the defect was on board; but such not being the case, we resumed the tedious process of picking up. At 5.30 A.M. on Tuesday the Hawk arrived. By this time ten miles of Cable had been hauled in, and again it

was cut and tested, but with the same result as before. Very early it was discovered that the steam-power of the picking-up machinery was defective; and Mr. Canning, the chief engineer, attempted to remedy this defect by bringing into service a small locomotive on board. A consultation having then taken place between the chief engineers and electricians, it was thought advisable to return to the spot where the splice with the shore-end had been made; but Mr. Canning was anxious to see the result of his additional machinery; so having picked up about two hundred fathoms more of the Cable, to the delight of all, the faulty part was brought on board. On examination it was found that a piece of the iron wire, of which the outer covering of the Cable is partly made, had penetrated the gutta-percha, thus destroying the perfect insulation of the copper wires. Some suspicion arose of foul play, such an instance having occurred some years ago in laying a cable in the North Sea, a crime which was only brought to light two years after by the confession of the culprit, who declared that he had been offered one thousand pounds if he succeeded in his diabolical attempt.

At 1 P.M., the splice being made, we again proceeded on our course, but not for long. Half an hour had scarcely elapsed, when, to the surprise and dismay of all, a fresh fault was announced. This time the disaster looked serious, for all communication with the shore was totally lost. Patiently we watched the application of continual tests, the very mention of picking up producing a feeling of gloom, and the mere sight of the machine becoming hateful. When at last we were about to have resort to it, suddenly the signals were again perfect; and soon after, with much laughter at our fears, we learned that the cause of all our anxiety and despair was the removal of an instrument at Valentia, for some purpose best known to those on shore; and then resuming the satisfactory process of paying out of the Cable, with thankful and merry hearts we again proceeded on our voyage.

At 8 A.M. on Wednesday, July 26th, we desired the Sphinx (the only vessel having the proper apparatus) to take soundings. Having stopped for that purpose, she was unable to overtake us. Gradually she became less distinct, and on Friday morning we lost sight of her for ever; and it was supposed that she passed us in a foggy night whilst we were picking up the second fault. From this time up to Saturday the 29th no fresh announcement of disaster interfered with the proper attention to our meals, or destroyed our equanimity; and I take this seasonable opportunity to say a few words about the company on board.

And first, as in duty bound, let me mention Captain Anderson of the China, one of the Cunard steamers, specially selected on account of his great experience for carrying out this arduous enterprise. Of him I may truly say that I never met with a nobler specimen of a race of men whom, from my earliest youth, I have ever regarded with the utmost respect and admiration —brave, yet God-fearing; stern on duty, yet gentle at other times; and of such skill that it is not surprising his reputation as a commander should be so high. Then follow two gentlemen on whose ability the success of the undertaking mainly depended—namely, Messrs. Canning and Clifford, the chief Engineers, whose characters will be best developed in the events that occurred. Next follow Messrs. de Sauty and Saunders, the chief Electricians of the expedition. There is Mr. Gooch, now M.P. for Cricklade, who as a director of the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company, and also as a director and chief proprietor of the Great Eastern, necessarily leads a

entitling the bearer henceforth to the free and undisturbed use of spar or rigging, and then I was speedily released from my ludicrous and over-conspicuous position; nor do I intend to scratch out a word I have said, for, with this trifling exception, nothing occurred during the voyage to upset my theory of the utter valuelessness of money when at sea.

And now a word or two about our amusements, of which, if I may judge by the alacrity shown in attending the summons of the various bells, those connected with the culinary department are by no means of the least importance. At 8 A.M. we sit down to a substantial breakfast, which would be perfect but for the absence of milk. True, our cow is dead, but as she never yielded a cupful of that beverage, the queer quality of the article supplied must not be laid to the charge of the poor beast. The pipe and cigar follow immediately, and then till luncheon we either pass our time in watching events above or in literary or artistic occupations below, the latter, however, attended with some difficulty. The saloon of a vessel, freighted with nearly five hundred human beings, is ill adapted for serious pursuits, and there are defects in that of the Great Eastern, as arranged for this voyage, which are not apparent in other ships, though I acknowledge that in one point she beats every vessel afloat, and that is her extreme steadiness of motion, even in a stiff breeze. I have heard that great worker, Anthony Trollope, declare that on board of the Cunard steamers he could write as well and as indefatigably as at home, but I doubt if even he could do so in the saloon of the Great Eastern. Independently of the curiosity and anxiety naturally aroused by the knowledge of what is going on above, there is noise enough below to wake the very dead. The under saloon has been turned into a carpenter's shop and a general receptacle for timber and other ship-stores, and it would seem as if it was the sole duty of some half-a-dozen noisy men (relieved at times by half-a-dozen noisier men) to be continually lowering or lifting huge logs of wood, which bump about, damaging the gilding and tearing the pretty paper, to the evident discomfort and horror of Mr. Gooch, and also destroying the repose of those who are either writing or reading, or doing that for which reading is so good a cloak—namely, sleeping. In vain M. Despecher sets himself down to get through the two tasks he was resolved on performing during the voyage. The careful study of 'La Vie de Jules César,' and the 'Traité sur la Telegraphie,' is utterly incompatible with the incessant "Yow, ow, ows" of the men, and the sudden and sharp calls made on his attention by the logs of wood—so, slamming violently the pages of his beloved books, he flies to the piano, and from the lively strains of the "Guards' Waltz" strives to produce a counter-irritation. How Professor Thomson and Mr. Varley can fill sheet after sheet with abstruse theorems and problems illustrated by a whole army of letters commanded by X, Y, Z, is to me a wonder—and I can only conclude that, their occupations requiring more head than heart, they are not alive to the disturbing elements around them; but before deciding this point I should like to know what Mr. Babbage would feel under the circumstances.

A few hours before dinner are occupied in pacing the deck and inhaling the sea-breezes impregnated with smoke, which is extremely pertinacious in its attacks. Carefully avoiding the constant reek of the four funnels (thank necessity, the fifth has made way for a tank), you are met on all sides by the obnoxious vapours of the innumerable galley chimneys, and you get out of the way of these only to encounter the blacksmith's blast or the still fouler breath of the small loco

motive. To those who seek exercise combined with amusement, the games of shovel-board and quoits offer every advantage. At times we have music, Dr. Ward being an excellent performer on the violin, and M. Despecher a decent one on the piano, though, like most of his countrymen, he has no great love for the classic masters. At 5.30, that glorious "tocsin of the soul, the dinner-bell," calls us down to the absorption of a sumptuous meal enriched by wines of excellent quality. Indeed, in these matters the Directors have shown a most praiseworthy liberality—so much so, that a joker on board, alluding to the title of the Company, said, "As regards 'Construction' I know nothing, but I can safely assert that it is a most excellent 'Maintenance' Company." No wonder that Dr. Ward has so much to do, or that his patient son is worn with fatigue in dispensing medicine in the various cabins. However abstemious we may be on shore, the appetite at sea never seems satisfied. People—I speak also of myself—who when at home found the greatest difficulty in consuming a few inches of dry toast at breakfast, can and do here actually dispose of two or three mutton-chops, a plate of broiled ham and eggs, and a whole rackful of toast. Nor does this suffice till dinner, the luncheon-bell being eagerly attended to. Amusing is it to see these delicate creatures daily sipping sherry and bitters at five, as if their poor appetites required any stimulant. As to the dinner, I say nothing. Considering that the bill of fare contains about twenty items, natural curiosity, even without hunger, would be a sufficient reason for not starving. At tea, like children, they enjoy their toast and marmalade, and make no objection to biscuits and cheese at ten; and verily I believe they would not fail to attend were there even an additional meal or two added to the already too frequent repasts of the day. To conclude my list of amusements; the evening is spent at whist, chess, or other games, and early to bed is the order of the night.

To return to my narrative. On Saturday, July 29th, at 1 P.M., to the sudden discomfiture of our hopes, another fault was announced, and of a far more serious nature than the first. There was no delay this time. As soon as possible the vessel was stopped, and the Cable cut and transferred to the bow; but again, owing to the want of steam, two miles or more had been paid out before the machine was ready to pick up the submerged portion. It was the unanimous opinion of the electricians that the fault was only two miles distant (it being, in fact, on board when discovered); and exactly that amount of Cable having been hauled in, the defective part was brought to light. Again had a piece of the same wire penetrated the Cable; this time right through, touching the copper wire, and destroying the continuity of the electric current. The affair looked black indeed. At 7 P.M., the splice being made, another mishap occurred in transferring the Cable to the stern. At all times this operation is attended with some danger, owing to the length of the ship and the many obstructions to be avoided; and, if possible, I cannot but think that it would be safer to have the picking-up machinery placed aft, though, no doubt, there would then be danger of the Cable getting entangled with the screw; add to which, the difficulty of steering so large a vessel going astern, which would in that case have to be done whenever the picking-up process was resorted to. This accident being soon repaired, once more we anxiously resumed our course.

Mr. Canning, having cut off the piece of Cable which had the broken wire through it, called the men together, and one by one asked their opinion on the matter. Almost

the stoppers to which the men held on bravely was sucked into the sea and lost—perhaps for ever.

All the power of language is weak, indeed, to convey the effect produced by this disaster. The shock was so sudden and unexpected that we could not immediately realise our position. For an instant it paralysed us; we looked at each other, but spoke not: yet from out the very silence that fell on us there breathed a mute questioning, as if the tale needed repetition to ensure belief—for the announcement was made in a low whisper, as if the calamity were too great to be uttered aloud, and in the hope that some partial relief might be obtained by not spreading the report too quickly. Then for a while it changed the nature of all, in respect of moody peevishness, reducing us to a uniform level. Our very occupations seemed hateful; the piano was shut; the mere mention of whist was met by a reproving shake of the head; and the editor of a newspaper, published weekly on board, refused to issue the looked-for journal, as if to say: "Whilst there is so much going on to excite your hopes and fears, what need have you of amusement? nor are you in a proper temper to receive it, even if offered." For a moment Captain Anderson lost his ever-hopeful smile, and Messrs. Canning and Clifford slightly forgot their usual courtesy. Mr. Gooch went below, vainly attempting, through sleep, to obtain oblivion, and Mr. Field locked himself in his cabin to draw up a fresh prospectus. Mr. Halpin uttered more than his usual allowance of oaths; whilst Mr. de Sauty, his occupation gone, fetched his largest pipe, and, standing with his back against the doors of his electric office, with hands plunged deeply into his pockets, smoked fiercely, as if to conceal his anxiety behind the densest cloud. Even the two young Russells lost their usual spirits—and no wonder, for failure, to them, meant a speedy return to school and all its restraints in lieu of the promised holiday in the States; whilst Master Johnny was guilty of strange neglect, for the pet sheep "Billy"—for whose sake he daily committed petty larceny—on that day bah-ah-ah'd unheeded. Moreover, a certain demoralisation had taken place. Hitherto I had never seen any one light a pipe or cigar in the saloons, and now smoking was prevalent, the ladies' chamber, with its pretty ornaments and luxurious couches, being specially selected as a divan; and this dreadful breach of discipline was regarded with utter indifference by Captain Anderson and Mr. Gooch, the latter being himself one of the chief culprits. One man alone was seemingly unmoved, pursuing his avocation as if nothing had occurred—and *that man was the cook;* though, as the crowning effect of all, the sound of the dinner-bell lost its accustomed charm.

It had come at last, this evil of evils. There lay the mangled end of the Cable; the other end, with twelve hundred miles of it, being at the bottom of the sea, apparently far from the reach of man. I am not exaggerating when I say that the crash represented a loss of nearly a million sterling, and with it fled, for the time at least, the prospects of the projectors and the hopes of all civilised nations. For though it was immediately resolved to try and grapple the Cable, it was felt that the task was one of great difficulty. We were in a depth of two thousand fathoms, or two nautical miles; and even if we were so fortunate as to succeed in the attempt, the chances of our bringing it on board with such a tackle as we had were slight indeed. We had five thousand fathoms of wire rope, intended to be used for the buoys if required, and it was resolved that so long as it lasted, and indeed until everything available for the purpose was exhausted, there must be no thought of returning to England.

Going back to where the depth was a little under 2000 fathoms

we commenced operations by lowering a grapnel with 2500 fathoms of the wire-rope attached. This rope was in pieces of 100 fathoms, joined together by iron shackles and swivels. The grapnel is a species of anchor with five flukes, weighing about 3 cwt., and there being attached at least 500 fathoms of rope over and above the depth of the sea, its whole length trails along the bottom until it meets with some obstruction, which the hooks grapple; and when those extra 500 fathoms are hauled in, and the strain becomes much increased on its leaving the bottom, no doubt arises in the mind of any scientific man that the Cable is securely grappled. Slowly we drifted to the spot where the Cable lay, and at last the vessel turned slowly till her head was brought to wind, showing that the grapnel had met some great obstruction in its passage along the bottom of the ocean. We immediately commenced hauling in the rope at the rate of one mile per hour. When the grapnel had left the bottom, the strain on the dynamometer increased so much each fathom that was drawn in, that no doubt existed that we had succeeded in grappling the Cable, and anxiously we watched foot after foot brought up on board. When 1100 fathoms had been thus recovered, our hopes increasing every minute, an iron shackle gave way, and the remaining 1400 fathoms of rope, with the grapnel attached, fell to the bottom of the sea.

A buoy being lowered, we steamed ahead in order to make another attempt nearer the end of the Cable. Having reached the desired spot, we dropped another buoy, and then lay to, waiting for a change of wind to enable the vessel to drift over the Cable. At noon on the 4th we were enabled to take observations, and found that, during the foggy night and morning, we had drifted between thirty and forty miles.

The operations of the three following days are easily described. The wind being against us, each night we drifted, and each morning, though sorely baffled by the fog, we steamed in search of the buoy, to the finding of which the Terrible was of great service. But when the fog lifted, and allowed us to ascertain our true position, it was useless, with the wind in a direction with the Cable, to attempt to grapple it, for the vessel must slowly drift broadside over it, and for this purpose both the screw and paddle engines are of no use whatever.

Under all these adverse circumstances a gloomy despair fell on us, and each day seemed to lessen our chances of success. But whatever may have been our individual hopes and fears, we shunned expressing them, and patience alone was feebly recommended. Wonderful, too, and sad, indeed, was the change in the aspect of the ship. Wandering astern, it seemed like the deserted hive of a once-flourishing community. The long line of lights extending along the paying-out trough from the fore tank, and ending aft in a brilliant illumination of which a theatrical manager might well be envious, is extinct. No blaze from the blacksmith's forge illumines with ruddy glow the erst-revolving wheels of the paying-out machinery, or the cheery faces of the workmen once around it. The very machine is getting rusty from disuse; the jackdaw has left his accustomed post, and, as if angry at its complete stoppage, has never since been seen. It is a vast solitude, with the signalman for the sole inhabitant; and even he, baffled by the ever-recurring fog, has little or nothing to do. True, there is work going on in the fore part of the ship, but the men are busy there in making appliances to raise the dead, and not to help the living, Cable. The hope that excites men's best energies is fast slipping away, and, hour by hour and day by day, stronger grows the impression that all human efforts (at least with such

tackle as we had) are unavailing to bring to light our lost Cable.

Yet not until those efforts have been tried to their utmost strength will the pluck of such men as Captain Anderson, Messrs. Canning and Clifford, and all under them, give way; so, the weather at last clearing up, on Monday the 7th of August we made for the buoy, in sight of which the Terrible remained with most laudable pertinacity. At 11 A.M. the grapnel was again lowered, and again was the Cable securely grappled; but, alas! a swivel gave way with a loss of 1500 fathoms more of our wire-rope, and once more were our hopes doomed to disappointment.

A consultation was now held amongst the chiefs of the expedition, and it was determined to make a final attempt. There were still 2000 fathoms of wire-rope left, but much of this was useless, and had to be cut out, for the strain on it had been so great that the lay of the rope, which, before being lowered, was only ten inches in length, had been pulled out in parts to twenty-seven inches. The shackles and swivels were all taken out and replaced by others made on board, of better material, and capable of bearing a greater strain. Throughout Wednesday, day and night, the ship presented a scene of great activity. Every carpenter and blacksmith was employed in making such alterations as would most likely prevent the recurrence of such accidents as caused the two former attempts to fail. Little thought of sleep had any one on board. The blacksmith's musical hammer was heard throughout the night, whilst on the busy scene the forges threw a light which would have sent Rembrandt into an ecstacy.

The picking-up machinery having become disabled from the extraordinary work it had been put to perform, and being at all times but ill adapted for raising the grapnel, it was resolved to use the capstan alone for that purpose; but the diameter of the latter being too small in the centre, strong timbers were fitted and fixed so as to increase it from two feet six to five feet six inches; it was then cased with sheets of iron firmly riveted, giving it the appearance of a solid drum. There being only about 1700 fathoms of wire-rope fit for use, the extra portion required was made up of a thick hemp rope and a good-looking Manilla rope, which seemed capable of bearing any strain. All was now ready for our final attempt, and anxiously we longed to commence operations.

On Thursday, the 10th of August, the wind, which had blown hard throughout the two previous days, accompanied by a drenching rain, suddenly dropped, and shifted to a point very favourable for enabling the vessel to drift over the Cable, which we hoped to grapple much nearer the broken end, so as to have as little strain as possible in hauling it on board. At 7.45 A.M. the grapnel was lowered, and slowly we drifted towards the desired spot; but the summer gale had caused the buoys to shift their places, so that it was noon before we could ascertain the right position. At 1 P.M. the strain increasing gave us hopes that we had grappled the Cable, but it soon ceased, and at 4 P.M., it being concluded that we had passed over it, orders were given to haul in and make a fresh attempt.

So tedious was the process of hauling in, that it took thirteen hours to bring the grapnel on board. It was found covered with a soft pasty substance of a pale yellow color, and several gentlemen having obtained some of the precious substance, it was investigated with a microscope; and Dr. Ward found shells, in one of which there was living matter, thus disproving the assertion that life could not exist at such a depth. At 12.30 P.M. on Friday, August 11th, a day long to be remembered, the grapnel was lowered for the last time, and

at 3.50 P.M., the strain on the dynamometer indicating that we had once more grappled the Cable, we commenced hauling in, and at 7 P.M. had succeeded in recovering about 800 fathoms. I was then standing near the capstan watching the rope being drawn in, with an average strain of from 80 to 90 cwt. A snatch-block had been fixed to the deck and to a spar above, through which the rope had to pass in order to bring it on a level with the capstan; no doubt a clumsy appliance, but, unfortunately, the only one available; and, indeed, everything brought into service during the grappling was but an expedient, for it had never been thought possible or probable to perform such an operation at so great a depth, and no preparations had therefore been made. Well, the last shackle of the Manilla rope was passing through the block with heavy jerks when the rope itself snapped at the splice. "Hold on, boys!" shouted Mr. Canning (now only thinking of the men's safety), and for a moment its lightning speed was arrested by the vigorous arms of the men at the rope-stoppers, thus preventing the destructive rebound, but not for long: escaping from their grasp, it passed swiftly over the wheels, and speeding like a shot from the bow, it fell with a heavy swish into the greedy waters.

ALL WAS OVER. Every yard of material had now been exhausted —what human power and ingenuity could do, had been tried— the last hope of recovering the Cable was for the present put an end to; and reluctantly, the order being given, "South-east by east," the vessel was slowly put on her course to England, the Terrible, after a speedy "good-bye," proceeding alone to Newfoundland.

For ten days, with little intermission, had this battle been fought; and at last, however unwillingly, human power was forced to succumb: and it did so with dignity; for it is a glorious feature in the natures of most practical men, that failure never produces despair. Whilst there is a thread of hope to cling to, nothing is dreamt of but success; and when the irretrievable disaster comes at last, they at length take their sleep, and, wiping from the brain all of the past that is unavailing, turn their attention solely to the future.

Intensely interesting had been the whole voyage, and especially so to witness this last struggle, though almost hopeless from the first, against superior force, and with materials so ill adapted for the purpose, yet carried on with such persistent energy and such unwearied attention on the part of the chief workers, that even for their sakes alone I could not help deeply regretting that success had not attended such noble efforts. Yet, looking at the amount of experience gained, who shall say that the result is not in a high degree satisfactory? It has been proved that the Cable was of the right specific gravity, and its great strength was shown by its holding the buoys even in a stiff breeze, though the portion used for that purpose had been picked up from a great depth, and had been put to a severe strain; it was proved that the paying-out machinery was absolutely perfect, and that the method employed of paying the Cable out from coils instead of reels is by far the best; it has also been proved that it can be safely picked up at nearly the greatest depth known in the course taken between Valentia and Newfoundland; and lastly, to the wonder of all on board, it has been proved that it can even be grappled at that depth, and that with proper tackle there would be every probability of its being raised successfully.

Much unnecessary, and I venture to think unjust, censure has been cast on the engineers, by those wise people who judge after the event, for the inefficiency of the picking-

up machinery. The real progress of science must ever be affected by circumstances, and perfection can only be safely reached by the sure paths of experience. Messrs. Canning and Clifford had hitherto found the apparatus in use perfectly satisfactory, and during this voyage it had picked up the Cable from a depth of two miles; nor, with the exception of the breaking of a bad valve-rod, which really caused no delay, did it fall to pieces until after grappling had commenced. Now Mr. Canning's observation when the Cable broke—"ALL IS OVER!"—proves that grappling at two miles was never contemplated, and was resorted to rather as an experiment than with any hope of success; but now that it has been proved that the Cable can be grappled at so great a depth, no doubt the skill and ingenuity of those practical engineers will make the machine fit for hauling in the grapnel, and proof against any strain to which it may be subjected. To require human foresight to provide for evils utterly unknown, is simply demanding an impossibility. I have the best authority for stating that had the picking-up machine been used solely for the purpose for which it was made (with the trifling exception alluded to), we should have returned to Sheerness with all its gear as perfect as it was when we started.*

We had a very fine passage home, never shifting our sails till after we passed Cape Clear, and at a speed of nine knots per hour, which, under all circumstances, was more than we expected. I could have wished to have obtained some details as regards the consumption on board. Of our live stock there only remained fifty sheep, a few pigs, and some score or so of fowls; but the havoc made must not be wholly ascribed to the voracity of man. In taking my morning stroll amongst the animals I daily noticed a gap in the oxen-shed, and knowing that there was plenty of fresh meat in the ice-cellar, I was anxious to know the reason. The butcher (he is not an Irishman) informed me that the oxen were killed in order to save their lives, and that their gradual decay was owing to the water they drank. I am not sufficient of a chemist to know the properties of condensed water, but however great a blessing is the discovery of turning the sea-waves into fresh water, it certainly does not contribute to the prolongation of animal life. It had been death to the ducks, the cow, and the oxen; nor had it improved the sheep, so destroying their natural instincts that they tamely submitted to the interested caresses of their greatest enemy, the two-legged wolf. The pigs alone have thrived, but on what will they not fatten and grunt? To dismiss these interesting creatures: the fifty sheep have been purchased by Mr. Gooch; and "Billy," round whose neck the young Russells tied a pink string to save him from the butcher's knife, is to pass the rest of his days in clover.

Early on Thursday, August 17th, we reached Crookhaven, and there Dr. Russell, with three other gentlemen, left us. And here I would offer a word of advice. If you wish your friend to retain a lively impression of you, don't get up early to see him depart. A more miserable set of unwashed, uncombed, unrefreshed, half-awakened, and

* Since writing the above I have heard with pleasure that the Great Eastern is to lay a fresh cable next summer, and then return to grapple the one just lost. It has been supposed that the buoys will not remain where they were placed; but they were never put there for such a purpose. Of course it would be very pleasant and curious to find them still tossing where they were left; but as a mark they are not necessary, as the skill of Captains Anderson and Moriarty can find the desired spot without any such assistance.

breakfast-craving mortals I never beheld, than the gentlemen who crowded the paddle-boxes to give a parting cheer to those who then left the ship.

Reaching Lizard Point on Friday morning, we steamed up the Channel, which was as smooth as glass, and hove-to, at 9 A.M. on Saturday, about two miles from Brighton, where many of the passengers landed; and on Sunday at noon the Great Eastern was anchored at her old moorings, having been absent five weeks and one day.

And thus, with the fairest prospect of success — in spite of arrangements made with the utmost liberality, and in spite of the great skill and care bestowed in carrying them out—either through accident or design (let us hope the former), one of the noblest enterprises ever undertaken by man has for the moment failed. But it is not in the nature of the Anglo-Saxon to accept defeat as final, but rather to look on each failure as a step nearer to success. Let all honour be paid to those who have worked so bravely to obtain a satisfactory result. It is from the knowledge of their great abilities the belief is encouraged that time alone is wanted to insure complete success. With such a ship as the Great Eastern, guided by so skilful a commander as Captain Anderson, and with such men as Messrs. Canning and Clifford to superintend the machinery, and Messrs. de Sauty and Saunders to conduct the electrical operations, there is every reason to indulge in the most sanguine expectations.

Yet is there wisdom in not being over-confident. Sweet are the exulting pœans of victory, but it were better not to sound them until the battle is won. It is well to be hopeful and sanguine, for except under the influence of such feelings no great work can ever be accomplished; but to express those hopes as if they were already realized, before an atom of work has been done to insure success, will too often lead to regret and mortification, as, unfortunately, has been the result in the present instance.

And yet I have no doubt whatever of final success. No matter what faults arise, whether caused by accident or malice, with picking-up machinery as perfect in its working as that made for paying out the Cable, no more serious misfortune can happen than is produced by a temporary delay. The next expedition, I hope and believe, will meet with complete success; and my only wonder is, that such has not been the result of the present undertaking.

HENRY O'NEIL, A.R.A.

BLACKWOOD'S

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A FENIAN DOCUMENT.

[The following document was amongst the papers discovered by the police in searching the lodgings of Mr. Donovan, who, it will be seen, calls himself Colonel and Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-General of the Fenian Army. We present it to our readers, possibly as much from the fact that its writer has already figured in these pages, as for any intrinsic merits of its own. With some of its opinions, however, we assuredly concur, and with the deductions drawn from them we completely agree. To the reader we now leave the more full appreciation of this curious communication.]

To Lieut.-Col. Donovan, D.A.A.G., Army of Ireland.

Piazza di Spagna, Rome, *October.*

Dear Sir,—Your polite communication of the 12th ult. came to my hands on the 22d inst. It would have probably reached me by an earlier day, had you addressed it to His Excellency the Count Milo M'Caskey, care of Cardinal Antonelli, or, in his absence, Monsignore Talbot—my rank of Major-General merging in peace times in the title of my social condition. I mention this for your future guidance, as well as to explain any seeming delay in my reply.

To the formal and official despatch of your enclosure I return herewith a formal answer. To yourself personally I avail myself of the gracious permission you accord me, to express my sentiments freely on your enterprise, and to speak with all the candour of a disposition which knows nothing but openness.

It is needless to say, sir, that I am flattered by the unanimous call of the members of the Head Centre to take the command of the Fenian Army. When a man has lived to my time, he is fully satisfied when the world accords him what is barely his due. He neither expects nor asks for more. To efface the self-delusion of public generosity, is our first lesson after forty.

I was flattered then, sir, but not surprised; for I feel that, as you turn your eyes over Europe, you will be satisfied what a narrow category it is of those men who are at once sol-

diers, statesman, diplomatists, and adventurers. In the Emperor of the French you have the three last; in Garibaldi you have the first and last only of these conditions. From America you might not impossibly import many with the Garibaldian requisites; from Poland also, with an aptitude for the finer game of political life that western people are sadly deficient in. Abd-el-Kader might have suited certain phases of your position, but that his ignorance of English, and the difficulty of adapting his enthusiasm to our people, might prove obstacles. I have now mentioned the few prominent names to show you why it occasioned me no surprise that your choice should have fallen upon me. There was a time you might have had Louis Napoleon on your own terms. He is now, as the flunkeys say, "in place, and likes his situation." Garibaldi would never have suited you; after the mere hour of the conflict, he would display his impracticable notions about property, and his total ignorance of the uses and power of money.

I will not assume, sir, that you have already gone through this process of reasoning, but I think it by no means unlikely that you arrived at Major-General M'Caskey's name by observing that through the checkered fortunes of a most eventful life in Poland, in Turkey, in the several republics of South America, in Spain, in Italy — ay, even in Madagascar — it would be difficult to say whether his capacity indicated its natural bent more as the soldier, the financier, the diplomatists, or the man of the world.

That you turned to me was as natural a course as that of a man who, with a great suit at issue, seeks the highest celebrity of the bar. So fully aware am I of the eminence on which I stand, that, had there been a dissenting voice —but one—in the vote of the Head Centre, I pledge you, on the faith of a M'Caskey, I would never have even replied to the address. As Cardinal Antonelli observed to the Austrian Ambassador, Baron Bach, a few evenings since, "Le Comte de M'Caskey n'est pas un homme. C'est un rôle qu'il a créé." Reflect well, sir, on this pointed remark, and you will see that his Eminence meant a great deal, and expressed it admirably.

I am the embodiment of a new idea in Europe. The author makes market of his intellect—the lawyer sells his passionate enthusiasm — the doctor hawks about his sympathy, his gentleness, and tenderheartedness; but I was the first man who ever thought of offering to the highest bidder, in conflicting nationalities, courage, skill, ready-witted resource in difficulty, gallantry, and that general unscrupulousness that is of more value in critical times than all the generalship of a Napoleon and all the craft of a Talleyrand.

To deal with revolutionists, a man must be intensely steeped in the red dye of the revolutionary nature — he must know what are the passions which first seize on the masses—how to treat the epidemic of scoundrelism that pervades the mob—how to turn it to account, and actually make it very good patriotism. For this there is but one man in Europe.

He who counts his experiences by his scars—whose knowledge of geography is derived from the wounds which were scorched in the tropics or frost-bitten in the arctic regions—need not be boastful. You will, from these brief remarks, which have fallen from me in all carelessness, perceive that it was matter of superfluous detail to mention to me why the eyes of the H. C. were directed at once to me in the present conjuncture. Why, sir, if you seek the sunrise you certainly do not turn your back on the east.

I now address myself to the points of your letter on which you desire my opinion, and I shall be very brief. First of all, sir, I have to declare that I totally disagree

with you in the great proposition by which you herald your project; and in all that you see strength I see weakness, and where *you* read power, force, resource, and victory, *I* only infer debility, dissension, and defeat.

To begin, sir, you somewhat boastfully declare, that this is a revolution of the people—that there is not a man of station or property concerned in it, and that it is to all intents and purposes a great popular convulsion. Why, sir, pauperism has as much pretension to turn Banker as Politician. The first element of all rising, as the first test of all honesty and loyalty to the cause, is, to have something to lose. Even at Baden-Baden they won't let you bet without staking your money. When the ragged man shouts "Erin go bragh!" his cry, being translated, means, "I want beef instead of potatoes, broadcloth *versus* rags," and although these are very laudable desires, they won't do for revolutionary doctrines; and yet it is out of these ignorant brutalised materials you purpose to derive the men to lead armies, to form commissariats, to maintain discipline, and organise reserves. You might as well stock a jeweller's shop with paving-stones, and tell him to make rings and bracelets of them.

You talk of the small amount of the regular army in Ireland, and I tell you that five thousand soldiers will rout fifty of your undisciplined rabble, if you should chance, which I greatly doubt, ever to meet them. I know what it is to lead irregulars. Their very noise and clamour render command impossible; and except against Neapolitan troops, who always run first, these raw levies could have no success. They are splendid in pursuit. They are perfect devils to follow a flying foe, and they make short work of the wounded; but do you expect the English to behave like Neapolitans? Do you imagine that the Line regiments, whose numbers you have so accurately given me, will be more afraid of the Ramshackachery fencibles than they were of the Russians? or will yield to the Ballingarry legion what they denied to the fiercest troops of Bengal?

A mob may begin a revolution. The smallest urchin in the street can get up a row; but to guide it—to direct, control, and profit by it—requires gifts very different from those likely to be possessed by the master-tailor and the two linen-drapers' clerks you mention.

Tell me, if you can, what popular rising ever made even a decent stand where the men of station held aloof, and refused their assistance to it? In Poland the nobles took their share, and more than their share; so, too, in Hungary, where the highest names in the land stood foremost. Even in Italy, men of family served in the ranks in the campaign of Lombardy; and if you look to the late war in America, you will find that it was the property of the South that threw itself into the struggle. Take the converse of all these, as we see it here. The Pope's cause is deemed the righteous one and the sacred one by tens of thousands, not one of whom will fight for it, but they leave the work to a set of miscreant-brigands, whose atrocities revolt human nature. Take my word for it, blackguards can no more regenerate a country than stable straw will make a nosegay. You want men of means, men of intelligence, men of skill, and men of resource; and with these to lead, the blackguards can be extremely useful.

You talk of an Irish Republic! why, sir, since the day when Mr. Keogh promised to make Athlone a port for the Atlantic trade, there has been nothing equal to this. Irish Republicans! are you aware that there is not so feudal a people in Europe? Do you not know that class distinctions and respect for rank, but more especially

for the rank that is associated with ancient blood, are amongst the most cherished feelings of all Irishmen? Irish Republicans! why, Pat is the monarchist, *par excellence*, of all Europe. Your Irish Republicanism is only the "backwater" of Irish emigration. It comes home again with the swagger and insolence and braggart pretension of the fellow who has felt all the importance of the "Irish ticket" in an election, and wants to play a conspicuous part in the country which he left as a cow-boy. Strange associates these, sir, for a man like myself. Your Irish Republican reminds me of what Barney Caile called his opponent in a controversy —an "infernal Orange Papist."

You are mighty boastful that there is nothing religious in the present project, and that the Clergy are adverse to you rather than friendly. Of all your confessions, this is the very weakest and poorest. Why, don't you know that the failure of Humbert's expedition was the democratic declaration of the French, that they wanted no help from the Church, and would try and conquer without the Virgin Mary? From that hour Pat held back; he wasn't going to be killed here, and roasted hereafter.

I'd rather, if I was given the choice, fight the English without powder than without the Priest.

"The Church" is the only cry you have in Ireland; and if you exclude the Church and its wrongs, where are your grievances? I'm not fool enough to say that grievances are at all necessary—begin the fight, and there will soon be plenty of them; but I mean that, in ignoring the Church, you are throwing out the best trump in your hand. Who is the best recruiting sergeant the world ever saw? Who can gloss over a bad cause and make the best of a good one? Who has such advantages in the way of secrecy and rapid intelligence? Who appeals to the common man with the same knowledge of his desires here and his hopes hereafter? Who knows the vocabulary of the people so well that he can insinuate the very thing he seems to condemn, and dictate the very step he denounces from the altar? The Priest. And this is the man you say you don't want! This is the man you purpose to replace by a gin-juleper from New York, or a master-tailor from Dame Street!

You want enthusiasm, and you turn away from the great fountain of all enthusiasm! You want union, and you reject the great bonds of union! You want that rash fanaticism by which Western people supply the fatalism of Eastern nations, and you ignore what supplies it to this world out of the illimitable hopes of the next one!

Now, if Ireland were rich in ecclesiastical establishments, — had she splendid churches like Spain or Italy, great convents and fine monasteries — I would understand why you severed yourself from the clergy. The pillage might be more profitable than the priest. But what have you in Ireland? The little wayside chapel, poor and bare as a barn. Where is the plate of gold and silver? Where the pictures by Murillo and Raphael? Where the saints with emeralds for eyes, and diamonds for toe-nails? I wouldn't give you fifty pounds for all the robberies of the Catholic chapels west of the Shannon, even if you were to throw me in, as a whip, Bishop M'Hale's vestments!

I intended to say a word or two about "the admirable secrecy," as you call it, of your organisation, but I forbear. I can only say, that if you succeed in excluding spies and Government informers, you are the first rebels in Ireland that ever accomplished that object. It is said that for every man that took the field in '98 there were two informers. Believe me, that the moment one fellow turns traitor, fifty will follow him. These fellows will crowd the Castle, like the crush of people at

a French theatre, and they'll have to make a *queue* not to create a disturbance.

Not that the Irish are worse than their neighbours, but that *canaille* is *canaille* everywhere; and if you cannot leaven a rising with men of fortune, you must content yourself to deal with the worst materials of human nature, in the worst moments, and with the worst passions in action. I wish you well out of the experiment, but I won't join it. No, sir; I'll give neither Whig nor Tory Attorney-General the triumph to arraign, convict, and hang Milo M'Caskey. The man who has braved Rosas, wounded Gortchakoff, fought hand-to-hand with Omar Pacha, and shared the bivouac of Lamoricière, shall not grace the dock of Cashel or Tralee.

You are preparing what the Italians call a famous "Fiasco," and if it were not that so many of you will be hanged, I would call on you to laugh at it. And after all, sir, I confess the gallows or the hulks is a smart price to pay for a drill in the dark, or the possession of a Federal uniform and a "six-shooter." It's about the smallest pastime for the same money I ever heard of.

Poor a thing as Italian brigandage is, it is better than your Irish revolution. The rascals here have both priests and people with them. They have an inaccessible territory, and (they believe at least) the blessing of the Holy Father on their good work. I decline, sir, therefore, the command of the army that does not exist, and which will only muster to be hanged or transported.

I refuse to associate myself with a project which must fail, and I reject all offers of rank or station from those who have none of their own; and I am, with every assurance of the deepest consideration, your humble and devoted servant,

MILO M'CASKEY,
Count, Lieut.-General, and Cameriere Interno, to His Holiness the Pope.

MISS MARJORIBANKS.—PART X.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MISS MARJORIBANKS'S guests, or at least the greater part of them, were at this moment enjoying themselves as usual; but yet there were a few who felt that something was going on more than met the eye. As for Lucilla herself, she had left all her cares behind her in the recess behind the window-curtains, and was flitting about as usual, and proving herself the soul of the party; but still the eyes of some few initiated ones sought the dark corner in which Mr. Cavendish had disappeared as into an ogre's den. The clearest and most apparent explanation of the matter was, that Miss Marjoribanks was reconciled to her earliest suitor, and that the Archdeacon, who was also known in Grange Lane to have been paying attention to Lucilla, was beside himself with jealous fury. It was very improper for a clergyman, but still it was a piquant spectacle—and then nobody could be sure what had become of Mr. Cavendish, or that he was not being ill-used and trampled upon behind backs. As for the Archdeacon, he was standing before the fire-place with Dr. Marjoribanks and a host of other gentlemen. Mr. Beverley's countenance was covered with clouds and darkness. He stood, not with the careless ease of a man amusing himself, but drawn up to his full height and breadth, a formidably muscular Christian, in a state of repression

and restraint which it was painful, and at the same time pleasing, to see. The Berserker madness was upon him, and yet such are the restraints of society, that a young woman's eye was enough to keep him down—Lucilla's eye, and the presence of a certain number of other frivolous creatures in white muslin, and of some old women, as he irreverently called them, who were less pleasant, but not more imposing. He was an Archdeacon, and a leading man of his party, whose name alone would have conferred importance upon any "movement," and whom his bishop himself—not to speak of the clergy whom he charged in his visitation addresses like a regiment of cavalry—stood a little in awe of. Yet such are the beneficial restraints of society, that he dared not follow his natural impulses, nor even do what he felt to be his duty, for fear of Miss Marjoribanks, which was about the highest testimony to the value of social influence that could be given. At the same time, it was but natural that under such circumstances the Archdeacon should feel a certain savage wrath at the bond that confined him, and understand better than usual the false and tyrannical conventionalism called society. And it was at this moment, of all times in the world, that General Travers, like a half-educated brute as (according to Mr. Beverley's ideas) he was, took the liberty of calling his attention to what the soldier called "a lot of pretty girls." "And everything admirably got up, by Jove!" he added; not having the remotest idea what effect so simple an observation might produce.

"Yes, it is admirably got up," said the Archdeacon, with a snarl of concealed ferocity. "You never said anything more profoundly true. It is all got up, the women, and the decorations, and the gaiety, and all this specious seeming. And these are creatures made in the image of God," said the Broad-Churchman—"the future wives and mothers of England. It is enough to make the devils laugh and the angels weep!"

It may be supposed that everybody was stricken with utter amazement by this unlooked for remark. Dr. Marjoribanks, for his part, took a pinch of snuff, which, as a general rule, he only did at consultations, or in the face of a difficulty; and as for the unlucky soldier who had called it forth, there can be no doubt that a certain terror filled his manly bosom; for he naturally felt as if he must have said something extraordinary to call forth such a response.

"I never was accused before of saying anything profoundly true," the General said, and he grew pale. "I didn't mean it, I'm sure, if that is any justification. Where has Cavendish vanished to, I wonder?" the soldier added, looking round him, scared and nervous—for it was evident that his only policy was to escape from society in which he was thus liable to commit himself with knowing how.

"Female education is a monstrous mistake," said Mr. Beverley—"always has been, and, so far as I can see, always will be. Why should we do our best to make our women idiots? They are bad enough by nature. Instead of counterbalancing their native frivolity by some real instruction——good heavens!" The critic paused. It was not that his emotions were too much for him; it was because the crowd opened a moment, and afforded him a glimpse of a figure in black silk, with the lace for which Miss Marjoribanks had stipulated falling softly over a head which had not quite lost its youthful grace. He gave a glance round him to see if the coast was clear. Lucilla was out of the way at the other end of the room, and he was free. He made but one stride through the unconscious assembly which he had been criticising so

severely, and all but knocked down little Rose Lake, who was not looking at the Archdeacon, though she stood straight in his way. He might have stepped over her head without knowing it, so much was he moved. All the gay crowd gave way before him with a cry and flutter; and Lucilla, for her part, was out of the way!

But there are moments when to be out of the way is the highest proof of genius. Miss Marjoribanks had just had a cup of tea brought her, of which she had great need, and her face was turned in the other direction: but yet she was aware that the Archdeacon had passed like a Berserker through those ranks which were not the ranks of his enemies. She felt without seeing it that the "wind of his going" agitated his own large coat-tails and heavy locks, and made a perfect hurricane among the white muslin. Lucilla's heart beat quicker, and she put down her tea, though she had so much need of it. She could not swallow the cordial at such a moment of excitement. But she never once turned her head, nor left off her conversation, nor betrayed the anxiety she felt. Up to this time she had managed everything herself, which was comparatively easy; but she felt by instinct that now was the moment to make a high effort and leave things alone. And it may be added that nothing but an inherent sense of doing the right thing under the circumstances could have inspired Miss Marjoribanks to the crowning achievement of keeping out of the way.

When Mr. Beverley arrived in front of the two people who were seated together in the recess of the window, he made no assault upon them, as his manner might have suggested. On the contrary, he placed himself in front of them, with his back to the company, creating thus a most effectual moral and physical barrier between the little nook where his own private vengeance and fate were about to be enacted, and the conventional world which he had just been denouncing. The Archdeacon shut the two culprits off from all succour, and looked down upon them, casting them into profound shade. By this time he was as calm as passion could make him. "I don't know what combination of circumstances has produced this meeting," he said, "but the time was ripe for it, and I am glad it has happened." Mrs. Mortimer gave a little cry of terror, but her companion, for his part, sat quite dumb and immovable. The moment had arrived at last, and perhaps he too was glad it had come. He sat still, expecting to see the earth crumble under his feet, expecting to hear the humble name he had once borne proclaimed aloud, and to hear ridicule and shame poured upon the impostor who had called himself one of the Cavendishes. But it was no use struggling any longer. He did not even raise his eyes, but sat still, waiting for the thunderbolt to fall.

But to tell the truth, the Archdeacon, though a torrent of words came rushing to his lips, felt at a difficulty how to begin. "I don't understand how it is that I find you here with the man who has ruined your prospects," he said, with a slight incoherence, and then he changed the direction of his attack. "But it is you with whom I have to do," he said; "you, sir, who venture to introduce yourself into society with—with your victim by your side. Do you not understand that compassion is impossible in such a case, and that it is my duty to expose you? You have told some plausible story here, I suppose, but nothing can stand against the facts. It is my duty to inform Dr. Marjoribanks that it is a criminal who has stolen into his house and his confidence—that it is a conspirator who has ventured to approach his daughter—that it is——"

"A criminal? a conspirator?"

said Mr. Cavendish, and he looked in his accuser's face with an amazement which, notwithstanding his rage, struck the Archdeacon. If he had called him an impostor, the culprit would have quailed and made no reply. But the exaggeration saved him. After that first look of surprise, he rose to his feet and confronted the avenger, who saw he had made a blunder without knowing what it was. "You must be under some strange mistake," he said. "What do you accuse me of? I know nothing about crime and conspiracy, Either you are strangely mistaken, or you have forgotten what the words mean."

"They are words which I mean to prove," said the Archdeacon; but there can be no doubt that his certainty was diminished by the surprise with which his accusation was received. It checked his first heat, and it was with a slightly artificial excitement that he went on, trying to work himself up again to the same point. "You who worked yourself into a wretched old man's confidence, and robbed an unoffending woman," said Mr. Beverley; and then in spite of himself he stopped short; for it was easier to say such things to a woman who contradicted without giving much reason, than to a man who, with an air of the utmost astonishment, stood regarding his accuser in the face.

"These are very extraordinary accusations," said Mr. Cavendish. "Have you ever considered whether you had any proof to support them?" He was not angry to speak of, because he had been entirely taken by surprise, and because at the same time he was unspeakably relieved, and felt that the real danger, the danger which he had so much dreaded, was past and gone, and indeed never had actually existed. He recovered all his coolness from the moment he found out that it was not a venial imposition practised upon society, but a social crime of the ugliest character, of which he was accused. He was innocent, and he could be tranquil on that score. "As for robbing Mrs. Mortimer," he added, with a little impatience, "she knows, on the contrary, that I have always been most anxious and ready to befriend her——"

"To befriend—Her!" cried the Archdeacon, restored to all his first impetuosity. He could not swear because it was against his cloth and his principles; but he said, "Good heavens!" in a tone which would have perfectly became a much less mild expletive. "It is better we should understand each other thoroughly," he said. "I am not in a humour for trifling. I consider it is *her* fortune which enables you to make an appearance here. It is *her* money you are living upon, and which gives you position, and makes you presume as—as you are doing—upon my forbearance. Do you think it possible that I can pass over all this, and let you keep what is not yours? If you choose to give up everything, and retire from Carlingford, and withdraw all your pretensions——. It is not my part," said Mr. Beverley, with solemnity, taking breath, "to deal harshly with a penitent sinner. It is my duty, as a clergyman, to offer you at least a place of repentance. After *that*——"

But he was interrupted once more. Mrs. Mortimer made her faint voice heard in a remonstrance. "Oh, Charles, I always told you—I had no right to anything!" cried the terrified widow; but that was not what stopped the Archdeacon. It was because his adversary laughed that he stopped short. No doubt it was the metallic laugh of a man in great agitation, but still Mr. Beverley's ear was not fine enough at that moment to discriminate. He paused as a man naturally pauses at the sound of ridicule, still furious, yet abashed, and half conscious of a ludicrous aspect to his passion—and turned his full face to his antagonist, and stood at bay.

"It is a modest request, certainly," Mr. Cavendish said. "Give up all I have and all I am, and perhaps you will forgive me! You must think me a fool to make such a proposal; but look here," said the accused, energetically; "I will tell you the true state of affairs, if for once you will listen. I do it, not for my sake, nor for your sake, but for the sake of—of the women involved," he added hastily; and it was well for him that, instead of looking at the shrinking widow beside him as he said so, his eye had been caught by the eager eye of his sister, who was watching from her corner. With that stimulus he went on, calming himself down, and somehow subduing and imposing upon the angry man by the mere act of encountering him fairly and openly. "I will tell you what are the actual circumstances, and you can see the will itself if you will take the trouble," said the defendant, with a nervous moderation and self-restraint, in which there was also a certain thrill of indignation. "The old man you speak of might have left his money to a more worthy person than myself, but he never meant to leave it to his grand-niece; and she knew that. She was neither his companion nor his nurse. There was nothing between them but a few drops of blood. For my part, I gave him—— but, to be sure, it would not interest you to know how I spent my youth. You came upon the scene like—a man in a passion," Mr. Cavendish said, with an abrupt laugh, which this time was more feeble, and proved that his composure was giving way, "and misjudged everything, as was natural. You are doing the same again, or trying to do it. But you are a clergyman, and when you insult a man——"

"I am ready to give him satisfaction," said the Broad-Churchman, hotly; and then he made a pause, and that sense of ridicule which is latent in every Englishman's mind, came to the Archdeacon's aid. He began to feel ashamed of himself, and at the same time his eye caught his own reflection in a mirror, and the clerical coat which contrasted so grotesquely with his offer of "satisfaction." Mr. Beverly started a little, and changed his tone. "This has lasted long enough," he said, in his abrupt imperious way. "*This* is not the place nor the time for such a discussion. We shall meet elsewhere," the Archdeacon added, austerely, with a significance which it is impossible to describe. His air and his words were full of severe and hostile meaning, and yet he did not know what he meant any more than Mr. Cavendish did, who took him at his word, and retired, and made an end of the interview. Whatever the Archdeacon meant, it was his adversary who was the victor. *He* went off, threading his way through the curious spectators with a sense of relief that almost went the length of ecstasy. He might have been walking on his head for anything he knew. His senses were all lost and swallowed up in the overwhelming and incredible consciousness of safety. Where were they to meet elsewhere? With pistols in a corner of Carlingford Common, or perhaps with their fists alone, as Mr. Beverley was Broad-Church? When a man has been near ruin and has escaped by a hairbreadth, he may be permitted to be out of his wits for a few minutes afterwards. And the idea of fighting a duel with a dignitary of the Church so tickled Mr. Cavendish, that he had not the prudence to keep it to himself. "You will stand by me if he calls me out?" he said to General Travers as he passed; and the air of utter consternation with which the warrior regarded him, drove Mr. Cavendish into such agonies of laughter, that he had to retire to the landing-place and suffocate himself to subdue it. If any man had said to him that he was hysterical, the chances are that it was he who would have called that man out, or

at least knocked him down. But he had to steal down-stairs afterwards and apply to Thomas for a cordial more potent than tea; for naturally, when a man has been hanging over an abyss for ever so long, it is no great wonder if he loses his head and balance when he suddenly finds himself standing on firm ground, and feels that he has escaped.

As for the Archdeacon, when the other was gone, he sat down silently on his abandoned chair. He was one of the men who take pride in seeing both sides of a question; and to tell the truth, he was always very candid about disputed points in theology, and ready to entertain everybody's objection; but it was a different thing when the matter was a matter of fact. He put down his face into his hands, and tried to think whether it was possible that what he had just heard might be the true state of the case. To be sure, the widow who was seated half-fainting by his side had given him the same account often enough, but somehow it was more effective from the lips of a man who confronted him than from the mild and weeping woman whom he loved better than anything else in the world, but whose opinion on any earthly (or heavenly) subject had not the weight of a straw upon him. He tried to take that view of it; and then it occurred to him that nothing was more ludicrous and miserable than the position of a man who goes to law without adequate reason, or without proof to maintain his cause. Such a horrible divergence from everything that was just and right might be, as that the well-known and highly-esteemed Archdeacon Beverley might be held up for the amusement and edification of the country in a 'Times' leader, which was a martyrdom the Archdeacon would have rather liked than otherwise in a worthy cause, but not for a wretched private business connected with money. He sighed as he pondered, feeling, as so many have felt, the difficulties which attend a good man's progress in this life—how that which is just is not always that which is expedient, and how the righteous have to submit to many inconveniences in order that the adversary may have no occasion to blaspheme. In this state of mind a man naturally softens towards a tender and wistful sympathiser close at hand. He sighed once more heavily, and lifted his head, and took into his own a soft pale hand which was visible near him among the folds of black silk.

"So you too have been brought into it, Helen," the Archdeacon said, pathetically; "I did not expect to see you here."

"It was Lucilla," said Mrs. Mortimer, timidly; "it was not any wish of mine. Oh, Charles! if you would let me speak. If you will but forget all this and think no more about it, and I will do my best to make you a——" Here the poor woman stopped short all at once. What she meant to have said was, that she would make him a good wife, which nature and truth and the circumstances all prompted her to say—as the only possible solution to the puzzle. But when she had got so far, the poor widow stopped, blushing and tingling all over with a sense of shame, more overwhelming than if she had done a wicked action. It was nothing but pure honesty and affection that prompted her to speak; and yet, if it had been the vilest sentiment in human nature, she would not have been so utterly ashamed. "That was not what I meant to say!" she cried, with sharp and sudden wretchedness; and was not the least ashamed of telling a downright lie instead.

But, to tell the truth, the Archdeacon was paying no particular attention. He had never loved any other woman, but he was a little indifferent as to what innocent nonsense she might please to say. So that her confusion and misery, and even the half offer of

herself which occasioned these feelings, were lost upon him. He kept her hand and caressed it in the midst of his own thoughts, as if it was a child's head he was patting. "My poor Helen," he said, coming back to her when he found she had stopped speaking, "I don't see why you should not come, if this sort of thing is any pleasure to you; but afterwards——" he said reflectively. He went to that sort of thing often himself, and rather liked it, and did not think of any afterwards; but perhaps the case of a weak woman was different, or perhaps it was only that he happened to be after his downfall in a pathetic and reflective state of mind.

"Afterwards?" said Mrs. Mortimer. She did not take the word in any religious or philosophical, but in its merest matter-of-fact meaning, and she was sadly hurt and wounded to see that he had not even noticed what she said, much as she had been ashamed of saying it. She drew away her hand with a quick movement of despite and mortification, which filled Mr. Beverley with surprise. "Afterwards I shall go back to my little house and my school, and shut myself in, and never, never come back again, you may be sure," said the widow, with a rush of tears to her eyes. Why they did not fall, or how she kept herself from fainting—she who fainted so easily — she never, on reviewing the circumstances, could tell; and Miss Marjoribanks always attributed it to the fact that *she* was absent, and there was no eau-de-cologne on the table. But whatever the cause might be, Mrs. Mortimer did not faint; and perhaps there never was anything so like despair and bitterness as at that moment in her mild little feminine soul.

"Never come back again?" said the Archdeacon, rousing up a little; and then he put out his large hand and took back the other, as if it had been a pencil or a book that he had lost. All this, let it be known, was well in the shadow, and could not be seen by the world in general to teach the young people a bad lesson. "Why should not you come back? I am going away too," said Mr. Beverley; and he stopped short, and resisted the effort his prisoner made to withdraw. Oddly enough, at that moment his Rectory rose suddenly before him as in a vision —his Rectory, all handsome and sombre, without a soul in it, room after room uninhabited, and not a sound to be heard, except that of his own feet or his servant's. It was curious what connection there could be between that and the garden, with its four walls, and the tiny cottage covered with Westeria. Such as it was, it moved the Archdeacon to a singular, and, considering the place and moment, rather indecorous proceeding. Instead of contenting himself with the resisting hand, he drew the widow's arm within his as they sat together. "I'll tell you what we must do, Helen," he said, confidentially—"we must go back to Sunningdale together, you and I. I don't see the good of leaving you by yourself here. You can make what alterations you like when you get to the Rectory; and I shall let that—that person alone, if you wish it, with his ill-gotten gear. He will never come to any good," said the Archdeacon, with some satisfaction; and then he added in a parenthesis, as if she had expressed some ridiculous doubt on the subject, "Of course I mean that we should be married before we go away." It was in this rapid and summary manner that the whole business was settled. Naturally his companion had nothing to say against such a reasonable arrangement. She had never contradicted him in her life about anything but one thing; and that being set aside, there was no possible reason why she should begin now.

CHAPTER XXXV.

This was how the crisis came to an end, which had been of so much interest to the parties immediately affected, though as for Carlingford in general, or even Grange Lane, it passed almost unperceived, attracting wonderfully little attention. Mrs. Woodburn had one of her nervous attacks next morning, and was very ill, and alarmed Dr. Marjoribanks; but at her very worst moment the incorrigible mimic convulsed her anxious medical adviser and all her attendants by a sudden adoption of the character of Mrs. Mortimer, whom she must have made a careful study of the previous night. "Tell him to tell him to go downstairs," cried the half-dead patient; "I want to speak to him, and he is not to hear;—if he were not so thoughtless he would offer him some lunch at least," Mrs. Woodburn said, pathetically, with closed eyes and a face as pale as death. "She never did anything better in her life," Dr. Marjoribanks said afterwards; and Mr. Woodburn, who was fond of his wife in his way, and had been crying over her, burst into such an explosion of laughter that all the servants were scandalised. And the patient improved from that moment. She was perfectly well, and in the fullest force a week afterwards, when she came to see Lucilla, who had also been slightly indisposed for a day or two. When Thomas had shut the door, and the two were quite alone, Mrs. Woodburn hugged Miss Marjoribanks with a fervour which up to that moment she had never exhibited. "It was only necessary that we should get into full sympathy with each other as human creatures," she said, lifting her finger like the Archdeacon; and for all the rest of that autumn and winter Mrs. Woodburn kept society in Carlingford in a state of inextinguishable laughter. The odd thing was that Miss Marjoribanks, who had been one of her favourite characters, disappeared almost entirely from her repertory. Not quite altogether, because there were moments of supreme temptation which the mimic could not resist; but as a general rule Lucilla was the only woman in Carlingford who escaped the universal critic. No sort of acknowledgment passed between them of the obligations one had to the other, and, what was still more remarkable, no discussion of the terrible evening when Lucilla had held the Archdeacon with her eye, and prevented the volcano from exploding. Perhaps Mrs. Woodburn, for her part, would have been pleased to have had such an explanation, but Miss Marjoribanks knew better. She knew it was best not to enter upon confidences which neither could ever forget, and which might prevent them meeting with ease in the midst of the little world which knew nothing about it. What Lucilla knew, she knew, and could keep to herself; but she felt at the same time that it was best to have no expansions on the subject. She kept it all to herself, and made the arrangements for Mrs. Mortimer's marriage, and took charge of everything. Everybody said that nothing could be more perfect than the bride's toilette, which was as nice as could be, and yet not like a *real* bride after all; a difference which was only proper under the circumstances; for she was married in lavender, poor soul, as was to be expected. "You have not gone off the least bit in the world, and it is quite a pleasure to see you," Lucilla said, as she kissed her *that* morning—and naturally all Carlingford knew that it was owing to her goodness that the widow had been taken care of and provided for, and saved up for the Archdeacon. Miss Marjoribanks, in short, presided over the ceremony as if she had been Mrs. Mortimer's mother, and

superintended the wedding breakfast, and made herself agreeable to everybody. And in the mean time, before the marriage took place, most people in Carlingford availed themselves of the opportunity of calling on Mrs. Mortimer. "If she should happen to be the future bishop's lady, and none of us ever to have taken any notice of her," somebody said, with natural dismay: Lucilla did not discourage the practical result of this suggestion, but she felt an instinctive certainty in her mind that *now* Mr. Beverley would never be bishop of Carlingford, and indeed that the chances were Carlingford would never be elevated into a bishopric at all.

It was not until after the marriage that Mr. Cavendish went away. To be sure, he was not absolutely present at the ceremony, but there can be no doubt that the magnificent *parure* which Mrs. Mortimer received the evening before her marriage, "from an old friend," which made everybody's mouth water, and which she herself contemplated with mingled admiration and dismay, was sent by Mr. Cavendish. "Do you think it could be from *him;* or only from him?" the bride said, bewildered and bewildering: "I am sure he might have known I never should require anything so splendid." But Lucilla, for her part, had no doubt whatever on the subject; and the perfect good taste of the offering made Miss Marjoribanks sigh, thinking once more how much that was admirable was wasted by the fatal obstacle which prevented Mr. Cavendish from aspiring to anybody higher than Barbara Lake. As for the Archdeacon, he too found it very easy to satisfy his mind as to the donor of the emeralds. He put them away from him severely, and did not condescend to throw a second glance at their deceitful splendour. "Women are curiously constituted," said Mr. Beverley, who was still at the height of superiority, though he was a bridegroom. "I suppose those sort of things give them pleasure—things which neither satisfy the body nor delight the soul."

"If it had been something to eat, would it have pleased you better?" said Lucilla, moved for once in her life to be impertinent, like an ordinary girl. For really when a man showed himself so idiotic as to despise a beautiful set of emeralds, it went beyond even the well-known tolerance and compassionate good-humour with which Miss Marjoribanks regarded the vagaries of "the gentlemen." There is a limit in all things, and this was going too far.

"I said, to satisfy the body, Miss Marjoribanks," said the Archdeacon, "which is an office very temporarily and inadequately performed by something to eat. I prefer the welfare of my fellow-creatures to a few glittering stones—even when they are round Her neck," Mr. Beverley added, with a little concession to the circumstances. "Jewellery is robbery in a great town where there is always so much to be done, and so little means of doing it; to secure health to the people, and education—"

"Yes," said Miss Marjoribanks, who knew in her heart that the Archdeacon was afraid of her. "It is so nice of you not to say any of those dreadful sanitary words—and I am sure you could make something very nasty and disagreeable with that diamond of yours. It is a beautiful diamond; if I were Helen I should make you give it me," said Lucilla, sweetly; and the Archdeacon was so much frightened by the threat that he turned his ring instinctively, and quenched the glitter of the diamond in his closed hand.

"It was a present," he said, hastily, and went away to seek some better occupation than tilting with the womankind, who naturally had possession of the bride's little house and everything in it at that inter-

esting moment. It was the last evening of Lucilla's reign, and she was disposed to take the full good of it. And though Mrs. Mortimer's *trousseau* was modest, and not, as Lydia Brown repeated, like that of a *real* bride, it was still voluminous enough to fill the room to overflowing, where it was all being sorted and packed under Miss Marjoribanks's eye.

"It is a very nice diamond indeed," said Lucilla; "if I were you I should certainly make him give it to me—rings are no good to a gentleman. They never have nice hands, you know,—though indeed when they have nice hands," said Miss Marjoribanks, reflectively, "it is a great deal worse, for they keep always thrusting them under your very eyes. It is curious why They should be so vain. They talk of women!" Lucilla added, with natural derision; "but, my dear, if I were you I would make him give it me; a nice diamond is always a nice thing to have."

"Lucilla," said the widow, "I am sure I don't know how to thank you for all you have done for me; but, dear, if you please, I would not talk like that! The gentlemen laugh, but I am sure they don't like it all the same;" for indeed the bride thought it her duty, having won the prize in her own person, to point out to her young friend how, to attain the same end, she ought to behave.

Miss Marjoribanks did not laugh, for her sense of humour, as has been said, was not strong, but she kissed her friend with protecting tenderness. "My dear, if that had been what I was thinking of, I need never have come home," said Lucilla; and her superiority was so calm and serene, that Mrs. Mortimer felt entirely ashamed of herself for making the suggestion. The widow was simple-minded, and, like most other women, it gratified her to believe that here and there, as in Miss Marjoribanks's case, there existed one who was utterly indifferent to the gentlemen, and did not care whether they were pleased or not; which restored a little the balance of the world to the widow-bride, who felt with shame that she cared a great deal, and was quite incapable of such virtue. As for Lucilla herself, she was not at that moment in conscious enjoyment of the strength of mind for which her friend gave her credit. On the contrary, she could not help a certain sense of surprised depression as she superintended the packing of the boxes. The man had had it in his power to propose to her, and he was going to be married to Mrs. Mortimer! It was not that Lucilla was wounded or disappointed, but that she felt it as a wonderful proof of the imperfection and weakness of human nature. Even in the nineteenth century, which has learnt so much, such a thing was possible! It filled her with a gentle sadness as she had the things put in, and saw the emeralds safely deposited in their resting-place. Not that she cared for the Archdeacon, who had thus disposed of himself; but still it was a curious fact that such a thing could be.

Altogether it must be admitted that at this special moment Miss Marjoribanks occupied a difficult position. She had given the Archdeacon to understand that Mr. Cavendish was a "*very* particular friend;" and even when the danger was passed, Lucilla scorned to acknowledge her pious prevarications. During all this interval she continued so gracious to him that everybody was puzzled, and Mrs. Woodburn even insisted on her brother, after all, making his proposal, which would be better late than never.

"I am sure she is fond of you," said the softened mimic, "and that sort of thing doesn't matter to a woman as it does to a man;" for it has been already said that Mrs. Woodburn, notwithstanding her knack of external discrimination,

had very little real knowledge of character. Yet even at moments Mr. Cavendish himself, who ought to have known better, was half tempted to believe that Lucilla meant it; and the effect upon Dr. Marjoribanks was still more decided than upon Mr. Cavendish. He thought he saw in his daughter the indications of that weakness which is sometimes so surprising in women, and it disturbed the Doctor's serenity; he actually tried to snub Lucilla on sundry occasions, with that wonderful fatuity which in certain cases is common to men. The last instance of this vain attempt occurred when the two were alone, when dessert had just been placed on the table, and Thomas had left the room.

"I hope when this marriage is over people will recover their senses. I hear of nothing else," Dr. Marjoribanks said. He took some chestnuts as he spoke, and burned his fingers, which did not improve his temper. "That sort of rubbish, I suppose, is much more interesting than attending to your natural duties," the Doctor added, morosely, which was not a kind of address which Miss Marjoribanks was used to hear.

"Dear papa," said Lucilla, "if I attended to my duties ever so much I could not keep you from burning your fingers. There are some things that people *must* do for themselves," the dutiful daughter added, with a sigh. Nobody could doubt who knew Lucilla that she would have gladly taken the world on her shoulders, and saved everybody from those little misadventures; but how could she help it if people absolutely would not take care of themselves?

The Doctor smiled grimly, but he was not satisfied. He was, on the contrary, furious in a quiet way. "I don't need at this time of day to be told how clever you are, Lucilla," said her father, "and I thought you had been superior to the ordinary folly of women——"

"Papa, for heaven's sake!" cried Miss Marjoribanks. She was really alarmed this time, and she did not hesitate to let it be apparent. "I do not mean to say that I always do precisely what I ought to do," said Lucilla; "nobody does that I know of: but I am sure I never did anything to deserve that. I never was superior, and I hope I never shall be; and I know I never pretended to it," she said, with natural horror; for the accusation, as everybody will perceive, was hard to bear.

The Doctor laughed again, but with increased severity. "We understand all that," he said. "I am not in the secret of your actions, Lucilla. I don't know what you intend, or how far you mean to go. The only thing I know is that I see that young fellow Cavendish a great deal oftener in the house and about it than I care to see him: and I have had occasion to say the same thing before. I know nothing about his means," said Dr. Marjoribanks; "his property may be in the Funds, but I think it a great deal more likely that he speculates. I have worked hard for my money, and I don't mean it to go in that way, Lucilla. I repeat, I am not in the secret of your proceedings——'

"Dear papa! as if there was any secret," said Lucilla, fixing her candid eyes upon her father's face. "I might pretend I did not understand you if there was anything in what you say, but I never go upon false pretences when I can help it. I am very fond of Mr. Cavendish," she continued, regretfully, after a pause. "There is nobody in Carlingford that is so nice; but I don't see whom he can marry except Barbara Lake." Miss Marjoribanks would have scorned to conceal the unfeigned regret which filled her mind when she uttered these words. "I am dreadfully sorry, but I don't see anything that can be done for him," she said, and sighed once more. As for the Doctor, he forgot

all about his chestnuts, and sat and stared at her, thinking in his ignorance that it was a piece of acting, and not knowing whether to be angry or to yield to the amusement which began to rise in his breast.

"He may marry half-a-dozen Barbara Lakes," said Dr. Marjoribands, "and I don't see what reason we should have to interfere: so long as he doesn't want to marry you——"

"That would be impossible, papa," said Lucilla, with pensive gravity. "I am sure I am very, very sorry. She has a very nice voice, but a man can't marry a voice, you know; and if there was anything that I could do—— I am not sure that he ever wished for *that* either," Miss Marjoribanks added, with her usual candour. "It is odd, but for all that it is true." For it was a moment of emotion, and she could not help giving utterance to the surprise with which this consideration naturally filled her mind.

"What is odd, and what is true?" said Dr. Marjoribanks, growing more and more bewildered. But Lucilla only put aside her plate and got up from her chair.

"Not any more wine, thank you," she said. "I know you don't want me any more, and I have so much to do. I hope you will let me invite Barbara here when they are married, and pay her a little attention, for nobody likes her in Grange Lane, and it would be so hard upon *him*. The more I think of it, the more sorry I am," said Lucilla; "he deserved better than that, papa; but as for me, everybody knows what is my object in life."

Thus Miss Marjoribanks left the table, leaving her father in a singular state of satisfaction and surprise. He did not believe a word of what she had been saying, with that curious perversity common to the people who surrounded Lucilla, and which arose not so much from doubt of her veracity as from sheer excess of confidence in her powers. He thought she had foiled him in a masterly manner, and that she was only, as people say, amusing herself, and had no serious intentions; and he laughed quietly to himself when she left him, in the satisfaction of finding there was nothing in it. Miss Marjoribanks, for her part, went on tranquilly with the arrangements for the marriage; one by one she was disembarrassing herself from the complications which had grown round her during the first year of her reign in Carlingford; and now only the last links of the difficulty remained to be unrolled.

The explanation she had with Mr. Cavendish himself was in every way more interesting. It happened pretty late one evening, when Lucilla was returning with her maid from the widow's little cottage, which was so soon to be deserted. She was just at that moment thinking of the Westeria which had grown so nicely, and of all the trouble she had taken with the garden. Nobody could tell who might come into it now, after she had done so much for it; and Miss Marjoribanks could not but have a momentary sense that, on the whole, it was a little ungrateful on the part of Mrs. Mortimer, when everybody had taken such pains to make her comfortable. At this moment, indeed, Lucilla was slightly given to moralising, though with her usual wisdom she kept her meditations to herself. She was thinking with a momentary vexation of all the plants that had been put into the beds, and of so much time and trouble lost—when Mr. Cavendish came up to her. It was a cold evening, and there was nothing in common between this walk and the walk they had taken together from Grove Street to Grange Lane on an earlier occasion. But this time, so far from being reluctant to accompany her, Mr. Cavendish came to her side eagerly. The maid retired a little behind, and then the two found themselves in that most perfect of all positions

for mutual confidence—a street not too crowded and noisy, all shrouded in the darkness, and yet twinkling with the friendly lights of an autumn evening. Nothing could have been more perfect than their isolation from the surrounding world, if they thought proper to isolate themselves; and yet it was always there to be taken refuge in if the confidence should receive a check, or the mind of the chance companions change.

"I have been trying to catch a glimpse of you for a long time," said Mr. Cavendish, after they had talked a little in the ordinary way, as everybody was doing in Grange Lane, about the two people henceforward to be known in Carlingford as "the Beverleys." "But you are always so busy serving everybody. And I have a great deal to say to you that I don't know how to say."

"Then don't say it, please," said Lucilla. "It is a great deal better not. It might be funny, you know; but I am not disposed to be funny to-night. I am very glad about Mrs. Mortimer, to be sure, that she is to be settled so nicely, and that they are going to be married at last. But, after all, when one thinks of it, it is a little vexatious. Just when her house was all put to rights, and the garden looking so pretty, and the school promising so well," said Lucilla; and there was a certain aggrieved tone in her voice.

"And it is you who have done everything for her, as for all the rest of us," said Mr. Cavendish, though he could not help laughing a little; and then he paused, and his voice softened in the darkness by Lucilla's side. "Do not let us talk of Mrs. Mortimer," he said. "I sometimes have something just on my lips to say, and I do not know whether I dare say it. Miss Marjoribanks——"

And here he came to a pause. He was fluttered and frightened, which was what she, and not he, ought to have been. And at the bottom of his heart he did not wish to say it, which gave far more force to his hesitation than simply a doubt whether he might dare. Perhaps Lucilla's heart fluttered too, with a sense that the moment which once would not have been an unwelcome moment, had at last arrived. Her heart, it is true, was not *very* particularly engaged; but still she was sensible of all Mr. Cavendish's capacities, and was "very fond" of him, as she said; and her exertions on his behalf had produced their natural effect, and moved her affections a little. She made an involuntary pause for the hundredth part of a minute, and reckoned it all up again, and asked herself whether it were possible. There was something, in the first place, becoming and suitable in the idea that she, who was the only person who knew his secret, should take him and it together and make the best of them. And Lucilla had the consciousness that she could indeed make a great deal of Mr. Cavendish. Nobody had ever crossed her path of whom so much could be made; and as for any further danger of his real origin and position being found out and exposed to the world, Miss Marjoribanks was capable of smiling at that when the defence would be in her own hands. She might yet accept him, and have him elected member for Carlingford, and carry him triumphantly through all his difficulties. For a small part—nay, even for the half of a minute—Lucilla paused, and made a rapid review of the circumstances, and reconsidered her decision. Perhaps if Mr. Cavendish had been really in earnest, that which was only a vague possibility might have become, in another minute, a fact and real. It was about the first time that her heart had found anything to say in the matter; and the fact was that it actually fluttered in her reasonable bosom, and experienced a certain *malaise* which was

quite new to her. Was it possible that she could be in love with Mr. Cavendish? or was it merely the excitement of a final decision which made that unusual commotion far away down at the bottom of Lucilla's heart?

However that might be, Miss Marjoribanks triumphed over her momentary weakness. She saw the possibility, and at the same moment she saw that it could not be; and while Mr. Cavendish hesitated, she, who was always prompt and ready, made up her mind.

"I don't know what I have done in particular, either for her or the rest of you," she said, ignoring the other part of her companion's faltering address, "except to help to amuse you; but I am going to do something very serious, and I hope you will show you are grateful, as you say—though I don't know what you have to be grateful about—by paying great attention to me. Mr. Cavendish, I am going to give you good advice," said Lucilla; and, notwithstanding her courage, she too faltered a little, and felt that it was rather a serious piece of business that she had taken in hand.

"Advice?" Mr. Cavendish said, like an echo of her voice; but that was all he found time to say.

"We are such old friends, that I know you won't be vexed," said Lucilla; "and then we understand each other. It is so nice when two people understand each other; they can say quantities of things that strangers cannot say. Mr. Cavendish, you and Barbara are in love," said Lucilla, making a slight pause, and looking in his face.

"Miss Marjoribanks!" cried the assaulted man, in the extremity of his amazement and horror. As for Lucilla, she came a little closer to him, and shook her head in a maternal, semi-reproving way.

"Don't say you are not," said Miss Marjoribanks; "you never could deceive *me*—not in anything like that. I saw it almost as soon as you met. They are not rich, you know, but they are very nice. Mr. Lake and Rose," said Lucilla, with admirable prudence, keeping off the difficult subject of Barbara herself, "are the two very nicest people I know; and everybody says that Willie is dreadfully clever. I hope you will soon be married, and that you will be very happy," she continued, with an effort. It was a bold thing to say, and Lucilla's throat even contracted a little, as if to prevent the words from getting utterance; but then she was not a person, when she knew a thing was right, to hesitate about doing it; and in Miss Marjoribanks's mind duty went before all, as has already been on several occasions said.

After this a horrible silence fell upon the two—a silence which, like darkness, could be felt. The thunderbolt fell upon the victim's unprotected head without any warning. The idea that Lucilla would talk to him about Barbara Lake was the very last that could have entered Mr. Cavendish's mind. He was speechless with rage and mortification and despite. He took it for an insult inflicted upon him in cold blood, doing Lucilla as much injustice as the other people who took the candid expression of her sentiments for a piece of acting. He was a gentleman, notwithstanding his doubtful origin, and civilised down to his very finger-tips; but he would have liked to have knocked Miss Marjoribanks down, though she was a woman. And yet, as she was a woman, he dared not for his life make any demonstration of his fury. He walked along by her side down into the respectable solitude of Grange Lane, passing through a bright bit of George Street, and seeing askance, by the light from the shop windows, his adviser walking beside him, with the satisfaction of a good conscience in her face. This awful silence lasted until they reached Dr. Marjoribanks's door.

"Thank you for coming with me so far," said Lucilla, holding out

her hand. "I suppose I must not ask you to come in, though papa would be delighted to see you. I am afraid you are very angry with me," Miss Marjoribanks added, with a touch of pathos; "but you may be sure I would always stand by *you;* and I said it because I thought it was for the best."

"On the contrary, I am much obliged to you," said Mr. Cavendish, with quiet fury, "and deeply touched by the interest you take in my happiness. You may be sure I shall always be grateful for it; and for the offer of your support," said the ungrateful man, with the most truculent meaning. As for Miss Marjoribanks, she pressed quite kindly the hurried hand with which he touched hers, and went in, still saying, "Good-night." She had done her duty, whatever might come of it. He rushed home furious; but she went to a little worsted-work with a mind at peace with itself and all men. She was gentler than usual even to the maids, who always found Miss Marjoribanks a good mistress, and felt a little sad in the solitude of her genius. For it is true that to be wiser and more enlightened than one's neighbours is in most cases a weariness to the flesh. She had made a sacrifice, and nobody appreciated it. Instead of choosing a position which pleased her imagination, and suited her energies, and did not go against her heart, Lucilla, moved by the wisest discretion, had decided, not without regret, to give it up. She had sacrificed her own inclination, and a sphere in which her abilities would have had the fullest scope, to what she believed to be the general good; and instead of having the heroism acknowledged, she was misunderstood and rewarded with ingratitude. When Miss Marjoribanks found herself alone in the solitude of her drawing-room, and in the still greater solitude, as we have said, of her genius, she felt a little sad, as was natural. But at the same moment there came into Lucilla's mind a name, a humble name, which has been often pronounced in the pages of this history, and it gave her once more a certain consolation. A sympathetic presence seemed to diffuse itself about her in her loneliness. There are moments when the faith of a very humble individual may save a great soul from discouragement; and the consciousness of being believed in once more came with its sweetest and most salutary effect upon Lucilla's heart.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

It was the very day after the marriage, and two or three days after this conversation, that Mr. Cavendish left Carlingford. He went to spend the winter in Italy, which had long been "a dream" of his, as he explained to some of the young ladies —most of whom had the same "dream," without the enviable power of carrying it out. He made very brief and formal adieux to Lucilla, to the extreme amazement of all the surrounding world, and then disappeared, leaving—just at that moment after the excitement of the marriage was over, when Grange Lane stood most in need of somebody to rouse its drooping spirits—a wonderful blank behind him. Lucilla said much less about her feelings on this occasion than she was in the habit of doing, but there could be no doubt that she felt it, and felt it acutely. And the worst of it was, that it was she who was universally blamed for the sudden and unexplained departure of the most popular man in Carlingford. Some people thought he had gone away to escape from the necessity of proposing to her; and some of more friendly and charitable disposition believed with Mrs. Chiley, that Lucilla had refused

him; and some, who were mostly outsiders and of a humble class, were of opinion that Miss Marjoribanks had exercised all her influence to send Mr. Cavendish out of the way of Barbara Lake. It was with this impression that Rose made her way one of those foggy autumn mornings through the fallen leaves with which the garden was carpeted, to see if any explanation was to be got from Lucilla. The art-inspectors from Marlborough House had just paid their annual visit to Carlingford, and had found the Female School of Design in a condition which, as they said in their report, "warranted the warmest encomiums," and Rose had also won a prize for her veil in the exhibition at Kensington of ornamental art. These were triumphs which would have made the little artist overwhelmingly happy, if they had not been neutralised by other circumstances; but as it was, they only aggravated the difficulties of the position in which she found herself. She came to Lucilla in a bonnet—a circumstance which of itself was solemn and ominous, for generally that portentous article of dress, which was home-made, and did not consist with cheerful dispositions, was reserved by Rose for going to church; and her soft cheeks were pale, and the hazel eyes more dewy than usual, though it was rain, and not dew, that had been falling from them during those last painful days.

"I am ashamed to ask you such a question," said Rose; "but I want you to tell me, Lucilla, if you know why Mr. Cavendish has gone away. She will not come and ask you herself, or rather I would not let her come; for she is so passionate, one does not know what she might not do. You have behaved a little strange, Lucilla," said the straightforward Rose. "If he cared for her, and she cared for him, you had no right to come and take him away."

"My dear, I did not take him away," said Miss Marjoribanks. "I had to talk to him about some—business; that was all. It is disgraceful of Barbara to bother you about it, who are only a baby, and oughtn't to know anything."

"Lucilla!" cried Rose, with flashing eyes, "I am seventeen, and I will not put up with it any longer. It is all your fault. What right had you to come and drag us to your great parties? We are not as rich as you, nor as fine, but we have a rank of our own," cried the little artist. "You have a great deal more money, but we have some things that money cannot buy. You made Barbara come and sing, and put things into her head; and you made me come, though I did not want to. Why did you ask *us* to your parties, Lucilla? It is all your fault!"

Lucilla was in a subdued state of mind, as may have been perceived, and answered quite meekly. "I don't know why you should all turn against me like this," she said, more sadly than surprised. "It is unkind of you to say it was my fault. I did not expect it from you, when I have so many vexations," Miss Marjoribanks added. She sat down as she spoke, after being repulsed by Rose, with an air of depression which was quite unusual to her; for to be blamed and misunderstood on all sides was hard for one who was always working in the service of her fellow-creatures, and doing everything for the best.

As for Rose, her heart smote her on the instant. "Have *you* vexations, Lucilla?" she said, in her innocence. It was the first time such an idea had entered into her mind.

"I don't think I have anything else," said Lucilla; though even as she said it she began to recover her spirits. "I do all I can for my friends, and they are never pleased; and when anything goes wrong, it it always my fault."

"Perhaps if you were not to do so much——" Rose began to say,

for she was in her way a wise little woman; but her heart smote her again, and she restrained the truism, and then after a little pause she resumed her actual business. "I am ashamed to ask you, but do you know where Mr. Cavendish is, Lucilla?" said Rose. "She is breaking her heart because he has gone away."

"Did he never go to say goodbye nor anything?" asked Miss Marjoribanks. She was sorry, for it was quite the contrary of the advice she had given, but still it would be wrong to deny that Mr. Cavendish rose still higher in Lucilla's opinion when she heard it. "I don't know any more than everybody knows. He has gone to Italy, but he will come back, and I suppose she can wait," Miss Marjoribanks added, with perhaps a touch of contempt. "For my part, I don't think she will break her heart."

"It is because you do not know her," said Rose, with some indignation—for at seventeen a broken heart comes natural. "Oh, Lucilla, it is dreadful, and I don't know what to do!" cried the little artist, changing her tone. "I am a selfish wretch, but I cannot help it. It is as good as putting an end to my Career; and just after my design has been so successful—and when papa was so proud—and when I thought I might have been a help. It is dreadful to think of one's self when her heart is breaking; but I shall have to give up everything; and I—I can't help feeling it, Lucilla," cried Rose, with a sudden outburst of tears.

All this was sufficiently unintelligible to Miss Marjoribanks, who was not the least in anxiety about Barbara's breaking heart. "Tell me what is the matter, and perhaps we can do something," said Lucilla, forgetting how little her past exertions had been appreciated; and Rose, with equal inconsistency, dried her tears at the sound of Miss Marjoribanks's reassuring voice.

"I know I am a wretch to be thinking of myself," she said. "She cannot be expected to stay and sacrifice herself for us, after all she has suffered. She has made up her mind and advertised in the 'Times,' and nothing can change it now. She is going out for a governess, Lucilla."

"Going for a—what?" said Miss Marjoribanks, who could not believe her ears.

"For a governess," said Rose, calmly; for though she had been partly brought up at Mount Pleasant, she had not the elevated idea of an instructress of youth which might have been expected from a pupil of that establishment. "She has advertised in the 'Times,'" Rose added, with quiet despair, "with no objections to travel. I would do anything in the world for Barbara, but one can't help thinking of one's self sometimes, and there is an end of my Career." When she had said this she brushed the last tear off her eyelashes, and sat straight up, a little martyr and heroic victim to duty. "Her eye, though fixed on empty space, beamed keen with honour;" but still there was a certain desperation in the composure with which Rose regarded, after the first outburst, the abandonment of all her hopes.

"She is a selfish thing," said Lucilla, indignantly; "she always was a selfish thing. I should like to know what she can teach anybody? If I were you and your papa, I certainly would not let her go away. I don't see any reason in the world why you should give in to her and let her stop your—your Career, you know—why should you? I would not give in to her for one moment, if I were your papa and you."

"Why should I?" said Rose; "because there is nobody else to do anything, Lucilla. Fleda and Dreda are such two little things; and there are all the boys to think of, and poor papa. It is of no use asking why. If I don't do it, there will be nobody to do it," said Rose, with big tears coming to her eyes:

Her Career was dear to her heart, and those two tears welled up from the depths; but then there would be nobody else to do it—a consideration which continually filters out the people who are good for anything out of the muddy current of the ordinary world.

"And your pretty drawings, and the veil, and the School of Design!" cried Lucilla. "You dear little Rose, don't cry. It never can be permitted, you know. She cannot teach anything, and nobody will have her. She is a selfish thing, though she is your sister; and if I were your papa and you——"

"It would be no good," said Rose. "She will go, whatever anybody may say. *She* does not care," said the little martyr, and the two big tears fell, making two big round blotches upon the strings of that bonnet which Lucilla had difficulty in keeping her hands off. But when she had thus expressed her feelings, Rose relented over her sister. "She has suffered so much here; how can any one ask her to sacrifice herself to us?" said the young artist, mournfully. "And I am quite happy," said Rose, "quite happy; it makes all the difference. It is her *heart*, you know, Lucilla; and it is only my Career."

And this time the tears were dashed away by an indignant little hand. Barbara's heart, if she had such an organ, had never in its existence cost such bitter drops. But as for Lucilla, what could she do? She could only repeat, "If I was your papa and you," with a melancholy sense that she was here balked and could do no more. For even the aid of Miss Marjoribanks was as nothing against dead selfishness and folly, the two most invincible forces in the world. Instead of taking the business into her own hands, and carrying it through triumphantly as she had hitherto been in the habit of doing, Lucilla could only minister to the sufferer, and keep up her courage, and mourn over the Career thus put in danger. Barbara's advertisement was in the newspapers, and her foolish mind was made up; and the hope that nobody would have her was a forlorn hope, for somebody always does have the incapable people, as Miss Marjoribanks was well aware. And the contralto had been of some use in Grange Lane and a little in Grove Street, and it would be difficult, either in the one sphere or the other, to find any one to fill her place. It was thus amid universal demolition that Christmas approached, and Miss Marjoribanks ended the first portion of her eventful career.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

One fytte of Lucilla's history is here ended, and another is to be told. We have recorded her beginning in all the fulness of youthful confidence and undaunted trust in her own resources; and have done our best to show that in the course of organising society Miss Marjoribanks, like all other benefactors of their kind, had many sacrifices to make, and had to undergo the mortification of finding out that many of her most able efforts turned to other people's profit and went directly against herself. She began the second period of her career with, to some certain extent, that sense of failure which is inevitable to every high intelligence after a little intercourse with the world. She had succeeded in a great many things, but yet she had not succeeded in all; and she had found out that the most powerful exertions in behalf of friends not only fail to procure their gratitude, but sometimes convert them into enemies, and do actual harm; which is a discovery which can only be made by those who devote them-

selves, as Miss Marjoribanks had done, to the good of the human species. She had done everything for the best, and yet it had not always turned out for the best; and even the people who had been most ready to appeal to her for assistance in their need, had proved the readiest to accuse her when something disagreeable happened, and to say, "It was your fault." In the second stage of her progress Miss Marjoribanks found herself, with a great responsibility upon her shoulders, with nearly the entire social organisation of Carlingford depending upon her; and at the same time, with her means of providing for the wants of her subjects sensibly diminished, and her confidence in the resources of the future impaired to an equal degree. One thing was sure, that she had taken the work upon her shoulders, and that she was not the woman to draw back, whatever the difficulties might be. She did not bate a jot of her courage, though the early buoyancy of hope had departed, never to return. It is true that she was not so joyful and triumphant a figure as when she conquered Nancy, and won over Dr. Marjoribanks, and electrified Mr. Holden by choosing curtains which suited her complexion; but with her diminished hopes and increased experience and unabated courage, no doubt Miss Marjoribanks presented a still nobler and more imposing aspect to everybody who had an eye for moral grandeur, though it would be difficult to tell how many of such worthy spectators existed in Grange Lane.

There was, as our readers are aware, another subject also on which Lucilla had found her position altered. It was quite true that, had she been thinking of *that*, she never need have come home at all; and that, in accepting new furniture for the drawing-room, she had to a certain extent pledged herself not to marry immediately, but to stay at home, and be a comfort for her dear papa. This is so delicate a question that it is difficult to treat it with the freedom necessary for a full development of a not unusual state of mind. Most people are capable of falling in love only once or twice, or at the most a very few times, in their life; and disappointed and heartbroken suitors are not so commonly to be met with as perhaps could be wished. But at the same time, there can be little doubt that the chief way in which society is supposed to signify its approval and admiration and enthusiasm for a lady, is by making dozens of proposals to her, as may be ascertained from all the best-informed sources. When a woman is a great beauty, or is very brilliant and graceful, or even is only agreeable and amusing, the ordinary idea is, that the floating-men of society, in number less or more according to the lady's merits, propose to her, though she may not perhaps accept any of them. In proportion as her qualities rise towards the sublime, these victims are supposed to increase; and perhaps, to tell the truth, no woman feels herself set at her true value until some poor man, or set of men, have put, as people say, their happiness into her hands. It is, as we have said, a delicate subject to discuss; for the truth is, that this well-known and thoroughly established reward of female excellence had not fallen to Miss Marjoribanks's lot There was Tom, to be sure, but Tom did not count. And as for the other men who had been presented to Lucilla as eligible candidates for her regard, none of them had given her this proof of their admiration. The year had passed away and society had laid no tribute of this description upon Lucilla's shrine. The Archdeacon had married Mrs. Mortimer instead, and Mr. Cavendish had been led away by Barbara Lake! After such an experience nothing but the inherent sweetness and wholesome tone of Miss Marjoribanks's character could have kept her from that

cynicism and disbelief in humanity which is so often the result of knowledge of the world. As for Lucilla, she smiled as she thought of it, not cynically, but with a sweetly melancholy smile. What she said to herself was, Poor men! they had had the two ways set before them, and they had not chosen the best. It made her sad to have this proof of the imperfection of human nature thus thrust upon her, but it did not turn her sweet into bitter, as might have been the case with a more ordinary mind. Notwithstanding that this universal reward, which in other cases is, as everybody knows, given so indiscriminately, and with such liberality, had altogether failed in her case, Lucilla still resumed her way with a beautiful constancy, and went forward in the face of fate undaunted and with a smile.

It was thus that she began the second period of her career. Up to this moment there had never been a time in which it was not said in Carlingford that some one was paying attention to Miss Marjoribanks; but at present no one was paying attention to her. There were other marriages going on around her, and other preliminaries of marriage, but nobody had proposed to Lucilla. Affairs were in this state when she took up her yoke again boldly, and set out anew upon her way. It was a proof of magnanimity and philanthropy which nobody could have asked from her, if Lucilla had not been actuated by higher motives than those that sway the common crowd. Without any assistance but that of her own genius —without the stimulating applause of admirers, such as women in such circumstances has a right to calculate upon—with no sympathising soul to fall back upon, and nothing but a dull level of ordinary people before her,—Miss Marjoribanks, undaunted, put on her harness and resumed her course. The difficulties she had met only made her more friendly, more tender, to those who were weaker than herself, and whom evil fortune had disabled in the way. When Barbara Lake got her situation, and went out for a governess, and Rose's fears were realised, and she had with bitter tears to relinquish her Career, Lucilla went and sat whole afternoons with the little artist, and gave her the handiest assistance, and taught her a great many things which she never could have learned at the School of Design. And the effect of this self-abnegation was, that Lucilla bore General Travers's decision, and gave up all hope of the officers, with a stout-heartedness which nobody could have looked for, and did not hesitate to face her position boldly, and to erect her standard, and to begin her new campaign, unaided and unappreciated as she was. People who know no better may go away upon marriage-tours, or they may fly off to foreign travel, or go out as governesses, when all things do not go just as they wish. But as for Miss Marjoribanks, she stood bravely at her post, and scorned to flinch or run away. It was thus that was commenced, amid mists of discouragement, and in an entire absence of all that was calculated to stimulate and exhilarate, the second grand period, which was destined to conclude under very different circumstances, of Lucilla's life.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD UPON MEN AND WOMEN, AND OTHER THINGS IN GENERAL.

PART XVIII.

A NEW BENEFIT SOCIETY.

We are eminently a provident people. The virtue belongs to us as a race, and is impressed upon us by the vicissitudes of our climate. In fact, our lives are essentially devoted to preparing against certain casualties; or which, when it is impossible to avert them, we endeavour to render as little damaging as may be.

If any proof of the fact were needed, we have it in the enormous number of our assurance companies, which, in the variety of object, would seem to embrace almost every contingency that can befall a man or his property. We insure against malady in all shapes, against water and against fire, against the effects of climate and collisions on the rail. No sooner, indeed, has any new form of calamity presented itself in these islands, than straightway up starts a company ready, and on most tempting terms, to assure you against its consequences, and actually invest misfortune with the interest of a game on which you have taken the long odds.

Of all these associations, none please me so much as what they call Benefit Societies, whose members, by a small periodical payment, secure to themselves a certain weekly allowance when, either by the accidents of ill-health or the vicissitudes of trade, they are out of employment.

It is not the mere help in times of pressure that I admire, however essential that may be. What I like in these fraternities is the peculiar training they disseminate, the habit of prudent forethought, the spirit of cautious forbearance, in times of prosperity, in the consciousness that the road of life has its dark days as well as its bright ones, and that, however favourably Fortune may fill our sails to-day, we may yet have to beat, and tack, and lie-to, and struggle against head-winds and rough seas, braving storm and hurricane, and well content to gain our port at last with split sail and shattered cordage.

I like this spirit, I say; and I am certain it is an admirable moral training.

There is also another view well worth regarding. These small weekly payments in "hard times" are just enough to elevate a man out of the pressure, and, what is fully as bad, the indignity of poverty. The tradesman is not driven, as without them he might be, to labour of an inferior order, and labour which might very possibly unfit him for the future exercise of his own calling. The man has not to suffer in that tenderest of all points, his self-esteem; he is not to experience any sense of degradation because trade is dull and workshops are closed.

It is with a close reference to each and all of these conditions that I have been thinking what an admirable thing it would be to apply these Benefit Societies to the world of Politics, and enable those men, who of all others gain the most precarious of all livelihoods, to secure the means of existence, when, by a change of Government, or a reconstruction of party, they are thrown upon the world helpless and unprovided for.

Take an Under-Secretary in the House, for instance, generally a young man of promise and good abilities. He may have left the ranks of the bar, diplomacy, litera-

ture or some other career, dazzled —not at all unreasonably—by the rank, the dignity, and the emoluments of office, to stand up in his place and defend something in the Colonies or the Board of Trade. To talk ethnologically of a savage race in the tropics, or philosophise commercially of some naked populations who have taken to printed calicoes, is a great bribe to a young and ardent mind, new to quarter-day, and fresh from the debating society; and it would not be fair to expect that a noble enthusiasm like this could strain itself to look beyond the horizon of office, and see the dark and dreary hemisphere where Opposition sits, cold, chilled, and comfortless.

Of course, these generous youths never dream of a time when the great party will be "out." They can no more imagine the nation without them, than they can speculate on the appearance our earth would present the day after being scorched up by the comet.

Older, sager heads think of these things—I believe they seldom think of anything else—but they think of them calmly and moderately. Their long experience has taught them not to trust too far the many-headed monster called Parliament. They know that divisions are ticklish things, and that even whippers-in are occasionally mistaken. They feel, in short, that he who treads public life in a Parliamentary country, walks on the very thinnest of ice, and not only risks a fall, but a ducking. But above all this they know that, whether they sit right or left of the Speaker's chair, they are great people in the nation's eye, and that the prestige of having governed the country is a distinction never to be effaced.

The younger men of office have none of these sustaining reflections. They borrow all their lustre from their place; and when the evil day of an adverse division arrives, they are the most helpless and pitiable of all creatures.

As Under-Secretaries, they are cognate numbers in the arithmetic of party. They get up their little statistics, and they come down to the House with a despatch-box, and they slam the doors at Whitehall in the face of the small clerks, and they accord audiences just like their chiefs. They assume the official face, the *facies Hippocratica* of office—the little smile of unbelief, or the cold stare of astonishment. In a word, they are as like the real thing as nickel is to Hallmarked silver.

Very dreadful is it for men like these to come down to the obscurities of private life, where there is neither official stationery nor Queen's messenger, and, worse than these, no quarter-day. Very sad is it to descend to a station which can neither assume special means of knowledge, nor decline to give certain documents to the House. These things are not pleasant, for I verily believe that dogs in office are actually vain of their collars.

In the late cotton crisis in this country, it was painfully proved that to subject men habituated to skilled labour—to the sort of employment which required nicety of touch and lightness of hand—to the coarse work of the daily labourer, was to unfit them materially, if not completely, for all their former occupations; so that by the self-same calamity that broke down the moral man, was the physical man reduced to a condition of social inferiority. Apply this reasoning to the case before us, and ask yourselves, What is to become of a class which, the moment their subsistence is withdrawn, are totally unfitted for every known occupation or employment?

It would be very painful to contemplate Lord Clarence Paget or Mr. Layard picking even a figurative oakum, or breaking imaginary stones on the highroad.

The dignity of official life requires that public functionaries should not, in the hour of adversity, be driven to those occupa-

tions which should injure that delicacy of touch so essential to the men of office. We ought to take care that, in the language of Manchester, "the Hands" do not deterioriate.

I forbear to lay stress upon the grander independence, the higher tone of political dignity, that would result from the consciousness that Place was not an actual necessity of existence. I think I hear the conscious pride of the man who says, "Sir, my vote to-day may very possibly displease those with whom it has been the pride and honour of my political life to serve. I may, it is more than likely, by the opinions I have submitted to the House, incur the blame of men whom I regard with equal veneration and affection. Nay, more, sir; it may happen that, by the independent course I have adopted in this measure, I may have unfitted myself for that confidential intercourse with my colleagues, so essential to the unity and strength of all government. If so, sir, I can only say that I retire into the obscurity of private life, with," &c. &c. &c. I almost fancy I hear the cheers that drown the concluding words, and make the peroration—as all perorations ought to be—inaudible.

What an alleviation to the evil day of a "turn-out" would be the certainty of falling back on one's twelve or fifteen shillings a-week! I speak figuratively, for I am comparing them with the mechanics. What a resource, I say, would it be in the dark hour of Opposition to know that a man need not go back to his legation or his penny-a-lining, become a no-paid secretary or an ill-paid scribe, and that when the doors of Downing Street closed against him, those of the Benefit Society opened!

What a zeal would it impart, too, to the society to keep their own partisans in office, instead of having them as pensioners on the company! What an admirable agency for party might grow out of the institution! Why, the very share-list would be the barometer of national opinion; and one could see at a glance whether Whigs were "dull" or Tories "lively."

Last of all, if we had institutions like these, Gladstone could tax them; and I know of nothing so thoroughly English as to create an industry and then tax it. This is what we call "extending the area of our commercial relations," and it is always mentioned in a Queen's Speech.

It is needless to say that, were societies like these in operation, it would be no longer necessary, on the going out of an Administration, to make those indecent appointments to permanent office we occasionally witness—grinding down under-secretaries into commissioners, and converting supernumerary clerks into consuls. "Go to your society," would say the First Lord, "and let us fervently hope you may not long be a burden on their resources."

IN RETIREMENT.

When I had got back over the Alps after that brief glance of London life and manners of which I ventured a passing word in these pages, my first care was to seek out some quiet spot—a tranquil corner—wherein I might meditate over all I had so lately seen and heard, and what was fully as important to me, bring my mind back to those routine ways of thought which constitute, at the same time, the labour and the happiness of my life. For, let me confess it to you, dear reader, you are far more the complement of my existence than I ever was, or could hope to be, of yours. I owe to you, and the share of attention and interest you bestow upon me, not alone the energy

and the wish to please you, but an unceasing desire so to employ my faculties that I may keep the place in your esteem you have vouchsafed me, and as I grow in years grow more worthy of your favour.

It was to talk to you that I first suggested these O'Dowderies—to have an opportunity of saying, without any thought as to the manner, or any study as to the expression, something about the scores of things which are every day turning up amongst us—to talk to you in all the freedom of intimacy, and to try if I could not infuse into our intercourse that genial sentiment that comes of a trustful freedom on one side, and a most generous and indulgent good-nature on the other.

In a word, I desired to be as much at my ease with you as though you had been sitting with me under the vine-woven trellis where I write these lines, and, amid the puffs of your cuban, nodding me a kindly assent to something I have told you.

Almost every man who has seen much of life has something to say about it, which if not positively new or original, yet may not have been said in his way or with his words. As the flavour of the cask imparts its quality to the liquor, so will the individuality tinge opinion. Now, I never assumed to have seen or heard more than my neighbours; all I pretended was, that what I had seen or heard I have done with my own eyes and ears; and what I related of these experiences I had told in my own way—a very wayward and discursive way at times, but never a forced, never an assumed way. To make a clean breast of it, good reader, I began these sketches of life and manners pretty much as some drawing-room musician is persuaded by his friends to go on the stage, assured that the soft cadences that charmed the polite circle of his acquaintance will find favour with the public. So have I been talking for twenty-odd years the sort of thing you have lately been gracious enough to read; and it was only t'other day a friend remarked to me, "It is your best wares, Cornelius, you have never brought to market. Your letters are worth a score of your books. Try if you couldn't write that anecdote just as you have told it to me." Ah, that is the real difficulty. The pleasant freedom of the voice, the happy union of cadence and gesture, the spontaneity that comes of self-reliance as one feels his success,—where are these in presence of your ink-bottle and your foolscap? No, there's no doing the thing in that fashion; all the ingenious contrivances that ever were invented never imparted to the corked-up flask of Vichy or Carlsbad the invigorating freshness of the waters as they bubbled and sparkled from the fountain; and though I try to make my liquor like Allsop's ale—strong enough to bear a voyage—I feel how I injure the flavour of my tap by the adulteration.

Very full of these considerations, very eager to carry them into practice, if I could but find the way, I set about thinking of where I should settle down as a meet spot to recover the lost balance of my mind, swung out of its equilibrium by London flatteries and fish-dinners, and call myself back from the glories of polished banter and whitebait to the peaceful pleasures of my own thoughts.

I knew of such a place, one of those lonely nooks, a cleft between the mountains, widening as you enter into a bay, watered by the blue sea, and sheltered by foliage of every shape and colour, from the oak to the olive. One of those places which, seen at sunrise, golden and pink streaked, in the hot blaze of noon, or in the stillness of a starry night, with the sea a-glitter with golden glories, you cannot say to what peculiar aspect you attach the highest sense of beauty;

such a blending is there of softness and sublimity, so grand and yet so homely, for it is eminently a place to live in—to dream in—to float along existence as one skims the still sea, waveless, almost windless, deliciously tranquil on all sides.

Hither I came, with such resolutions too! What was I not to do? I apportioned out my whole day, from my first morning swim, ere the sea grew hot and fiery, to my last row at night, when the land-breeze came through the orange groves. I was to work too, if that be the name for the sort of thing I do; that irresponsible excursion over the notes of the human piano that never rises to the dignity of a melody, and stops short at a chord, or dies away in a cadence. I was, however, to work, in so far as jotting down my fancies might mean work. I was to muster out the ragged army of my recollections, and brigade them with the new levies of my late experiences, and "march past" with what pomp I might.

It has been a sort of lifelong delusion with me, that some time or other I was to chance upon a certain spot so lovely, so beautiful, so satisfying in all the requirements of scenery and tranquillity, so full of natural beauty, and so removed from all intrusive boredom, that I was to do I know not what wonderful things, not merely better than what I had yet done, but far and away above what any one suspected me capable of; for, of course, I could not have been before the world thirty years without the fervent conviction that I was only half understood, half appreciated.

Yes, said I, I will heat both boilers, and get full steam up, and the world shall see at last the speed that is in me. I have never yet tried "the measured mile" under fair circumstances; either the weather has been unfavorable, my craft out of trim, or my bearings have been heated, which may mean my temper ruffled.

At last, however, is the time come for me to assert myself, and with this assurance down I went to my little bay. I know not how it may be with other people, but to myself there is a wonderful charm in beginning anything. There is a smack of youthfulness about the idea of a fair start that is wonderfully captivating. I enjoy my soup at dinner with not merely the relish due to its own flavour, but with a foretaste of joys to come. I glory in the first burst and the first fence in a hunting-field. The first squall that sends my boat gunwale under, gives me a thrill of mingled ecstasy and fear, more exquisitely exciting than a whole day's experiences of escape and peril. The mere fact of beginning, therefore, sent its sense of enjoyment through me, though not fully certain upon what topic I was about to amuse or instruct humanity.

Subjects have been cropping up since I lost wrote. I was not, of course, going to touch the Negro nor Schleswig-Holstein. President Johnson and Count Bismarck were both safe. As little was I disposed to treat of the French Emperor. These are the stock pieces of the world's drama—every one has seen them to satiety. Politics had fallen asleep; and the only speaker was that irrepressible bore Mr. Roebuck, who is tolerable on the one sole condition that he makes himself ridiculous.

There were, however, some themes on which one might compose variations. There was Mr. Moens and the Brigands, to whom I could not help applying Churchill's lines—

> "Inhuman monsters! was it not a shame
> To hurt a man so harmless and so tame?"

for in all my human experiences, I never forgathered with a less agressive or more peaceful mortal. There was then the Grand Anglo-Gallic Fraternisation — that affectionate meeting of two friends to show each

other their duelling-pistols, as the surest and safest guarantee of mutual respect and forbearance.

When Robert Macaire and his father-in-law each discover that the other can cheat as well as himself, they lay down the cards and embrace, saying, *Nous sommes frères.* This is the essence and spirit of our French fraternisation. Now, I have no objection to the league, if it only be rightly understood. I avow frankly and openly that there could be no such disaster to humanity as a war between England and France. All I ask is, let the peace stand on the ground that it really rests on—mutual convenience and advantage. Let there be no pretence of that love that does not exist, and that esteem of which there is not even a shadow.

In the overwhelming self-conceit and self-esteem of his nature, John Bull fancies he must be liked if he be but known, and so sure is he of reciprocity that he gives his friendship as he gave free-trade, fully assured he would get as good as he gave; and it is only when pinched by a restrictive tariff that he begins to perceive that the foreigner had another and different measure than *his.* In the very spirit of this free-trade policy, John offered his friendship duty-free, and France responded by politeness. Now, friendship and politeness are not the same, but they represent exactly what we give to France and get back in return.

Don't imagine the French like you—don't lay the flattery to your hearts that they understand, or, if they understood, would care for, the really good qualities you possess. The things they give you credit for are your not very graceful imitations of themselves, and for these they will ridicule you at the first moment of a national coldness, or at the first show of a national estrangement. They laugh at you; and if they ceased to laugh at you, they would lose one great stronghold of their comic drama, and be reduced to the *mari infortuné* as the sole absurdity of human nature.

They laugh at you because you emblematise so much that they like to ridicule, and you point the moral of what they glory to make absurd. They laugh at you, besides, because you are the very converse of all that is French, and in your cookery, your dress, your social habits, and your politeness, you offer a standing protest against that Parisian standard which all the rest of Europe recognise as the pyramid of civilisation. I know newspaper writers will tell you that these are the coarse and vulgar prejudices of a past age, that they are no more akin to modern notions than Hogarth's picture of the Calais Gate. I have read wonderful leading articles on the cordial good understanding that subsists between the two countries, and I have gone down to a foreign club to hear more covert sneers at English credulity on the subject of these very articles than were at all either pleasant or assuring.

Let us not quarrel by all means, but let us not hug. I see scores of reasons for not going to war with France. I see double as many for not running into close embrace with her. It is not alone that you must mix intimately with Frenchmen to know their feeling towards England, but you must live on terms of easy relationship with the other nations of Europe, with whose people Frenchmen discuss Englishmen and their habits. You must hear what they say of England in Russia, in Austria, in Italy; how they criticise our institutions and question our pretensions to third parties—what they say of the scandals of our private life, given so publicly as they are in our newspapers—what they remark on the insufficiency of our means to effect a mere tenth of what we presume to dictate—what they observe on the disparity between our wealth and our power—how they harp on the crimes so flauntingly ventilated

by the press, and the hypocritical labours of a legislation on the subject of Sunday refreshment or Sunday recreation, so that infanticide may flourish while the tea-garden is put down.

Launch a Frenchman out on such themes as these, and then tell me what value you attach to all this *entente cordiale* of which we are so vainglorious. Remember that this Frenchman's civilisation is not your civilisation—his ideas of literature and art are the reverse of yours—his political hopes, fears, and ambitions are opposed to yours as is black to white. He aspires to changes and modifications and alliances you neither want nor wish for; and you must either consent to follow France into a policy which is not your policy, or to rupture this eternal friendship by some refusal which, like that of Lord Russell about the Congress, will lead to an estrangement only short of a separation. These hollow friendships, like rotten artillery, always explode at the most inconvenient moment; and so sure as we swear to such a bond with France, you will see an increased activity in our dockyards, and read of more trials at Shoeburyness and more plate-hammering at Millwall.

But why have I heated my blood while the thermometer points to 93° in the shade with all this tirade about Frenchmen? Do I not know that John Bull likes to be deceived, and that there is no deception he so greedily devours as the notion that foreigners like him? I'm sure I hope they do! I can only say, if it be so, that the duplicity of the Continent exceeds all that I have ever believed of human nature.

No more of politics; now for peace, sea-breezes, orange-blossoms, and grape-clusters. And really there is in the hot basking noon of Italy, while the ear rings with the cicala, and the very atmosphere glitters, a something of intense enjoyment, as though it were a world made for pure delight, for all that can steep the senses in rich enjoyment, and draw over the mind a dreamy rapture, the seventh heaven of ecstatic fancy.

Who wants to do more than live in such a climate? Who needs books, newspapers, visitors, or occupations? Who asks for more than the tempered light of the half-darkened room, the faint odour of the lemon-groves, the liquid ripple of the tideless sea, or perhaps the faint tinkle of the guitar, from the awning-covered boat that steals noiselessly under the cliff?

I take no shame to myself that I cannot work beneath such a sun, and I resign myself to a voluptuous indolence, as though obeying an ordinance of nature. I reflect, however, a great deal, but I do so always with my eyes closed, and a pillow under my head, and with such a semblance of perfect repose that calumnious people have said I was asleep.

These hours of reflection occupy a large share of the forenoon, and a considerable portion of the time between an early dinner and sunset. They are periods of great enjoyment; they once upon a time were even more so, when an opinion prevailed in my household that it would be little short of sacrilege to disturb me, such being the creative hours of my active intelligence. The faith, I grieve to say, has long since changed for a less reverent version of my labours, and people are less scrupulous about interruption.

Long habit, however, stands my part, and I can, however, aroused, return to my broken reflections at any moment, and follow out their course as pleasantly—ay, and to the full as profitably—as before.

I lay in one of these intellectual swoons, after a long swim, with a faint sea-breeze stealing gently into the room through the closed jalousies. There was a nice odour of jasmine and verbena in the room, and a low murmuring ripple be-

neath the window, all of which served to soothe and calm me, making what might have been the labour of thought a mere dream-ramble of the mind. I lay I know not how long in this state, when a stunning thud seemed to shake the air, and made the very room vibrate. I started up, and suddenly a deep boom of a gun swelled out, another and another followed, and on they rolled in measured time, till I counted seventeen. I flung wide my jalousies, and there, across the entrance of my little bay, there stood five mighty three-deckers, all canvass set, and standing proudly in, with their royals almost touching the clouds. From one which had just saluted the smoke hung lazily along the side. It was a grand and noble sight, not the less touching as a voice behind me cried out—"Here comes the English fleet!"

Now it is a very different thing to see a three-decker at Spithead, and to see her swinging round to her anchor in a foreign bay—to mark her tall spars rising above the surrounding shipping, and her glorious "Jack" floating out proudly to the breeze. It is not merely a splendid ship that you look at—it is not only her graceful lines, her taper spars, her majesty, and her strength, you admire—you feel it is something of England herself—a fragment of the great country is before you—that in that floating fortress England is represented; that English hearts and English blood animate that mass; giving it a special character distinctive from all around it; that it is by such as these, covering every sea and resting in every roadstead, we are known as a people to the whole world; and that, by the voice of *their* thunders, we are able to demand reparation for wrong, and respect for our name throughout the globe. I own to you, even at the cost of that interruption to reflection of which I have spoken, I felt very proud to see these majestic ships—followed soon after by three others—anchor in my bay.

Three of the monsters were ironclads, and in their lower masts, and, to my eyes, misshapen prows, very inferior in beauty to their wooden neighbours, one of which was perhaps the handsomest frigate in the world. They made, however, a glorious spectacle; and as I gazed at them I felt myself humming unconsciously 'Rule Britannia,' and recalling that marvellous picture of Stanfield's of Trafalgar at four in the afternoon.

Scarcely had they anchored than their launches were seen—black, brown, and white—with snowy awnings, sweeping with measured stroke towards shore. I hastened down to the little jetty eager to see the great brawny fellows, with their clear blue eyes and Saxon faces, so resolute-looking and so ready, and all so unlike the swarthy sailor of the south, with his treacherous black eye and his hand stealthily seeking for his knife; and there they were, in gigs and fast cutters and launches and dingies, as coolly undergoing the stare of the multitude as if the prying faces that peered at them were as lifeless as they were dirty. I suspect there must be something provocative to foreigners in that careless sort of independent air your English sailor assumes as he steps on a foreign shore—a something that seems to say, So long as you are quiet and civil, and only cheat me, I'll not do you any harm; but if you show your teeth, or bristle up, then heaven help you. The lazy lounge of the blue-jacket, changed in a twinkling for the activity of the tiger, is so very distinctive amidst a prowling, skulking, grimy set of lazy rascals, hitching their ragged coats over their idle shoulders, and scowling unmistakable hatred at the clean-clad, well-fed tars.

It was a long time since I had seen a veritable midshipman, a creature of four feet three, with a nice soft blue eye, and a mouth of

gentle meaning curved into a command shape, and made stern by singing out, "Bow there, fenders!"

There is something very picturesque in that blending of early boyhood with the officer. The little fellow who would be the companion of his younger sisters sitting up tiller in hand, and shouting out, Give way, men! with a voice vibrating with power. I speak only here of the small-craft middy, the aspiring urchin who wants to waltz with the largest partner in the room, and affects to take more rum in his grog than the lieutenant; for there are other midshipmen so very near to the wardroom in size, gait, and demeanour, that you only know they are not of it by some stripe the less on a sleeve or a cuff.

The small middy, however, is a great type. I have one in my eye that amused me and interested me much; we called him Cupid, from his incessant pursuit of the sex in ballroom and picnics; he was the rival of the most pretentious men in the room, and not always the unsuccessful one. He was a fine little fellow, who brought the hardihood of a "cutting-out" to a tour of the polka, and went at the Lancers as if he were boarding a Frenchman. The dash and daring had its effect, for pretty girls liked to dance with him; and in the triumphant air with which he would walk off with the *belle* of the room, you saw the germ of that audacity that would one day grace a gazette.

Bonne chance, Cupidon! I hope you have many as happy days and nights before you as I have lately seen you enjoying so heartily.

It is, to be sure, a very racy delight on land that the sailor feels. On shore he goes at its pleasures with such a will! Nor is there anything more remarkable than his trustful sense that the landsman, knowing how little he sees of *terra firma*, will generously concede to him scores of immunities he would never yield to one of his own order: a great secret of sailor success is this heartfelt confidence in the good feeling towards him. Look at that young lieutenant yonder who has so interested his pretty partner. Is he talking love to her? Has he got her into the land of moonlight and Shelley? Is it softness and seductive nonsense he is whispering into her ear? Not a bit of it; he's telling her how heartbroken he is; that old Bracehard, who never comes ashore, and doesn't care for blue eyes or white shoulders, wont take his middle watch; or how that cruel commander Startem is going to stop his leave for the rest of the cruise, for heaven knows what inscrutable omission in things naval.

"You think our gunnery lieutenant, Fuze, such a nice fellow, so soft-spoken and so gentle—I wish you saw him on board, that's all!" Oh, what stores of wardroom sorrows does he pour into her ears—the capricious favouritism of the captain, the protective kindness of the first lieutenant for some middy with a pretty sister. It is doubtless a strange way to make love, but there are so many portals to the female heart, who knows which is the direct one? Othello himself won his bride by tales of professional success, and it is just possible that a Queen's Counsel would prefer his suit by a Fi Fa, or a Nisi Prius.

At all events these sailors have their success; women like them for their indiscretions, they are so certain to compromise themselves; they open a courtship with the Lancers, and are sure to propose with the polka; and though nothing can be less serious in consequences than these advances, I believe women like them. "I sent him off, of course," can be said so triumphantly, with such a blended pride and pity, too, as to be positively becoming. The energy of the sailor to squeeze the last drop out of his land enjoyments is remarkable, an extra half-day ashore being well worth a month's cruelties

and restrictions when he goes to sea again.

Very little does it trouble that fair ringletted coquette as she says, "You are not going yet; remember I promised you the galop," that her Circe syllables are to cost the poor fellow nights of rain on the deck and scorching days of boat duty—that to swell the train of her rejected suitors in the cotillion, the victim will have hours in his little cell of a cabin with a marine at the door.

After all, however unphilosophic it may seem, this same living for the hour is not a bad training for a life that must ever be made up of emergencies. The sea-life is all spasmodic. The whistle that sends men aloft to reef topsails, the drum that beats to quarters, the hoarse summons to take in sail, are such abrupt calls on human activity, that to reply promptly to them a man's nature must be strung up to a condition of everlasting readiness; and it is in alternate apathy and energy the sailor lives. No man like him, arouses himself from sleep without a trace of slumber about him; no man, like him, meets an emergency so calmly, and knows so soon when the peril has passed off; and these conflicts with himself—for they are conflicts—impart to his manner a blended indolence and activity, dashed throughout with self-confidence, which is totally unlike anything we see on land.

I am not surprised to find few Irishmen in the navy. The severity of discipline must ever appear to the Celt the very acme of despotic cruelty. To carry out, besides, through one's whole life, the regulated deference to one's superior, and to feel that your captain in society is as much your master as your captain on the quarterdeck, is a hard trial—to feel you are never to get rid of the Navy List, but, Sinbad-like, go about the world with a First Lord on your back—ah! me! these be sore inflictions; and when I saw Cupid, even Cupid, timorous about engaging the partner that the first lieutenant had cast his eyes on, I own I felt happy that fate had given me mother earth for the scene of my labours, and only left the sea for so much of life as might be comprised in a sail or a swim, my lunch with the captain, or my glass of sherry in the wardroom.

If I do not desire to be a sailor, I like sailors greatly—I like their loyalty—I like their love of country—I like their honest belief in the superiority of England over France, Russia, Germany, and everywhere else. I like their especial pride in their own ship, be she wood or iron, and their heartfelt conviction that she can steam, sail, and steer better than anything afloat. I recognize in all these the compensations for scores of real hardships—for the hurricanes that split topsails and carry away studdingsail-booms—for snow-storms in the Baltic and white squalls in the Mediterranean—for, in one word, more of actual peril, and more of the active qualities that are called forth to meet peril, than a landsman knows in the whole length and breadth of his existence; since there is not a middy sent on shore of a dirty morning in Noveniber to fetch the post or despatch a telegram that does not stand face to face with more downright danger—danger demanding a steady hand, a ready eye, a bold heart, and a firm will to confront—than your "lay lord," or your "under secretary," in his carpeted room at Whitehall, ever experiences during the whole dull coil of his red-tape-existence. If last, not least, I like the sailor's hospitality—so frank, so genial, so hearty as it is. Like him as much as you will on shore, he is fifty times a better fellow when you see him on board; and, strange as it may seem to you, innumerable nothings that occurred in his land experiences—little trifling civilities, too small to be called attentions—will all be treasured up by him and recalled as things to be grateful for,

and this great bronzed dark-whiskered fellow, with a voice like a brass trumpet, will show a nature soft, I was going to say, as a girl's—heaven help me to a better simile, for no girl above ten years of age ever had one-half his real tenderness.

A sailor's politics are very amusing. Not forming his opinions day by day, and imbibing his impressions on events by the channels of social intercourse, he has to read himself up by three months of the 'Times,' and come to his judgment on events through a most laborious effort of memory. That occasional confusions occur, that now and then slight mystifications embarrass him, is neither wonderful nor unreasonable; not to say that his great personal interest in all administrations points to that most inscrutable thing, the Admiralty, of whose cruelty he can talk with eloquence, and of whose gross ignorance he discourses with a hearty enthusiasm.

When a great legal authority—a Chief-Justice, I believe—once at a Bar dinner responded to the toast of "the Navy" on the plea that he had begun life as a midshipman, Lord Brougham, who had not heard of his colleague's antecedents, attributed his zeal to a mistake, and said he must have thought he was returning thanks for the "Bar," and that navy was spelt with a "K."

Now there is one similarity in the two careers—in each the men grow less genial as they go upwards. The stuff gown is glorious, the Queen's Counsel is delightful, the Solicitor-General is pleasant, but the Judge is an austere bore.

So with blue-jackets: the lieutenant is a fine fellow; not less so the commander; the captain is charming too, though less frank and less outspoken; but your admiral is a sort of human rhinoceros, terrible and thick-skinned, insensible, inscrutable, and insupportable.

I have one glorious exception in my mind, however, and in memory of him I am ready to recant, and would expunge what I have written if I knew another like him. But he comes so nigh the end of the alphabet, how should he have a follower?

I must now cast anchor. In another cruise I may say something of admirals male and female. The Mrs. Proudys of the sea service ought to have a chapter to themselves, and they shall.

I want to part pleasantly from all those generous fellows with whom I have lived of late so happily. I drink to them all health and prosperity, be they iron or wood. They can have no successes, no advancements, no bigger swabs on their shoulders, nor broader lace on their caps, than I wish and hope for them.

P. S.—I have found that my sea-friends are dissatisfied with me for a judgment I once passed on naval whist. They arraign me for its fairness. I now apologise publicly, and own I was wrong.

I have lately played largely with blue-jackets, and am free to declare that I met several who remembered what was the trump, and only two who revoked, and *they* belonged to the same ship. Delicacy forbids me to say her name, but it is gratifying to think she will soon be paid off, and out of commission.

THE COMING MEN.

I am naturally disposed to be hopeful. I have inherited—it was nearly all that came to me in that guise—a sanguine temperament; and it is very rarely that I fail to detect in the inkiest and blackest of skies a patch of blue, even though it be only sufficient to make a coatee for a Prussian policeman.

Simply as a matter of social economy, it is not a bad line to take. The world is stocked with its pro-

phets of evil; there is a positive glut of gloomy fellows. Take any society of twenty people—of course I mean Britons—and you will unquestionably find fifteen, if not more, on the side of our great inferiority to the French, the decline of our literature, the decay of our coal-fields, the decrease of our influence, and a score more of suchlike enlivening reflections.

There is a vast number of people who have not the vestige of dramatic ability, but who can "get up" the part of Macaulay's New Zealander, sit on London Bridge, and speculate as they view the ruins of St. Paul's. The groaners fill the market, and the real opening is for the fellow who sees or fancies he sees that England is not going either to be knouted by the Scythian or whipped by the Yankee—that our ships are not coated with puddled iron, but with a cuirass that will send off French shot like hail upon ice—that we drive a very lively trade in penknives and cotton-prints—and on the whole, if we do not insist on keeping too large fires, and will occasionally burn a little slack, our great-grandchildren may still have enough coal left to warm their tea-kettles.

Let me caution you, however, if you be disposed to adopt this as a career, not to run riot in the seemingly inexhaustible riches of your store. Have—or appear to have—a reason for your hopefulness. It need not be a good reason, nor even a plausible one. Heaven be thanked for it, the world is not very logical; so that when, with a confident look and tone, a man says "Therefore," he has sent conviction in front of him, like a courier to order fresh horses. "Voilà la raison que votre fille est muette," says Sganarelle, the great master of logic and rhetoric too. And are we not stocked with Sganarelles in our public life? Look at the Church, the Bar, Medicine—not to speak of Parliament, where they "congregate."

Every Englishman imagines he can argue, just as he believes he can drive a gig; and for this reason he is flattered by being addressed as an argumentative creature. He likes the 'Times' mainly because that journal always appears to appeal to his sound good sense, never belabours him with traditionary balderdash, or bedazzles him with showy subtleties, but bluntly says, "John, is this the sort of thing will suit *you?* You are neither Frenchman nor Russian: do you imagine that *you*, nourished by beef, invigorated by beer, and elevated by the income-tax, will stand this, that, and t'other?"

'Tis a very humdrum sort of song this; but so is the national melody of "Bob and Joan;" and yet that graceful air preserves its place in the popular heart, emblematising at once the attractions of domestic life and our execrable taste in music. Again, then, do I repeat, be hopeful. Very few things are as bad as they seem; and even a bottle of Gladstone at fourteen shillings the dozen is not always fatal.

You will probably tell me it is a strange time to preach hopefulness with cholera in the air, Fenianism and the cattle-rot in the kingdom, not to speak of the French alliance, which I regard as the worst danger of the four, and yet am I still hopeful.

There is not on record, perhaps, a more touching picture of the peculiar character of the hopefulness I would inculcate than that story of the German prince who told his ragged retinue to be of good cheer, for he had just sown flax, and they should all have shirts.

Such is the spirit of my sanguine humour. If I have not sown flax, I have gone over the list of the new members elected for Parliament, and I have risen from the investigation with a glow of hopefulness I have not felt for years. Nor was this a merely emotional sentiment,

too subtle for reason, or too impulsive for reliance. No; it was a well-matured and well-considered trustfulness, based on fact. I have gone carefully over them—I will not say how often—and on each fresh occasion have I said to myself, Courage, Cornelius, there is hope for us yet. With a very few exceptions—not half-a-dozen at most—there is not a man amongst them one has ever heard of before. Heaven be praised, thought I, here are no celebrities, no men of genius, no distinguished lights of science, literature, or the arts, and, blessed be the augury, not a senior wrangler in the whole of them! The grand issue will at length come on for trial. Here have we the converse of all that we have of late run wild upon—the system of examination for office. Here are these men; competitors, no doubt, they were, but in what? Not in Colenso's Arithmetic, Grotius, and Ollendorf, but in all the clever arts and sly rogueries of an election contest—in all the moods that make men amenable to bribery, and insinuate principles by the aid of five-pound notes. Here are fellows trained to the dialectics of the committee-room, not very great proficients, probably, in history, logic, or international law, but with an instinctive appreciation of the corruptibility of that immaculate creature, the British voter, and with a wide and varied knowledge of what may be called the working forces of our great constitution.

When a convict-ship used to arrive at Melbourne in the old days, bankers were ever on the look-out for the runaway cashiers, the forgers, the defaulting stockbrokers, and fraudulent attorneys. They knew well that out of such as these confidential clerks are made. Now so am I full of confidence that in these crafty men, coming into the House neither for the display of great eloquence, a wide acquaintance with foreign questions, nor minds stored with home information, we shall find great stuff for railroad committees, wonderful materials for investigating the law of bankruptcy, tenant-right, and questions of "drainage." If there will be some of those men so much reprobated by Lord Stanley, fluent of speech and copious in words, I feel certain that the majority, and a large majority too, will be as stammering in utterance and as bungling in expression as the noble Lord could desire, and will afford, in the incoherency of their statements and the general confusion of their ideas, all those guarantees for good sound sense on which his Lordship lays such deserved stress.

These *novi homines* come into public life rather triumphantly, it must be confessed. To make way for some of them we have displaced some tried and able statesmen, some admirable business men, and some brilliant speakers. Would it be too invidious to ask how many of them are worth Seymour Fitzgerald? What number of them collectively could sum up his knowledge of Continental questions, and his rare acquaintance with the men as well as the measures of foreign cabinets?

Can any one promise us, from the mass of the incoming, as witty and as ready a talker as Bernal Osborne, whose politics, however I disapprove, cannot arrest my gratitude to him for the relief he has so often afforded to the dulness of debate, and for the flashes he has thrown through the Cimmerian darkness of a speech and a motion by Sir Charles Wood?

I will not proceed further. I might go to Ireland, it is true, but, as Mrs. Malaprop says, "comparisons are odorous;" and, after all, one lawyer is so very like another that it is not of much moment by which the borough is illustrated.

Now, when a grave, thoughtful, economical people like the English calmly throw out tried and efficient men, and take into their places

certain new and unknown ones, there must be a reason for it. Perhaps they think statesmen, like old hunters, ought to have now and then their "run"—their year or so in the straw-yard of idleness. Possibly they deem the soil of the mind will not stand continual cropping, but should have its fallow time to recruit and reinvigorate. Perhaps they may have been bitten by the popular mania for acclimatisation, and endeavouring to accustom new species to the troubled waters of political life; and if so, some Frank Buckland of politics will give us daily bulletins of these new molluscs of statecraft, telling us what they feed on, and how they propagate, for surely our orators are as interesting to us as our oysters. One of the most invigorating things I know in the House is, that entering it is very like learning to skate. The whole seems simple and easy enough, and it is only after a man has got his one or two stunning croppers that he calms down into caution, and interferes with nobody any more. That these young gentlemen who are now preparing for the ice have such calamities before them is not improbable. Nevertheless, I say to them, "Be of good cheer. Cornelius O'Dowd will be as a humane society to you; in the day of your disaster he will fish you out of the frozen water, and bring you back to the dreary thing you were when you fell in."

For my own part, I am glad of whatever promises novelty, just as I would feel grateful to the English playwright who would give us a drama we had not already witnessed in Paris. There may not be Disraelis and Gladstones, and Bulwer Lyttons, and Brights amongst the new men, but there might be a Horsman or two, and there will be scores of Roebucks, and not impossibly some Darby Griffiths.

One fish often pays for the whole draught; and so let us wait and see what the net will bring in. I repeat that I am hopeful just in proportion to the smallness of the promise. Had there been a rush of "double firsts" to the hustings, I'd have withdrawn my subscription to the 'Times,' and read nothing parliamentary for a twelvemonth.

I own frankly that my hopefulness is like Mark Tapley's—it comes out strong under difficulties; for I have read some of the election addresses of these men, and they were as dreary as those of old and tried politicians. Like the Vicar of Wakefield's visitors, they were glad, and they were sorry; on the whole, however, they rejoiced by two millions and a quarter, such being the surplus revenue of the year.

Last of all, I am hopeful because the lamps that have hitherto guided us will still be with us; and whether the new men will flare into brightness, flicker, or be snuffed out, we shall still have enough of light to see our way, and grope for a new Premier.

HOW OUR VILLAGE BECAME A CAPITAL AND NEVER KNEW IT.

I live in a "small neighbourhood," that is to say, I live in a circle so very limited that each of us knows perfectly every circumstance of the other—his means, his tastes, his joys, troubles, and creditors. Were I, for instance, to try to palm off on this intelligent public any pleasing fiction about my having come to this remote spot to devote myself to that great historical work I am composing on Scandinavia, and of which I have already sold the French translation for twenty thousand pounds; or were I to attempt to ventilate the notion that Mrs. O'Dowd and I are miserable at the forced separation

we live in; that I am in daily pursuit of a beautiful house with beautiful grounds, a beautiful view, and beautiful gardens for her—devoted as she is to the beautiful in all things;—there is nothing of either sex, over twelve years of age, would not laugh me to scorn. I repeat, that we all live with such accurate information about each other, that disguise or concealment would be the most miserable of all failures; and this same openness is more effectual in the suppression of many little affectations and snobberies than a *régime* of the most perfect good taste and good manners. We have public opinion in its most condensed form, like those patent essences, a spoonful of which is equal to a pint of the ordinary decoction; and I defy the most refractory spirit amongst us to brave its judgments or make light of its decrees.

I could no more dare to give sixpence more for the turbot in the market than my neighbour has offered, than I could make love to the wife of his bosom; for I know that the fishmonger must come down to his price, and it would be perfidy in me to enhance it.

In the same way I could no more pretend to suggest that our whist-point should be twenty centimes instead of ten, than I could assume to augment the income-tax. The man who would venture on such innovations would be hooted!

If there be some tyranny in this, as perhaps there is, it is not also without its advantage. It is a deathblow to all pretension, and to that worst form of pretension which consists in feigning. We have none of this.

The dietary of a workhouse is not more uniform than the entertainments we give each other. My leg of mutton is not a shade fatter, nor an ounce heavier, than my friend Simmons's next door; and I'll take good care that *his* chickens are not plumper than *mine*.

If I appear in a new coat a little earlier than my neighbours have come out in their fresh apparel, I am strictly careful to explain the circumstance, or attribute it to some disaster to my old one.

I have known public feeling even extend to the number of letters despatched or received by one amongst us, necessitating the precaution of having a portion of the correspondence addressed to a neighbouring village.

If I chafed a little at first at all this, I have learned to like it at last. In exchange for the pressure that I submit to, what a widespread freedom have I! If I be somewhat limited in my dealings with my own affairs, what a grand liberty I enjoy with those of my neighbour! I should like to see how he would dare to give his daughter in marriage, to buy a new chimney-pot, or set up a wheelbarrow, without my cognisance and my approval.

With occasional little creaks and jars, our bearings, as the steam-engineers say, do get heated now and then; but I repeat, with just occasional frictions, the system works well—we have fraternity and equality, and perhaps as much liberty as is good for us. None of us ever travel, or if by any chance we do, we are espetially minded to leave our foreign impressions with our contraband cigars at the frontier, and to re-enter our Happy Valley as simple-hearted, as bigoted, and as uninstructed as we quitted it.

If, however, we acquire little, we unlearn nothing, and time finds us only changed in aspect or activity—the soul is the same.

Strangers seldom come amongst us, and if they do, they soon take their leave. It is possible they find us dull—all exclusive societies are open to this reproach, and the Faubourg in Paris has long been deemed dreary by the "outsiders." Perhaps, too, we require for our due appreciation a closer view, a calmer inspection, a more careful examination than mere passers-through

could afford us. There are certain pictures before which the connoisseur might be satisfied to sit long and patiently, waiting mayhap for the happy gleam of light here, or the half tint there, not impossibly aiding by a wet sponge the secret wealth of rich colouring to develop itself, and show what depth and power can come out of seeming blackness.

So say I of us. It is the eye of observant knowledge can alone see how beautifully "composed" we are—how much of "effect" we possess—how correctly drawn, how delicately coloured.

I remember the time when I used to regret that the world knew so little of us. I thought—Heaven forgive me for it—that it would throw an interest over our daily lives, if we felt that we pointed a moral or adorned a tale. I fancied that a graceful pen, something like his who sketched the Brunnens of Nassau, could find in us a most congenial theme. With our glorious landscape, our sweet climate, our rich vegetation, and our little old-world ways of courtesy, kindness, and curiosity, our lively impulse to puff ourselves and pry into our neighbours—a really fair and intelligent mind, I believed, would see no littleness in the character of our tastes and pursuits. Things are only little or big relatively. Not to say that it is not in a lone sequestered nook, with mountains behind and the sea before, that a man would come to inquire what was the last move of Bismarck—would France show her teeth about M. Ott, or would she seek, in a concession, a new alliance?—would the Pope accept the situation, cross his arms on his breast, and play martyr, when the French retired? or would he enlist another Irish contingent, and flourish a shillelagh in the face of Victor Emmanuel? or would the Irish priests, making capital of their condemnation of Fenianism, ask for the destruction of the Church as the price of their loyalty? I say, that to discuss these and their like, or to learn the last guesses that shrewd men made on them, few would repair to our neighbourhood. Our local interests are supreme to us. There is not one of us who would not rather find out how Mrs. Regges got that new bonnet with the fall of real lace—"Valenciennes, my dear"—than know how Prussia jockeyed Austria out of Holstein; and for myself, I'd give a crown to learn where Grub got his ranunculus roots, and I'd not give a centime to know whether Prince Amadée will marry the Spanish Infanta, or where the Prince of Augustenburg Sonderburg is to go when the order comes to pass him on to his parish.

Being such as I have said, it may be imagined what an amount of excitement was created in our circle by the announcement that a Duchess—Arch or Grand, I'm not sure which, nor whether she were Russian or Austrian—had been advised by her physician to try the mildest air of Europe. State reasons prevented her choosing a capital, for great people have to be diplomatic as well as dyspeptic; and her Imperial Highness had to seek out a spot whence she could hear and not be heard—see, and not be seen—meanwhile enjoying fresh air and healthful exercise,—two luxuries very seldom within the reach of Highnesses, imperial or royal.

Though there were only two villas in the neighbourhood which could accommodate her, we had at least two thousand disputes as to which she had taken; and I have, at the hour I write, a very angry correspondence with an ex-major of marines, in defence of my reasons for believing it was the Sindaco's house and not Count Nerte's her Highness had engaged, he having pledged his word that he was at the post-office when Baron Katchachinkoff observed to Count Scratchedredagen—I forget what. I only know that the Duchess has taken both

villas, and we have had all our bitterness for nothing. The next speculation that engaged us was, what line of conduct was to be adopted with regard to her Highness? Were we to call and leave our names? were we to ask to be presented, or were we to "wait to be asked" I have a cut with my oldest friend in the colony on this, and I don't think we shall ever speak to each other again. The discussion was precisely one that excites the most lively animosities and stirs up feelings the most acutely irritating, since it involves not alone your good taste and sense of propriety, but your breeding, your manners, your habits of life, the people with whom you have lived, and the society which you frequented. Here, again, a little patience might have stood us in stead, for her Highness's doctor informed us yesterday that she would know none of us—she came for quiet. It was because there was no "society" (*sic*), that she had selected the spot. The ambassador had given her the assurance that there was not one person in the whole vicinity could have any pretension to intrude upon her. Hence had she come; "but," added the medico, "she is very benevolent, and you will find she will not leave the place without giving you reason to remember her generosity."

This closed the subject, and the most courageous amongst us has never reopened it.

For a while we tried to console ourselves by a little scandal. We endeavoured to show each other why her Imperial Highness could not cultivate us—that there were dreadful stories of her about. Shocking things had happened at Carlsbad, or Ems, or Sachbyl. I heard Regges declare that he would take Mrs. R.'s arm, and lead her out of the room if the Duchess were to enter it! This moral turn was a beneficial alterative after our late repulse, and we pursued it for at least three weeks; and, like the gentleman in 'Tristram Shandy, who passed days in speculating on what he should do if he were to meet a white bear, we spent hours in imagining what line of conduct we should adopt if any unfortunate accident should bring us face to face with her Highness. The steady stare—the defiant look—the glance at once condemnatory and haughty we were to bestow on her, became so popularly practised amongst us that we met each other on the parade with a frown, and only relaxed our sternness as we discovered our mistake.

I am certain she must have felt painfully all our severity. Rank and station are very fine things, but they cannot obliterate flesh and blood; and I assure you, I often pitied that woman as I saw her strolling along the sea-shore, drawing lines with her parasol in the sand, or sitting gazing on a form—trying—trying to interest herself in objects that could not possibly supply a thought.

Our speculations were destined to have occupation nearer home! It was on a Wednesday—I am not likely to forget the day—it was our fish day, since on Monday the fishermen are sleeping off Sunday's drunkenness, and Tuesday is their first day at sea, hence Wednesday is the first market. I went out early that morning, and met Major Hogg coming back, his face angry-looking and flushed. "You needn't go to the Piazza, O'Dowd," cried he, "if you can't eat a skate or a dog-fish; that 'woman' has bought up the whole market."

"It was a small take, perhaps," remarked I.

"It was no such thing, sir. There were six splendid turbot, two creels of lobsters, and a basket of the best soles I have seen this year."

"What can she want with all these?—is she forbidden butcher-meat?"

"You'll find she is not, sir. She has left nothing there but a shin of beef and a kid. I wish any man good digestion that tries either of

them; and as for vegetables, what do you think they asked me for six artichokes — small artichokes — not one of them the size of my closed fist?—a franc, sir, a franc! I give you my word of honour. I'll bring you to the place. I'll show you the old hag. If I don't live to make an example of her, don't call me Hogg!"

"But we shall have a famine if this goes on," cried I.

"It is a famine, sir. It is a famine at this very hour. It matters litt'e to me whether the commodity fail altogether, or cost a price that makes it unattainable by me. If that woman likes to give four francs a-dozen for fresh eggs, when, I ask, are you or I likely to eat one?"

"And where are all these fine maxims we read of, about supply being always commensurate with demand?"

"In the lying volumes they were written in, sir. Supply takes care never to overstock the market. When prices rise they never decline again. To ape that woman yonder, even in the cost of her marketing, there are always snobs ready and willing. There are people will tell you proudly how their cook outbid her Highness's, and carried off the asparagus, and relate with a flush of triumph that the spring chickens before you were only saved from imperial voracity by a stratagem."

From that day and that hour date our calamities. The woman—I revel in the word—it is the only vengeance left us—has regularly eaten us up. What her household consists of—how many tigers and boa-constrictors in human shape, she may keep—I have no idea. How their appetites suffer no abatement, no decrease—how they never fall ill, I cannot conceive; neither do I know how they devour whole beds of asparagus and bushels of strawberries. As to butter, I believe they must anoint themselves with it!

Nor is it merely in matters of food they have exhausted us. But they have hired every carriage in the place, everything with four wheels or with two has been taken—every horse and every ass. So too, seaward, all is in their hands, and there is not a boat nor a boatman to be had. I know of nothing like this. I never heard anything to compare with it, except a pestilence or a visitation of locusts.

A few of us are vegetarians, and have taken to roots. A neighbour of mine is getting a second wheel to his wheelbarrow, and means to take his airings with the aid of his gardener; and I myself am contemplating a plank and a pair of paddles to serve me in lieu of a yacht; but all these devices will not save us from the graver danger that impends over us.

The minister of finance having heard, it is said, of our sudden prosperity,—how house-rent had quadrupled, and butcher-meat risen to fabulous prices; that eggs are selling at the price of pearls, and chickens bring what peacocks once sold for,—the minister, I say, has been pleased to recommend our being enrolled in the category of cities, and promoted to the rank of municipal taxation.

Was there ever a swindle like it? On the faith of its cheapness I settled here. I contracted with myself to submit to scores of things I had no mind for, simply because my pound here rose to thirty shillings. I put up with ill-paved and ill-lighted streets, second-hand furniture, and third-rate society. I braved dirt, dulness, and indecency. I booked myself to encounter shocks to every principle and every prejudice that I possess, all for economy. And now *this* has been withdrawn from me, and I am left without even a fraction of compensation for all my sacrifices!

To be sure, I am told I live in a capital; but *cui bono* the capital whose only development is dearness? *Cui bono* the capital which has not a resource beyond a village? *Cui bono* a capital where

one grand or arch-duchess can eat up the market, drink all the milk, and ride all the horses?

Sir John Bowring's white elephant is nothing to her; for I observe, in the same town with that austere monster there was food enough for five other megathers, who, being grey, received coarser rations, though still very abundant ones; but in our village the one white elephant has made a clean sweep of everything. Nor is the least aggravating feature of the whole this, that the population who are letting their houses at the rates of Paris, and selling their chickens at the prices of Covent Garden—making fortunes on every hand, by every species of extortion and iniquity—that these people, I say, run about saying that they are ruined, that the minister is going to add a decime to the tax on balloons, and that before long no private gentleman will be able to keep his own diving-bell! You don't know anything of how we are ground down by our heavy imposts. O generation of bad arithmeticians! how will a nine per cent. tax measure with a three hundred per cent. house-rent? I now and then feel rather downhearted about all this; but I pluck up my courage as I think, after all, the evil may cure itself. Perhaps the Archduchess might take ill; perhaps she might take her departure. Perhaps the French Emperor, hearing of our prosperity—it can scarcely be kept long a secret—may feel vexed, and order us once more to become a village. I can only say, if he should, I will recant all I have ever said of him, and be as good an Imperialist as if I had the robbery of the share-market or the concession of the last new line of railroad projected by M. Mirès.

MEMOIRS OF THE CONFEDERATE WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE, BY HEROS VON BORCKE, CHIEF OF STAFF TO GENERAL J. E. B. STUART.

PART III.

THE AUTUMN CAMPAIGN IN MARYLAND.

(*From the 5th September to the recrossing of the Potomac after the Battle of Sharpsburg or Antietam.*)

General Lee had now decided not to attack the enemy in their strong fortifications around Alexandria, but boldly to carry the war into the enemy's territory, or at least into the fertile plains of Maryland. Many advantages, it was hoped, might be secured by this policy. For a considerable period he would be able there to subsist his army, relieved from the necessity of protecting his lines of communication for supplies. The confident belief was also entertained that our army would be increased by 20,000 to 25,000 recruits, who were supposed to be only awaiting the opportunity of taking up arms against the Federal Government. Being so reinforced, our commander-in-chief doubted not that he might easily strike a blow against Baltimore, or even Washington, or transfer the theatre of military operations across the border into the rich agricultural region of Pennsylvania.

On the morning of the 5th September there was again presented throughout the Confederate camps a scene of bustling activity. Every regiment was preparing for the march, officers were riding to and fro, and the long artillery-trains were moving off along the turnpike, their rumbling noise combining with the rattle of the drums and the roll of the bugles to wake

the echoes for miles around. Our direction was *northward*, and as we rode onward towards the little town of Leesburg, inspirited by this fact, our horses exhibiting new life from yesterday's repose, many a youthful hero looked forward to his triumphant entry into the Federal capital, or to a joyous reception at the hands of the fair women of Baltimore, whose irrepressible sympathies had been always with the South.

After a march of several hours the column reached Leesburg, and the streets of the village were at once so compactly filled with troops, artillery, and waggon-trains, that General Stuart determined to make a detour with his cavalry, which had been halted about a mile distant, in preference to proceeding through the place. It was necessary, however, for the General to repair for latest instructions to the headquarters of General Lee in the town, and in this ride he was accompanied by his staff.

Leesburg, the county seat of Loudoun, is a town or village of about 4000 inhabitants, some four miles from the Potomac river, and, as might be readily supposed from its proximity to the border, was alternately in the possession of the Yankees and the Confederates, having undergone a change of masters several times during the war. General Lee's headquarters were set up in the commodious dwelling of a prominent citizen. Jackson and Longstreet had both already arrived there, and our great commander was soon engaged in a council of war with his lieutenants.

While this conference was going on, I went across the street, with several other members of the staff, to partake of an early dinner at the hospitable invitation of an old gentleman who lived directly opposite headquarters. Our venerable host had some time before been paralysed, and now spent the greater part of every day in a cane chair of immense proportions, in which he received us. This chair—which so much exceeded in size any other similar article of furniture I had ever seen, as to resemble rather a summer-house or a cottage—came, through the chances of war, to a violent comico-tragical end. Some months after our visit, during one of the numerous fights that took place around Leesburg, our excellent old friend was seated in his favourite *fauteuil*, patiently awaiting the result of the conflict, when suddenly a shell crashed through the ceiling of the apartment, and bursting immediately under the chair of cane, tore it to atoms. The attendants, after recovering from their fright, looked around for the mangled remains of its late occupant. Strange to relate, the old gentleman had sustained not the slightest injury, and could complain of nothing beyond the somewhat rude manner in which he had been tossed upon the floor.

About two o'clock in the afternoon we received orders to move on, and after a dusty and a very much impeded march of two hours, winding through infantry columns, and compelled frequently to halt, we reached the Potomac at White's Ford, where the cavalry were to cross.

The banks of this noble river, which is of great width at this point, rise to the height of about sixty feet above the bed of the stream, and are overshadowed by gigantic trees of primeval growth, the trunks and branches of which are enwrapped with luxuriant vines, that, after reaching the very top, fall in graceful streamers and festoons to the ground, thus presenting intricacies of tender verdure rarely seen in the forests of Europe. At White's Ford the Potomac is divided into two streams by a sandy strip of island in the middle. This island is half a mile in length, and offered us a momentary resting-place half-way in our passage of the river.

It was, indeed, a magnificent sight as the long column of many

thousand horsemen stretched itself across this beautiful Potomac. The evening sun slanted upon its clear placid waters, and burnished them with gold, while the arms of the soldiers glittered and blazed in its radiance. There were few moments, perhaps, from the beginning to the close of the war, of excitement more intense, of exhilaration more delightful, than when we ascended the opposite bank to the familiar but now strangely thrilling music of "Maryland, my Maryland." As I gained the dry ground, I little thought that in a short time I should recross the river into Virginia, under circumstances far different and far less inspiring.

The passage of the Potomac by the cavalry column occupied about two hours, and was attended with some difficulty to our artillery, as the water in many places rose quite up to the middle of the horses' bodies. Having safely accomplished it, we continued our march towards the little town of Poolesville.

The inhabitants of Maryland whom we met along the road, with some exceptions, did not greet us quite so cordially as we had expected, this portion of the state being less devoted than others to the Confederate cause. It was different, however, at Poolesville. We reached this place about nightfall, with FitzLee's brigade; but just before entering it, our advanced guard had a brisk little engagement with a squadron of Federal cavalry stationed there, which they dispersed by a sudden attack, killing and wounding several, and capturing thirty prisoners, with an equal number of horses. We remained in Poolesvllle about an hour, and in this brief space the enthusiasm of the citizens rose to fever heat. The wildest and absurdest questions were eagerly asked by the honest burghers concerning the strength of our armies, our intended movements, &c. &c. A number of young men became so much excited that they immediately mounted their horses and insisted upon joining our ranks. Two young merchants of the village, suddenly resolving to enlist in the cavalry, announced the peremptory sale of their extensive stock of groceries upon the spot for Confederate money. Our soldiers cleared out both establishments, during the hour, to the last pin.

Soldiers on such occasions are like children. They buy everything, and embarrass themselves with numberless articles which very soon afterwards are thrown away as useless. I myself could not resist the temptation of purchasing a box of cigars, a parcel of white crushed sugar, some lemons, and a pocket-knife, in the possession of which treasures I felt as happy as a king.

We bivouacked for the night about two miles from Poolesville, where we were fortunate enough to get an abundant supply of clover, hay, and Indian-corn for our horses.

The following day we pushed on to the village of Urbana. On our march thither we saw, on the top of an isolated mountain of considerable height (known as the "Sugar Loaf," and well entitled by its shape to that name), a Yankee signal-station, where a company in charge were making signals to some of their colleagues at a distance with great rapidity. A small detachment was immediately sent after these industrious fellows, and speedily returned, bringing with them several officers and men, and an entire apparatus of beautiful instruments.

We entered Urbana about noon. Around this place the cavalry had orders to encamp. My own instructions from General Stuart were to establish his headquarters, and afterwards to seek him at the headquarters of Jackson, who had bivouacked near the town of Frederick, eight miles farther on, having crossed the Potomac at fords higher up than the point of our passage,

and by a forced march outstripped us by this distance

Urbana is a pretty village of neat white houses, situated half-way between Poolesville and Frederick, in the midst of a smiling and prosperous country. The simple arrangements for our headquarters were quickly made, a few tents were pitched in the garden of a modest dwelling in the very centre of the village, the horses were picketed around, and in a few minutes the smoke rising from a dozen or more camp fires gave pleasing assurance that the negroes were busy with their kettles in the occupation of all others most suited to their genius and temper — the preparation of dinner. Unfortunately I could not wait to profit by the gratifying results of their culinary talent, and before my comrades of the staff had commenced their meal I was trotting along the broad turnpike towards Frederick.

This town, which has a population of about 15,000, occupies a charming site in one of the most fertile valleys of Maryland, and is approached from Poolesville by a road lined on either side by rich estates, whose mansions are built round with the accustomed green verandahs of the South. At the point where the road sweeps suddenly down from a higher elevation to the vale of the Monocacy the view is really grand. Well-tilled fields stretch away for miles to purple ranges of mountains in the far distance; in the middle of the plain lies the city with its domes and steeples, and in the intermediate space flows the brawling, limpid stream of the Monocacy, spanned by lofty bridges and the noble viaduct of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway. Frederick was a depot of supplies for the Federal army during the war, and in a strategetical point of view was a place of considerable importance.

Jackson's corps had taken the town completely by surprise, so that a portion of the troops stationed there had been captured, besides two hospitals containing several hundred wounded men, and immense stores of medicines, provisions, and equipments. As General Stuart, always uncertain in his movements, was not at Jackson's headquarters, and was supposed to have gone into the town, I determined to ride there myself in the hope of finding him.

As I entered the good old city of Frederick, I found it in a tremendous state of excitement. The Unionists living there had their houses closely shut up and barred, but the far greater number of the citizens, being favourably disposed to the Confederate cause, had thrown wide open their doors and windows, and welcomed our troops with the liveliest enthusiasm. Flags were floating from the houses, and garlands of flowers were hung across the streets. Everywhere a dense multitude was moving up and down, singing and shouting in a delirium of joy and patriotic emotion, which, in many cases, had been partly superinduced by an abundant flow of strong liquors.

Every officer who wore a plume in his hat was immediately taken for Jackson or Stuart: all averments to the contrary, all remonstrances with the crowd, were utterly useless. The public would have it their own way. So it happened that I was very soon followed by a wild mob of people, of all ages, from the old greybeard down to the smallest boy, all insisting that I was Jackson, and venting their admiration in loud cheers and huzzas. Ladies rushed out of their houses with bouquets. In vain did I declare that I was not Jackson. This disclaimer, they said, was prompted by the well-known modesty of the great hero, and afforded them the surest means of recognising him. The complication grew worse and worse every minute. To escape these annoying ovations I dismounted at last at a hotel, but here I was little better off. It was like

jumping into the mill-pond to get out of the rain. The proprietor of the establishment being a German, many of Germania's sons were there assembled, immersed in beer and smoking like so many furnaces. I am quite sure that the most of them were very decided Yankee sympathisers, but as a grey uniform was right among them and many others were not far off, they talked the hottest secession, and nearly floored me with their questions. One who had seen Jackson's columns on the march, affirmed they numbered not a man less than 300,000. Another was only in doubt as to the day and hour when we should victoriously enter Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York. All were sure that 30,000 Marylanders were ready to follow in the next few days our invincible army, a large proportion of whom were at that moment in Frederick, waiting only for arms, &c. &c.

I was exceedingly glad to break away from all this and get back to Urbana, there to rest my weary limbs on the soft carpet of grass at headquarters.

As it was evident that we should be stationed at Urbana for some days, General Stuart, in order to establish a regular line of outposts, separated the different brigades of his command. FitzLee's was sent to the little town of Newmarket, about ten miles off; Robertson's, under Colonel Munford, was ordered to the neighbourhood of Sugar Loaf Mountain; while Hampton's remained in the immediate vicinity of Urbana.

The following morning we were waited upon by the dignitaries of the place, and received an invitation for dinner from a Mr. C., with whom and his pleasant family we soon became intimately acquainted.

There were several very charming and pretty young ladies staying at Mr. C.'s house, and among them one from New York, a relation of the family, on a visit to Urbana, whom General Stuart, from her warm outspoken Confederate sympathies, jokingly called the New York Rebel. In the agreeable conversation of these ladies, in mirth and song, the afternoon of our dinner-party passed lightly and rapidly away; and then came night, queenly and beautiful, with a round moon, whose beams penetrating the windows suggested to our debonnair commander a promenade, which he at once proposed, and which was carried *nem. con.* Leaving to our fair friends the choice of their partners, we were guided by them to a large building, crowning the summits of a gentle hill on the edge of the village, from which a broad avenue of trees sloped downwards to the principal street. This building had been occupied before the breaking out of the war as an academy, but it was now entirely deserted and dismantled, and our footsteps echoed loudly as we walked through its wide, empty halls, once so noisy with human voices. Each storey of the house had its ample verandah running round it, and from the highest of these we had a magnificent view of the village and the surrounding country. The night was calm, the dark blue firmament was besprinkled with myriads of stars, and the moon poured over the landscape a misty bluish light that made it all look unreal. One might have thought it a magical scenic effect of the theatre, or been carried back in imagination to the Thousand and One Nights of Eastern fable, had not the camp-fires of our troops and the constant neighing of the horses reminded him of the realities by which he was surrounded.

We were indulging in the dreamy sentiment natural to the hour, when the gay voice of Stuart broke in—"Major, what a capital place for us to give a ball in honour of our arrival in Maryland! don't you think we could manage it?" To this there was a unanimous response in the affirmative, which was especially hearty on the part of the

ladies. It was at once agreed that the ball should be given. I undertook to make all necessary arrangements for the illumination and decoration of the hall, the issuing the cards of invitation, &c., leaving to Stuart the matter of the music, which he gladly consented to provide.

A soldier's life is so uncertain, and his time is so little at his own disposal, that in affairs of this sort delays are always to be avoided; and so we determined on our way home, to the great joy of our fair companions, that the ball should come off on the following evening.

GRAND BALL AT URBANA.

There was great stir of preparation at headquarters on the morning of the 8th. Invitations to the ball were sent out to all the families in Urbana and its neighbourhood, and to the officers of Hampton's brigade. The large halls of the Academy were aired and swept and festooned with roses, and decorated with battle-flags borrowed from the different regiments. At seven in the evening all was complete, and already the broad avenue was filled with our fair guests, proceeding to the scene of festivity according to their social rank and fortune—some on foot, others in simple light "rockaways," others again in stately family coaches, driven by fat negro coachmen who sat upon the box with great dignity. Very soon the sound of distant bugles announced the coming of the band of the 18th Mississippi Infantry, the colonel and staff of the regiment, who had been invited as an act of courtesy, leading the way, and the band playing in excellent style the well-known air of Dixie. Amid the loud applause of the numerous invited and uninvited guests, we now made our grand *entrée* into the large hall, which was brilliantly lighted with tallow candles. As *maître de plaisir* it was my office to arrange the order of the different dances, and I had decided upon a polka as the best movement to give to the whole an animated beginning. I had selected the New York Rebel as the queen of the festival, and had expected to open the ball with her as my partner, and my surprise was great indeed when my fair friend gracefully eluded my extended arms, and with some confusion explained that she did not join in round dances, thus making me uncomfortably acquainted for the first time with the fact that in America, and especially in the South, young ladies rarely waltz except with brothers or first cousins, and indulge only in reels and contre-dances with strangers. Not to be baffled, however, I at once ordered the time of the music to be changed, and had soon forgotten my disappointment as to the polka in a very lively quadrille. Louder and louder sounded the instruments, quicker and quicker moved the dancers, and the whole crowded room, with its many exceedingly pretty women and its martial figures of officers in their best uniforms, presented a most striking spectacle of gaiety and enjoyment. Suddenly enters an orderly covered with dust, and reports in a loud voice to General Stuart that the enemy have surprised and driven in our pickets, and are attacking our camp in force, while at the same moment the sound of shots in rapid succession is distinctly borne to us on the midnight air.

The excitement which followed this announcement I cannot undertake to describe. The music crashed into a *concordia discors*. The officers rushed to their weapons and called for their horses, panic-stricken fathers and mothers endeavoured in a frantic way to collect around them their bewildered children, while the young ladies ran to and

fro in most admired despair, General Stuart maintained his accustomed coolness and composure. Our horses were immediately saddled, and in less than five minutes we were in rapid gallop to the front. Upon arriving there we found, as is usually the case in such sudden alarms, that things were by no means so desperate as they had been represented.

Colonel Baker, with the splendid 1st North Carolina regiment, had arrested the bold forward movement of the Yankees. Pelham, with his guns in favourable position, was soon pouring a rapid fire upon their columns. The other regiments of the command were speedily in the saddle. The line of battle having been formed, Stuart gave the order for a general attack, and with great rage and fury we precipitated ourselves upon the foe, who paid, with the loss of many killed and wounded and a considerable number of prisoners, for their unmannerly interruption of our social amusement. They were pursued in their headlong flight for several miles by the 1st North Carolina, until a little past midnight they got quite out of reach, and all was quiet again.

It was about one o'clock in the morning when we got back to the academy, where we found a great many of our fair guests still assembled, awaiting with breathless anxiety the result of the conflict. As the musicians had never dispersed, General Stuart ordered them again to strike up; many of our pretty fugitives were brought back by young officers who eagerly volunteered for that commendable purpose; and as everybody was determined that the Yankees should not boast of having completely broken up our party, the dancing was resumed in less than half an hour, and kept up till the first glimmer of dawn.

At this time the ambulances laden with the wounded of last night's engagement were slowly approaching the academy, as the only building at Urbana that was at all suited to the purposes of an hospital. Of course the music was immediately stopped and the dancing ceased, and our lovely partners in the quadrille at once became "ministering angels" to the sufferers.

Captain Blackford and I went down with our New York Rebel to an ambulance in which there was a poor fellow fearfully wounded by a ball in the shoulder. His uniform jacket was quite saturated with blood, and the tender white hands of our charming friend had just become fairly employed in the compassionate office of stanching the wound and cooling the inflammation with applications of cold water, when her strength broke down, and she fainted away. When after a few minutes she had recovered, we did our best to persuade her to go home; but with a courage equalling that of the warrior on the field of battle, she replied, "I must first do my duty." This she did bravely and tenderly, until the wounded man, greatly relieved by her ministrations, expressed his gratitude with tears streaming from his eyes, and begged her now to take care of herself.

Blackford and I accompanied the noble creature to the house of Mr. C., and left her with the highest admiration for her tenderness and fortitude.

The sun was high in the heavens when we arose from our camp pallets the following day. The soldiers' slumber was naturally profound after the fatigues and adventures of a night when the ball-room had been so quickly deserted for the battle-field, and sanguinary conflict had in a moment succeeded to the dance. My first duty was to send back to the respective regiments their battle-flags, and I made all haste to discharge it. For once our troops had been called into action without their colours, and already many anxious inquiries had been instituted as to their safety.

General Stuart and myself were invited to dine with the doctor of the place, at whose pleasant dwelling we passed a few hours most delightfully. The universal verandah looked out upon the same beautiful landscape that we had admired from other points, and afforded us a cool retreat for segars and conversation. I became very much interested here with a young vagabond Indian about fourteen years of age, who was pertinacious in his efforts to sell me a pet grey squirrel which he had tamed. As the fellow seemed homeless and masterless, I had some idea of taking him along with me as a servant; and perhaps might have done so but for the earnest remonstrances of General Stuart, who, from his life in the prairie, was well acquainted with the Indian character, and knew only too well what incorrigible thieves the Redskins always prove.

At a late hour of the afternoon the air was startled by the thunder of distant cannon, and we soon received a report from General FitzLee that he had been engaged in a brisk skirmish with the enemy's cavalry near the village of Barnesville. This, however, did not prevent us from spending the evening with our fair friends at Mr. C.'s, nor from paying them the compliment of a serenade. But the time of inactivity for us was now soon to be over. Urbana was not to be our Capua, and the second day afterwards we bade adieu to what a punning member of the staff called its Urbanities with regret.

One day more of rest at headquarters, the 10th, which gave some occupation, however, to Robertson's brigade at Sugar Loaf Mountain, where Colonel Munford engaged the Yankees in a sharp but unimportant skirmish.

START FROM URBANA—FIGHTS NEAR FREDERICK AND MIDDLETOWN.

On the morning of the 11th we received marching orders. The aspect of military affairs had undergone a sudden but great change. General M'Clellan, who had again been intrusted by the Federal Government with the command of the army of the Potomac, had collected together the remains of the army of the unfortunate Pope, and been largely reinforced by Burnside's corps from North Carolina, the troops around Washington, and the new levies. With a well-equipped and formidable force, he hurried forward to the relief of the garrison of Harper's Ferry, which stronghold had been closely invested by Jackson. General Lee, with Longstreet's corps, had left the vicinity of Frederick, and was slowly retreating in the direction of Middletown and Boonsboro'. The cavalry of the rear-guard of our army had orders to retard and embarrass as much as possible the forward movement of the enemy, and to follow slowly the road taken by General Lee. The fighting of the preceding two days had occurred with the cavalry of M'Clellan, which was a full day's march ahead of the main body of his army.

A steadily-falling rain, which gave us some discomfort in the saddle, added much to the dejection of spirits with which we got in readiness to move away from Urbana. About 11 A.M. FitzLee's brigade passed through the village on its way to Frederick; Hampton's soon followed; and only Robertson's, under command of Colonel Munford, remained behind, covering the retreat and holding in check, at a distance of about five miles from the place, the rapid advance of the Yankee cavalry. Meanwhile I was kept riding to and fro directing the retreat in the name of the General who, with the other members of the staff, to my intense disgust, still lingered in the verandah with the ladies.

About 2 P.M. our brave horsemen were pressed back by overwhelming numbers, at a point not more than half a mile from the village. The crack of the carbines was distinctly audible, and several shells, aimed too high, exploding just around the mansion, made it clear that the final moment of separation had indeed arrived. Great excitement now prevailed among the ladies, so soon to be again in the power of the detested Yankees, who, they had too much reason to fear, would punish severely the kindness and hospitality they had shown us. As for Mr. C., he at once determined to ride off with us, and so we galloped out of the village, in the direction of Frederick, amid the tears of women and children, who stood waving handkerchiefs to us as long as we were in sight. Ten minutes later, Urbana was in the hands of the enemy.

Having crossed the Monocacy, we took up a new position on the opposite bank of that river. As the enemy did not advance that day beyond Urbana, the greater part of our cavalry encamped between that point and Frederick. About half a mile from the latter place we fixed our headquarters at the farmhouse of an old Irishman, who amused us very much with his "buthiful brogue," and with whose pretty daughters—spirited Irish girls they were—we had a lively little dance at night.

Early the next day (12th September) our scouts and patrols reported the enemy slowly advancing in strong force on the turnpike from Urbana, and we received orders to retreat through Frederick over the mountains to Middletown, but to retard the Federal column as long as possible at Monocacy bridge, which was to be burned at the last moment. As they were moving so slowly that at 2 P.M. their advance-guard was not yet in sight, General Stuart rode with his staff into Frederick, where we had been invited by several prominent citizens to dine.

The appearance of the city had greatly changed since I had last seen it. The patriotic frenzy had completely subsided, and given place to an oppressive anxiety; most of the houses were shut up, and the inhabitants, with sorrowful faces, were wandering about the streets, credulous of every idle rumour, and asking at every corner the most ridiculous questions. Such of them as sympathised with the enemy could ill conceal their satisfaction at his approach; and one of these, a Mr. F., was impudent enough to hoist a Union flag from the flat roof of his three-storey house, where he might be seen making with it undeniable signals. Very much provoked at his treasonable conduct, I posted two of our best marksmen on the opposite side of the street, sending at the same time my best compliments to Mr. F., with the message that I had given my men orders to shoot him if for a minute longer he continued his offensive course. Federal ensign and ardent Yankee sympathiser now disappeared very rapidly together, but I have every reason to believe that, later in the day, when we were compelled to leave the city in some haste, he expressed his thanks to me in a charge of buckshot, which rattled from the front door of his house around my head.

Towards evening the enemy arrived in the immediate neighbourhood of Monocacy bridge, and, observing only a small force at this point, advanced very carelessly. A six-pounder gun had been placed in position by them at a very short distance from the bridge, which fired from time to time a shot at our horsemen, while the foremost regiment marched along at their ease, as if they believed this small body of cavalry would soon wheel in flight. This favourable moment for an attack was seized in splendid style by Major Butler, who com-

manded the two squadrons of the 2d South Carolina cavalry, stationed at this point as our rear-guard. Like lightning he darted across the bridge, taking the piece of artillery, which had scarcely an opportunity of firing a shot, and falling upon the regiment of infantry, which was dispersed in a few seconds, many of them being shot down, and many others, among whom was the colonel in command, captured. The colours of the regiment also fell into Major Butler's hands. The piece of artillery, in the hurry of the moment, could not be brought over to our side of the river, as the enemy instantly sent forward a large body of cavalry at a gallop, and our dashing men had only time to spike it, and trot with their prisoners across the bridge, which, having been already fully prepared for burning, was in a blaze when the infuriated Yankees arrived at the river's edge. The conflagration of the bridge, of course, checked their onward movement, and we quietly continued the retreat, which had been begun by the main column, under the annoyances only of a spirited shelling, which did us very little harm, and of an irregular fusillade kept up by bushwhackers and citizens from the houses.

The country between Frederick and Middletown is charming. The finest view of it is obtained from the Middletown Path, at the highest point of a wooded spur of the Blue Ridge Mountains that separates the two wide fertile valleys which are named from these towns. We could not resist stopping for a short time to look upon these beautiful and peaceful plains, which were so soon (in a few hours) to be the scene of an obstinate and sanguinary struggle.

Our headquarters were now established at a farmhouse near Middletown, where that evening we very much enjoyed a plum-pudding, which had been hurled as a benevolent bomb at Captain Blackford by a philanthropic young lady of Frederick during our retreat through the streets of that city.

The boom of artillery summoned us to the saddle at an early hour of the 13th, and we rode as rapidly as possible to the front, where Hampton with his brigade had been gallantly defending the Middletown Path since daylight against vastly superior numbers of the enemy, and had, up to that moment, successfully repelled every attack. The position was extremely favourable for defence. No other passage to the right or the left led across the mountain-spur, and our two batteries, posted to great advantage, played with telling effect upon the numerous guns of the enemy in the open flat below, which, not being able to get the necessary elevation, proved almost harmless to us. Nevertheless it was evident that our small body of men would be soon obliged to give way before the overwhelming odds of the Yankees, who, just at the time we reached the spot, were preparing for a renewal of the assault under cover of an energetic fire from five or six batteries. At this juncture I was ordered by General Stuart to take one of our mountain howitzers—very light guns, which often did excellent service upon difficult ground, and could easily be drawn by two horses—and try to find an eligible place on our extreme left from which we could open fire with it upon the dense columns of Yankee infantry. With a good deal of trouble, and after we had been obliged several times to cut our way through the dense undergrowth, I found a little plateau, of perhaps fifty feet in diameter, and in a few minutes the rapid discharges of our little gun announced to General Stuart that I was at work.

The extended view from this plateau, which was the loftiest point of the mountain, rising from 1500 to 2000 feet above the rolling country below, was strikingly beautiful under all favourable conditions of atmosphere, but was now animated

in the extreme. Frederick lay before us, distinctly seen through the clear air of the morning. The valley beneath, stretching away from the immediate base of the mountain, was literally blue with the Yankees. All at once their long columns of infantry with a waving glitter of bayonets, their numerous bodies of cavalry with "many a flirt and flutter" of gay flags and pennons, their imposing artillery-trains with the sunlight reflected from the polished brass pieces, and their interminable lines of waggons containing all the supplies for M'Clellan's army, broke upon my sight.

Directly beneath my feet the masses of the enemy were as busy as a swarm of bees. Two lines of sharpshooters were advancing in excellent style; the cavalry galloped hither and thither, seeking to get out of range of our cannon, while their numerous batteries, under the galling effect of our fire, were every moment changing position.

The fire of my howitzer from a point hitherto regarded as inaccessible, plunging at this short range with fearful execution into the compact ranks of the enemy, greatly augmented the commotion. Several batteries at once opened upon us, but so far overshot their mark that at every fire my cannoneers threw their kepis into the air with loud yells of derision.

Meanwhile I had sent an orderly to General Stuart, reporting the state of affairs, and expressing my opinion that the time had come for our retreat. The General soon arrived upon the spot and gave orders for the withdrawal of the mountain howitzer, but as he had not seen the lines of the advancing infantry skirmishers, who had already disappeared in the thick underwood below us, he did not share in my opinion as to the danger of our situation. The firing of small-arms now became louder and louder on our right, and seemed to proceed from a point even a little to the rear of the place we occupied. Annoyed at my continued remonstrances, Stuart at last said—"Major, I am quite sure those shots come from our own men, who are firing at far too great a range; ride over there at once and order them to reserve their ammunition until they can see the whites of the Yankees' eyes." I knew very well that it was rushing into a wasp's nest, but orders were to be obeyed, and, making my way as quickly as the nature of the ground would admit, I proceeded to the scene of action giving my orders in a loud voice as I heard several men breaking down the tangled thicket near at hand. In a moment the bushes before me parted, and a Yankee, as blue as ever I saw one, emerged from them. At the same instant a bullet tore the bark from a tree behind me at a very few inches from my head, and several other tirailleurs made their appearance; and I had just time to turn my horse and gallop back to General Stuart, who now fully credited my report, and made off with me as fast as our chargers could carry us over the rocky surface of the mountain. The Yankees, knowing very well that there was a noble game afoot, now advanced their whole line at a run, and with loud cries of encouragement, towards an open space over which we must ride, and where a shower of bullets fell around us, fortunately without touching a rider or a horse.

The order for our general retreat was now given, and executed at a quick trot. I expected every moment to hear the roar of the Yankee artillery, which from the heights behind us must have inflicted very serious loss upon our column, but General Hampton, with admirable foresight, had so well barricaded the roads that we were out of range before they had gained our former position.

It was now two o'clock in the afternoon, and as the fighting had commenced at four in the morning we had for ten hours, with a few

thousand horse and ten pieces of artillery, resisted the advance of the whole Federal Army, with considerable damage to them and little to ourselves.

Near Middletown we took a new position. The 1st North Carolina Regiment, under Colonel Baker, and two pieces of artillery, were placed in front of the village, the other regiments and guns on the opposite side, behind a little stream known as Kittochtan Creek. The covered wooden bridge which spanned the stream was prepared with combustibles for destruction. General Stuart and myself rode forward a short distance in the direction of the enemy, whom we saw winding down from the mountain and stretching out over the plain in a mighty moving mass of blue.

The fight was soon recommenced. The thunder of cannon roared incessantly, and as the enemy's guns had now the advantage of more favourable positions, which admitted of their being effectively employed in yet greater number, we suffered severely from their fire. At the same time the wings of the Yankee army, thrown rapidly forward, overlapped us on either flank, and our brave North Carolinians were thus subjected to a most destructive cross-fire before General Stuart gave the order for retreat, which, in consequence of the murderous tempest of shot and shell that raged around them, was not conducted in a very orderly manner.

In my judgment our admirable General here betrayed a fault which was one of the few he had as a cavalry leader; and the repetition of the error on several occasions, at later periods of the war, did us material damage. His own personal gallantry would not permit him to abandon the field and retreat, even when sound military prudence made this clearly advisable. There was no necessity whatever, here, for the safety of the main body, to sacrifice a smaller command, for we might have withdrawn with honour long before the enemy's fire had so cruelly thinned our ranks.

I was one of the last horsemen that galloped through the town, and had a painfully accurate sight of the confusion and destruction that attended the retreat. The Yankee artillery threw a withering hail of shells along the main street of Middletown, from every by-street whistled the bullets of the sharpshooters, in our rear thundered the attack of the pursuing cavalry, while from the houses the Unionists fired at us with buck-shot and small-shot, and many fallen horses and riders impeded the road. The panic reached its height when we arrived at the bridge and found it blazing, through the premature execution of his orders by the officer in charge. Many of our horsemen leaped into the rapid stream and gained the opposite bank by swimming. For myself, with many of my companions-in-arms, I forced my horse through fire and smoke across the burning bridge, which, very soon after we had passed over it, fell with a loud crash into the water.

The hotly pursuing enemy were now received upon the opposite bank with a deadly fire from our well-posted sharpshooters, and showers of canister from our artillery, which brought them to a stop; and after a heavy cannonade that lasted for more than an hour, we continued our retreat quietly towards the South Mountain, in the direction of Boonsboro'. The Federal cavalry managed the crossing of the Kittochtan with commendable expedition, and were soon again on our tracks, but the two pieces detached to our rear-guard kept them at a respectful distance by occasional discharges of grape and canister.

We reached the part of the South Mountain, known as Bradlock's Gap, in the evening, and, just as we were taking another new position, were relieved by our infantry, which soon afterwards became hotly

engaged with the enemy in a serious conflict. The foremost brigade of troops that relieved us was commanded by a dear friend of mine, General Samuel Garland, whom I met riding to the front, in buoyant spirits and confident of success. Ten minutes later he fell a corpse while trying to rally his men, who had momentarily given way at the first assault of the enemy. He was killed instantly, a bullet having pierced his brain.

Hampton, with his brigade, was now sent in the direction of Harper's Ferry, and had several encounters on the way with the Federal cavalry, against which the Georgia regiment of his command made a most brilliant and successful charge near the little town of Burkettsville, led by the gallant Lieutenant-Colonel Young, who was unfortunately wounded.

General Stuart and his staff rode to Boonsboro', which we reached at nightfall, and where we rejoined a portion of FitzLee's brigade. Here we were greatly distressed at learning that the leader of our horse-artillery, Major Pelham, who had marched with FitzLee, had been cut off, and was a prisoner in the enemy's hands. He turned up, however, the next morning, having cut his way through the Yankee lines, and saved himself by his never-failing coolness and intrepidity.

Our headquarters were established near Boonsboro', and we were glad enough to rest our weary limbs and exhausted horses after the fatiguing work of the day.

MARCH TO HARPER'S FERRY—FIGHT AT CRAMPTON'S GAP.

We moved on the 14th, making an early start, in the direction of Harper's Ferry, to reunite with Hampton's and Robertson's brigades, the latter of which had been already two days on the march for that point.

Harper's Ferry is a stronghold of no little importance, most picturesquely situated on the Virginia side of the Potomac, just where this noble river receives the bright waters of its tributary, the Shenandoah, and, augmented in volume thereby, breaks through the Blue Ridge. Here the United States Government had, many years before the war, established a very large arsenal and manufactory of small-arms. The Baltimore and Ohio Railway runs along the Potomac past the place, crossing from the Maryland to the Virginia bank at the immediate point of confluence of the two rivers; and a railway, connecting Harper's Ferry with Winchester, skirts the margin of the Shenandoah, and reaches its terminus at the extensive wayside station of the great line of communication between the Chesapeake and the Ohio. Around the workshops of the arsenal and the sheds of the railways a little town had grown up, built partly upon a narrow tract of level ground but little elevated above the rocky bed of the Potomac, and partly upon a lofty hill looking down upon either stream. This eminence is itself commanded on the Maryland side by the towering cliffs of the Blue Ridge known as the Maryland Heights, a position which had been strongly fortified, for the obvious reason that whoever became master of it might with little difficulty obtain possession of Harper's Ferry and all that it contained.

Jackson, after leaving Frederick with his corps, had crossed the Potomac with a large portion of it, and closely invested this stronghold, with its garrison of nearly 13,000 men, on three sides. A division of Longstreet's corps, under M'Laws, had been sent to attack and shut it up on the Maryland side, and now occupied the fertile tract of country which is enclosed

by the continuation of the Maryland Heights and the South Mountain spur of the Blue Ridge. The two ranges run nearly parallel for a little distance from the river, with an intervening space of about two miles in breadth, but the South Mountain branches off in the neighbourhood of Boonsboro', forming what is called the "Pleasant Valley."

At Boonsboro', General Lee found himself, with the remaining portion of his army under Longstreet, confronting the bulk of the army of M'Clellan, which was rapidly advancing to the succour of Harper's Ferry. The passes over the South Mountain were all held by us, and were easily defensible. General Stuart had orders with two of his brigades to unite with M'Laws, and to reconnoitre and watch the enemy's movements, the other brigade, Fitz-Lee's, having been detached from his command to the corps of Longstreet.

We reached Pleasant Valley in the afternoon, and our cavalry encamping there, General Stuart and I rode over to the headquarters of Brigadier-General Pryor, who commanded the left wing of M'Laws's division nearest to Harper's Ferry. General Pryor was just starting on a little reconnaissance, and we very readily accepted his invitation to bear him company. A proper degree of caution compelled us to go on foot. Creeping through the tall grass, we climbed the mountain occupied by our farthest outpost, from the summit of which we had an unobstructed view of the whole fortification. We could see the stir and bustle within the walls, mark the steps of each man, and even count the pieces of artillery. The look-out from this lofty perch would well have rewarded the toil of the ascent in the inactive time of peace; but the preparation and excitement of war, upon whose busy scenes we gazed in the distance, now combined with nature in her grandest mood to make the sight magnificent.

At a later hour of the evening Stuart rode off to the headquarters of General M'Laws, leaving me to await his return as General Pryor's guest at dinner. Among General Pryor's orderlies there was a handsome young fellow of about fourteen years of age that greatly interested me. He was a midshipman in the navy, who, making a visit to our lines at this exciting period, had volunteered his services, and had behaved on several occasions, as I was informed, with great gallantry. He was now galloping about on a little pony, and seemed highly elated with his temporary position. Two days afterwards the brave boy was killed in the battle of Sharpsburg (Antietam).

About dusk we were joined again by General Stuart, and I was just about to ride away with him to select a convenient spot for our night's rest, when the thunder of cannon, which had been sounding all the evening from M'Laws's right, grew fiercer and fiercer; and an orderly galloped up to us at full speed, reporting in a very excited manner that the enemy had repulsed our troops at Crampton's Gap, one of the passes of the South Mountain, broken through our lines, and already thrown several thousand men into the valley, thus cutting us off completely from Longstreet's corps. We started immediately, as fast as our horses could carry us, for the point where the disaster had occurred. In a very short time we were called upon to witness a scene of the most mortifying panic and confusion. Hundreds of soldiers, many of them wounded, were arriving in disorderly array from the fight, while guns and caissons, huddled together with waggons and ambulances, moving towards the rear, blocked up the road. We at once posted a strong guard along the road, with orders to arrest every man who was not too badly hurt to renew the conflict, and, taking the artillery with us, continued our

ride. After about an hour's progress we reached the spot, where General C., a *ci-devant* politician and agriculturist, who had commanded the troops at Crampton's Gap, was vainly endeavouring to rally the remainder of his brigade. The poor General was in a state of the saddest excitement and disgust at the conduct of his men. As soon as he recognised us in the dusk of the evening, he cried out in heart-broken accents of alarm and despair, "Dismount, gentlemen, dismount, if your lives are dear to you! the enemy is within fifty yards of us; I am expecting their attack every moment; oh! my dear Stuart, that I should live to experience such a disaster! what can be done? what can save us?" General Stuart did his best to comfort and encourage his disconsolate friend, assisted him in rallying his scattered troops, and quickly placed in position all the artillery. Then turning to me, he said, "Major, I don't believe the Yankees are so near at hand, but we must be certain about it; take two couriers with you, and find out at once where the enemy is." My General was very fond of sending me on those ticklish expeditions, and much as I appreciated the honour thus paid me, I did not feel greatly obliged to him on this particular occasion, as I rode forward into the darkness, feeling that I should run a narrow chance of being shot by our men on my return, if, indeed, I escaped the bullets of the Yankees. Cautiously I proceeded, fifty yards, a hundred, two hundred yards,—everything quiet; not a trace of the enemy: at last, after a ride of more than a mile, I discovered the long lines of the Federal camp-fires, where Messieurs the Yankees had halted, and were busily employed in cooking supper; and at sixty yards' distance I could see in the road a cavalry picket, clearly defined against the glare of the fires, horse and trooper, who seemed to have no idea of our approach. Leaving the hostile sentinel undisturbed, we rode quietly back to our lines, where the Generals awaited my return with the greatest interest and anxiety. In the mean time General M'Laws had arrived with reinforcements, our line of battle was formed, and several batteries in favourable position were ready for action. As it was evident, however, that the enemy did not intend making any further forward movement until the next day, General Stuart and I soon galloped back to our cavalry, with whom we bivouacked during the remaining hours of the night.

EXCITING TIME IN PLEASANT VALLEY—SURRENDER OF HARPER'S FERRY—MARCH TO SHARPSBURG.

The air was sultry when at daybreak of the 15th of September we marched towards the front, with hearts oppressed by the uncertainty of the events of the next few hours. Our position was indeed a perilous one; shut up in a narrow gorge, the garrison of Harper's Ferry, 13,000 strong (which, should Jackson fail in his siege, a matter to be decided before sunset, would inevitably fall upon us), in our rear; an enemy vastly superior in numbers on our front, we must gain the doubtful victory or perish in Pleasant Valley, the very name of which might mock our ruin. Every man felt this, and our lines, generally hopeful and cheery before an engagement, looked glum and desperately resolute to-day. The heavy silence of the march was broken only by the measured tramp of the column, the rumbling of the artillery-waggons, and the booming of the heavy guns from Harper's Ferry, which reverberated like rolling thunder through the surrounding mountains.

General Stuart, who moved with the cavalry to the extreme left, ordered me to remain and establish myself with twelve of our couriers on an elevation near our centre, from this point to reconnoitre the enemy's movements as much as possible, and to send him information about them every five minutes. About 10 o'clock the Federals commenced to move, their cavalry skirmishers advanced, and the lines of their infantry tirailleurs came in sight. The decisive moment had arrived, and every hand closed more firmly round its accustomed weapon. Already shots began to be exchanged, when suddenly a cry of joy, louder than the roar of cannon, commenced by our reserves and answered from one end of our lines to the other, brought delight to our hearts and carried despair to the foe, whose insolent advance it brought quickly to a halt—"*Harper's Ferry has surrendered to Jackson!*" In a few moments an officer galloping towards us, his horse covered with foam and reeking with sweat, brought the official intelligence, which, passing from mouth to mouth with the rapidity of the wind, had already reached us by rumour. I at once sent a courier with the information to Stuart, and I had no occasion to enjoin upon him celerity in his movements. The faithful fellow speedily returned, and with features lighted up by intense gratification, said to me, "Major, that was the quickest and the happiest ride of my life."

The enemy seemed completely paralysed by the shouts of our troops, and as we soon received reinforcements from Jackson's corps, and began to assume the offensive, they retreated rapidly along the road by which they had advanced.

Stuart now came back to us, and was so delighted that he threw his arms round my neck and said, "My dear Von, is not this glorious? you must immediately gallop over with me to congratulate old Stonewall on his splendid success." Captain Farley, Captain Blackford, and Lieutenant Dabney joined us, and after a short and rapid ride we reached the magnificent scene of our magnificent victory, just in time to witness the formal ceremony of the surrender of the garrison, a sight which was certainly one of the grandest I ever saw in my life.

From what I have already said of Harper's Ferry, the reader who has never visited the spot may have learned that in regard to natural beauty it is exceeded by few localities on the surface of the globe. From the bed of the two rivers which here mingle their sparkling currents, the mountains rise precipitously to the height of several thousand feet. Within the fortifications is an extensive plateau, from which these bold headlands are seen in all their magnitude and majesty. Here the entire garrison of 13,000 men was drawn up in imposing lines, presenting, with their well-kept equipments, their new uniforms and beautiful banners, a striking contrast to Jackson's gaunt and ragged soldiers, who formed opposite to them, and whose tattered garments and weather-beaten features showed only too plainly the hardships they had undergone. To the long roll of the drums, the two armies came to a "present arms," and then the Federal troops laid down their standards and weapons, which were at once taken possession of by our men.

The spoils captured at Harper's Ferry were enormous. Besides this large number of prisoners, there fell into our hands 70 pieces of artillery, about 30,000 small arms, and an immense quantity of ammunition, provisions, tents, waggons, ambulances, machinery in machine-shops, horses and mules.

Colonel Miles, the commanding officer at Harper's Ferry, a short time before the surrender, had lost both his legs by a cannon-ball, and died soon after sustaining this se-

vere injury. A strong regiment of cavalry, numbering about 1100 men, had made good its escape the previous night by a road along the river bank, very little known, which M'Laws, against Stuart's urgent advice, had neglected to picket.

General Jackson appeared quite satisfied with his success, but when I congratulated him upon it, he said, "Ah, this is all very well, Major, but we have yet much hard work before us." And indeed we had. That same evening the troops were again on the march to Sharpsburg, where General Lee was rapidly concentrating his army, and where a great decisive battle was expected to be fought during the next twenty-four hours.

We had yet to learn the extent of the misfortune of the escape of the cavalry regiment the night before the surrender. During the night, under its bold leader, Colonel Davis, it came accidentally in contact with Longstreet's ordnance trains, capturing and destroying a great number of the waggons and stampeding the whole of the teams.

Riding over the plateau from point to point, I witnessed a ridiculous scene, which came very near proving tragical to a Yankee officer. Jackson had granted to the officers of the garrison permission to retain their side-arms and horses. Some of our men, ignorant of this fact, had just surrounded a Federal captain, summoning him to dismount and give up his arms. The captain, highly offended, had drawn his revolver from the holster, declaring, in a very excited manner, that he would kill anybody that approached him. He did not know with whom he had to deal, and did not see the uplifted musket of a wild-looking fellow from a Mississippi regiment who was just about to shoot him down. Fortunately I arrived just in time to save him by explaining to the soldiers the mistake they had committed.

What with riding about the fortifications and looking at this and that object of interest, the day wore quickly away, and it was five o'clock in the afternoon when I fell in with Captain Blackford and Lieutenant Dabney and some of our couriers, who told me that General Stuart had gone off some hours before with Hampton's and Robertson's brigades, proceeding along the tow-path of the canal on the Maryland side of the river, to Sharpsburg, leaving orders for us to join him there during the night.

We started immediately, taking the shorter and more agreeable route on the Virginia side to Shepherdstown, where the river might be easily forded, and from which place our point of destination was only a few miles distant. We reached the ford after nightfall, and the scene there presented to the eye was wildly beautiful beyond description. On either bank of the noble stream, here half a mile in width, had bivouacked the troops of Jackson's corps, whose thousands of campfires were reflected in the water, and threw a bright glare over the fantastic figures of the soldiers, bringing also into strange and vivid relief the gigantic trees that edged the shore, with their swaying foliage and their gracefully pensive vines. In the ruins of a large mill which had belonged to a friend of mine, Col. A. R. Boteler, and which had been burned by the enemy, a Mississippi regiment had taken up its quarters, and I could not help being reminded by the wild-looking long-bearded men, with their slouch hats, their blankets thrown over their shoulders, and their polished arms glittering in the red glow of the bivouac-fire, of the rude robber and gipsey of the olden time.

We managed the fording of the Potomac without trouble or delay, and arrived late in the night at the little town of Sharpsburg. General Stuart had fixed his headquarters at the house of Dr. G., where we stretched our weary limbs on the floor of the entrance-hall, using our saddles for pillows.

BOMBARDMENT OF SHARPSBURG.

16*th September.* — General Lee was now in readiness to meet the mighty Federal host. Longstreet having retreated from Boonsboro', where his corps had a severe engagement with the enemy's advance, towards Sharpsburg, had there united with Jackson's troops, which had come down during the night from Harper's Ferry; and our army was in line of battle on the morning of the 16th, about half a mile in front of the town towards Antietam Creek, the right wing extending about a mile in a north-easterly direction, the extreme left resting on the Potomac. M'Clellan, moving forwards from Boonsboro', was still on the opposite side of the creek, but his attempt to cross and the consequent battle were hourly expected. A mistake has been made here by several writers who had not the advantage of taking part in the events they describe, in stating that none of Jackson's forces had effected a junction with Lee before the battle of Antietam. Our great leader had been too cautious to neglect the concentration of his troops, which had been partially accomplished by forced marches. A portion of Jackson's corps had, indeed, been left by the main body at Harper's Ferry, but they arrived on the field the night preceding the general engagement. M'Laws's division, which had also remained behind, did not join in the conflict, by reason of the slowness of its commander, until the latter part of the day.

General Stuart started on the morning of the 16th, the day before the great battle, with a part of his cavalry, on a reconnaissance up the Potomac, leaving me with ten of our couriers at headquarters, with orders to receive and open all reports and despatches addressed to him, and to forward any important information to Generals Lee, Jackson, and Longstreet.

Sharpsburg is a pretty little village of perhaps two thousand inhabitants. It presented, during these memorable September days, a busy scene of military life. Waggon-trains blockaded its streets, artillery rattled over its pavements, orderlies were riding up and down at full speed. The house of Dr. G., one of the largest in the place, was situated just opposite the principal church, and was still occupied by his hospitable family, who awaited with an indifference peculiarly American the momentous events that were so close upon them. About 11 A.M., the enemy began to throw shells into the town, which, being aimed at the church steeple, fell all around their dwelling in such perilous proximity that I felt it my duty to order the ladies into the cellar as the safest place of refuge. This order they obeyed, but, impelled by feminine curiosity, they were running up stairs every five minutes to witness the effect of the cannonade. I had frequent occasion during the war to observe how much stronger is curiosity with women than the fear of danger. Accordingly, while the fire was every moment growing hotter, it was not long before the whole of Dr. G.'s family were again assembled in the room I occupied. All at once, while they were looking out of the windows at some wounded men carried by, a shell fell with a terrific crash through the top of the building, and sent them in precipitate flight to the security of the vaults. About noon the bombardment became really appalling, and the explosion of the innumerable projectiles stunned the ear. Still deeming it obligatory on me to remain at my post, I was seated on the sofa engaged in writing in my journal, when a shell, piercing the wall of the room a few feet above my head, covered me with the debris, and exploding,

scattered the furniture in every direction. At the same moment another missile entering the upper part of the house, and passing directly through, burst in the courtyard, killing one of our horses, and rendering the others frantic with terror. Now regarding further exposure of my own life and the lives of my couriers as unnecessary, I gave orders for our immediate departure. It was not easy, amid the blinding dust and smoke out of doors, to find my horse, nor, after I had found him, to get into the saddle, so furiously did he rear and plunge, as if fully conscious of the danger of his situation.

In the street there was the greatest confusion. Dead and wounded men and horses lay about in every direction, in the midst of waggons and ambulances overturned in the hurry and anxiety of everybody to get out of the village, where cannon-balls whizzed incessantly through the air, and pieces of bursting shells, splinters of wood, and scattered fragments of brick were whirled about in the dense cloud of powder-smoke that enveloped all things.

After an exciting ride of a quarter of an hour, during which my nerves were strained to the utmost, I gained an eminence beyond the town, and was exceedingly happy to find that my followers, one and all, had, like myself, escaped death as by a miracle. My horse had been the only sufferer. A piece of shell had struck him on the right hind leg, and he went lame and bleeding.

Everybody was under the impression that this bombardment was the signal for a general battle; but after the batteries all along the lines had been engaged in a spirited artillery duel, and on our right even the roll of musketry had been heard for some time, the din of conflict gave way to a dull, drowsy silence, interrupted only at intervals by a random cannon-shot booming through the hot evening air.

With great difficulty I at last found General Stuart, late in the evening, at the headquarters of General Lee. He appointed to meet Captain Blackford and myself in an hour's time, at a church about two miles from Sharpsburg, to which place of rendezvous we repaired; but the General came not. Having waited long for him, we finally rode off a short distance, and made our bivouac for the night on some stacks of straw, which seemed to offer us the most comfortable spot for repose.

THE BATTLE OF SHARPSBURG OR ANTIETAM.

17*th September.* — We obtained but little sleep. Occasional shots were fired all night in our neighbourhood. To add to our discomfort, a fine drizzling rain, which began to fall about daybreak, wet us to the skin, and, chilled as we were, we had no breakfast to reinvigorate us for the field. In the morning we discovered General Stuart, who had bivouacked quite near us, and, at his request, I rode with him along our line of battle, which was stretched out, nearly four miles in length, over several of the little hills so frequent in this rolling country, and sheltered from the enemy's view by many patches of wood and extensive corn-fields.

The strength of Lee's army was always over-estimated throughout the war, but more so at Sharpsburg than in any other great battle that he fought. I have it from our great commander's own lips that he had less than forty thousand men with him in the conflict, and as M'Laws's division, numbering 7000 men, and some other small detached bodies of troops, did not join in the action until a late period of the day, he commenced this tremendous struggle with not more than 30,000 men, the Federal army, according to

General M'Clellan's own statement, amounting to not less than 90,000. Our force had been greatly reduced by the continuous fighting of the campaign, by the long and wearisome marches it had made, and the cruel hardships it had undergone. From these several causes it had happened that a great multitude of stragglers were left behind on the Virginia side of the Potomac, of whom thousands had been collected together in the immediate neighbourhood of Leesburgh alone.

I could not help expressing to General Stuart, as we passed the thin lines of our ragged, weather-beaten soldiers, many of them without shoes, that I did not think our army equal to the impending contest, and that I felt great anxiety as to the result; but he was in good hope, and said, with his accustomed cheerfulness, "I am confident that, with God's assistance and good fighting, we shall whip these Yankees badly enough."

Jackson commanded our left wing, General Lee himself had taken charge of the centre, and Longstreet commanded the right. Of our cavalry, Robertson's brigade, under Colonel Munford, was detached to the extreme right, Fitz-Lee's and Hampton's were held in reserve on the extreme left, which, as before stated, rested on the Potomac.

The fighting commenced soon after daybreak, and was raging in full fury on the left with Jackson's corps at seven o'clock in the morning. From the nature of the ground, our cavalry could take but little part in the active operations of the day, but the indefatigable Stuart, always eager to be at the place of most imminent danger, had obtained from Jackson, who had unbounded confidence in him, the charge of the left wing of his corps, and having concentrated there about twenty-five pieces of cannon, consisting principally of our horse-artillery, pressed boldly forward with his guns, and, by a most effective flank fire, did great damage to the enemy. The Yankees soon responded fiercely to this cannonade, and with such terrible effect that I was in constant anxiety for the life of my general, who was always where the carnage was greatest, and at whose side two of our best couriers had already been killed.

The enemy concentrated the whole weight of his attack upon Jackson's centre, which for a time gave way, and was driven back through a large patch of forest that had been gallantly defended. But the grim Stonewall soon rallied his men, and, having been reinforced, drove back the Yankees in his turn for several miles with great slaughter.

About mid-day I was sent by General Stuart to our cavalry with orders that they should press forward, in corresponding movement with the infantry, up the bank of the Potomac. At the moment of passing the 3d Virginia Cavalry, as I was exchanging some friendly words with its gallant commander, Colonel Thornton, a piece of a shell tore off his left arm very near to the shoulder, from which wound he died in great agony a few hours afterwards.

By the time I had returned to my general, the fighting in Jackson's front had ceased a little, and both the combatants seemed to be taking breath after the terrible struggle that had been maintained with such resolution for hours; but on our right, where up to this moment all had been comparatively quiet, the firing grew louder and more continuous. Longstreet, hard pressed by the superior numbers of the enemy, had been giving way slowly, but defending the ground, like a wounded lion, foot by foot, until, receiving reinforcements at the outskirts of Sharpsburg, he recovered his lost ground after a severe and sanguinary combat.

The little town of Sharpsburg was unfortunately set on fire by the Federal shells, and a portion of it utterly destroyed; and through-

out the evening the sky was reddened by the glare of the conflagration.

Our centre was much less engaged than the two wings, and the fighting there consisted mainly in a terrible cannonade, during which our guns, advantageously posted, poured a most destructive fire into the enemy's ranks.

In Jackson's front, the conflict was only moderately renewed during the later part of the day, and was carried on principally with artillery. Here, and elsewhere along the lines, all was going on so favourably for our arms, that we might well claim to be the victors when the sunset streamed over the ensanguined field, and the rapidly-following darkness put an end to the fearful strife. Every inch of the ground lost by Longstreet at noon had been recovered. Our centre had greatly gained ground. On our left the enemy had been pushed back for nearly two miles. And we remained masters of the entire field of battle covered with the enemy's dead and wounded.

The victory would certainly have been more complete, had not General M'Laws failed to obey orders in bringing his division of nearly 7000 men earlier into the fight, and by the tardiness of his movements to a considerable extent thwarted the combinations of his commander-in-chief. Our troops fought better than ever on this glorious day, and it was astonishing to see men without shoes, whose lacerated feet often stained their path with blood, limping to the front to conquer or fall with their comrades.

The spoils of the victory were not great. A few prisoners and guns were taken. As for our loss, it had indeed been heavy, amounting to not less than 2000 killed and 6000 wounded; including among the former, two general officers, Generals Branch and Starke. The Federals having been the assailants, their loss was yet more severe, reaching the terrible aggregate of 12,000 dead or disabled men. Their sacrifice of officers had been serious. Generals Mansfield and Reno were killed, and twelve other generals were among the wounded. Late in the evening, I received orders from General Stuart to take with me a regiment of infantry and some squadrons of cavalry, and establish a double line of pickets on our extreme left, along the margin of the Potomac, there to reconnoitre the position of the enemy, and await the arrival of fresh troops to relieve my command, upon whose coming I was to follow him to Sharpsburg. The night was far advanced when a brigade of infantry took the place of my weary soldiers, who had fought all day, and the "small hours" had succeeded when with two of my couriers I entered the village.

It was a sad spectacle of death and destruction, as seen by the light of the yet glowing embers of its habitations, the greater number of which had been swept away by the flames. The unburied corpses of men and horses lay on every hand in the streets, while helpless women and children, who had lost their homesteads, were moving about amid the smouldering ruins seeking shelter for the night. The mansion of Dr. G., after having been completely riddled by shells, had been consumed; but a small summer-house in the garden had escaped injury, and here the family found a temporary refuge. The Doctor himself was quite calm and composed. He congratulated me on my escape, and said that he derived consolation from the hope that we should whip the Yankees as badly the next day as we had done already.

As usual, General Stuart, having once separated himself from his aides, was not to be found, so for the remainder of the night I rested with my couriers in a small cow-stable, on the top of which we were fortunate enough to discover some hay for the horses.

DAY AFTER THE BATTLE, AND RECROSSING THE POTOMAC.

Several shots fired in rapid succession about daylight, very near to our little dormitory, roused us from sleep with the idea that the fighting had been renewed in the streets of the village; but, on going out of the cow-stable, I found, to my surprise and relief, that they came from some of our men, who were amusing themselves with shooting the pigs and chickens, which, rendered homeless by the fire, were wandering about in a distracted condition. "Poor little things," said our troopers, with a dry sort of humour, "they have nowhere to go, and we ought to take care of them." Already, at several points among the ruins of the houses, commodious sheds had been hastily erected, and the savoury smell of roast meat, wafted to me on the fresh air of the morning, brought very forcibly to my mind and stomach the indisputable and melancholy fact that for more than forty-eight hours I had been wholly without food. This was indeed the case with the greater portion of our army, which, for several days preceding the battle, had been living on green apples and ears of Indian-corn picked up on the roadside and roasted. Nevertheless, I felt obliged to rebuke a Texan, who, only a few steps from me, had just rolled over, by a capital shot, a porker galloping across the street at sixty yards distance, for his wanton disregard of the rights of property. With a look of utter astonishment, he turned to me, and asked, "Major, did you have anything to eat yesterday?" and, upon my answering in the negative, said, "Then you know what it is to be hungry; I haven't tasted a morsel for several days." I had nothing more to say, and mounting my horse, I rode forward to the front, where our army, in line of battle, was momentarily expecting the renewed attack of the enemy.

I found General Stuart much sooner than I had hoped for, on our left flank, and at his request rode with him over the battle-field to reconnoitre the enemy's lines. It was a sickening sight. None of the corpses had yet been buried, and in Jackson's front the Federal dead lay around in great numbers, while many wounded men still remained untended in their agony in out-of-the-way spots of the woods and corn-fields. The outposts of the two armies were separated from each other by only a few hundred yards, and frequent shots were exchanged between them whenever an enterprising fellow went forward to pick up a gun or strip a dead body upon the intermediate ground. After having completed our reconnaissance, and when several Yankee sharpshooters had rewarded our curiosity with the whizzing of their bullets, we proceeded towards the point where Jackson was supposed to be, and found old Stonewall, near a battery of twenty-five guns, stretched out along a fence, and enjoying the luxury of a cup of coffee, quite hot, which his trusty servant had prepared from the contents of a Yankee haversack, and of which we were kindly invited to partake.

General Lee soon arrived upon the spot, and leaving these three great men to their council of war, I moved off a short distance, and, throwing myself at full length upon the soft turf, gave way to deep reverie. I had heard much and read much, in my own German and elsewhere, of the presentiment of approaching death, and had often speculated upon the matter, its verity, and the mental and physical conditions that might superinduce it, &c.; but this morning I was taken hold of, rather than oppressed, by the conviction that I should be killed before night in the coming battle, and I should

have regarded any one as a profane sceptic who had tried to argue me out of it, and prove the foreboding nonsensical upon philosophical principles. Whether the famished state of my body, or the excitements of the last two days acting on the brain, had wrought the presentiment in the mind, it is not worth while to consider: certain it is that I made the most mournful entry in my note-book, at which I cannot now look without laughing, and which is too absurd to be repeated here. I only revert to the fact to show that while in some instances presentiments of death are afterwards verified, in others that we do not hear of, probably the greater number, they have no subsequent realisation.

Hour after hour passed away in anxiety and watching for the enemy's attack, but the perfect quietude of the morning was interrupted only by a flag of truce sent in by the Yankees asking permission to bury their dead. This was of course granted, and the work occupied them until the afternoon, when it became evident that the battle would not be renewed, and that my misgivings for the day had been utterly idle. My annoyance at having indulged them was greatly mitigated when, with the evening, came my negro William, mounted on my beautiful little grey mule "Kitt," and, with a grin all over his black face, offered me tomatoes, apples, and roasted ears of corn, which he had promptly seized the earliest occasion of stealing from a neighbouring farm.

In the mean time our great commander-in-chief had decided to recross the Potomac, and transfer his weakened army again to the soil of Virginia. Nothing could be accomplished by remaining longer in Maryland. Even had the battle been renewed with the most satisfactory results for our arms, General Lee had not men enough for the continued occupation of the country. General Lee has often been censured for having fought the battle of Sharpsburg at all, but he was compelled to do so in order that he might save the immense booty taken by Jackson at Harper's Ferry, which was of the very greatest importance to us and well worth a great sacrifice. Besides, it was not known how much the enemy had exhausted his strength in the conflict. Not until some time afterwards did we learn from General M'Clellan's own statement that there was but one single corps of the whole numerous Federal army that could well have been brought into action again.

The retreat of our army was in preparation throughout the day, was commenced at night, and was executed in a masterly manner when one considers that it was conducted along a single road, that, except three hundred men who were too severely wounded to bear transportation, nothing was left in the enemy's hands, and that they were wholly ignorant of our disappearance until the next morning, when our entire army was on the Virginia shore.

General Stuart started with his staff about ten o'clock at night, and I can safely say that the ride to the Potomac was one of the most disagreeable of my life. A fine rain, which had been falling all the evening, had rendered the roads so deep with mud and so slippery that it was difficult to make any progress at all, and I fell with my horse not less than five times. The way was everywhere obstructed by waggon and artillery trains, and marching columns; and the darkness was so great that one knew not where to direct his doubtful steps. General Stuart made a narrow escape from being crushed to death. His horse fell with him directly under the wheels of a heavy army waggon, which must inevitably have gone over him had I not fortunately been able to arrest its motion. The General was in great haste, and was calling out

continually to those in front of him in somewhat angry tones, which were often answered, to my great amusement, in a sufficiently rough manner by the soldiers and waggon-drivers, who did not recognise his voice. At last we reached the Potomac, crossed it in safety, and after moving about for some time in the darkness on the opposite bank, and being compelled to lead our horses over the rocky precipitous ground near Shepherdstown, came shortly before daylight to a halt, and sought on a wet but hard place in the open air an hour's rest preparatory to starting upon a new enterprise—unlooked for finale to the autumn campaign in Maryland.

SIR BROOK FOSSBROOKE.

PART VI.

CHAPTER XX.—IN COURT.

When the day arrived that the Chief Baron was to resume his place on the Bench, no small share of excitement was seen to prevail within the precincts of the Four Courts. Many opined that his recovery was far from perfect, and that it was not his intention ever to return to the justice-seat. Some maintained that the illness had been far less severe than was pretended, and that he had employed the attack as a means of pressure on the Government, to accord to his age and long services the coveted reward. Less argumentative partisans there were who were satisfied to wager that he would or would not reappear on the Bench, and bets were even laid that he would come for one last time, as though to show the world in what full vigour of mind and intellect was the man the Government desired to consign to inactivity and neglect.

It is needless to say that he was no favourite with the Bar. There was scarcely a man from the highest to the lowest whom he had not on some occasion or another snubbed, ridiculed, or reprimanded. Whose law had he not controverted, whose acuteness had he not exposed, whose rhetoric not made jest of? The mere presence of ability before him seemed to stimulate his combative spirit, and incite him to a passage at arms with one able to defend himself. No first-rate man could escape the shafts of his barbed and pointed wit; it was only dulness, hopeless dulness, that left his court with praise of his urbanity, and a eulogy over his courteous demeanour.

Now hopeless dulness is not the characteristic of the Irish Bar, and with the majority the Chief Baron was the reverse of popular.

No small tribute was it therefore to his intellectual superiority, to that mental power that all acknowledged while they dreaded, that his appearance was greeted with a murmur of approbation, which swelled louder and louder as he moved across the hall, till it burst out at last into a hoarse, full cheer of welcome. Mounting the steps with difficulty, the pale old man, sered with age and wrinkled with care, turned round towards the vast crowd, and with an eye of flashing brightness, and a heightened colour, pressed his hand upon his heart, and bowed. A very slight motion it was—less, far less, perhaps, than a sovereign might have accorded; but in its dignity and grace it was a perfect recognition of all the honour he felt had been done him.

How broken! how aged! how fearfully changed! were the whisper-

ed remarks that were uttered around as he took his seat on the Bench, and more significant even than words were the looks interchanged when he attempted to speak; and instead of that clear metallic ring which once had been audible even outside the court, a faint murmuring sound was only heard.

A few commonplace motions were made and discharged. A somewhat wearisome argument followed on a motion for a new trial, and the benches of the bar gradually grew thinner and thinner, as the interest of the scene wore off, and as each in turn had scanned, and, after his own fashion, interpreted, the old judge's powers of mind and body; when suddenly, and as it were without ostensible cause, the court began to fill—bench after bench was occupied, till at last even all the standing-space was crowded; and when the massive curtain moved aside, vast numbers were seen without, eagerly trying to enter. At first the Chief Baron appeared not to notice the change, but his sharp eye no sooner detected it than he followed with his glance the directed gaze of the crowd, and saw it fixed on the gallery, opposite the jury-box, now occupied by a well-dressed company, in the midst of whom, conspicuous above all, sat Lady Lendrick. So well known were the relations that subsisted between himself and his wife, such publicity had been given to their hates and quarrels, that her presence here was regarded as a measure of shameless indelicacy. In the very defiant look, too, that she bestowed on the body of the court she seemed to accept the imputation, and to dare it.

Leisurely and calmly did she scan the old man's features through her double eyeglass, while from time to time, with a simpering smile, she would whisper some words to the lady at her side—words it was not needful to overhear, they were so palpably words of critical comment upon him she gazed at.

So engrossed was attention by the gross indecency of this intrusion, which had not even the shallow pretext of an interesting cause to qualify it, that it was only after a considerable time it was perceived that the lady who sat next Lady Lendrick was exceedingly beautiful. If no longer in her first you h, there were traits of loveliness in her perfectly formed features which even years respect; and in the depth of her orbits and the sculptural elegance of her nostrils and her mouth, there was all that beauty we love to call Greek, but in which no classic model ever could compete with the daughters of England.

Her complexion was of exceeding delicacy, as was the half-warm tint of her light-brown hair. But it was when she smiled that the captivation of her beauty became perfect; and it seemed as though each and all there appropriated that radiant favour to himself, and felt his heart bound with a sort of ecstasy. It had been rumoured in the morning through the hall that the Chief Baron, at the rising of the Court, would deliver a short reply to the address of the Bar; and now, as the last motion was being disposed of, the appearance of eager expectation and curiosity became conspicuous on every side.

That the unlooked-for presence of his wife had irritated and embarrassed the old man was plain to the least observant. The stern expression of his features; the steadfast way in which he gazed into the body of the court, to avoid even a chance glance at the gallery; the fretful impatience with which he moved his hands restlessly amongst his papers,—all showed discomposure and uneasiness. Still it was well known that the moment he was called on for a mental effort intellect ever assumed the mastery over temper, and all felt that when he should arise not a trace of embarrassment would remain to mar the calm dignity of his manner.

It was amidst a hushed silence that he stood up, and said, "Mr. Chief Sergeant, and Gentlemen of the Bar: I had intended to-day—I had even brought down with me some notes of a reply which I purposed to make to the more than flattering address which you so graciously offered to me. I find, however, that I have overrated the strength that remains to me. I find I have measured my power to thank you by the depth of my gratitude, and not by the vigour of my frame. I am too weak to say all that I feel, and too deeply your debtor to ask you to accept less than I owe you. Had the testimony of esteem you presented to me only alluded to those gifts of mind and intellect with which a gracious Providence was pleased to endow me—had you limited yourself to the recognition of the lawyer and the judge, I might possibly have found strength to assure you that I accepted your praise with the consciousness that it was not all unmerited. The language of your address, however, went beyond this; your words were those of regard, even of affection. I am unused to such as these, gentlemen. They unsettle—they unman me. Physicians tell us that the nerves of the student acquire a morbid and diseased acuteness for want of those habits of action and physical exertion which more vulgar organisations practise. So do I feel that the mental faculties gain an abnormal intensity in proportion as the affections are neglected, and the soil of the heart left untilled.

"Mine have been worse than ignored," said he, with an elevated tone, and in a voice that rang through the court. "They have been outraged, and when the time comes that biography will have to deal with my character and my fortunes, if there be but justice in the award, the summing-up will speak of me as one ever linked with a destiny that was beneath him. He was a Lawyer—he ought to have been a Legislator. He sat on the Bench, while his place was the Cabinet; and when at the end of a laborious life his brethren rallied round him with homage, and with tender regard, they found him like a long beleaguered city, starved into submission, carrying a bold port towards the enemy, but torn by dissension within, and betrayed by the very garrison that should have died in its defence."

The savage fierceness of these words turned every eye in the court to the gallery, where Lady Lendrick sat, and where, with a pleasant smile on her face, she not only listened with seeming pleasure, but beat time with her fan to the rhythm of the well-rounded periods.

A quivering of the lip, and a strange flattening of the cheek of one side, succeeded to the effort with which he delivered these words, and when he attempted to speak again his voice failed him; and after a few attempts he placed his hand on his brow, and with a look of intense and most painful significancy, bowed around him to both sides of the court and retired.

"That woman, that atrocious woman, has killed him," muttered poor Haire, as he hastened to the Judge's robing-room.

"I am sorry, my dear, you should not have heard him in a better vein, for he is really eloquent at times," said Lady Lendrick to her beautiful companion, as they moved through the crowd to their carriage.

"I trust his present excitement will not have bad consequences," said the other softly. "Don't you think we ought to wait and ask how he is?"

"If you like. I have only one objection, and that is, that we may be misconstrued. There are people here malicious enough to impute the worst of motives to our anxiety. Oh, here is Mr. Pemberton! Mr. Pemberton, will you do me the great favour to inquire how the Chief Baron is? Would you do more, and

say that I am most eager to know if I could be of any use to him?"

If Mr. Pemberton had no fancy for his mission, he could not very well decline it. While he was absent, the ladies took a turn through the hall inspecting the two or three statues of distinguished lawyers, and scanning the living faces, whose bewigged expression seemed to blend the overwise and the ridiculous in the strangest imaginable manner.

A sudden movement in the crowd betokened some event; and now, through a lane formed in the dense mass, the Chief Baron was seen approaching. He had divested himself of his robes and looked the younger for the change. Indeed there was an almost lightness in his step, as he came forward, and, with a bland smile, said, "I am most sensible of the courtesy that led you here. I only wish my strength had been more equal to the occasion." And he took Lady Lendrick's hand, with a mingled deference and regard.

"Sir William, this is my daughter-in-law. She only arrived yesterday, but was determined not to lose the opportunity of hearing you."

"To have *heard* me to-day was disappointment," said the old man, as he raised the young lady's hand to his lips. "To *see* her is none. I am charmed to meet one so closely tied to me—of such exquisite beauty. Ah! madam! it's a dear-bought privilege, this candid appreciation of loveliness we old men indulge in. May I offer you my arm?"

And now through the dense crowd they passed along; all surprised and amazed at the courteous attentions of the old Judge, whom but a few moments before they had seen almost convulsed with passion.

"She almost had won the game, Haire," said the Chief Baron, as, having handed the ladies to their carriage, he went in search of his own. "But I have mated her. My sarcasm has never given me one victory with that woman," said he, sternly. "I have never conquered her except by courtesy."

"Why did she come down to court at all?" blurted out Haire. "It was positively indecent."

"The Spanish women go to bull-fights, but I never heard that they stepped down into the arena. She has great courage—very great courage."

"Who was the handsome woman with her?"

"Her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Sewell. Now, that is what I call beauty, Haire. There is the element which is denied to us men—to subdue without effort—to conquer without conflict."

"Your granddaughter is handsomer to my thinking."

"They are like each other—strangely like. They have the same dimpling of the cheek before they smile, and her laugh has the same ring as Lucy's"

Haire muttered something not very intelligibly indeed, but certainly not sounding like assent.

"Lady Lendrick had asked me to take these Sewells in at the Priory, and I refused her. Perhaps I'd have been less peremptory had I seen this beauty. Yes, sir! There is a form of loveliness—this woman has it—as distinctly an influence as intellectual superiority, or great rank, or great riches. To deny its power you must live out of the world, and reject all the ordinances of society."

"Coquettes, I suppose, have their followers, but I don't think you or I need be of the number."

"You speak with your accustomed acuteness, Haire; but coquetry is the exercise of many gifts, beauty is the display of one: I can parry off the one; I cannot help feeling the burning rays of the other. Come, come, don't sulk; I am not going to undervalue your favourite Lucy. They have promised to dine with me on Sunday; you must meet them."

"Dine with you!—dine with

you, after what you said to-day in open court!"

"That I could invite them, and they accept my invitation, is the best reply to those who would, in their malevolence, misinterpret whatever may have fallen from me. The wound of a sharp arrow is never very painful till some inexpert bungler endeavours to withdraw the weapon. It is then that agony becomes excruciating, and peril imminent."

"I suppose I am the bungler, then?"

"Heaven forbid I should say so! but as I have often warned you, Haire, your turn for sarcasm is too strong for even your good sense. When you have shotted your gun with a good joke, you will make a bull's-eye of your best friend."

"By George, then, I don't know myself, that's all; and I could as easily imagine myself a rich man as a witty one."

"You are rich in gifts more precious than money; and you have the quintessence of all wit in that property that renders you suggestive; it is like what chemists call latent heat. But to return to Mrs. Sewell; she met my son at the Cape, and reports favourably of his health and prospects."

"Poor fellow! what a banishment he must feel it!"

"I wonder, sir, how many of us go through life without sacrifices! She says that he goes much into the world, and is already very popular in the society of the place—a great and happy change to a man who had suffered his indolence and self-indulgence to master him. Had he remained at home, I might have been able to provide for him. George Ogle's place is vacant, and I am determined to exercise my right of appointment."

"First Registrar, was he not?"

"Yes; a snug berth for incapacity—one thousand a-year. Ogle made more of it by means we shall not inquire into, but which shall not be repeated."

"You ought to give it to your grandson," said Haire, bluntly.

"You ought to know better than to say so, sir," said the Judge, with a stern severity. "It is to men like myself the public look for example and direction, and it would be to falsify all the teaching of my life if I were to misuse my patronage. Come up early on Saturday morning, and go over the lists with me. There are one hundred and twenty-three applicants, backed by peers, bishops, members of Parliament and men in power."

"I don't envy you your patronage."

"Of course not, sir. The one hundred and twenty-two disappointed candidates would present more terror to a mind like yours than any consciousness of a duty fulfilled would compensate for; but I am fashioned of other stuff."

"Well, I only hope it may be a worthy fellow gets it."

"If you mean worthy in what regards a devotion to the public service, I may possibly be able to assure you on that head."

"No, no, I mean a good fellow—a true-hearted, honest fellow, to whom the salary will be a means of comfort and happiness."

"Sir, you ask for too much. Men in my station investigate fitness and capacity; they cannot descend to inquire how far the domestic virtues influence those whom they advance to office."

"You may drop me here; I am near home," said Haire, who began to feel a little weary of being lectured.

"You will not dine with me?"

"Not to-day. I have some business this evening. I have a case to look over."

"Come up on Saturday, then—come to breakfast, bring me any newspapers that treat of the appointment, and let us see if we cannot oppose this spirit of dictation they are so prone to assume; for I am resolved I will never name a man to office who has the Press for his patron."

"It may not be his fault."

"It shall be his misfortune, then. Stop, Drab; Mr. Haire wishes to get down. To the Priory," said he, as his friend went his way; and now, leaning back in his carriage, the old man continued to talk aloud, and, addressing an imaginary audience, declaim against the encroaching spirit of the newspapers, and inveigh against the perils to which their irresponsible counsels exposed the whole framework of society; and thus speaking, and passionately gesticulating, he reached his home.

CHAPTER XXI.—A MORNING CALL.

As Sir William waited breakfast for Haire on Saturday morning, a car drove up to the door, and the butler soon afterwards entered with a card and a letter. The card bore the name "Sir Brook Fossbrooke," and the letter was sealed with the viceregal arms, and had the name "Wilmington" on the corner. Sir William broke it open, and read—

"My dear Chief Baron,—This will come to your hand through Sir Brook Fossbrooke, one of my oldest and choicest friends. He tells me he desires to know you, and I am not aware of any more natural or legitimate ambition. It would be presumption in me to direct your attention to qualities you will be more quick to discover and more able to appreciate than myself. I would only add, that your estimate will, I feel assured, be not less favourable that it will be formed of one of whose friendship I am proud. It may be that his visit to you will include a matter of business; if so, give it your courteous attention: and believe me ever, my dear Chief Baron, your faithful friend, Wilmington."

"Show the gentleman in," said the Judge; and he advanced towards the door as Sir Brook entered. "I am proud to make your acquaintance, Sir Brook," said he, presenting his hand.

"I would not have presumed to call on you at such an hour, my Lord Chief Baron, save that my minutes are numbered. I must leave for England this evening; and I wished, if possible, to meet you before I started."

"You will, I hope, join me at breakfast?"

"I breakfasted two hours ago—if I dare to dignify by the name my meal of bread and milk. But, pray, let me not keep you from yours—that is, if you will permit me to speak to you while so occupied."

"I am at your orders, sir," said the old Judge, as he seated himself and requested his visitor to sit beside him.

"His Excellency tells me, my lord, that there is just now vacant a situation of which some doubt exists as to the patron—a Registrarship, I think he called it, in your Court?"

"There is no doubt whatever, sir. The patronage is mine."

"I merely quote the Viceroy, my lord—I assert nothing of myself."

"It may not impossibly save time, sir, when I repeat that his Excellency has misinformed you. The office is in my gift."

"May I finish the communication with which he charged me?"

"Sir, there is no case before the court," said the Judge. "I can hear you, as a matter of courtesy; but it cannot be your object to be listened to on such terms?"

"I will accept even so little. If it should prove that the view taken by his Excellency is the correct one—pray, sir, let me proceed——"

"I cannot; I have no temper for a baseless hypothesis. I will not, besides, abuse your time any more than my own forbearance; and I there-

fore say, that if any portion of your interest in making my acquaintance concerns that question you have so promptly broached, the minutes employed in the discussion would be thrown away by us both."

"Mr. Haire," said the servant, at this moment; and the Chief Baron's old friend entered rather heated by his walk.

"You are late by half-an-hour, Haire: let me present you to Sir Brook Fossbrooke, whose acquaintance I am now honoured in making. Sir Brook is under a delusive impression, Haire, which I told you a few days ago would demand some decisive step on my part: he thinks that the vacant registrarship is at the disposal of the Crown."

"I ask pardon," said Fossbrooke. "As I understood his Excellency, they only claim the alternate appointment."

"And they shall not assert even that, sir."

"Sir William's case is strong—it is irrefutable. I have gone over it myself," broke in Haire.

"There, sir! listen to that You have now wherewithal to go back and tell the viceroy that the opinion of the leading man of the Irish Bar has decided against his claim. Tell him, sir, that accident timed your visit here at the same moment with my distinguished friend's, and that you in this way obtained a spontaneous decision on the matter at issue. When you couple with that judgment the name of William Haire, you will have said enough."

"I bow to this great authority," said Sir Brook, with deep courtesy, "and, accepting your Lordship's statement to the fullest, I would only add, that as it was his Excellency's desire to have named me to this office, might I so far presume, on the loss of the good fortune that I had looked for, to approach you with a request, only premising that it is not on my own behalf?"

"I own, sir, that I do not clearly appreciate the title to your claim. You are familiar with the turf, Sir Brook, and you know that it is only the second horse has a right to demand his entry."

"I have not been beaten, my lord. You have scratched my name and prevented my running."

"Let us come back to fact, sir," said the Chief Baron, not pleased with the retort. "How can you base any right to approach me with a request on the circumstance that his Excellency desired to give you what belonged to another?"

"Yes, that puts it forcibly—unanswerably—to my thinking," said Haire.

"I may condole with disappointment, sir, but I am not bound to compensate defeat," said the old Judge; and he arose and walked the room with that irritable look and manner which even the faintest opposition to him often evoked, and for which even the utterance of a flippant rebuke but partly compensated him.

"I take it, my Lord Chief Baron," said Fossbrooke, calmly, "that I have neither asked for condolence nor compensation. I told you, I hoped distinctly, that what I was about to urge was not in my own behalf."

"Well, sir, and I think the plea is only the less sustainable. The Viceroy's letter might give a pretext for the one; there is nothing in our acquaintance would warrant the other."

"If you knew, sir, how determined I am not to take offence at words which certainly imperil patience, you would possibly spare me some of these asperities. I am in close relations of friendship with your grandson; he is at present living with me; I have pledged myself to his father to do my utmost in securing him some honourable livelihood, and it is in his behalf that I have presented myself before you to-day. Will you graciously accord me a hearing on this ground?"

There was a quiet dignity of manner in which he said this, a total

forgetfulness of self, and a manly simplicity of purpose so palpable, that the old Judge felt he was in presence of one whose character called for all his respect; at the same time he was not one to be even suddenly carried away by a sentiment, and in a very measured voice he replied: "If I'm flattered, sir, by the interest you take in a member of my family, I am still susceptible of a certain displeasure that it should be a stranger should stand before me to ask me for any favour to my own."

"I am aware, my Lord Chief Baron, that my position is a false one, but so is your own."

"Mine, sir! mine? what do you mean? Explain yourself."

"If your Lordship's interest had been exerted, as it might have been, Dr. Lendrick's son would never have needed so humble a friend as he has found in me."

"And have you come here, sir, to lecture me on my duty to my family? Have you presented yourself under the formality of a vice-regal letter of introduction to tell a perfect stranger to you how he should have demeaned himself to his own?"

"Probably I might retort, and ask by what right you lecture me on my manners and behaviour? But I am willing to be taught by so consummate a master of everything; and though I was once a courtier, I believe that I have much to learn on the score of breeding. And now, my lord, let us leave this unpromising theme, and come to one which has more interest for each of us. If this registrarship, this place, whatever it be, would be one to suit your grandson, will the withdrawal of *my* claim serve to induce your Lordship to support *his?* In one word, my lord, will you let him have the appointment?"

"I distinctly refuse, sir," said the Judge, waving his hand with an air of dignity. "Of the young gentleman for whom you intercede I know but little; but there are two disqualifications against him, more than enough either of them to outweigh your advocacy."

"May I learn them?" asked Sir Brook, meekly.

"You shall, sir. He carries my name without its prestige; he inherits *my* temper, but not my intellect." The blood rushed to his face as he spoke, and his chest swelled, and his whole bearing bespoke the fierce pride that animated him; when suddenly, as it were, recollecting himself, he added, "I am not wont to give way thus, sir. It is only in a moment of forgetfulness that I could have obtruded a personal consideration into a question of another kind. My friend here will tell you if it has been the habit of my life to pension my family on the public."

"Having failed in one object of my coming, let me hope for better success in another. May I convey to your Lordship your grandson's regret for having offended you? It has caused him sincere sorrow, and much self-reproach. May I return with the good tidings of your forgiveness?"

"The habits of my order are opposed to rash judgments, and consequently to hasty reversions. I will consider the case, and let you hear my opinion upon it."

"I think that is about as much as you will do with him," muttered Haire in Sir Brook's ear, and with a significant gestune towards the door.

"Before taking my leave, my lord, would it be too great a liberty if I begged to present my personal respects to Miss Lendrick?"

"I will inform her of your wish, sir," said the Judge, rising and ringing the bell. After a pause of some minutes, in which a perfect silence was maintained by all, the servant returned to say, "Miss Lendrick would be happy to see Sir Brook."

"I hope, sir," said the Chief Baron, as he accompanied him to the door, "I have no need to say

quest that no portion of what has passed here to-day be repeated to my granddaughter." A haughty bow of assent was all the reply.

"I make my advances to her heart," said the Judge, with a tone of more feeling in his voice, "through many difficulties. Let these not be increased to me—let her not think me unmindful of my own."

"Give her no reason to think so, my lord, and you may feel very indifferent to the chance words of a passing acquaintance."

"For the third time to-day, sir, have you dared to sit in judgment over my behaviour to my family. You cannot plead want of experience of life, or want of converse with men, to excuse this audacity. I must regard your intrusion, therefore, as a settled project to insult me. I accept no apologies, sir," said the old man, with a haughty wave of his hand, while his eyes glittered with passion. "I only ask, and I hope I ask as a right, that I may not be outraged under my own roof. Take your next opportunity to offend me when I may not be hampered by the character of your host. Come down into the open arena, and see how proud you will feel at the issue of the encounter." He rang the bell violently as he spoke, and continued to ring it till the servant came.

"Accompany this gentleman to the gate," said he to the man.

Not a change came over Sir Brook's face during the delivery of this speech, and as he bowed reverentially and withdrew, his manner was all that courtesy could desire.

"I see he's not going to visit Lucy," muttered Haire as Sir Brook passed the window.

"I should think not, sir. There are few men would like to linger where they have been so ingloriously defeated." He walked the room with a proud defiant look for some minutes, and then, sinking faintly into a chair, said, in a weak tremulous tone, "Haire, these trials are too much for me. It is a cruel aggravation of the ills of old age to have a heart and a brain alive to the finest sense of injury." Haire muttered something like concurrence.

"What is it you say, sir? Speak out," cried the Judge.

"I was saying," muttered the other, "I wish they would not provoke—would not irritate you; that people ought to see the state your nerves are in, and should use a little discretion how they contradict and oppose you." The bland smile of the Chief-Justice, and an assenting gesture of his hand, emboldened Haire to continue, and he went on: "I have always said, Keep away such as excite him; his condition is not one to be bettered by passionate outbreaks. Calm him, humour him."

"What a pearl above price is a friend endowed with discretion! Leave me, Haire, to think over your nice words. I would like to ponder them alone and to myself. I'll send for you by-and-by."

CHAPTER XXII.—COMING-HOME THOUGHTS.

Had a mere stranger been a guest on that Sunday when the Chief Baron entertained at dinner Lady Lendrick, the Sewells, and his old schoolfellow Haire, he might have gone away under the impression that he had passed an evening in the midst of a happy and united family.

Nothing could be more perfect than the blending of courtesy and familiarity. The old Chief himself was in his best of humours, which means, that with the high polish of a past age, its deference and its homage, he combined all the readiness and epigrammatic smartness of a later period. Lady Lendrick was

bland, courteous, and attentive. Colonel Sewell took the part assigned him by his host, alternate talker and listener; and Mrs. Sewell herself displayed, with true woman's wit, how she knew to fall in with the Judge's humour, as though she had known him for years, and that, in each sally of his wit, and each flash of his repartee, he was but reviving memories of such displays in long past years. As for Haire, no enchantment could be more complete; he found himself not only listened to but appealed to. The Chief asked him to correct him about some fact or other of recent history; he applied to him to relate some incident in a trial he had taken part in; and, greatest triumph of all, he was called on to decide some question about the dressing of Mrs. Sewell's hair, his award being accepted as the last judgment of connoisseurship.

Lucy talked little, but seemed interested by all around her. It was a bit of high-life comedy, really amusing, and she had that mere suspicion—it was no more—of the honesty and loyalty of the talkers to give an added significancy to all she saw and heard. The slight distrust, however, gave way, when Mrs. Sewell sat down beside her in the drawing-room, and talked to her of her father. Oh, how well she appeared to know him; how truly she read the guileless simplicity of his noble nature; how she distinguished—it was not all who did so—between his timid reserve and pride; how she saw that what savoured of haughtiness was in reality an excess of humility, shrouding itself from notice; how she dwelt on his love for children, and the instantaneous affection he inspired in them towards himself. Last of all, how she won the poor girl's heart as she said, "It will never do to leave him there, Lucy; we must have him here, at home with us. I think you may intrust it to me; I generally find my way in these sort of things."

Lucy could have fallen at her feet with gratitude as she heard these words, and she pressed her hand to her lips and kissed it fervently. "Why isn't your brother here? is he not in Dublin?" asked Mrs. Sewell, suddenly.

"Yes, he is in town," stammered out Lucy, "but grandpapa scarcely knows him, and when they did meet, it was most unfortunate. I'll tell you all about it another time."

"We have many confidences to make each other," said Mrs. Sewell, with a sigh so full of sorrow that Lucy instinctively pressed her hand with warmth, as though to imply her trustfulness would not be ill deposited.

At last came the hour of leave-taking, and the Judge accompanied his guests to the door, and even bare-headed handed Lady Lendrick to her carriage. To each, as they said "good-night," he had some little appropriate speech—a word or two of gracious compliment, uttered with all his courtesy.

"I call this little dinner a success, Lucy," said he, as he stood to say "good night" on the stairs. "Lady Lendrick was unusually amiable, and her daughter-in-law is beyond praise."

"She is indeed charming," said Lucy, fervently.

"I found the Colonel also agreeable—less dictatorial than men of his class generally are. I suspect we shall get on well together with further acquaintance; but, as Haire said, I was myself to-night, and would have struck sparks out of the dullest rock, so that I must not impute to him what may only have been the reflex of myself. Ah, dear! there was a time when these exertions were the healthful stimulants of my life: now they only weary and excite—good-night, dear child, good-night."

As Lady Lendrick and her party drove homeward, not a word was uttered for some minutes after they had taken their seats. It was not till after they had passed out of the

grounds, and gained the highroad, that she herself broke silence. "Well, Dudley," said she at last, "is he like my description? was my portrait too highly coloured?"

"Quite the reverse. It was a faint weak sketch of the great original. In all my life I never met such inordinate vanity and such overweening pretension. I give him the palm as the most conceited man and the greatest bore in Christendom."

"Do you wonder now if I couldn't live with him?" asked she, half triumphantly.

"I'll not go that far. I think I could live with him if I saw my way to any advantage by it."

"I'm certain you could not! The very things you now reprobate are the few endurable traits about him. It is in the resources of his intense conceit he finds whatever renders him pleasant and agreeable. I wish you saw his other humour."

"I can imagine it may not be all that one would desire; but still——"

"It comes well from you to talk of submitting and yielding," burst out Lady Lendrick. "I certainly have not yet detected these traits in your character; and I tell you frankly, you and Sir William could not live a week under the same roof together. Don't you agree with me, Lucy?"

"What should she know about it?" said he, fiercely; and before she could reply, "I don't suspect she knows a great deal about *me*—she knows nothing at all about *him*."

"Well, would you like to live with him yourself, Lucy?" asked Lady Lendrick.

"I don't say I'd *like* it, but I think it might be done," said she, faintly, and scarcely raising her eyes as she spoke.

"Of course, then, my intractable temper is the cause of all our incompatibility; my only consolation is, that I have a son and a daughter-in-law so charmingly endowed, that their virtues are more than enough to outweigh my faults."

"What I say is this," said the Colonel, sternly—"I think the man is a bore, or a bully; but that he needn't be both if one doesn't like it. Now I'd consent to be bored, to escape being bullied, which is precisely the reverse of what you appear to have done."

"I am charmed with the perspicuity you display. I hope, Lucy, that it tends to the happiness of your married life, to have a husband so well able to read character."

Apparently this was a double-headed shot, for neither spoke for several minutes.

"I declare I almost wish he would put you to the test," said Lady Lendrick. "I mean, I wish he'd ask you to the Priory."

"I fancy it is what he means to do," said Mrs. Sewell, in the same low tone—"at least he came to me when I was standing in the small drawing-room, and said, 'How would you endure the quiet stillness and uniformity of such a life as I lead here? Would its dulness overpower you?'"

"Of course you said it would be paradise," broke in her Ladyship; "you hinted all about your own resources, and suchlike."

"She did no such thing; she took the pathetic line, put her handkerchief to her eyes, and implied how she would love it, as a refuge from the cruel treatment of a bad husband—eh, am I right?" Harsh and insolent as the words were, the accents in which they were uttered were far more so. "Out with it, madam! was it not something like that you said?"

"No," said she, gently. "I told Sir William I was supremely happy, blessed in every accident and every relation of my life, and that hitherto I had never seen the spot which could not suit the glad temper of my heart."

"You keep the glad temper confoundedly to yourself then," burst

he out. "I wish you were not such a niggard of it."

"Dudley, Dudley, I say," cried Lady Lendrick, in a tone of reproof.

"I have learned not to mind these amenities," said Mrs. Sewell, in a quiet voice, "and I am only surprised that Colonel Sewell thinks it worth while to continue them."

"If it be your intention to become Sir William's guest, I must say such habits will require to be amended," said her Ladyship, gravely.

"So they shall, mother. Your accomplished and amiable husband, as you once called him in a letter to me, shall only see us in our turtle moods, and never be suffered to approach our cage save when we are billing and cooing."

The look of aversion he threw at his wife as he spoke was something that words cannot convey; and though she never raised her eyes to meet it, a sickly pallor crept over her cheek as the blight fell on her.

"I am to call on him to-morrow, by appointment. I wish he had not said twelve. One has not had his coffee by twelve; but as he said, 'I hope that will not be too early for you,' I felt it better policy to reply, 'By no means;' and so I must start as if for a journey."

"What does he mean by asking you to come at that hour? have you any notion what his business is?"

"Not the least. We were in the hall. I was putting on my coat, when he suddenly turned round and asked me if I could, without inconvenience, drop in about twelve."

"I wonder what it can be for."

"I'll tell you what I hope it may not be for! I hope it may not be to show me his conservatory, or his Horatian garden, as he pedantically called it, or his fishponds. If so, I think I'll invite him some fine morning to turn over all my protested bills, and the various writs issued against me. Bore for Bore, I suspect we shall come out of the encounter pretty equal."

"He has some rare gems. I'd not wonder if it was to get you to select a present for Lucy."

"If I thought so, I'd take a jeweller with me, as though my friend, to give me a hint as to the value."

"He admires you, Lucy, greatly; he told me so as he took me downstairs."

"She has immense success with men of that age; nothing over eighty seems able to resist her."

This time she raised her eyes, and they met his, not with their former expression, but full of defiance, and of an insolent meaning, so that after a moment he turned away his gaze, and after a seeming struggle looked abashed and ashamed. "The first change I will ask you to make in that house," said Lady Lendrick, who had noticed this by-play, "if ever you become its inmates, will be to dismiss that tiresome old hanger-on, Mr. Haire. I abhor him."

"My first reform will be in the sherry. To get rid of that vile sugary compound of horrid nastiness he gives you after soup. The next will be the long-tailed black coach-horses. I don't think a man need celebrate his own funeral every time he goes out for a drive."

"Haire," resumed Lady Lendrick, in a tone of severity, meant, perhaps, to repress all banter on a serious subject—"Haire not only supplies food to his vanity, but stimulates his conceit by little daily stories of what the world says of him. I wish he would listen to *me* on that subject—I wish he would take my version of his place in popular estimation."

"I opine that the granddaughter should be got rid of," said the Colonel.

"She is a fool—only a fool," said Lady Lendrick.

"I don't think her a fool," said Mrs. Sewell, slowly.

"I don't exactly mean so much, but that she has no knowledge of life, and knows nothing whatever of the position she is placed in, nor how to profit by it."

"I'd not even go that far," said Mrs. Sewell, in the same quiet tone.

"Don't pay too much attention to *that*," said the Colonel to his mother. "It's one of her ways always to see something in every one that nobody else has discovered."

"I made that mistake once too often for my own welfare," said she, in a voice only audible to his ear.

"She tells me, mother, that she made that same mistake once too often for her own welfare; which, being interpreted, means in taking me for her husband—a civil speech to make a man in presence of his mother."

"I begin to think that politeness is not the quality any of us are eager about," said Lady Lendrick; "and I must say I am not at all sorry that the drive is over."

"If I had been permitted to smoke, you'd not have been distressed by any conversational excesses on my part," said the Colonel.

"I shall know better another time, Dudley; and possibly it would be as well to be suffocated with tobacco as half-choked with anger. Thank heaven we are at the door."

"May I take your horses as far as the Club?" asked Sewell as he handed her out.

"Yes, but not to wait. You kept them on Tuesday night till past four o'clock."

"On second thought I'll walk," said he, turning away. "Good night;" and leaving his wife to be assisted down the steps by the footman, he lighted his cigar, and walked away.

CHAPTER XXIII.—A VERY HUMBLE DWELLING.

The little lodging occupied by Sir Brook and young Lendrick was in a not very distinguished suburb near Cullen's Wood. It was in a small one-storeyed cottage, whose rickety gate bore the inscription Avoca Villa on a black board, under which, in a form of permanence that indicated frequent changes of domicile, were the words—"Furnished Apartments, and Board if required." A small enclosure, with three hollyhocks in a raised mound in the centre, and a luxurious crop of nettles around, served as garden; a narrow path of very rough shingle conducted to the door.

The rooms within were very small, low, and meanly furnished; they bespoke both poverty and neglect; and while the broken windows, the cobwebbed ceiling, and the unwashed floor, all indicated that no attention was bestowed on comfort or even decency, over the fireplace, on a large black frame, was a painting representing the genealogical tree of the house of the proprietor, Daniel O'Reardon, Esquire, the lineal descendant of Frenok-Dhubh-na-Bochlish O'Reardon, who was king of West Carbarry, A.D. 703, and who, though at present only a doorkeeper in H. M. Court of Exchequer, had royal blood in his veins, and very kingly thoughts in his head.

If a cruel destiny compelled Mr. O'Reardon to serve the Saxon, he "took it out" in a most hearty hatred of his patron. He denounced him when he talked, and he reviled him when he sang. He treasured up paragraphs of all the atrocities of the English press, and he revelled in the severe strictures which the Irish papers bestowed on them. So far as hating went, he was a true patriot.

If some people opined that Mr.

O'Reardon's political opinions rather partook of what was in vogue some sixty-odd years ago than what characterised our own day, there were others, less generous critics, who scrupled not to say that he was a paid spy of the Government, and that all the secret organisation of treason—all the mysterious plotting of rebellion that seems never to die completely out in Ireland—were known to and reported by this man to the "Castle." Certain it was that he lived in a way his humble salary at the Four Courts could not have met, and indulged in convivial excesses far beyond the reach of his small pay.

When Sir Brook and Tom Lendrick became his lodgers, he speedily saw that they belonged to a class far above what usually resorted to his humble house. However studiously simple they might be in all their demands, they were unmistakably gentlemen; and this fact, coupled with their evident want of all employment or occupation, considerably puzzled Mr. O'Reardon, and set him a-thinking what they could be, who they were, and, as he phrased it, what they were at. No letters came for them, nor, as they themselves gave no names, was there any means of tracing their address; and to his oft-insinuated request, "If any one asks for you, sir, by what name shall I be able to answer?" came the same invariable "No one will call;" and thus was Mr. O'Reardon reduced to designate them to his wife as the "old chap," and the "young one," titles which Sir Brook and Tom more than once overheard through the frail partitions of the ill-built house.

It is not impossible that O'Reardon's peculiar habits and line of life disposed him to attach a greater significance to the seeming mystery that surrounded his lodgers than others might have ascribed; it is probable that custom had led him to suspect everything that was any way suspicious. These men draw many a cover where there is no fox, but they rarely pass a gorse thicket and leave one undetected. His lodgers thus became to him a study. Had he been a man of leisure, he would have devoted the whole of it to their service; he would have dogged their steps, learned their haunts, and watched their acquaintances—if they had any. Sunday was, however, his one free day, and by some inconceivable perversity they usually spent the entire of it at home.

The few books they possessed bore no names; some of them were in foreign languages, and increased thereby Mr. O'Reardon's suspicious distrust, but none gave any clue to their owners. There was another reason for his eagerness and anxiety: for a long time back Ireland had been generally in a condition of comparative quiet and prosperity; there was less of distress, and consequently less of outrage. The people seemed at length to rely more upon themselves and their own industry, than on the specious promises of trading politicians, and Mr. O'Reardon, whose functions, I fear, were not above reproach in the matter of secret information, began to fear lest some fine morning he might be told his occupation was gone, and that his employers no longer needed the fine intelligence that could smell treason, even by a sniff: he must, he said, do something to revive the memory of his order, or the chance was it would be extinguished for ever.

He had to choose between denouncing them as French emissaries or American sympathisers. A novel of Balzac's that lay on the table decided for the former, for he knew enough to be aware it was in French; and fortified with this fact, he proceeded to draw up his indictment for the Castle.

It was, it must be confessed, a very meagre document; it contained little beyond the writer's own suspicions. Two men who were poor enough to live in Avon

Villa, and yet rich enough to do nothing for their livelihood, who gave no names, went out at unseasonable hours, and understood French, ought to be dangerous, and required to be watched, and therefore he gave an accurate description of their general appearance, age, and dress, at the office of the Private Secretary, and asked for his "instructions" in consequence.

Mr. O'Reardon was not a bad portrait-painter with his pen, and in the case of Sir Brook there were peculiarities enough to make even a caricature a resemblance: his tall narrow head, his long drooping mustache, his massive grey eyebrows, his look of stern dignity, would have marked him, even without the singularities of dress which recalled the fashions of fifty years before.

Little indeed did the old man suspect that his high-collared coat and bell-shaped hat were subjecting him to grave doubts upon his loyalty. Little did he think, as he sauntered at evening along the green lanes in this retired neighbourhood, that his thoughts should have been on treason and bloodshed.

He had come to the little lodging, it is true, for privacy. After his failure in that memorable interview with Sir William Lendrick, he had determined that he would not either importune the Viceroy for place, nor would he be in any way the means of complicating the question between the Government and the Chief Baron by exciting the Lord-Lieutenant's interest in his behalf.

"We must change our lodging, Tom," said he, when he came home on that night. "I am desirous that for the few days we remain here none should trace nor discover us. I will not accept what are called compensations, nor will I live on here to be either a burden or a reproach to men who were once only my equals."

"You found my worthy grandfather somewhat less tractable than you thought for, sir?" asked Tom.

"He was very fiery and very haughty, but on the whole there was much that I liked in him. Such vitality in a man of his years is in itself a grand quality, and in even its aggressiveness suggests much to regard. He refused to hear of me for the vacant office, and he would not accept you."

"How did he take your proposal to aid us by a loan?"

"I never made it. The terms we found ourselves on after half-an-hour's discussion of other matters rendered such a project impossible."

"And Lucy—how did she behave through it all?"

"She was not there; I did not see her."

"So that it turned out as I predicted—a mere meeting to exchange amenities."

"The amenities were not many, Tom, and I doubt much if your grandfather will treasure up any very delightful recollections of my acquaintance."

"I'd like to see the man, woman, or child," burst out Tom, "who ever got out of his cage without a scratch. I don't believe that Europe contains his equal for irascibility."

"Don't dwell on these views of life," said Sir Brook, almost sternly. "You, nor I, know very little what are the sources of those intemperate outbreaks we so often complain of—what sore trials are ulcerating the nature, what agonising maladies, what secret terrors, what visions of impending misery; least of all do we know or take count of the fact, that it is out of these high-strung temperaments we obtain those thrilling notes of human passion and tenderness coarser natures never attain to. Let us bear with a passing discord in the instrument whose cadences can move us to very ecstasy."

Tom hung his head in silence, but he certainly did not seem convinced. Sir Brook quietly resumed,

"How often have I told you that the world has more good than bad in it—yes, and what's more, that as we go on in life this conviction strengthens in us, and that our best experiences are based on getting rid of our disbeliefs. Hear what happened me this morning. You know that for some days back I have been negotiating to raise a small loan of four hundred pounds to take us to Sardinia and start our Mine. Mr. Waring, who was to have lent me this sum on the security of the Mine itself, took it into his head to hesitate at the last hour, and inserted an additional clause that I should insure my life in his behalf.

"I was disconcerted, of course, by this—so much so, that had I not bought a variety of tools and utensils on trust, I believe I would have relinquished the bargain and tried elsewhere. It was, however, too late for this; I was driven to accept his terms, and, accredited with a printed formula from an Insurance, I waited on the doctor who was to examine me.

"A very brief investigation satisfied him that I was not seaworthy; he discovered I know not what about the valves of my heart, that implied mischief, and after "percussing" me, as he called it, and placing his ear to my chest, he said, 'I regret to say, sir, that I cannot pronounce you insurable.'

"I could have told him that I came of a long-lived race on either side; that during my life I had scarcely known an illness, that I had borne the worst climates without injury, and suchlike—but I forbore; I had too much deference for his station and his acquirements to set my judgment against them, and I arose to take my leave. It is just possible, though I cannot say I felt it, that his announcement might have affected me—at all events, the disappointment did so, and I was terrified about the difficulties in which I saw myself involved. I became suddenly sick, and I asked for a glass of water; before it came I had fainted, a thing that never in my whole life had befallen me. When I rallied, he led me to talk of my usual habits and pursuits, and gradually brought me to the subject which had led me to his house. 'What!' said he, 'ask for any security beyond the property itself! It is absurd; Waring is always doing these things. Let me advance this money. I know a great deal more about you, Sir Brook, than you think; my friend Dr. Lendrick has spoken much of you, and of all your kindness to his son; and though you may not have heard of my name—Beattie,—I am very familiar with yours.'

"In a word, Tom, he advanced the money. It is now in that writing-desk; and I have—I feel it—a friend the more in the world. As I left his door, I could not help saying to myself, What signify a few days more or less of life, so long as such generous traits as this follow one to the last! He made me a happier man by his noble trust in me than if he had declared me a miracle of strength and vigour. Who is that looking in at the window, Tom? It's the second time I have seen a face there."

Tom started to his feet and hurried to the door. There was, however, no one there; and the little lane was silent and deserted. He stopped a few minutes to listen, but not a footfall could be heard, and he returned to the room believing it must have been a mere illusion.

"Let us light candles, Tom, and have out our maps. I want to see whether Marseilles will not be our best and cheapest route to the island."

They were soon poring eagerly over the opened map, Sir Brook carefully studying all the available modes of travel; while Tom, be it owned, let his eyes wander from land to land, till, following out the Danube to the Black Sea, he

crossed over and stretched away into the mountain gorges of Circassia, where Schamyl and his brave followers were then fighting for liberty. For maps, like the lands they picture, never offer to two minds kindred thoughts; each follows out in space the hopes and ambitions that his heart is charged with; and where one reads wars and battle-fields, another but sees pastoral pleasures and a tranquil existence—home and home happiness.

"Yes, Tom; here I have it. These coasting craft, whose sailing-lines are marked here, will take us and our traps to Cagliari for a mere trifle—here is the route."

As the young man bent over the map the door behind opened, and a stranger entered. "So I have found you, Fossbrooke!" cried he, "though they insisted you had left Ireland ten days ago."

"Mercy on me! Lord Wilmington!" said Sir Brook, as he shaded his eyes to stare at him. "What could have brought you here?"

"I'll tell you," said he, dropping his voice. "I read a description so very like you in the secret report this morning, that I sent my servant Curtis, who knows you well, to see if it was not yourself; when he came back to me—for I waited for him at the end of the lane—with the assurance that I was right, I came on here. I must tell you that I took the precaution to have your landlord detained, as if for examination, at the Under-Secretary's office; and he is the only one here who knows me. Mr. Lendrick, I hope you have not forgotten me? we met some months ago on the Shannon."

"What can I offer you?" said Sir Brook. "Shall it be tea? We were just going to have it."

"I'll take whatever you like to give me; but let us profit by the few moments I can stay. Tell me how was it you failed with the Chief Baron?"

"He wouldn't have me, that's all. He maintains his right to an undivided patronage, and will accept of no dictation."

"Will he accept of your friend here? He has strong claims on him."

"As little as myself, my lord: he grew eloquent on his public virtue, and of course became hopeless."

"Will he retire and let us compensate him?"

"I believe not. He thinks the country has a vested interest in his capacity, and as he cannot be replaced, he has no right to retire."

"He may make almost his own terms with us, Fossbrooke," said the Viceroy. "We want to get rid of himself and an intractable Attorney-General together. Will you try what can be done?"

"Not I, my lord. I have made my first and last advances in that quarter."

"And yet I believe you are our last chance. He told Pemberton yesterday you were the one man of ability that ever called on him with a message from a Viceroy."

"Let us leave him undisturbed in his illusion, my lord."

"I'd say, let us profit by it, Fossbrooke. I have been in search of you these eight days, to beg you would take the negotiation in hand. Come, Mr. Lendrick, you are interested in this; assist me in persuading Sir Brook to accept this charge. If he will undertake the mission, I am ready to give him ample powers to treat."

"I suspect, my lord," said Tom, "you do not know my grandfather. He is not a very manageable person to deal with."

"It is for that reason I want to place him in the hands of my old friend here."

"No, no, my lord; it is quite hopeless. Had we never met, I might have come before him with some chance of success; but I have already prejudiced myself in his eyes, and our one interview was not very gratifying to either of us."

"I'll not give in, Fossbrooke, even though I am well aware I can do nothing to requite the service I ask of you."

"We leave Ireland to-morrow evening. We have a project which requires our presence in the island of Sardinia. We are about to make our fortunes, my lord, and I am sure you're not the man to throw any obstacle in the way."

"Give me half an hour of your morning, Fossbrooke; half an hour will suffice. Drive out to the Priory; see the Chief Baron; tell him I intrusted the negotiation to you, as at once more delicate to each of us. You are disconnected with all party ties here. Say it is not a question of advancing this man or that—that we well know how inferior must any successor be to himself, but that certain changes are all-essential to us. We have not—I may tell you in confidence—the right man as our law adviser in the House; and add, 'It is a moment to make your own terms; write them down and you shall have your reply within an hour—a favourable one I may almost pledge myself it to be. At all events, every detail of the meeting is strictly between us, and on honour. Come now, Fossbrooke; do this for me as the greatest service I could entreat you."

"I cannot refuse you any longer. I will go. I only premise that I am to limit myself strictly to the statement you shall desire me to repeat. I know nothing of the case, and I cannot be its advocate."

"Just so. Give me your card. I will merely write these words—'See Sir Brook for me.—WILMINGTON.' Our object is his resignation, and we are prepared to pay handsomely for it. Now, a word with you, Mr. Lendrick. I heard most honourable mention of you yesterday from the vice-provost; he tells me that your college career was a triumph so long as you liked it, and that you have abilities for any walk in life. Why not continue, then, on so successful a path? why not remain, take out your degree, and emulate that distinguished relative who has thrown such lustre on your family?"

"First of all, my lord, you have heard me much overrated. I am not at all the man these gentlemen deem me; secondly, if I were, I'd rather bring my abilities to any pursuit my friend here could suggest. I'd rather be *his* companion than be my grandfather's rival. You have heard what he said a while ago—we are going to seek our fortune."

"He said to make it," said Lord Wilmington, with a smile.

"Be it so, my lord. *I'll* seek, and *He'll* find; at all events, I shall be his companion; and I am a duller dog than I think myself if I do not manage to be the better of it."

"You are not the only one he has fascinated," said the Viceroy, in a whisper. "I'm not sure I'd disenchant you if I had the power."

"Must I positively undertake this negotiation?" asked Fossbrooke, with a look of entreaty."

"You must."

"I know I shall fail."

"I don't believe it."

"Well, as Lady Macbeth says, if we fail, we *fail;* and though murdering a king be an easier thing than muzzling a Chief Baron—here goes."

As he said this the door was gently moved, and a head protruded into the room.

"Who is that?" cried Tom, springing rapidly towards the door; but all was noiseless and quiet, and no one to be seen. "I believe we are watched here," said he, coming back into the room.

"Good-night, then. Let me have your report as early as may be, Fossbrooke. Good-night."

CHAP.—XXIV. A MORNING AT THE PRIORY.

The morning after this interview was that on which the Chief Baron had invited Colonel Sewell to inspect his gardens and hothouses, a promise of pleasure which, it is but fair to own, the Colonel regarded with no extravagant delight. To his thinking, the old Judge was an insupportable Bore. His courtesy, his smartness, his anecdotes, his reminiscences, were all Boredom. He was only endurable when by the excess of his conceit he made himself ridiculous. Then alone did Sewell relish his company; for he belonged to that class of men, and it is a class, who feel their highest enjoyment whenever they witness any trait in human nature that serves to disparage its dignity or tarnish its fame.

That a man of unquestionable ability and power like the Chief Baron should render himself absurd, through his vanity, was a great compensation to such a person as Sewell. To watch the weaknesses and note the flaws in a great nature, to treasure up the consolation that, after all, these "high intelligences" occasionally make precious fools of themselves, are very congenial pastimes to small folk. Perhaps, indeed, they are the sole features of such men as they are able to appreciate, and, like certain reptiles, they never venture to bite save where corruption has preceded them.

Nothing in his manner betrayed this tendency—he was polished and courteous to a degree. A very critical eye might have detected in his bearing that he had been long a subordinate. His deference was a little—a very little—overstrained; he listened with a slight tinge of overattention; and in his humility as he heard an order, and his activity as he obeyed it, you could read at once the aide-de-camp in waiting.

It is not necessary to remind the reader that all this lacquer of good breeding covered a very coarse and vulgar nature. In manner he was charming—his approach, his address, his conversation, were all perfect; he knew well when to be silent—when to concur by a smile with what he was not expected to confirm by a word—when to seem suddenly confronted with a new conviction, and how to yield assent as though coerced to what he would rather have resisted. In a word, he was perfect in all the training of those superb poodles who fetch and carry for their masters, that they may have the recompense of snarling at all the rest of mankind.

As there are heaven-born doctors, lawyers, divines, and engineers, so are there men specially created for the antechamber, and Sewell was one of them.

The old Judge had given orders for a liberal breakfast. He deemed a soldier's appetite would be a hearty one, and he meant to treat him hospitably. The table was therefore very generously spread, and Sewell looked approvingly at the fare, and ventured on a few words of compliment on the ample preparations before him.

"It is the only real breakfast-table I have seen since I left Calcutta," said he, smiling graciously.

"You do me honour, sir," replied the old man, who was not quite sure whether or not he felt pleased to be complimented on a mere domestic incident.

Sewell saw the hitch at once, and resumed. "I remember an observation Lord Commorton made me, when I joined his staff in India. I happened to make some remark on a breakfast, set out pretty much like this, and he said: 'Bear in mind, Captain Sewell, that when a man who holds a high function sits down to a well-served breakfast, it means that he has already completed the really important work of the

day. The full head means the empty stomach."

"His Excellency was right, sir; had he always been inspired with sentiments of equal wisdom, we should never have been involved in that unhappy Cantankankarabad war."

"It was a very disastrous affair indeed," sighed Sewell; "I was through the whole of it."

"When I first heard of the project," continued the Judge, "I remarked to a friend who was with me—one of the leading men at the bar—'This campaign will tarnish our arms, and imperil our hold on India. The hill-tribes are eminently warlike, and however specious in their promises to us, their fidelity to their chiefs has never been shaken.'"

"If your judgment had been listened to, it would have saved us a heavy reverse, and saved me a very painful wound; both bones were fractured here," said Sewell, showing his wrist.

The Chief Baron scarcely deigned a glance at the cicatrix; he was high above such puny considerations. He was at that moment Governor-General of India and Prime Minister of England together. He was legislating for hundreds of millions of dark skins, and preparing his explanations of his policy for the pale faces at home.

"'Mark my words, Haire,' said I," continued the Judge, with increased pomposity of manner, "'this is the beginning of insurrection in India.' We have a maxim in law, Colonel Sewell, Like case, like rule. So was it there. May I help you to this curry?"

"I declare, my lord, I was beginning to forget how hungry I was. Shall I be deemed impertinent if I ask how you obtained your marvellous—for it is marvellous—knowledge of India?"

"Just as I know the Japanese constitution; just as I know Central Africa; just as I know, and was able to quote some time back, that curious chapter of the Brehon laws on substitutes in Penal cases. My rule of life has been, never to pass a day without increasing the store of my acquirements."

"And all this with the weighty charge and labour of your high office!"

"Yes, sir; I have been eighteen years on the bench. I have delivered in that time some judgments which have come to be deemed amongst the highest principles of British law. I have contributed largely to the periodical literature of the time. In a series of papers—you may not have heard of them—signed 'Icon,' in the 'Lawyer's Treasury of Useful Facts,' I have defended the Bar against the aggressive violence of the Legislature, I hope it is not too much to say, triumphantly."

"I remember Judge Beale, our Indian Chief-Justice, referring to those papers as the most splendid statement of the position and claims of the barrister in Great Britain."

"Beale was an ass, sir; his law was a shade below his logic—both were pitiable."

"Indeed?—yes, a little more gravy. Is your cook a Provençal—that omelette would seem to say so."

"My cook is a woman, and an Irishwoman, sir. She came to me from Lord Manners, and, I need not say, with the worst traditions of her art, which, under Lady Leadrick's training, attained almost to the dignity of poisoning."

Sewel could not restrain himself any longer, but laughed out at this sudden outburst. The old Judge was, however, pleased to accept the emotion as complimentary; he smiled and went on—"I recognised her aptitude, and resolved to train her, and to this end I made it a practice to detain her every morning after prayers, and read to her certain passages from approved authors on cookery, making her experiment on the receipts for the servants' hall. We had at first some slight

cases of illness, but not more serious than colic and violent cramps. In the end she was successful, sir, and has become what you see her."

"She would be a *cordon bleu* in Paris."

"I will take care, sir, that she hears of your approval. Would you not like a glass of Maraschino to finish with?"

"I have just tasted your brandy, and it is exquisite."

"I cannot offer you a cigar, Colonel; but you are at liberty to smoke if you have one."

"If I might have a stroll in that delicious garden that I see there, I could ask nothing better. Ah, my lord," said he, as they sauntered down a richly scented alley, "India has nothing like this—I doubt if Paradise has any better."

"You mean to return there?"

"Not if I can help it—not if an exchange is possible. The fact is, my lord, my dear wife's health makes India impossible, so far as she is concerned; the children, too, are of the age that requires removal to Europe; so that, if I go back, I go back alone." He said this with a voice of deep depression, and intending to inspire the sorrow that overwhelmed him. The old Judge, however, fancied he had heard of heavier calamities in life than living separated from the wife of his bosom; he imagined, at least, that with courage and fortitude the deprivation might be endured; so he merely twitched the corners of his mouth in silence.

The Colonel misread his meaning, and went on: "Aspiring to nothing in life beyond a home and home-happiness, it is, of course, a heavy blow to me to sacrifice either my career or my comfort. I cannot possibly anticipate a return earlier than eight or ten years; and who is to count upon eight or ten years in that pestilent climate? Assuredly not a man already broken down by wounds and jungle fever!"

The justice of the remark was, perhaps, sufficient for the Chief Baron. He paid no attention to its pathetic side, and so did not reply.

Sewell began to lose patience, but he controlled himself, and, after a few puffs of his cigar, went on: "If it were not for the children, I'd take the thing easy enough. Half-pay is a beggarly thing, but I'd put up with it. I'm not a man of expensive tastes. If I can relish thoroughly such sumptuous fare as you gave me this morning, I can put up with very humble diet. I'm a regular soldier in that."

"An excellent quality, sir," said the old man, drily.

"Lucy, of course, would suffer. There are privations which fall very heavily on a woman, and a woman, too, who has always been accustomed to a good deal of luxury."

The Chief bowed an assent.

"I suppose I might get a depôt appointment for a year or two. I might also—if I sold out—manage a barrackmastership, or become an inspector of yeomanry, or some such vulgar makeshift; but I own, my lord, when a man has filled the places I have—held staff appointments—been a private secretary—discharged high trusts, too, for in Mooraghabad I acted as Deputy-Resident for eight months—it does seem a precious come-down to ask to be made a paymaster in a militia regiment, or a subaltern in the mounted police."

"Civil life is always open to a man of activity and energy," said the Judge, calmly.

"If civil life means a profession, it means the sort of labour a man is very unfit for after five-and-thirty. The Church, of course, is open on easier terms; but I have scruples about the Church. I really could not take orders without I could conscientiously say, This is a walk I feel called to."

"An honourable sentiment, sir," was the dry rejoinder.

"So that the end will be, I suppose, one of these days I shall just repack my bullock-trunk, and go back to the place from whence I

came, with the fate that attends such backward journeys!"

The Chief Baron made no remark. He stooped to attach a fallen carnation to the stick it had been attached to, and then resumed his walk. Sewell was so provoked by the sense of failure—for it had been a direct assault—that he walked along silent and morose. His patience could endure no longer, and he was ready now to resent whatever should annoy him.

"Have you any of the requirements, sir, that civil services demand?" asked the Judge, after a long pause.

"I take it I have such as every educated gentleman possesses," replied Sewell, tartly.

"And what may these be, in your estimation?"

"I can read and write, I know the first three rules of arithmetic, and I believe these are about the qualifications that fit a man for a place in the cabinet."

"You are right, sir. With these, and the facility to talk platitudes in Parliament, a man may go very far and very high in life. I see that you know the world."

Sewell, for a moment, scarcely knew whether to accept the speech as irony or approval; but a sidelong glance showed him that the old man's face had resumed its expression of mingled insolence and vanity, and convinced him that he was now sincere. "The men," said the Judge, pompously, "who win their way to high station in these days are either the crafty tricksters of party or the gross flatterers of the people; and whenever a man of superior mould is discovered, able to leave his mark on the age, and capable of making his name a memory, they have nothing better to offer him, as their homage, than an entreaty that he would resign his office and retire."

"I go with every word you say, my lord," cried Sewell, with a well-acted enthusiasm.

"I want no approval, sir; I can sustain my opinions without a following!" A long silence ensued; neither was disposed to speak; at last the Judge said—and he now spoke in a more kindly tone, divested alike of passion and of vanity—"Your friends must see if something cannot be done for you, Colonel Sewell. I have little doubt but that you have many and warm friends. I speak not of myself; I am but a broken reed to depend on. Never was there one with less credit with his party. I might go further, and say, never was there one whose advocacy would be more sure to damage a good cause; therefore exclude *me* in all questions of your advancement. If you could obliterate our relationship it might possibly serve you."

"I am too proud of it, my lord, to think so."

"Well, sir," said he, with a sigh, "it is possibly a thing a man need not feel ashamed of, at least I hope as much. But we must take the world as it is, and when we want the verdict of public opinion, we must not presume to ask for a special jury. What does that servant want? Will you have the kindness to ask him whom he is looking for?"

"It is a visitor's card, my lord," said Sewell, handing it to the old man as he spoke.

"There is some writing on it. Do me the favour to read it."

Sewell took the card and read, "See Sir B. for me.—WILMINGTON. Sir Brook Fossbrooke." The last words Sewell spoke in a voice barely above a whisper, for a deadly sickness came over him, and he swayed to and fro like one about to faint.

"What! does he return to the charge?" cried the old man fiercely. "The Viceroy was a diplomatist once. Might it not have taught him that, after a failure, it would be as well to employ another envoy?"

"You have seen this gentleman already then?" asked Sewell, in a low faint tone.

"Yes, sir. We passed an hour and a half together—an hour and a half that neither of us will easily forget."

"I conjecture, then, that he made no very favourable impression upon you, my lord?"

"Sir, you go too fast. I have said nothing to warrant your surmise; nor am I one to be catechised as to the opinions I form of other men. It is enough on the present occasion if I say I do not desire to receive Sir Brook Fossbrooke, accredited though he be from so high a quarter. Will you do me the very great favour"—and now his voice became almost insinuating in its tone—"will you so deeply oblige me as to see him for me? Say that I am prevented by the state of my health; that the rigorous injunctions of my doctor to avoid all causes of excitement—lay stress on excitement—deprive me of the honour of receiving him in person; but that *you*—mention our relationship—have been deputed by me to hear, and if necessary to convey to me any communication he may have to make. You will take care to impress upon him that if the subject-matter of his visit be the same as that so lately discussed between ourselves, you will avail yourself of the discretion confided to you not to report it to me. That my nerves have not sufficiently recovered from the strain of that excitement to return to a topic no less full of irritating features than utterly hopeless of all accommodation. Mind, sir, that you employ the word as I give it—'accommodation.' It is a Gallicism, but all the better, where one desires to be imperative and not precise. You have your instructions, sir."

"Yes, I think I understand what you desire me to do. My only difficulty is to know whether the matters Sir Brook Fossbrooke may bring forward be the same as those you discussed together. If I had any clue to these topics, I should at once be in a position to say—These are themes I must decline to present to the Chief Baron."

"You have no need to know them, sir," said the old man, haughtily. "You are in the position of an attesting witness; you have no dealing with the body of the document. Ask Sir Brook the question as I have put it, and reply as I have dictated."

Sewell stood for a moment in deep thought. Had the old man but known over what realms of space his mind was wandering—what troubles and perplexities that brain was encountering—he might have been more patient and more merciful as he gazed on him.

"I don't think, sir, I have confided to you any very difficult or very painful task," said the Judge at last.

"Nothing of the kind, my lord," replied he, quickly; "my anxiety is only that I may acquit myself to your perfect satisfaction. I'll go at once."

"You will find me here whenever you want me."

Sewell bowed, and went his way; not straight towards the house, however, but into a little copse at the end of the garden, to recover his equanimity, and collect himself. Of all the disasters that could befall him, he knew of none he was less ready to confront than the presence of Sir Brook Fossbrooke in the same town with himself. No suspicion ever crossed his mind that he would come to Ireland. The very last he had heard of him was in New Zealand, where it was said he was about to settle. What, too, could be his business with the Chief Baron? had he discovered their relationship, and was he come to denounce and expose him? No—evidently not. The Viceroy's introduction of him could not point in this direction, and then the old Judge's own manner negatived this conjecture. Had he heard but one of the fifty stories Sir Brook could have told of him, there would be no question of suffering him to cross his threshold.

"How shall I meet him? how shall I address him?" muttered he again and again to himself, as he walked to and fro in a perfect agony of trouble and perplexity. With almost any other man in the world Sewell would have relied on his personal qualities to carry him through a passage of difficulty. He could assume a temper of complete imperturbability; he could put on calm, coldness, deference, if needed, to any extent; he could have acted his part—it would have been mere acting—as man of honour and man of courage, to the life, with any other to confront him but Sir Brook.

This, however, was the one man on earth who knew him—the one man by whose mercy he was able to hold up his head and maintain his station; and this one man should now be here! here, within a few yards of where he stood!

"I could murder him as easily as I go to meet him," muttered Sewell, as he turned towards the house.

FRENCH PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

"We English have a scornful insular way of calling the French light;" or at least so Mrs. Browning says: and such, no doubt, is the ordinary and long-established idea of the national mind, which preserves its ideas so long and changes them so slowly. The ideal Frenchman is still a light-hearted, frisky, dancing, singing, supremely polite individual to the popular mind of England; just as the bull-headed and matter-of-fact Italian remains always mysterious, interesting, and sentimental to the *naïve* fancy. Such generalisations, even at their truest, must always be subject to large exceptions. We remember once to have assisted at a drawing-room discussion, in which a Scotsman contended hotly that his nation was in reality highly sanguine and incautious, while an Irishman maintained with equal fervour the dulness and general moderation of his. No doubt both had reason for what they said, notwithstanding that the conventional type of national character in both cases remained generally just. To form a true estimate of a Continental people is, however, more difficult for a foreigner than to discriminate between the three delicate shades of nationality in our own islands; and, to tell the truth, it is a hard task for a stranger to make out why the qualification of gaiety should have been specially allotted to France. Society of the higher classes has a wonderful family resemblance everywhere; and the French life out of doors, which English critics make so much of—the gay public promenade, the village *fête*—except that they are pleasant to look at, are in reality about as tame and matter-of-fact as most other things. Nothing is so tedious as the monotonous succession of a series of observances called pleasure; and French merry-making is always an observance, carefully regulated and prepared beforehand. We remember once, and once only, to have been struck by the signs of real hilarity (we speak, it is true, of northern France, which is perhaps too near our own country to afford a fair specimen of the national temperament), and that was on a country road in Brittany, where a few peasants returning to their homes after a pilgrimage to a famous shrine, had struck up an impromptu dance, in the fresh sunshine—and, need we add, the white dust?—of a June morning. Perhaps they were exhilarated by the same influence which acted on the mind of the jovial Irishman, whose shirt Sultan Saloman sought and sought in vain. They had got their sins pardoned and their consciences cleared,

and were ready for a new start. One of the party whistled as he danced, and that was all the music they had; yet the ruddy Breton faces shone with satisfaction. But the actual *fête* shows little of this frank enjoyment. The peasants dance in general with as heavy an apparent sense of their responsibilities as do the unhappy performers in good society. An English village fair is, no doubt, in many respects an unlovely exhibition in comparison with the festival of the French hamlet, where nobody gets drunk, and where there is the unspeakable advantage of local costume, and many picturesque accessories. No doubt the latter is twenty times prettier as a sight. There is the church close by, by no means disapproving, but into which, on the contrary, the holiday people all stray at some moment to say a breathless prayer, and sign themselves with the sanctifying cross; and there is the *curé*, benevolent and portly, who calls the crowd *mes enfans*, and comes and goes continually among them in his soutane and skull-cap; and there are the pretty white caps of the village, and those of the visitors, which one learns to identify by the difference of a frill or a ribbon; and there is the *mât de cocagne*, the greased pole, with its prizes and garlands; and in the evening, when everything else is over, the fireworks, a vulgar display enough, but affording captivating effects and contrasts of light and darkness. When the moment of the *feux d'artifice* has arrived, it is impossible not to be struck by the scene; the lingering twilight fading away in the west, the church rising black against the sky, the darkling patient crowd and sudden gleams of fiery illumination. It is charming as a picture; and the people bear it very well, with wonderful good-humour and patience. But it would be very hard to point out any particular evidence of actual pleasure, or even to indicate, except for an artist in search of the picturesque, what there is to enjoy.

An Italian *festa* is still more charming, more dramatical and picturesque—to look at. But then the great event in an Italian *festa* is the tombola, which is a matter of business much too absorbing and exciting for anything that can be called pleasure. Fun and noise and nonsense, all very vulgar no doubt, and beneath the dignity of the wise and rational, seem confined to our own grim and melancholy kingdom, which is a curious paradox enough. The fact is, that we make in reality no just discrimination, as to the nature of enjoyment, in our general conclusions, and, without taking the trouble to inquire into it, accept as a fact that a nation is gayer and more light-hearted than we, which shows scarcely any gaiety at all in our sense of the word. Paris, the capital of gaiety and vanity and amusement for the world, is no doubt an exception. But even the Champs Elysées, though people talk so much of it—unless it should happen to be the object of your existence to acquaint yourself with the last new bonnet, or the very latest style of *garniture*—is nothing like so interesting or exhilarating or bright as Rotten Row in the season; and, to be sure, the Champs Elysées out of the season is, like Rotten Row, humdrum enough.

These trifling external matters are, however, as nothing in comparison with the solid proof afforded by the French Magazines—if we may venture to call our ponderous contemporaries by so trifling a name—of the singular delusions current among us as to the lightness of the French mind. The 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' the most well-known and important of French literary periodicals, must be so familiar to many of our readers, that it may seem to them almost unnecessary to do more than mention its name. But the things that everybody knows are just those which require to be

most clearly specified. When a Frenchman speaks of the English Magazines, he speaks condescendingly, and with a certain complaisant smile. It is a kind of literature which he does not comprehend. The periodicals to which he is accustomed are not such as a weary man could take up in the intervals of his work, or tired faculties repose themselves upon. We ourselves, who, in blessed ignorance, did once upon a time make the experiment, can answer but too well for the terrible results. It was on a broiling July afternoon, on the fair but scorched banks of the Lake of Geneva, when Nature herself was faint and gasping, and steady mental exertion next to impossible. At such a moment Maga would have been sweet, had she come in, brown but comely—

> "A creature not too bright and good
> For human nature's daily food."

But, alas! Maga was not, and in unsuspecting innocence the hand which at this moment writes took up the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' instead. Ordinary language is inadequate to describe the agonising effect. That evening the roseate sunset tints on the Dent du Midi, the purple glooms of the Savoy hills, the stars that silvered Chillon over, and made white shining tracks across the lake, had no charm for the paralysed mind. Wherever we raised our weary eyes, the shadow of that terrific page, large, broad, and closely filled, rose like a blot upon the landscape. The recollection itself is enough to make the victim's head and eyes ache over again. No disparagement to the 'Revue des Deux Mondes.' It is a most admirable, elaborate, learned, and weighty periodical. To go at it in the morning with mind fresh and faculties braced up, is an excellent and healthful mental exercise, and may be pursued with profit by the diligent reader; but let him never presume to imagine that so many gentlemen of the Academy, and so many of the Institute, have the slightest inclination to make things pleasant to him, or to give him a refreshing stimulus and solacement. One takes no credit to one's self in general for reading "The Magazines;" but we defy a man not to feel himself laudably capable of mental exertion, who knows all about the articles even in one number of the 'Revue des Deux Mondes.'

Let us take, for example, one which at the present moment lies before us, that for July 15. Its contents are as follows:—

1. M. Sylvestre, Quatrième Partie. Par M. George Sand.
2. De la Vie Future, à propos d'ouvrages recens. Par M. Charles de Remusat, de l'Académie Française.
3. Deux Négociations de la Diplomatie Européenne: Pologne et Danemarck 1863–4—Une exécution fédéral et une occupation pacifique. Par M. Julian Klaczko.
4. Les Etats Unis pendant la guerre—une *Border State*, les Etats du Centre. Par M. Auguste Laugel.
5. Le Cerveau et la Pensée—Derniers debats scientifiques sur la folie, le système des localisations et la mecanique cérébrale. Par M. Paul Janet, de l'Institut.
6. L'Expédition de Chine en 1860—la prise de forts de Takou. Par M. Charles Lavollée.
7. Les Finances Americaines après la guerre civile. Par M. George Walker.
8. Chronique de la Quinzaine, Histoire politique et litteraire.
9. Revue litteraire—Polemiques historiques et livres nouveaux. Par M. Charles de Mazade.
10. Essais et Notices. Par M. Alphonse Esquiros.

This prospectus of literary entertainment among ourselves would be a very liberal provision for a Quarterly Review; but the French mind—that mind which we call light—seems of strong enough digestion to consume it fortnightly. Twice in one month, this immense mass of information and philosophy, of history, politics, statistics, and criticism, is put together by

diligent workmen, and launched into the heart of that gay Parisian world which is supposed to occupy itself exclusively with the pleasures and frivolities of life. Nor do the articles themselves by any means belie their titles. Pleasant (or unpleasant) gossip *about* a subject does not seem to be permitted in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes.' Everything is discussed with a horrible conscientiousness and painstaking care, which leaves nothing to be desired, as people say. The list is headed by an instalment of one of those dull, pretentious, semi-philosophical fictions, with which Mme. Sand seems to amuse her retirement and decadence. It is but justice to say that this is the only really unreadable portion of the number, notwithstanding the serious character of its contents; the *redaction* of the 'Revue' appearing to regard its necessary morsel of *soi-disant* "light" literature with a certain contemptuous tolerance, as if anything that could be called a story was good enough for the purpose. It is sad to see a writer once so full of grace and genius falling off into the broken outlines and forced effects of such a tale; but that is Mme. Sand's business, or her readers', and not our immediate theme, since a heavy story is an accident which may happen to any magazine, in any language, and is by no means characteristic of French literature. The real body of the 'Revue' commences with the article entitled "De la Vie Future." An English reader would probably look for an essay of mild and pensive religious speculation, in the tone of Madame de Gasparin's graceful books, from such a title; but nothing could be further from the thoughts of the French critic, who is gravely respectful to religion, but concludes the immortality of the soul, which is his actual theme, to be a strictly philosophical principle, and one which has nothing particular to do with Christianity. Of the same character is the paper entitled "Le Cerveau et la Pensée," which is an elaborate review of a great many medical and some fanciful theories respecting the mysterious connection between the invisible principle which thinks, and the flesh and blood which encloses it. The human soul, where does it come from? where is it going? or is it going anywhere? is the serious question which the first writer discusses; and it is the same mysterious entity, how it dreams, goes mad, works, and expresses itself, which is the theme of the second. Subjects more important could not be found, if any man had any real information to give on either; and both are discussed gravely and minutely, with philosophical tranquillity and candour. It is not M. de Remusat's fault if he throws very little light on his subject, nor can M. Janet be blamed if his speculations add a slight tinge of additional obscurity to the darkness of his; the result is one which has been arrived at too often to disappoint any experienced reader. Perhaps one needs to be a philosopher in order fully to appreciate and enjoy the elaborate argument which goes to prove that nobody knows anything, that nobody has any means of finding out anything, and that nobody ever will know the truth on such a subject. We are all perfectly well used to this species of "thinking" and "inquiry," and know that it is philosophic, and on the whole considered a high order of mental occupation. We quote from M. de Remusat's article, which is an able example of its kind, a description of those variations upon the ancient idea of a succession of existences, which find so much acceptance at the present day among a certain class of spiritualists. These ideas are indicated as follows, in a description of the 'Ciel et Terre' of Jean Reynaud, and of some later works which carry out the same speculations.

"This work has given the signal, and more than one writer has followed in the

same path. Those who would thoroughly appreciate their labours would do well to return to the book which has been their starting-point. An analysis, however, is not necessary to give an idea of the influence which it has exercised. Let us recall simply its general views. The constitution of the terrestrial globe binds man under his present organization to all the known conditions of his existence —conditions, the hardship of which is softened by a certain* perfectibility otherwise limited. At the same time, the feebleness of all theories upon the origin of the soul leads back to the thought of its pre-existence in another than the terrestrial economy. This pre-existence supposes its transmigration by different worlds, and this transmigration supposes between these worlds a correlation and harmony which astronomy reveals. This succession of different existences, which, to judge by that which is known to us, are far from being perfect, can be explained only as the accomplishment of a moral law which is nothing else than divine justice. It must thus be a series of trials, of expiations, of progress, which conduct, by amendment and continued purification, to higher and higher degrees of excellence and beatitude. Such is, in summary terms, the theory, or rather the religion of Jean Reynaud. These are no doubt very free speculations, and some of them actual heresies. It would be a mistake, however, to take the author for an enemy of Christianity. He never speaks of it but with respect and deference, and takes singular care to show that when he separates himself from the Church it is the Church which deceives herself in respect to tradition, and which has misunderstood the true sense of the holy books. He fails certainly in the defence of his theology, but after all he is not much more heretical than Origen. In fact he resembles less a philosophical sceptic than one of those independent Christians of the first centuries, who, while invoking the authority of Christ and quoting the Scriptures, substituted a new gnosis, and an original doctrine in form of gospel, to that which has remained, or become through the course of centuries, the tradition of the apostles.

"The metempsychosis, notwithstanding the authority of Plato, finds little more place in natural than in revealed religion. It does not follow, however, that the philosophy of Jean Reynaud has usurped the title which he has given it of religious philosophy. Everywhere in his book you will find the idea of a divine plan, of Providence, of supreme justice, the responsibility of man, the necessity of a final expiation; in short, the world in subjection to a system of laws which are in accord with the moral law. What more is necessary to imprint upon a doctrine the most religious character? Besides, the metempsychosis may be an error, but in no sense an impiety. The resurrection, says a celebrated writer, is the Semitic form of the immortality of the soul; and in every doctrine of the immortality of the soul there remains something of the idea of the resurrection. To survive the death of the body, but in another centre and under another form than human life, is, in certain respects, to be reborn; and as the place and conditions of that *renaissance* are naturally novelties, it is like a transmigration of the soul into a new being. Orthodoxy itself assigns to the soul after death two phases at least; in the first place, its existence in the provisionary state of pure spirit, and then the final return to corporeal accidents. And even the body itself which is to be one day reconstituted, must be renewed and transfigured, at least for the blessed. These changes, without counting the passage from purgatory to the abode of the elect, certainly represent some kinds of metempsychosis. The difference—and it is capital—is, that the soul, according to Christian ideas, never ceases to know itself for the same soul, and that, being in the secret of its providential changes, it comprehends the sense and reason and can itself apply the moral law which makes them necessary. It is indeed strange to make so much account of the justice of God, of the responsibility of free beings, of the idea of expiation, and to suppress in man conscience and memory, so that he deserves, or does not deserve, without knowing it; he expiates without any idea of what he is doing, and he is justified without his own will having any share in the matter. This is to introduce fatalism into the empire of human freedom; it is to proclaim the immortality of the soul by denying its identity."

If it lay within our programme to discuss this curious but most unsatisfactory doctrine, we might proceed with M. de Remusat to consider

* We confess to being perfectly at a loss to understand what this means; but perhaps the writer knows, or the philosophic reader may be able to divine.

the works of M. Flammarion and M. Pezzani, whom he describes as *continuateurs* of Jean Reynaud; but as this is not our immediate object, we prefer to quote from M. Janet a few concluding paragraphs which bear relations with the same subject, although they are the result, if result it can be called, of a great deal of speculation about the relations, if any, between the brain and the thought. M. Janet has already decided, upon the best medical authorities, that it is impossible to connect the brain and the mind in any other than a hypothetical and imaginative way, that madness by no means necessitates any change in the physical structure of the brain, or of any part of man's bodily organization, and, in short, that it is absolutely impossible to say with any certainty how such a phenomenon arrives. He concludes, however, as follows:

"There remain two laws which no doubt may have been exaggerated by the empirical and sensualistic school, but which are true in the general sense; namely, that the soul cannot think without images and without signs. Images, and signs (which in themselves are nothing but images), are then conditions of the actual exercise of thought. In other words, it is necessary that the impressions, whatsoever they may be, exercised upon the brain by external things, should be retained there in a certain manner so as to awake in the soul those sensible images without which thought is impossible; from whence it follows that the brain is not only the central organ of sensations, the *sensorium commune;* it is the organ of the imagination and the memory, indispensable auxiliaries of the intelligence. It is to be understood, then, that the human being, in the actual conditions he is placed in, cannot think without the aid of the brain. Thought results from the conflict which is established between the cerebral power, which is the depository of external impressions, and the internal thinking power, the principle of unity, the sole possible centre of individual consciousness. In this sense it is not incorrect to say that thought is a result, for it exists only under the condition that the cerebral system to which it is linked be in a certain state of equilibrium and harmony. If the organ of images and signs is deteriorated, or in a state of agitation, the thinking power cannot by itself exercise a function which, according to the laws of nature, demands the aid of the subordinate faculties. In this sense the brain may be called the organ of thought.

"But if this is the case, the gravest doubt comes to invade the soul and plunge it into an abyss of melancholy reverie. If the brain is the organ of imagination and of memory, as experience seems to indicate—if the soul cannot think without signs and images, that is to say, without a brain—what will be its condition when death, dissolving not only the organs of the animal life, but those of the life of relation, of sensibility, of will, and of memory, seems to destroy the inevitable conditions of all consciousness and thought? Doubtless the soul itself is not destroyed, and still virtually retains the power of thinking; but actual and individual thought, the thought, in fact, which is accompanied by consciousness and recollection, that thought which says *me*, that alone which constitutes a human personality, and to which our self-regard attaches, as being the sole being whose immortality interests us—what becomes of it at that terrible and mysterious moment when the soul, breaking the ties that unite it to its organs, seems at the same time to break with this lower life, to lay by at once its joys and its miseries, its loves and its hates, its errors and its remembrances; in a word, to lose all individuality? Science, let us avow it, knows no answer to these doubts and questions—and here will be, eternally, the standing ground of faith; for man will not consent to die altogether; and it matters little to him even that his metaphysical being should subsist if he does not retain, with existence, memory and love."

Both the papers from which we have quoted seem to have come out of that calm atmosphere of philosophic darkness in which there is infinite questioning, but, as M. Janet avows, "no answer," an atmosphere existing very widely, as would seem, among superior intelligences not in France alone, but happily an air too fine and cold to be breathed by common lungs. This fact ought to calm the religious mind out of its apprehensions. Let the philosophers go on in peace; if ever they come to anything, we who are down below

will most likely get to hear of it in time; but the number of human creatures who can live and keep themselves going upon questions to which there is no answer must fortunately be a very small one. It would be a curious speculation to inquire whether without literary power and the faculty of unbounded utterance there could be any living examples at all.

These sombre philosophies are followed, still in the same number, by a very clear and lucid history of the diplomacy of the Danish question, of which Earl Russell, *l'impassible Johnny*, is naturally the hero. It is not a dignified nor edifying passage of English contemporary history, and the picture here presented of the anxious and remonstrative Foreign Secretary, bamboozled, confused, and blinded by M. Bismarck and his allies, is not pleasant to look upon. Naturally the other personages of the curious drama are clothed in a double measure of calm subtlety and well-veiled artfulness by way of bringing out in full perfection the heat and rashness and simplicity, the flutter of confusion and bewilderment, the anxious volubility and utter failure, of the principal actor concerned. M. Klaczko lingers upon the astuteness of the crafty Prussian, the calm impassibility of St. Petersburg, the reticence and equivocations of Austria, and, above all, upon the dignified indifference of France—whose Minister was indisposed or out of the way or occupied with other utterly urgent affairs, while poor Lord Cowley ran after him in vain—with a certain malicious satisfaction, to relieve and bring out the troubled movements of his central figure. They would seem to be all laughing in their sleeves at the fussy, *affairé*, breathless English Minister, who rushes from one to another with despairing attempts to ascertain what they would be at, as one has seen many a poor female peacemaker among a host of belligerents and their backers. It is hard treatment, but few people will have much sympathy for Lord Russell. M. Klaczko concludes as follows, with a suggestion which recalls once more the image of the breathless woman-spectator, buoying herself at last upon the bigger rascal's promise not to hurt his antagonist:—

"One single thought consoled the British Cabinet in their sad moments, and even on the very eve of the war. This was that the two German Powers had constantly declared their determination to maintain the Treaty of London. In other words, they professed to respect the integrity of the Danish monarchy, even while invading its provinces, crushing its armies, and 'reserving' the question of succession. The thesis was somewhat contradictory; it was a problem, or rather an almost religious mystery; but, like every grand religious mystery, it formed the very foundation of faith—of the faith at least which Lord Russell had not ceased to affirm throughout all the negotiation—*animosa firmat fides!* The British Minister would, however, assure himself at the last moment if the dogma remained intact, and he urged the Courts of Vienna and Berlin to give him a new and satisfactory declaration on this subject. The two Powers replied on the 31st January in a note identical, in which, while testifying their intention "not to depart from the principles of the engagements of 1851–52' (avoiding the name of the Treaty of London), they foresaw a case 'in which they might find themselves forced to *renounce* arrangements which no longer offered a result proportioned to the sacrifices which events imposed upon them.' The Principal Secretary of State had perhaps then a vague apprehension, and understood that 'the most serious complications' had decidedly become 'admissible.'

The third article is devoted to America—America from a Northern point of view—which is not the point of view generally popular in France any more than in England; but which that superior class, which rather likes to be in opposition to its neighbours, has taken up in England and in France alike. It is good solid steady writing, readable but not attractive; writing of the instructive kind, though not "viewy" to speak of, with a little

statistics and a little history and a little description, but no aim at the picturesque or graphic. There are, however, minute bits of real observation in it; such as, for example, the following, a discrimination of the mingled races of America and their position at the present crisis, which we do not remember to have seen before:—

"The French population of St. Louis has always been and still remains attached to slavery; its fidelity to the ancient colonial traditions is mingled with a certain instinctive and defiant disdain for everything which excites the invading races by which it finds itself surrounded. I must add that it is a melancholy sight for a Frenchman to see this population, rich, amiable, and estimable, almost absolutely deprived of influence by its own fault. While everything advances around, it alone remains, and deserves to remain, stationary; it will not descend into the political arena, and has never yet furnished to the republic a single statesman. The Catholic clergy, which is very rich, and worthy of respect for its virtues, permits itself to be touched by no interest greater than that of withdrawing Catholic children from the public schools, where the education is free and of an entirely secular character. At St Louis, one involuntarily recalls a provincial town in France, at once timid and critical, slumbrous, indolent, governed by people with whom it is scarcely acquainted, or not acquainted at all, careless or ignorant of its municipal and political rights, content with itself without at the same time expecting anything from itself. Withdraw from it its national pride, the echo of the distant voice of the capital, the obscure and profound sentiment of a certain powerful *solidarité*, which cements all together, and finally the assurance of a great destiny for the nation—and you have the St. Louis, at least of the French. By the side of this stands the St. Louis of the Americans and the Germans. There is only one French newspaper in this great town; but there are a number of English and German journals. Perhaps it is in the German population that the most excited defenders of the union, the most resolute enemies of slavery, should be sought. Less familiar than the Anglo-Saxon race with the habits of public life, the Germans bring into political strife an unreflecting enthusiasm—a certain simplicity which finds it easy to clothe itself in well-worn phraseology—an *entêtement* which is addicted to miserable personalities. If the Radicalism of a part of the Germanic population of the West has caused some embarrassment to the Government, it is just to acknowledge that the Germans have shown a lively attachment and great devotion to their new country. Having understood from the commencement the character and purpose of the civil war, they have espoused the cause of the union and of emancipation with an ardour and passion the echo of which has been felt even in Europe by the populations beyond the Rhine. The part which they have taken in the war, the courage which they have displayed on the field of battle, their hostility to slavery and the democratic party, assure them henceforward an important place in the politics of the United States. The Anglo Saxon mind, exclusive, invading, and jealous, and, it must be said, accustomed to vanquish and absorb everything, will be obliged to reckon with the force which has revealed itself in the days of strife and danger. In California, as in Missouri, the Germans have been found as American, I had almost said more American, than the *Yankees*—the civil war has signed their letters of naturalisation. The true friends of the United States can but congratulate themselves on this. There are elements and qualities in the Germanic race which are destined to renew the Anglo-Saxon. German culture has few representatives as yet beyond the Atlantic, and Germany sends almost exclusively the poorest and most ignorant of her children; but they have in their veins and in their brains mysterious germs which have already had their full development in the old country. In the new country these germs will not always remain unawakened—to the courage and tenacity and rigidity of the Anglo-Saxon something new, more simple, more poetic will ally itself. Even in a purely physical point of view something may be looked for from the mingling of the two races—the one too nervous and irritable, the other too rustical and heavy; but their intellectual marriage will produce, without doubt, even more precious fruit."

The other articles in the number occupy themselves with the Chinese Expedition of 1860 and the finances of America. The latter paper has attracted a good deal of attention, and has been commented

upon by several English journals. The subject is one which, not knowing much either about America or finance, the present writer does not feel equal to enter upon; but it is a curious specimen of that extraordinarily sanguine view of affairs which the Old World identifies with Alnaschar and other such heroes of story, but which the New World seems to find entirely rational and just. It will be to most minds an altogether new idea that war is one of the best means of enriching a country; yet, that this has been the result of the American war is, we are informed by this writer, beyond doubt. "Since the opening of hostilities the situation of all classes of the population in the Northern States is sensibly ameliorated. The rich have become richer, the workmen have obtained better wages, and are consequently more at their ease. The causes of this progress are evident. The orders of the Government have given a prodigious impulse to the manufactures of the North and the agriculture of the West; and, in addition to this, the entrance into the ranks of the army of hundreds of thousands of men have increased the earnings of those who remain in the great towns." The amazed reader can only open, as the French say, *des grands yeux*, over the inconceivable simplicity of such an argument—if it is not, indeed, a great new discovery reserved for the miraculous genius of America. If worn-out Europe could but increase her income, her comforts, and her economies by such simple means! for one supposes that actual bloodshed is not necessary to produce such a cheering result, but that the maintenance of a large standing army, well equipped in native broadcloth, and well fed on native pigs, would equally answer the purpose. To be sure, the expedient has been tried a good many times on this side of the Atlantic without any striking success. Perhaps the secret may lie in the fact, that Austria, Italy, and the rest do not manufacture their own uniforms or grow their own pork. A calculation which is based upon such grounds may well contain other striking views, but these we have neither space nor ability to discuss. The thing most remarkable throughout, at least to the purely literary critic, is a certain Arcadian *naïveté* and single-mindedness, and buoyant unclouded faith, very rare to be met with in this middle-aged and much-doubting world. "We may admit without fear of deceiving ourselves, that in the year 1870 the industrial movement will have resumed its normal progress in the Southern States, and that the populations once rebel, will be perfectly in condition to contribute to the increase of the revenues of the Union," says the hopeful financier. It would be hard to say what may or may not be admitted with regard to a people so extraordinary; but judging by ordinary mortal experience, our confident friends have some pretty pieces of business in hand to occupy these five years. But it is reassuring to know, that if the United States increases in its past ratio up to the year 1900—by which time it will have, according to M. George Walker, 89,964,150 of population, and 1,396,137,600,000 francs of property—the average of individual wealth having increased in the mean time from 2754 francs (about £110) a-head up to 15,514; and if it turns out that the free negroes take devotedly to their work, or are found replaceable by white labourers; and if everything goes on without accident or hindrance, and no wars, civil or external, no misfortunes of any special character interpose,—the great debt of America will be extinguished with the century, and nearly 90,000,000 of people will live happier and richer, and in more prosperous condition, than is possible to any circumscribed nation upon any petty little continent—much less to a scrubby island in the middle of the sea. Let us say Amen. There is, as Solomon says, a time to dream.

This enormous mass of literary production, all excellently well manufactured, substantial, and of sound quality, is concluded by the 'Chronique' political and literary of the fortnight—the first of which gives a general view of what has been going on all over Europe for the fifteen first days of July, while the other occupies itself with the books of the same period. The political chronicle contains some remarks upon M. Dupin's blast against the monstrous regiment of women, which, even while expressing notions of political economy of a very different character from those of its American *collaborateur*, contains also one of those amiable delusions touching human nature and its tendencies which are common to people who possess a grievance. That even constitutional liberty is not enough to wean the human race from its perversities and vices, is a lesson which we could ourselves teach in England with no inconsiderable effect; but the opportunity of attack has been well and ingeniously chosen.

"Excessive luxury, so closely allied to corruption of morals, is not only a moral but also an economical evil. Luxury is as severely condemned by political economy as by morality. Political economy, in instructing us as to the functions of capital in the development of wealth, teaches us that luxury impoverishes nations as well as individuals. Luxury is, in fact, a destruction of capital. The prodigal, to satisfy his whim or personal passion, consumes unproductively, and consequently annihilates, the capital which he spends. He thus diminishes for his own pleasure the general funds, that is to say, the reservoir of productions by means of which the productive power of common wealth and labour ought to be increased. If political economy has one clear and certain idea it is this. Human nature in its freedom may despise this law, but cannot overcome its imperious force. There is no doubt that a great number of men in all times and places will despise this law. Sermons upon luxury will not, at the present moment, convert the speculator suddenly enriched, the prodigal, the man who finds unlooked-for fortune in the success of a political revolution, the rich foreigner eager to exhaust all the enjoyments offered him by a metropolis of pleasure—any more than they converted in other days the *fermiers-généraux* of our own country, the old nabobs of England, or the favourites of despots. The *shoddy* American of our own time, enriched yesterday by the working of a well of petroleum, like a freed negro who regards idleness as the first attribute of freedom, takes luxury for the truest expression of wealth, and buys a diamond worth 20,000 dollars before he thinks of clothing himself with decency. . . . Notwithstanding the emotion of the Senate, the desire, the vague wishes for a moral amelioration expressed by that august assembly testify to a real interest. To purge society of its apparent and secret vices is past hoping for; but the moral sense suffers, is alarmed, and protests with good reason when it sees a certain kind of corruption reveal itself, and insolently characterise itself as the dominant tendency of our age. It is humiliating to perceive the influence of moral lawlessness upon the character of society and the times, and it is at the same time an influence against which action may still be taken. The evil can be combated only by an impulse and example from above. There are evidently loftier inspirations of social life which are capable of making head against the social disorder, or at least of taking from its ostentation and vainglory. This tonic can be only drawn from enlightened politics, and the education which the frank, full, and manly exercise of public liberty gives to a country. Let a nation be truly free, and its grand emulation will be to excel in the services and honours of public life, its *prestige* will attach to brilliant talent and generous character, and all the vanities of immoral luxury will be thrown into the shade, and do no further injury to the good name of society. Moral corruption gave ill-fame to the reign of Louis XV., not perhaps because the world was more vicious at that period than any other; but because, political freedom being absent, it was vice, elegant, brilliant, and sumptuous, that gave the tone to society. Let those who take fright at certain aspects of France in the present day, seek the remedy where it is to be found. It is the eclipse of political liberty, the losses which social dignity and manliness, deprived of the stimulus and control of freedom, have sustained

among us, which have left the field open to mere success and to the insolent manifestation of debasing vanities. The moral ugliness which troubles M. Dupin in the gaiety of his old age can be combated and driven back to its place only by the reawakening of political life. French society must once more take to its breast the noble ambition of governing itself, and of dashing off the frail bonds by which its liberties have been momentarily paralysed. This is the consolatory chorus which at present we all sing. Good taste and good manners are decidedly parliamentary, and morality, whatever M. de Persigny may think about it, agrees with the parties of old."

After this quotation we have done with the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' for the present. Would our readers like any more? Let us avow that any fault we may have to find with this most respectable and dignified publication is exactly the reverse of that which is apt among ourselves to be addressed to the periodical press. The wonder is, that to all this well-prepared and substantial fare there should be but one poor pennyworth of sack—nay, not of sack, of small-beer, the flattest and dullest of tipple, for the refreshment of that numerous class of the community which is more capable of being amused than instructed. And this substantial provision is not an affair of once a quarter, but of once a fortnight: a continual feast, so to speak, spread for the fortification and nourishment of the French mind, which we in our ignorance call light. "A man is not obliged to read it all," said a genial Irish critic, to whom we ventured to express our surprise and admiration; but then the fact is indisputable that it is all intended to be read, and finds readers, or at least purchasers, If this be the ordinary fare of the nation, it is astonishing that it should not be the most reflective, serious, and well-balanced people in existence. If it be only, however, the *esprits forts* that are capable of such nourishing diet, one wonders what the women and the young people and all the general mass find to occupy themselves withal. Is it that they take refuge in *feuilletons* and *gazettes roses?* We do not remember ever to have seen in the whole course of our inexperienced days so many *journaux des modes* as we have seen extended in one imposing line (interspersed, it is true, with *Constitutionnels* and *Débats*) upon the public table of a French hotel on the seaside in the bathing season. Perhaps that affluence of pink periodicals was an inevitable reaction from the utter merit and unmitigated instructiveness of the 'Revue des Deux Mondes.'*

Let us place by its side another monthly magazine of a very different order. The 'Revue' is largely liberal, thoroughly impartial, and without any prejudices to speak of. People are quite respectful to religion in its pages, and make solemn bow

* It would be wrong not to add that the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' derives much of its *prestige* from the fact, that it has frequently served as a medium for the publication of political articles of that transparently-clandestine character which, under the pretent *régime*, even legitimate opposition has to assume. But undoubtedly the complaisance with which Frenchmen contrast it with our periodical literature arises from the very solidity and weight (or, if any one pleases, heaviness) which make it appalling to an English reader. The enthusiasm of newspaper critics on our own side of the Channel is of a more complicated character. For one thing, it is natural that anything which, in a foreign language, jumps with a man's own ideas, should bear to him an air of originality and depth which it would not have in his own tongue; and it is equally natural (we ourselves own to the sentiment, dear reader) that a critic should be slightly elated by finding his own powers equal to the comprehension and enjoyment of such a mass of instruction, not to speak of the supreme and crowning delight of being able to tell the world in general that a paper was actually written by the Prince de J. which has been published only under the humbler name of the Vicomte de M——!

and take off their hats to her with all a Frenchman's politeness; but a certain indefinable impression that it is a very worthy and venerable old lady whose day is over, to whom they pay all these magnanimous civilities, does not fail to strike the spectator. The 'Correspondant' is of a very different class. Its contributors are described by one of themselves as "le petit bataillon d'écrivains souvent méconnu, jamais désunis, qui tiennent dans le Correspondant le drapeau de la religion et de la liberté." It is the party of Lacordaire and Montalembert which is represented in this periodical—that party so interesting and remarkable, which holds views which are almost democratic, with views which are more than conservative — the most exclusive — the most liberal—the only romantic and poetical party which has anything to do with modern politics. Its opinions may be condemned, and they may be smiled at—they may be considered Utopian and out of date; but its position is one so attractive to the imagination, and the results which it aims at would be so beautiful if there was any possibility in them, that it is impossible not to regard its organ with interest. And the magazine is a very good exponent of the party, in its *melange* of perfect good sense and critical discrimination, with the most *naïve* traditionalism and ultramontane credulity; in its quaint religiousness and monasticism—its fervent faith in the past, and yet its clear-sighted consciousness of the present. Such phenomena are not confined entirely to the enlightened ultramontane party of France; but yet perhaps they have never come anywhere else to such notable development. The paradox has about reached its height when one turns the page from M. de Carné's able and lucid exposition of the origin and dangers of universal suffrage, and finds one's self in the midst of a series of mild ecstatic musings upon the *Création animée*, which smack of the fourteenth century. There is something quaintly attractive, half touching, half amusing, in such a curious conjunction. A certain perfume of the cloister—the imaginary cloister, the early Benedictine cell, or late, late, Utopian re-created cloister of Lacordaire—breathes herein across the busy Parisian universe, and those abodes of brilliant discontent and keen observation where some of the brightest spirits of France consume themselves in inaction. Looking through the convenient *grille* of the 'Correspondant,' both sides of this strange world are visible; and the human interest thus contained in it adds a charm to its intrinsic merit, which is, however, not to be despised.

The first article in the number for July is a criticism upon Alfred de Musset by the spirited writer who has lately made himself famous by breaking his lance on M. Sainte Beuve. M. de Pontmartin is no match for the great critic whom he attacks; but to be sure that is not his fault, and we are not here to take up arms for M. Sainte Beuve, who is well able to take care of himself. His assailant is rather hot and rash and personal, as unfortunately critics who attach themselves to periodicals with a religious controversial turn have a knack of being. One never feels quite sure whether he is judging the book of which he treats, or whether it is not something he knows about the author which moves him to be kind or cruel. To be sure, this is no novelty in criticism; but superior art knows how to veil the preconceived conclusion. The article upon Alfred de Musset is not so much a review of the poet as a protest against the over-pretension with which an *édition monumentale* of his works has been given to the world, "*dédiée aux amis du premier poète des temps modernes.*" "The friends—what friends?" asks M. de Pontmartin, with a certain shrillness of tone.

"Those of the first hour or those of the last? The question is not without importance when it is Alfred de Musset who is in question. He had indeed friends who read his fine verses aloud, accustoming his name to celebrity, palliating his weakness and stains, recommending him to the recalcitrants, and that at a period when his admirers were rare—when they numbered perhaps a hundred in Paris, and two or three in each department; and when an immense burst of laughter would have greeted any attempt to place him on the same line not only with Lamartine or Victor Hugo, but with Alfred de Vigny or Casimir de la Vigne. I know others, and the greater number, who have waited fifteen or twenty years to recognise the exquisite talent of M. de Musset, sure of making up lost time by posthumous exaggerations. These two groups—the one enormous, the other small—will be of a different opinion, I think, in respect to the *édition monumentale* which for three months has covered the walls with great advertisements, in which we read with stupor that Alfred de Musset is the first poet of modern times." We cannot enter into the detailed exceptions which the critic takes to this undoubtedly startling assertion; but we may quote the *résumé* of his argument, which is not peculiar either to de Musset or to France, but may answer equally wherever popular literature and bookmakers abound.

"In our days admiration takes curiosity for its accomplice. A man dies; it is an accident which happens to all the world, even to the immortals. Immediately a curious rabble rushes round the coffin. This posterity of contemporaries, instead of reading the really fine works of the defunct—of putting them on trial—of assigning them their place in the treasury of intellectual royalties—seems anxious only to know how much there is of unpublished, and, what is still more appetising, of private and individual (*déshabillé et intime*) matter. 'Lara,' 'Réné,' 'Le Roi d'Yvetot,' 'Le Lac,' 'Les Feuilles d'Automne,' 'Faust,' 'Rolla,' are bagatelles and antiquities. If you but knew the memoirs, the personal recollections, the confidences, the confessions, the autobiography of the great man! If you could but read the manuscripts left in the drawers, and the correspondence! Hold! I who speak to you—I have a hundred or so of letters which, if they were but published, would show you that fine soul, that wonderful genius, under quite a new light! And the private life! the secret and the last word (*fin mot*), of those romances, of those elegies, of those poems which have been lived before they were written! The pleasure of making acquaintance with the true Charlotte, the true Amélie, the veritable Elvire! It is this which would be exciting, and not the works, which all the world has read, and where the author for a thousand reasons has been obliged to disfigure his recollections, to suppress proper names, to multiply veils. Thus admirers and curious begin together their hunt after the unpublished and unknown, the little verses, the imperfect ideas, the epistolary fragments, the scraps of papers, the works, broken-backed, halting, imperfectly formed, which the author had prudently withdrawn from his *répertoire*. . . . Then come revelations of his youth, of his private life; those which are innocent are worth little—it is the guilty which are interesting; but never mind! volumes can be made out of them. One would say that the great works are only good for anything by means of these insignificant or compromising accessories, and that the precious and suave essences marked by the author himself, and enclosed in vases of exquisite workmanship, would lose their full perfume and savour if they were not diluted in a stream of *eau-de-vie*, or in the waves of a tisane.

"What is the consequence? As the evil is epidemic, and our great men know what this mania reserves for them, the greater part of them judge it best not to wait, but to discount in their lifetime the advantages of public curiosity. They order willingly, like Charles V., their funeral obsequies, in order to have the pleasure, not only of hearing the funeral sermon, but of depicting themselves in small and in large, of telling all in detail from the first promising traits of their infancy up to the feats of their manhood, from their first love to their last rheumatism. Forgetting that talent ought to have its modesty as well as beauty, and that a half-light becomes the one as it does the other, they make of

their celebrity an opening, a window behind which is displayed at once the author and the work, and the commentaries on the work, and the indiscretions of the author. What do I say? even this display is too interior, too far withdrawn from the eye and touch. Give the great man four planks to put in front of his façade, he will make of them a platform outside, wholly open to the eyes of an idolatrous public. Hoisted upon this platform, with an accompaniment of cymbals and trombones, he will take possession of the first subject that offers; and under the pretence of speaking of others he will speak of himself. It is said that the theatre is dead; but no, it is only displaced. . . . The theatre is everywhere except in the theatre (*chez lui*), where it vexes us with its servile sterility. Its factitious atmosphere filtrates through our salubrious air; its chimeras gain ground upon our realities; its trapdoors upon our firm ground; its lies upon our truths; its freedom upon our servitude. It may be said that our fortunes, our honours, our consciences, our passions, our virtues, our experiences, our friendships, our talents, laws, and politics, are all theatrical business, destined to exist, like its works, between eight o'clock and midnight, and to disappear with the curtain that falls and the lights that are extinguished."

This outburst will be intelligible even among ourselves, where public personages still retain a little reticence in their intercourse with the public; but in a region where *Ma Vie* is a fashionable and not unusual subject, its heat and energy are more than justifiable. M. de Pontmartin's remonstrative paper is followed by an article upon the 'Paysage chez les Poëtes Latins,' by M. Victor de Laprade, himself a poet of no mean degree. This is all the share that pure literature has in the 'Correspondant,' except in the final *critique* of the month, which comes at the end. The rest of the magazine, with the one striking exception of the Count de Carné's article upon 'Le Suffrage Universal et la Dictature,' is almost entirely devoted to religious literature of different kinds; but the exception is a remarkable one. The calm politico-historical tone of the paper in question conveys to the outsider a strangely vivid impression of one of the most striking features of French contemporary life. It is a voice from the midst of the class which, according to all ordinary conclusions, should be most fit to rule in its country—a class to which rank and birth are but secondary qualifications—men whose high culture and enlightened minds would place them in the first rank anywhere; and yet they have nothing to do in France—not much more than, a generation ago, the noblest Italian names had in Italy. They have to stand by and look on, to consume their wrath or evaporate it in epigrams, or deliver blows sharp but fugitive under cover of the shield of history. M. de Carné does not openly attack the great blind force which is the avowed and boasted foundation of the Imperial honours and the present constitution of France. On the contrary, he approaches it with an air of spectatorship which is strange to see, and regards the monster all round with calm and somewhat melancholy criticism, not with any hope of making an end of it, but yet with an idea that it is his duty to leave no illusion on the subject, to show clearly whence it has come and perhaps where it may be going—no harm, meanwhile, to the sacred and magnificent empire which is the creature's production. M. de Carné, in short, recognises the present constitution of affairs in France much as the philosophical writers whom we have quoted elsewhere recognise religion—as an indisputable fact, which people may believe in or not, but which it is as well to be respectful of. After declaring that "by an affirmation which gives the lie to all historical documents, universal suffrage itself has been placed under the shield of the principles of 1789," he thus proceeds to show its actual origin and birth:—

"Every one who knows the history of the French Revolution is well aware that universal suffrage had no part in the

political symbols of that age. The Constituent Assembly was formed according to the prescriptions of the royal decree of the 24th January, 1789, and conformably to the practice of former meetings of the Estates. This edict charged the bailies and seneschals to convoke to electoral assemblies all chiefs of communities and religious establishments, all nobles possessing feoffs, all the members of the different corporations of the third estate, in order that the latter should choose an elector for every hundred individuals. . . . . One of the objects which chiefly occupied the Assembly was the establishment of the electoral system. An understanding was easier upon that point than upon most others, for the principle of election upon a graduated system prevailed without any resistance. The results of these debates, which were more lengthy than animated, are recorded under Title III. of the constitution of 1791. The doctrine of direct universal suffrage, applied to the election of deputies according to the present practice, found no defender except an obscure individual, who was nevertheless destined to too much celebrity. An ardent disciple of J. J. Rousseau, whose eloquence he diluted in a nauseous phraseology peculiar to himself, Robespierre professed to seize the rights of man at their source. This solitary dreamer saw an outrage to the holy laws of nature in every arrangement made to guarantee social security against either ignorance or passion—man having no less, he said, the right of being ignorant than of deceiving himself. Thus he refused to allow that, in calling citizens to political life, society could graduate rights according to enlightenment or interest—he refused to it absolutely the power of taking pledges of security for itself; national sovereignty could only be exercised, according to his ideas, by the aid of all Frenchmen acting in an absolute equality. This man did not draw back at the beginning of his life from the extremity of logic any more than from before crime.

"The ideas of the philosophical tribune found, however, no favour with the Assembly, which was not lacking in boldness any more than in intelligence, and which may be considered a better interpreter of the ideas of '89 than the men whose hands inscribe them now-a-days on the frontispiece of our laws. The Constituent did not imagine itself violating the right of the citizen in establishing different degrees in election, and believed itself to conform to the rules of good sense in demanding from each that which he could reasonably give in the measure of his capacity and social position. It decreed that the electoral assemblies should be formed of all Frenchmen aged twenty-five, not hired servants, inscribed by their municipality under the character of national guards, and paying a direct contribution equal at least to three days' work. These assemblies were called to name a number of electors proportioned to those of the entire citizens of the canton, and this second class of electors had to join to the qualifications of the first the possession of landed property amounting in revenue to a sum equal to three hundred days' work. To these latter alone belonged the political mission of choosing the members of the National Assembly. . . .

"So long as a party relatively moderate retained power in the Convention, it could maintain there, notwithstanding the menaces of the clubbists and the intervention of the knitters (*tricoteuses*), a respect for the truths which survive all revolutions. It continued to profess these three axioms, that capacity is the true measure of constitutional rights; that the citizens naturally called to vote the taxation of the country are those who pay it; and that society fulfils a strict obligation in taking guarantees against disturbing passions. But when the foot of the Girondin had slipped in the blood of Louis XVI., this sad party disappeared from the scene, and left it occupied by ferocious logicians, who no longer found any obstacle in the way either of their syllogism or of their axe. The holocaust of the 31st May was scarcely accomplished, when the Mountain consecrated in the constitution of the 24th June 1793 the electoral doctrine of which the Cordeliers and Jacobins had, up to that time, been the propagators. . . . Such are the forms and circumstances under which universal suffrage was introduced for the first time into our legislation."

After reviewing briefly what he considers the failure of universal suffrage in America, where it is produced "under its most favourable aspect," M. de Carné indicates briefly the kind of danger which he, and many who think with him, augur from it in France:—

"The result which seems most to be expected from undirected universal suffrage among ourselves is rather a poor

than a dangerous choice. Famous demagogues will probably find less favour in its eyes than the cock of the village escorted by a staff of schoolmasters and sanitary officers. Perhaps the next generation will regret even the government candidates in presence of that progressive debasement; but the current of affairs, which may yield to our efforts, will never draw back before our regrets, and fallen influences cannot be restored. The fundamental difference between limited suffrage such as was exercised under the two preceding monarchies, and universal suffrage as it exists at present, is, that the lively stimulus of party spirit led the one always to elevate the level of its choice; while the want of political spirit leads the other to lower continually the standard of its elect. The faults committed by the qualified electors have no doubt had something to do with the revolution which has snatched, in so unforeseen a way, from the French *bourgeoisie* a power which seemed fixed in its possession. But the ancient electoral body had at least the power of choosing spontaneously, to represent all great opinions, their best known leaders, and men of striking reputation. It is no failure in respect towards universal suffrage to impute to it other inclinations; it is not a reproach to measure the bounds of its horizon by the power of its vision."

When we turn the page after this it is with the startled sensations of a man who has stepped back across a few centuries from one extremity of human experience to another—from the age of universal suffrage into that of the Crusades. It is the Bishop of Carcassonne who is the author of the 'Création Animée;' and it is a privilege special to the 'Correspondant' to give to its readers a preliminary specimen of his unpublished work: "His Grandeur has been so good as to detach from his future volume the following pages in favour of our magazine—always so happy to open its doors to the different labours of the Episcopate," says the editor's note. His Grandeur writes as pious monks once wrote in the depths of their cloister, as pious Puritans of contemplative turn wrote after them, in a fashion which will always have its attraction for the pious and pensive mind. But that our readers may have some idea of the curious effect produced by the appearance of these meditations in a Parisian periodical full of political energy, and generally alert and up to its time, we quote one or two of Mgr. de Carcassonne's reflections on the subject of The Bee—his proposed work being a series of studies upon Christian symbolism in natural history:—

"The work of the bees begins by the manufacture of wax. They collect the dust which is attached to the stamens of flowers, and, elaborating it with marvellous instinct, they produce that soft, ductile, but consistent substance which serves to construct the cells of the honey-comb.

"Wax is employed for a great many uses. The most noble of all is certainly that assigned to it by the Church. It furnishes the tapers which burn before the altar: and when the minister of the Church blesses the Easter taper he recalls to us that this new light is fed by the wax which the mother-bee has produced. The taper is at once light and wax; and in the same way Jesus Christ, who is the light of the world, is at once God and man. Mary is like the mother-bee who furnishes the precious wax which feeds the light—that is to say, the flesh of the Saviour.

"But the taper is also the emblem of the faithful soul.

"The wax keeps up the light, and the light melts it. When our soul, glorifying the Father by its good works, spreads abroad the light of Jesus Christ, it may be said to carry and keep up the fire of that light. Our soul, however, cannot approach the divine light and heat without being consumed by love; and this is why the bride of the Canticles, addressing her spouse, cries, 'My soul was melted when I heard thy words.'

"At the same time, if the ardour of love consume the soul, the Prophet-King tells us also that, in presence of Divine justice, sinners perish like the wax that is melted by the heat.

"Fire of love and fire of wrath! both of you consume our soul; but wrath makes it die, and love makes it live the eternal life.

"The bee sucks with her mouth the honey hidden in the chalice of the flowers, and her body is terminated by

a sting. Is not this the emblem of the mad joys of the world, which commence with honey and finish by the sharp sword! And is it not equally the image of men whose perfidious lips distil in our presence the honey of flattery, while behind us they think only of laying for us the cruelest snares?

"Oh, how many such bees hummed around the Saviour during his mortal life! When the Pharisees would surprise him in his words, 'Master,' they said, 'we know that thou art truth itself, and acceptest not the person of any man.' It was the drop of honey, but at the same time they darted at him the sting of their hate, and swore to kill him. Speaking by his prophet, the Lord had indicated them in advance in these terms—'They surrounded me like bees'—*Circumdederunt me sicut apes.*

"At the same time the bee loses its sting in using it. The wickedness of men condemned Jesus Christ to death; but that death, in striking the author of life, has lost the power which it acquired by Adam. Leaving the tomb, the Lord could sing that song of triumph, 'O Death, where is thy sting?'—*Ubi est, Mors, stimulus tuus?*

"Let us bless God, however, for having given her sting to the bee! Small, humble, weak, entirely devoted to her work, and preoccupied only by the sweet labour which she accomplishes more for us than for herself, how should she defend herself against the enemies who attack her? God has done all things well; He hides the lily among thorns, and He gives a sting to the bee!

"Church of Jesus Christ, it is you who dispense to us all the honey of the love of the Saviour! But God has furnished you with the sting of His justice! Let us not attack that divine bee; the wounds of its sting are death."

Monseigneur de Carcassonne is as scriptural as the most Protestant of Low-Churchmen, and but for that last word about the Church (which is perfectly in the spirit of Exeter Hall, though he differs in boldness of expression) says nothing that is not perfectly evangelical, or that might not be perfectly edifying as well for a church library anywhere; but it is wonderfully odd to find those gentle and pious maunderings by the side, as we have said, of M. de Carné's acute and clear-headed political discourse; or even beside M. de Laprade's elegant comparison of Virgil and Lucretius. No doubt the 'Correspondant' piques itself on this mingling of all subjects, and takes credit for the prominent place it thus gives to religion, as some periodicals do among ourselves; but at the same time one cannot help feeling that among all these heterogeneous contributors his Grandeur occupies an odd position. He is supported, however, by several papers of a semi-religious character, biographical sketches of two priests, one, the Rev. Père Besson, one of the early converts and assistants of Lacordaire in his romantic resuscitation of monasticism in France, and the other, the much-regretted Abbé Perreyv; and by an article upon 'Sacred Literature among the Slaves,' in which the author concludes that the only hope for the schismatical Christianities of the East, is "to return to their mother, the Roman Church, who has witnessed their birth and blessed their cradle." We have not time, however, to linger upon these papers, which, though well written, and sufficiently interesting to the reader, have no particular claim upon the attention; nor upon the fiction with which all this solid fare is supposed to be lightened. The only thing that is remarkable about this last is, that it is a novel in French written by an English authoress, Lady Georgina Fullarton—by much the dullest portion of the magazine, and wonderfully little worth the trouble of production in two languages. But a periodical with a specialty naturally and inevitably puts itself at a great disadvantage in respect to art; and the 'Correspondant' is as much bound, no doubt (fiction being recognised as a necessity to start with), to provide its readers with a story in which the persecutions of Catholics by Protestants is the theme, as a magazine of Low-Church tendencies would be to go into the private religious history of its heroes and heroines, or a temperance periodical to beatify all who

did not, and damn all who did, venture upon the sinful indulgence of a glass of wine. That is so clearly an understood matter that we may leave 'Constance Sherwood' to her natural audience. It is, however, an example of the low estate to which fiction has come in France, to see the pale and feeble productions which, in the world-famed 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' and in this, its young and enthusiastic contemporary, represent the great element of storytelling, which has come to occupy so important a place among ourselves. One hesitates to say too much about George Sand, just as one would hesitate to criticise Grisi at this period of her career; there would be in both a certain want at once of generosity and gratitude. But the contemptuous toleration of fiction in general, which is implied in the inanity of its representatives in these two cases before us, make out the art to be in a bad way among the people whom we are accustomed to call our lively neighbours. Perhaps the daily deluge of feuilletons, and the nastiness which even genius constantly condescends to—no doubt with a knowledge of its audience—have had their natural effect in discountenancing among cultivated people this form of the poetical element in literature. At least it is the only way of accounting for the indifference with which the conductors of two such magazines, preparing in every other respect so carefully for their readers, throw them these two uninviting morsels in the shape of fiction, habit and not choice having made it a necessary part of their bill of fare.

We will make but one other quotation from the 'Correspondant,' extracted from that portion of the able 'Revue Critique' which occupies itself with the same unsatisfactory philosophies which we have already seen discussed in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes;' and which we give not so much as an illustration of its opinions, as a somewhat quaint statement of the condition of affairs among ourselves, as seen from across the Channel. The critic has been discussing the progress of sceptical speculation, or, as he calls it, Atheism, in the different Continental countries.

"The intellectual constitution of England is more healthful. At the same time the spirit of irreligion and materialist doctrines are making rapid progress. A serious writer, M. Pearson, states statistics according to which it appears that English publications of an openly atheistical character have risen to the amount of more than six hundred and forty thousand copies. Scepticism and Hegelianism glide in little by little, and insinuate themselves even into the works of theologians, as has been shown by the famous *procès* of 'Essays and Reviews.' The exportations of French positivism have not had less success than those of German Hegelianism. While M. Stuart Mill and Miss Martineau (!) accommodate the ideas of Fourier to the taste of the fashionable world, a radical sect, whose object is the destruction of the Established Church and of the existing social order, and which professes atheism, at least provisionally, is propagated in the inferior regions under the title of *secularism*. The existence of the soul and that of God are put back by its adherents among the number of questions with which it would be idle to occupy themselves, with this inscription on the bag which contains them—*not proven*. To realise life without God is the object of the sect. It employs as the means of its propaganda, newspapers, books, and meetings. It has in London five lecture-halls, and in the entire United Kingdom twenty-one, chiefly in the manufacturing towns. Among us the manifestations of such a sect would be hastily stifled, and naturally by this means its increase would be stimulated and its danger increased. In England it is permitted to discredit itself by the liberty which is accorded to it. For the moment, and as a natural consequence of its facilities, its success is at a low level. This may be understood from the occurrence of accidents like the following. One day a *secularist* orator had delivered a vehement discourse in favour of virtue. At the moment when he resumed his seat he was invited by a policeman to follow him. The orator of virtue had just been condemned to twelve months of hard labour for theft."

This is an odd proof of the faculty

strangers have for finding out matters which are absolutely unknown at home. A man might live for centuries in London without ever finding out the "five lecture-halls" which the ingenious critic of the 'Correspondant' produces in evidence of a movement calculated to overturn the Church and society. It is well to be aware of one's dangers. This is just the kind of curiously large interpretation of a small possible fact which gives a comical unreality to the observations of foreigners in so many cases. And we trust Mr. Stuart Mill will be satisfied by the succinct description of his mission and *collaborateur* given above.

We have already exceeded our space, and cannot enter further into detail; but the magazines we have chosen are—the first, the most noted of French periodical publications—the second, the representative of the most interesting and characteristic party in France. We may add besides, by way of proving still further the extraordinary capacity for serious exertion possessed by the French intelligence, that most of the papers in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' are serial papers, continued at irregular intervals, with sometimes an interregnum of two or three months between, over which space, we presume, its audience can carry their attention and interest even in the case of such a subject as 'Le Cerveau et la Pensée,' not to speak of the historical papers, in respect to which such a long tension may be more practicable. Such is the character of periodical literature of the higher class in France. We do not think that even our own quarterlies, heavy though these respectable publications are in many cases, can afford to be so entirely independent of the lighter branches of literature, or to pursue scientific and historical verities with an equal amount of dignified indifference and composure. Perhaps the secret of this may lie in the fact that everything in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' for example, is scrupulously well done, and would be very good if it was a little more readable.

And the general mass, we presume, contents itself with *causeries* (no contemptible satisfaction, certainly, when the *causeries* happen to be those of M. Sainte-Beuve) and *feuilletons*; not to speak of the innumerable shoal of illustrated weekly journals in the *genre* of the 'London Journal' and 'Family Herald,' where the writing is a little better, and the *morale* a little worse, than in these distinguished periodicals—with the difference, however, that the French romancists of this lower region do not seem to find it necessary to go into sumptuous upholstery, nor to fill their pages with imaginary grandeurs, and that the worst of their wickednesses generally occur in London, among personages bearing the names of Sir Robert and Sir Henry, and in the midst of an atmosphere described as follows:—"It was a fine day for London: an imperceptible rain, a damp and smoky mist, threw upon the great town a troubled and ghastly light." This and an endless succession of historical romances form the characteristic features of cheap journalism in France, though there are instances in which an occasional essay or exercise of the national gifts of *causerie* and historical discussion, turn the balance in favour of the French even in this lowest level of literary production.

We do not profess to explain the causes of this difference, or to give any more than the rapid glance of a foreigner at so characteristic a feature of the national economy; but such as it is, it is not unworthy of consideration; while, at the same time, there can be no study more interesting than that of the curiously restrained and curiously outspoken organs of public opinion among our next neighbours, or those characteristic features which mark the difference between its modes of intellectual working and those which are current among ourselves.

LORD PALMERSTON.

BEFORE these pages pass into the hands of our readers, the country will have in some degree recovered from the shock which it sustained in the death of Lord Palmerston. Not that the event, painful as we felt it to be, could have taken anybody much by surprise. For a year at least it has been noticed, by all who came in contact with him, that the veteran statesman had ceased to be what he once was. The mind, though clear enough, when directed to any particular subject, had lost its habitual acuteness; and the elasticity and vigour of the once vigorous frame were entirely gone. It was even sad to see the old man on his accustomed bench in the House of Commons—the eye dim and the lower jaw dropped—struggling to keep awake while a debate was going on, and striving in vain. And it was still more distressing to observe that physical infirmities constrained him, at short intervals, to rise, and, with a tottering gait, to retire. Towards the close of the last session, indeed, his place in Parliament remained too often vacant—never without the occurrence of scenes which it was painful to witness, even by members who sat upon the left of the Speaker's chair, and could not, therefore, be expected to take much to heart the humiliation of their rivals. Still nobody was willing to believe that the end was so near. He had lasted so long, he had so often recovered from attacks of illness under which almost any other man would have sunk, that both those who were indifferent and those who deprecated his retirement from public life put from them the bare idea that his thread was spun out. The event has falsified their calculations. There are limits to human endurance, even for those on whom Providence has bestowed constitutions of iron, and Lord Palmerston, having reached that which was appointed to him, died in harness, as he doubtless desired to do.

This is not the occasion on which we can trust ourselves to write the biography of the departed statesman. All that would be becoming, while as yet he is scarce cold in his grave, the newspapers have done in that direction. His career has been sketched with more or less of accuracy as to facts; but whether correct in the facts or not, the same generous disposition has been manifested by political opponents as by political supporters, to give him credit for whatever was praiseworthy in his nature, and to hide his faults. Far be it from us, at the present moment, to interrupt this harmony of criticism. He undoubtedly was, what the press described him to have been, an Englishman to the backbone. He was jealous of the honour of his country, though not always, perhaps, judicious in the means which he adopted to maintain it, and knew better than any man of his day how to manage a recalcitrant cabinet and an unruly House of Commons. But he was more than all this. Ever since he attained the object of his ambition, for it was late of being matured, he has been our chief, we might almost say our only, defence against the levelling purposes of a powerful section of his own Administration. That he yielded too much and too often to the pressure which they applied cannot, we are afraid, be disputed. We could name many more questions than the repeal of the paper-duties and the policy to be pursued in the quarrel between Germany and Denmark, on which he postponed the deliberate convictions of his own judgment to the violence of those who differed from him. But for these acts of weakness great allowances are to be made. He was committed to the Liberal party—his sympathies went

not with it, neither did his reason ever approve the objects which it seeks; but he had gone over to it in a moment of strong personal irritation, and was never afterwards able to find or to make an opportunity of returning to his first love. Once, and once only, such opportunity presented itself, and he put it from him. His mind was then dazzled by what he believed to be the sure prospect of himself attaining to that eminence which, had he accepted Lord Derby's proposals, he must have helped another to reach. And with all his manliness, with all his patriotism, Lord Palmerston, from the day when he first opened his heart to the whispers of personal ambition, became her slave. But though we may not approve either the course which he adopted on that occasion, or his manner of adopting it, we can understand both, and, looking to the idiosyncrasies of the man, make large allowance for them. So far as the gratification of his own desires was concerned, his plan succeeded. That the country gained anything from his first accession to power, and the patching up of an inglorious peace just as it had mustered strength to prosecute the war, is quite another matter.

Having once put himself at the head of the Liberal party, Lord Palmerston could no longer regard the Tories in the light of possible colleagues on some future occasion. He did not, however, throw over his old Tory notions. He was still in the main the pupil of Canning, a leading scholar in the school which Canning had founded, and he did his best—this much we readily allow—to act up to his master's views, as change of time and circumstances appeared to him to have modified them. Lord Palmerston was no more disposed to interrupt the settlement of 1831 than the stanchest reformer sitting on the bench immediately opposite to his own. More prudent than his eloquent master, he took care never to say so in express terms. But while appearing to accept the schemes of others, he always managed, as often as they touched the outer hem of success, to thwart them, and to thwart them with such perfect adroitness as left no ground to his baffled colleagues on which to establish an open charge against him. Mr. Milner Gibson, Mr. Villiers, and Mr. Gladstone, know as well as we do, that in the complaints which he made of Lord Palmerston's treachery on the matter of the Reform Bill of 1860, Mr. Bright is substantially correct; yet Mr. Milner Gibson, Mr. Villiers, and Mr. Gladstone, are no more able to prove the fact than we are ourselves. For this, his memory will always be held in respect by us. He was a good Conservative so far; fortune greatly favouring him through the instrumentality of an opposition strong enough to support him whenever he appealed to it against his own friends.

Experience proves that when men who have been long content to play a secondary part in their profession, whatever it may be, find themselves by the force of circumstances thrust into the foremost rank and looked up to as advisers, they immediately entertain exaggerated notions of their own powers, and if they be politicians, accept it as a proof that their party cannot do without them. Till he had passed the age when men usually give up all idea of getting out of the groove in which they have hitherto run, Lord Palmerston's position in public life was a very humble one. For twenty years and more, and under half-a-dozen different administrations, he had held the place of Secretary-at-War—a very useful, but very subordinate office; in getting rid of which, by the by, and creating a Secretary of State for War, it is much to be doubted whether, in any point of view, the country has not lost instead of gained. His duties as Secretary-at-War were to control the accounts of the army, to keep down the expense of its administration as far as might be

compatible with its efficiency, and to bring forward and defend from year to year the army estimates in the House of Commons. All this Lord Palmerston did, and did well for twenty years. But he never went farther. He never aspired to nor obtained a seat in the Cabinet; he never took part in any general debate, nor, with one exception, spoke at all upon other questions than those which affected his own department. It was on the subject of the repeal of Roman Catholic disabilities that alone he came out; and even then, though following Mr. Canning's lead, he spoke shortly, and always with an utterance constrained, and therefore awkward and unattractive. Not that he was, or that anybody supposed him to be, below par in ability or knowledge. He dressed, indeed, as only weak men are prone to do, in the extreme of fashion; and his air was more supercilious than jaunty. But beneath that surface of dandyism his intimates knew that very good stuff lay hid; and that the gay man of pleasure was, whenever he thought fit to apply, a hard-working, clear-headed and skilful man of business. Indeed he was more. Some of the cleverest papers in the 'New Whig Guide,' of which he, Peel, and Croker were the main supporters, came from his pen; and we have often heard Croker refer to them bitterly, when, in after years, his old chum had declared against the Tory party, and was by the Whigs extolled as the ablest and most valuable of their new allies. With all this he was for twenty years a mere subordinate official, and no one of the many chiefs under whom he served ever thought, it would appear, of raising him to a higher level. He and Croker, indeed, ran in couples; the one was Secretary to the Admiralty, the other Secretary-at-War. They were great friends and clever men, to whom the doors of the Cabinet were never opened so long as they acted together on the Tory side; and Toryism, as understood till the Duke of Wellington formed an administration, reigned supreme.

Lord Palmerston's friends, the 'Times' among the rest, say that he never forgave the ill treatment to which his friend and patron Canning was subjected. The fact of Canning's ill-treatment is not very clearly established. Nobody is ignorant that, when Lord Liverpool was struck down, Canning intrigued, as he had done on a former occasion, for the Premiership—a place which he perfectly well knew, neither Peel nor the Duke of Wellington—men his equals at least in the Cabinet—were prepared to concede to him. But authorities differ as to the way in which the intrigue was carried on. If it be true, as the Duke of Wellington asserts, that Canning agreed to one thing with his colleagues and did another, and if it be further the fact that he made use of the Marchioness of Conyngham to get round George IV., then all that is said about ungenerous treatment by those who refused to serve under him is the greatest nonsense that ever was uttered. Be this, however, as it may, neither Lord Palmerston nor Mr. Huskisson, both of whom held place under Mr. Canning, could have very much taken to heart the ill-usage of the faction; for they not only retained their places during Lord Goderich's brief administration, but they closed with the Duke's offer, and gave him likewise their support, the one as Secretary of State for the Colonies, the other still as Secretary-at-War.

We are surprised to find that, in accounting for the subsequent defection of these two statesmen, almost all our "channels of public information" tell the story of the East Retford case as if it had been only by his vote in the House of Commons that Huskisson gave offence to his leader. They omit altogether the much more important fact that, in the Cabinet, when the line to be adopted came under discussion, the Duke and Mr. Peel ad-

vised the very course which Huskisson in due time affirmed by that vote; and that a majority in the Cabinet, of which Huskisson was the chief speaker, overruled them. It was this, and not the vote in the House, which broke all confidence between Huskisson and the First Lord of the Treasury, and led the Duke to accept as a resignation that letter which Huskisson subsequently did his best to explain away. They forget also to say that the Duke made Lord Dudley clearly understand that, even in the eleventh hour, Mr. Huskisson had only to withdraw his letter and all would be forgotten. These are points which, when touched upon at all, ought to be touched fairly; because on a right understanding of them depend the conclusions at which posterity will arrive in regard to a transaction not unimportant either in its bearings on the characters of two eminent public men, or in reference to the consequences which may, in part at least, be traced back to it; but, for the purposes of the present article, we may leave them where they are. Lord Palmerston, who had gone into the same lobby with Huskisson, sent in, like Huskisson, his resignation; and it was in reference to him, and not to Huskisson himself, that the Duke's memorable utterance took place: "This at least is no mistake—it can be no mistake—and it shall be no mistake." The Secretary-at-War must pay the usual penalty of his recalcitration; and the Secretary-at-War, wounded to the quick, surrendered his office, and never forgave the man who insisted on his so doing.

Private feeling goes quite as far in swaying the conduct of statesmen as of any other class of persons. Mr. Huskisson and Lord Palmerston could not, without entire loss of self-respect, pass at once from holding office under a Tory Minister into the ranks of a Whig Opposition. But they hated the Duke, whose straightforward honesty made sad work with their diplomatic shiftiness; and, hating the man, they soon learned to hate his principles. They found others brought up in the same school with themselves who shared their sentiments, and they stood aside, in an attitude of neutrality, biding their time. It came sooner, perhaps, than they anticipated. They helped the Duke to carry his Roman Catholic Bill in the teeth of the great party who brought him into power, and then turned round upon him, and, with the aid of Whigs and angry Tories, forced him to resign. We have used the plural, when in strict propriety we ought to have used the singular term, as poor Huskisson was by this time dead. But Lord Palmerston gave his vote in support of Sir Henry Parnell's motion, and he reaped his reward. The Whigs, though not destitute of talent, were without experience in official life. They could not hope to win over to them any members of the old Tory party, or of the party which had stood by the Duke. They looked, therefore, to the Canningites; and considering Lord Palmerston, and not without reason, to be at once the ablest and most experienced of the band, they invited him to join them. Then his ambition awoke. As Secretary-at-War he had had much communication both with the Foreign and the Colonial Secretary of State—the former being then, and till nine or ten years ago, the real Minister of War in this country. And perceiving how important the functions of the former were, and what weight they necessarily gave him in the Cabinet, he agreed to serve under Earl Grey, only on condition that he should receive the seals of the Foreign Office. They were given over to him after a little hesitation; and the results are matters of history.

It has been said that as long as Earl Grey retained his place in the Cabinet, the foreign policy of England was by him rigidly watched, and, to the most minute details, directed. We must be permitted to

doubt this. Earl Grey came into office pledged to three things—Reform, Retrenchment, and Peace. Reform he carried, Retrenchment became forthwith a largely increased public expenditure, and Peace took the shape of a fleet sent to blockade the Scheldt, and the quadruple alliance among England, France, Spain, and Portugal. We do not believe that for the last of these eccentricities Lord Grey was immediately responsible. The policy which impelled to it, whether wise or unwise, was Canning's policy, which, had it not been restrained, would have plunged us in 1823 into a war with France, for the sake of maintaining in Spain the revolutionary government which the Duke d'Angoulême crossed the Bidassoa to put down. At all events, whatever Earl Grey may have done, Lord Melbourne, his Whig successor, left to Lord Palmerston entire freedom of action; and he made his name famous throughout Europe. It can hardly be expected that we should speak approvingly now of a line of policy which, when it was in progress, we honestly condemned. It is not by putting England's finger into every foreign pie that the honour of this country is to be maintained, especially when, under the pretext of giving moral support to liberal institutions, we come to be regarded as the disturbers of the peace of Europe. And though we trust that all will end well—though we are glad to see Italy a nation, and acknowledge that the experiment of rendering Belgium independent has turned out better than could have been expected—it does not therefore follow that we can look back with approval on the haste with which England allied herself with the France of 1831, to undo the work which had been done to bridle France in 1815. Nor is it possible to speak otherwise than with shame of the exhibition which an English minister made of himself when he accepted the cheers of a mob in an Italian city, and put on a tricolor cockade, the revolution being yet in progress. Still let us not forget that the gentleman who committed this last act of folly was but a minister *en amateur*. The Elliots are clever men, but not all of them very prudent men; and Lord Minto undoubtedly established his right on that occasion to be classed among the least judicious members of his own family.

Of the part played by Lord Palmerston in driving Ibrahim Pasha out of Syria, we need not pause to speak. Accepting it as a duty on the part of England to maintain the Ottoman Empire in its integrity, the policy which sent an English fleet to bombard Acre is both intelligible and wise. And admitting its wisdom, we cannot withhold our meed of praise from the promptitude and decision which were manifested in striking then at the right moment. It was a glorious opportunity also for showing that England, though she had accepted Louis Philippe, was not going to concede to him the leadership of Europe; and that the ambition of M. Thiers could be restrained. But if there be any doubt as to the good policy of trying to bolster up the most rotten fabric which the world has ever seen, then we must look upon the defeat of Ibrahim Pasha as a mistake. Still Lord Palmerston acted on the occasion with vigour and ability. And though his act led to a slight increase of expenditure, and placed us for a while in an attitude of half-hostility towards our neighbours, nobody would now think on that account of condemning it. This country never loses in the end by showing that she is able to meet a sudden emergency when it arises. The *Civis Romanus* doctrine may be carried too far, and no minister in modern times has carried it further than Lord Palmerston did. Yet we greatly prefer his foreign policy when it was most meddlesome, to that which has of late years superseded it. It might outrage our sense of moral right at

times, but it certainly never forced us to hang our heads, and to be ashamed of ourselves.

For the wars in which we were engaged with China, and especially for the two last, Lord Palmerston is undoubtedly responsible. He could not brook that barbarians should challenge his requirements, and finding them insensible to other arguments, he argued with round-shot and musketry. Still, even here, there was a generous feeling at the bottom of his error. He never forsook an agent. The mismanagement of Dr. Bowring, perhaps the most incompetent person that ever represented England's sovereignty anywhere, he might censure in secret, but in public he adopted it. And bad as our cause was, he carried us triumphantly through the struggle. It remains to be seen how this close intimacy with the Imperial Government of China is to end. But, in the meanwhile, the honour of England has been well maintained, and we have the comfortable reflection to fall back upon, that, confining our retrospect to the period when the Whigs first assumed the responsibilities of Government, matters cannot possibly arrive at an issue more unsatisfactory than that to which they long ago brought them. We may be obliged to annex portions of China, and also Japan, before we are done; but having committed ourselves to war with both countries, we cannot, with honour, draw back from the position into which events have carried us.

If Lord Palmerston, looking to the political relations to which he was committed, behaved with questionable propriety when invited by Lord Derby to help him to construct an administration, the treatment which he had received from his own colleagues previously to that incident was such as would have more than justified him, had he frankly acceded to that proposal. His dismissal from the Cabinet of which Lord John Russell was at the head, cannot be looked back upon except with mingled surprise and indignation. Yet the generous nature of the man, and his sagacious self-control, led him soon to forget it. We much doubt whether between him and Lord Russell there existed, subsequently to that occurrence, any personal esteem more settled than existed between him and the present Lord Grey, when they last sat in the same Cabinet together. But whether personally attached to him or not, Lord Palmerston gave to Lord Russell, at all times, as much support as it was possible for him, a master in foreign politics, and the most expert of despatch-writers, to give to one whose forte certainly does not lie in conciliating the good-will of those with whom he differs in opinion. Had it rested with Lord Palmerston to decline the proposal of the French Emperor for a European Conference, the refusal would have probably been as peremptory as that which emanated from Downing Street, but the terms in which it would have been conveyed would have been different; and the chances are as ten against one that the map of Europe would have remained in 1865 pretty much what it was in 1852.

We come now to the season of his political triumph, to the commencement of that interval of six years during which he has held undisputed possession of the office which he resigned only with his life. That he won the foremost place in his Sovereign's councils by something very like foul play, cannot be denied. A Conservative ministry introduced a Reform bill, to which their predecessors, by speeches from the throne, had pledged all governments, and which is admitted by the Radicals themselves to have gone a great way in widening the basis of the Constitution. But it did not suit the Whigs to let it pass, or even to send it into committee, and for the sake of what were in their eyes a few blemishes (which, by the by, might

about such points, and willing to make all allowances for the shortcomings in good-breeding of its neighbours, accepted the apology, and there was an end of the matter. But worse remains to be told, and we tell it with sincere regret. Not long after Lord Russell had somewhat rudely rejected the proposed Congress at Paris, the difficulties between Germany and Denmark, which had long been accumulating, came to a head, and the former sent to the latter that ultimatum which was to be immediately followed by the march of an army northwards. Here again Lord Palmerston, and let us not forget to add Lord Russell likewise, were bent upon resenting the outrage to the death. It is idle to say that they were deterred from doing so by the refusal of the French Emperor to co-operate with them. Such refusal, doubtless, came—or a communication very much like a refusal; but it is well known now—it was by no means a secret in political circles then—that, had we moved in earnest, the French Emperor would have moved likewise. Indeed we may go further. It is perfectly well understood at Copenhagen and at Berlin, that the threat to land 40,000 British troops in Jutland would have stayed the march of the German armies, even after their arrangements were complete; and that diplomacy wisely conducted would have arranged, in a way to satisfy Europe as well as Denmark, all the points then in dispute between the future belligerents. Lord Palmerston believed this, so did Lord Russell, and they pressed their colleagues in office to consent to the proposed expedition. The peace-at-any-price men, and especially Mr. Gladstone, negatived the motion. It might be carried, and probably would be carried, against them; but the very same day they should send in their resignations, and how could the Palmerston Government go on without them? Once more Lord Palmerston sacrificed his wise convictions to the fear of breaking up his Administration and bringing the Tories into office. And now we have Denmark dismembered, the harbour of Kiel occupied by a Prussian fleet, the independence of Hamburg, Bremen, and the other free cities threatened, and the sure prospect that, before many years pass, the keys of the Baltic will be in Prussian hands, and our commerce subjected to all the restrictions which the Zollvercin may see fit to impose.

It was Lord Palmerston's misfortune—and England has shared it with him—that the thought of leaving office was to him intolerable. Rather than submit to that, he was ready to make almost any concession which his colleagues might demand of him. Observe that, in so expressing ourselves, we refer mainly to the relations maintained by this country with foreign states. In regard to the question of parliamentary reform, and the gradual letting down of the constitution to the level of a democracy, we believe that to the last he remained perfectly firm. A bill for the extension of the parliamentary suffrage to places and to persons who possessed it not, would have been, we dare say, in his programme for the coming session. But he must have become feebler than he was when we last saw him, both in mind and body, if there were not appended to it conditions sufficiently conservative to satisfy the more moderate members of the Conservative party. Now he is gone, it is impossible to guess what awaits us. At the same time, we do not think that the danger to the constitution is either imminent or gigantic in its proportions. Let who will succeed to the vacant Premiership, we have a House of Commons to which, as Conservatives, we look without misgivings; and, unless the House of Commons prove untrue to itself, we defy any minister, be he who he may, to bring about a revolution. It is not exactly so in regard to the foreign relations of the country, which are certainly

not at this moment in quite a satisfactory condition. There the absence of the master's hand may be felt at the helm; and should the vessel go down, even for a moment, into the trough of the sea, it may tax all the energies of a new and a better steersman to right her again.

We take it for granted that no move will be made by Lord Derby, or any member of the Tory party, to assume, at this crisis, the direction of public affairs. Had Lord Palmerston died before the dissolution, our wishes as well as our expectations would have gone in a different direction. The Liberal majority in the late Parliament was so small, and the jealousies at work within the party so well known, that, in the event of a vacancy, the Queen (we write it with all possible respect for the prerogative) could have hardly called any other than Lord Derby to her counsels. And then, with Palmerston removed, there would have been no cry at the hustings, except a general profession of loyalty and content. The case is different now. Lord Palmerston lived to dissolve; and, as we took occasion not very long ago to point out, one half at least of the so-called Liberal candidates made no other profession of political faith than that, if returned, they would support Lord Palmerston's Government. Very many of these men meant what they said, and no more. They would go with Palmerston as long as he was there to lead them; but they would not pledge themselves, in the event of his death, to follow his successor. At the same time, they and we equally understood that a pledge to support Lord Palmerston implied something very like a promise to go as far as he might go before them in the direction of Liberalism in the abstract. It would not do for them, now that he is dead, to turn round, without specific given cause, and tender their votes to Lord Derby. On the contrary, they are in honour bound to take their seats, as they will do without doubt in January next, unshackled indeed—the conditions of their election being fulfilled—but disposed to give the new Prime Minister, whoever he may be, a fair trial. We may not therefore reckon anything upon them, at all events at the opening of the session. And as to the rest of the party, though not a few of them were glad enough to seek shelter under the popular name of the late Premier, they are well known to have gone in for Liberalism to the utmost meaning of the term. From them only bitter hostility to Conservative principles is to be looked for.

With a House of Commons so disposed, and showing a nominal majority of Liberals over Conservatives of sixty or seventy, the Queen can scarcely avoid offering the lead in her councils to some member of the existing Cabinet. And in that Cabinet there are four men, each of whom has a following, and all, in their own estimation, as well as in the estimation of others, have a fair right to aspire to the vacant office. First, there is Mr. Gladstone, beyond comparison the ablest and most dangerous of the body—a brilliant orator, a successful financier, and, which is not lightly to be spoken of, a member of the House of Commons. He is old enough to have acquired as much experience as is necessary to the fulfilment of any duties which may be imposed upon him, yet retains the full vigour both of body and mind, with the strongest possible prospect of so doing for at least ten years to come. But, to counterbalance these advantages, Mr. Gladstone lacks temper, and does not possess the entire confidence of any section of the party to which he now belongs. The old Whigs personally detest him; the new entertain no sympathy for his High-Churchism and his ultra-Liberalism in secular affairs. The ultra-Liberals, while they cling to and endeavour to cajole him, cannot forget that he was once a Tory, and live in the constant dread that his High-Church bias may carry him back into

Toryism again, if not in name certainly in spirit. The City people, or at least a large proportion of them, and the masters of the money market, like, without entirely confiding in, him. They would rather have him in office, perhaps, than any other public man of the day, but they would prefer his remaining Chancellor of the Exchequer to seeing him Lord Palmerston's successor. And last, though not least, the House of Commons would rather not have him as a leader. We say rather not, because, whether he become First Lord of the Treasury or remain as he is, they know that, with the Whigs in office, he must be their leader. But brusqueries which might be got over when committed by a Chancellor of the Exchequer, would never be endured from a Prime Minister, especially after the experience of Lord Palmerston's manner of management, who never showed his tact and knowledge of human nature so much as when he smoothed down the asperities which Mr. Gladstone's frequent bursts of ill-humour tended to excite. For the present, then, we think that Mr. Gladstone may be set aside—that is, if other contingencies do not occur, of the probability of which, among the Liberals, there is good reason to be apprehensive.

Next in order of precedence to Mr. Gladstone may be enumerated Lord Granville, Lord Clarendon, and Lord Russell. To Lord Granville's accession there is this fatal objection—which applies, we believe, with equal force to that of Lord Clarendon — that Mr. Gladstone would not serve under him; and with Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons either indifferent or hostile to them, there would be an end to the Liberal Government in a week. We must fall back, therefore, upon Lord Russell, and for him, we assume, the Queen will send. We express ourselves thus, because our readers must be aware that, at the moment of our writing, the question of the future primacy is still open; though we daresay that it will be closed before these pages are submitted to their perusal. Assuming, then, that Lord Russell is sent for, and that he undertakes to form an administration, let us see what may be expected to follow.

Lord Russell will either keep the seals of the Foreign Office, with the First Lordship of the Treasury, or he may hand them over to Lord Clarendon. In the former case, even Lord Russell will soon find that he has undertaken an amount of work which he cannot perform. If he give the larger share of his attention to the foreign affairs of the country, his general superintendence of the government must grow proportionately slack, and confusions and misunderstandings in and out of the Cabinet will inevitably follow. If he neglect the Foreign Office we shall have blunders committed there, which it may cost the country rivers of blood and an enormous expenditure of money to rectify. In the latter case—that is to say, assuming that Lord Clarendon is to be our Foreign Minister—we should be glad to know how long the most sanguine of Whigs expects to see this particular wheel in the machine of state working as it ought to do. Lord Clarendon is a gentleman in every sense of the term, but he labours under a defect of character which, unsatisfactory in common men, is fatal to a statesman—he cannot say No. Whether this be the result of a life spent chiefly in diplomacy, or is natural to him, or be superinduced by the bad practice of smoking incessantly, we cannot tell; but the fact is as we have stated it. Now, a feeble man at the Foreign Office, in the present complicated state of affairs on both sides of the Atlantic, would be ruin. Either England would be enticed into truckling to America, and placed in the falsest possible position towards both France and Germany; or, in order to avoid

that disgrace, Parliament would be forced to interfere, and thus war might come upon us before we were prepared for it. Lord Clarendon, be it remembered, has been tried in situations of difficulty before this and found wanting. He was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland during the famine there, and has the merit of having contrived that very original method of dispensing relief, which brought men together in gangs to make roads which were never finished, and led nowhere. He had a secret conspiracy, likewise, to ferret out and suppress; and he did the work with so much deliberation that the conspirators slipped through his fingers. And though he held the seals before at a period when England's course in her relations with foreign powers was obvious to the least scrutinising of outsiders, he contrived to miss it. Lord Clarendon may go to the Foreign Office, but if he do, we and all who feel as we do will find cause to rue it, and so in time will his colleagues.

It is just possible that Lord Russell, not inattentive to these considerations, and interested, as we know him to be, in the diplomatic correspondences which now engage his attention, may take yet another line, and try and possibly succeed in soothing down Mr. Gladstone's arrogance, and persuading him to serve, for a while at least, under Lord Granville. We confess that this appears to us very little probable, for two reasons: first, Lord Russell is too old to remain in a state of expectancy; and we all know that he is bent on becoming once again Prime Minister of England before he dies. The only man indeed whom he would ever allow to go over his head was Lord Palmerston; and when these two came to their celebrated agreement, it was understood between them that if by any accident Lord Palmerston broke down Lord Russell should take his place, and Lord Palmerston serve under him. That this occurred some years ago is indeed true, as it is equally true that Lord Palmerston never broke down till the hand which controls and binds the strongest set him aside. But we mistake Lord Russell's temperament if it turn out that he is prepared to depart to-day, by a hairbreadth, from the terms into which he entered then. Again, Mr. Gladstone will never, we are satisfied, submit to the leadership of Lord Granville. Lord Granville is a younger man than he; and acquiescence in an arrangement, even though understood to be temporary, which should carry the junior over the head of the senior, would, in the estimation of the latter, be tantamount to an acknowledgment of his own unfitness to fill the highest office in the State. Now, Mr. Gladstone does not consider himself on any ground unfit to fill the highest office in the State; he believes, too, that the hearts of the people are in his keeping. He is not, indeed, ignorant that the great houses of Cavendish, Russell, Fitz-William, and suchlike, at once fear and abhor him; and he repays the sentiment with undisguised contempt and scorn. But he is persuaded that Whiggery is extinct beyond the limits of these families; and that the busy, active, working classes, the moneyed interests, and the traders, are all with him; so that, whether they relish it or not, the Whigs must now sail in the wake of the masses. For these reasons, Mr. Gladstone is not prepared to acquiesce, even for a day, in such a distribution of places as shall appear to the outer world to mark him as a statesman passed over. We fall back, therefore on our original idea, that Lord Russell will go to the Treasury, and that somebody or another—perhaps Lord Cowley, possibly Earl Grey—may join the Ministry, and be placed at the Foreign Office. But however this latter card may be played, it follows that, if played at all, Mr. Gladstone continues to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, and that on him the

leadership of the House of Commons will devolve. We shall be anxious to see how the House accepts Mr. Gladstone's leadership; we shall not be without curiosity to learn in what light Sir George Grey, and even Sir Charles Wood, are disposed to regard it. One thing, at all events, is certain enough, that Lord Palmerston, when sickness kept him at home, never intrusted so delicate a charge to the management of his Chancellor of the Exchequer; and what he was too sagacious to attempt, we may well doubt whether his successor will do without finding cause sooner or later to repent it.

Into all these difficulties, and they are both numerous and grave, the death of Lord Palmerston has plunged his party. It was but yesterday, so to speak, that through their organs of the press they blew a note of triumph which was heard from one extremity of the empire to another. They had gained at the elections so many seats—they were so immeasurably superior in the new Parliament to their rivals, that all chance of fighting an unsuccessful battle was taken away. They forgot to add, while so expressing themselves, that their success was owing to one circumstance, and to one only. The country, rightly or wrongly, had unbounded confidence in Lord Palmerston. He was regarded as the very *beau idéal* of an English statesman. People did not stop to inquire very closely into particular acts of his, far less into his manner of doing them. They were content to accept the results, overlooking much which could not bear inspection; and catching, as it were, their inspiration from his genial and very confident manner of expressing himself, they believed that England was as much respected abroad as she is prosperous at home, and that Lord Palmerston made her so. Hence the countless protestations, as well from avowed Conservatives as from nominal Liberals, that they were going to Parliament for the purpose of supporting him, whom with a remarkable unanimity they separated, as of set purpose, from the Cabinet over which he presided. All this is now at an end; and there remains but Lord Palmerston's Cabinet without Lord Palmerston for the new Parliament to deal with as it shall see meet. That the Cabinet will not be needlessly harassed, it is scarcely necessary for us to say. With Tory politicians it is a principle to give to the Ministers of the Crown all the support in their power. They never devise plans for getting their rivals into a minority, and then abandon their own principle as soon as they have wriggled into place. The new Prime Minister, even if Mr. Gladstone should be he, may rest assured that every possible allowance will be made for the difficulties of his situation. At the same time the Tories cannot allow either the honour or interests of the country to be sacrificed. Any truckling to foreign insolence, any attack upon the principles of the Constitution, will be resisted to the death; and if the Liberal Ministry fall in a battle which they have themselves provoked, theirs must be the blame, as theirs will surely be the scathe.

Since the preceding article was written, Lord Russell has received a commission to form a Cabinet. Lord Clarendon, we believe, goes to the Foreign Office; Lord Cowley returns from the French Embassy, to which Lord Granville succeeds. In other respects, things remain as they were. The lapse of a few months will determine what amount of vitality there is in an administration composed of such materials. For our own parts, we look without the smallest alarm to what is in the future.

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MEMOIRS OF THE CONFEDERATE WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE, BY HEROS VON BORCKE, CHIEF OF STAFF TO GENERAL J. E. B. STUART.

PART IV.

DEMONSTRATION INTO MARYLAND—OUTPOST DUTY AND FIGHTS ON THE POTOMAC.

(From the 19th of September to the 9th of October.)

GENERAL STUART had received orders from General Lee to march at once, with two of his brigades (Hampton's and Robertson's), two regiments of infantry, and his horse-artillery, to the little town of Williamsport, about fifteen miles higher up the Potomac, cross again into Maryland, and by a vigorous demonstration induce the enemy to believe that a large portion of our whole army was manœuvring against them at that point. Accordingly, we had scarcely fallen asleep when the order was given to mount, and we commenced our rapid march through the chill fog of the morning, cold, hungry, and wet to the skin. But a few hours of hard riding, the genial warmth of the sun breaking through the watery sky, and more than all else, a luxurious breakfast, which was quickly prepared for us at a hospitable house on the roadside, the first regular meal that we had enjoyed for many days, revived and refreshed us. About noon we reached the Potomac opposite Williamsport, forded the river, and drove a squadron of Federal cavalry stationed there out of the place towards Hagerstown, a village some six miles distant.

A mile beyond Williamsport we halted, throwing out our pickets and videttes. It was not long before the enemy returned with reinforcements, and a lively skirmish ensued, with even a spirited cannonade; for we made, of course, as a part of our plan, as great a display of our forces and as much noise as possible.

I had here a very striking example of how little effect is often produced by volley-firing. Two companies of one of our infantry regiments which were stationed on the turnpike running to Hagerstown, and had hastily thrown up a small intrenchment across the road,

were charged in a very dashing manner by some squadrons of the Federal cavalry. The intrenchment was concealed from view by a slight elevation of ground about forty steps in front of it, so that the Yankees came upon it quite unexpectedly. The infantry officer in command had given orders to his men to reserve their fire till the last moment, and the dense ranks of the horsemen had arrived within close range when suddenly the volley thundered upon them, making them turn and fly precipitately. Having been myself with the infantry, I galloped forward, believing that at least half of the assailants had been brought to the ground, but found to my surprise that not a man or a horse had been struck down, the leaden hail having passed far above their heads. On several subsequent occasions I had a similar experience. The haste and uncertainty of volley-firing, even with the improved firearms now in use, made it possible in a few cases for our cavalry successfully to attack and ride down unbroken infantry—a matter which, with accurate dropping fire, I regard as out of the question.

During one of the pauses of the fight, when the enemy had retired some distance, General Stuart requested me to reconnoitre their position and further movements. Having done this closely, I sent my report by an orderly I had taken with me, and was riding slowly along the turnpike on my return, when I passed a modest-looking farmhouse, in the garden of which was a trellis of such superb grapes that I could not resist asking of the proprietor, who stood in his doorway, permission to pluck some of the bunches which hung in such tempting profusion. The request was not only granted at once, but the hospitable farmer invited me to alight and join him at dinner, which was just about to be served. As everything now seemed perfectly quiet, and the enemy nowhere at hand, I did not think it imprudent to accept his kind offer, otherwise so entirely consistent with my inclination; so tying my horse to the garden-gate, about twenty steps from the building, I entered the drawing-room, which was already pervaded by the appetising smell of the coming meal. The farmer's wife, seeing some ugly rents in my dilapidated uniform coat, kindly proposed to mend them for me, and, waiving the matter of a major in his shirt-sleeves in her presence, had just commenced her not easy task, when I heard the heavy clatter of hoofs on the turnpike, and saw, at the same moment, a whole squadron of Yankees approaching at a full gallop. With one bound I cleared the drawing-room, leaving coat and dinner behind, and ran to my horse, which, participating in his master's alarm, was jumping and plunging so furiously that it was quite an acrobatic feat to mount him. Meanwhile the hostile dragoons had arrived within twenty steps of me, brandishing their sabres and yelling like demons; and it seemed likely enough that the grapes which had seduced me with their sweetness would prove sour enough in the sequel. At this critical moment, a couple of shells from two of our guns, which had been put in position on an acclivity commanding the turnpike, a mile off, whizzed close over my head, and with admirable aim exploded in the very midst of the advancing foe, emptying several saddles. At the same instant was heard the war-cry of a squadron of our Virginia horsemen sent by General Stuart to my relief. Their onset and the terrible effect of our artillery made the Yankees wheel and run much faster than they had come; and thus was saved my life and liberty, coat and dinner. Joining our men in the pursuit, I had the satisfaction of overtaking and capturing several of the recent disturbers of my peace. Passing the farmhouse on my return, the excel-

lent mistress of the establishment, with a pleasant smile upon her honest face, handed me across the garden-gate my repaired garment, saying that she had kept my dinner for me. I accepted her attentions with many thanks, but preferred at this time to enjoy dinner and grapes on horseback.

One of our guns on this occasion had been fired off by a fair young lady of Williamsport, re-enacting the rôle of the Maid of Saragossa. She had solicited the honour from General Stuart, and the cannon was ever afterwards called by our artillerymen "The Girl of Williamsport."

During the afternoon we drove the enemy back for a considerable distance, and our line of pickets was established about four miles from the Potomac, on the roads leading through Maryland into Pennsylvania. Late in the evening I received orders from General Stuart to make a reconnaissance with two squadrons of the Georgia regiment of Hampton's brigade, along the turnpike leading to Hagerstown, and ran against a strong body of the Federal cavalry, whom we at once attacked and chased into the suburbs of the town. Here large reinforcements received us with so galling a fire that we were obliged to give up the pursuit.

At night General Stuart was invited with his staff to a little party in Williamsport, where we had a capital supper, and where, with music and the dance, in the society of some very charming young ladies, the time went merrily by, till we joined our troops, at a late hour, in their bivouac.

RENEWED FIGHTING, AND PASSAGE OF THE POTOMAC BY NIGHT.

20th September. — Our regiments moved early to the front the following day, as our scouts had reported the enemy, largely reinforced, to be advancing slowly upon our outposts.

At General Stuart's request, I accompanied him on one of those little reconnoitring expeditions outside our lines, of which he was so fond, and which were always likely to terminate disastrously, as in this instance was so near being the case. We observed the precaution in the start of keeping as much as possible concealed by the dense undergrowth of the forest, but we had nevertheless been observed by some of the Yankee pickets, and a body of about twenty-five horsemen had been quietly sent to our rear, cutting us off completely from our command. We were riding along at our ease, when my sharp ear detected the little clinking sound which a sabre scabbard often makes in striking against a tree in a ride through the woods; and, believing that one of our couriers was approaching, I turned leisurely round, and saw the long line of the hostile cavalrymen, each man riding at about twenty steps interval from his neighbour, a short distance behind us. A few quietly-uttered words informed General Stuart of the impending danger, when, putting spurs to our horses, we galloped off, feeling confident that a hot pursuit would follow, in the confusion of which we might make good our escape. Accordingly, we had a regular fox-chase. The whole body of the Yankees broke forward in a run, calling out to each other, and firing their revolvers in every direction. But we were too well mounted, and too much accustomed to riding through the tangled thickets of the forest, to be overtaken; so in a short time, when the Federal troopers had been a good deal scattered by their rough and rapid motion, we slipped through them and got over to our lines again before the astonished blue-jackets had recovered from their amazement and chagrin.

General Stuart now placed me in

command of the left wing of our forces, proceeding himself, with the other members of his staff, to the extreme right. My principal care was to guard a broad turnpike road leading from Williamsport into the interior of Maryland, along which an advance of a considerable body of the enemy was expected, and where small parties of their cavalry had already appeared. I had two pieces of artillery very favourably posted, and two companies of infantry, which, to prevent a sudden dash of the Yankee horsemen, I employed in making a barricade across the road, flanked by small intrenchments stretching out about fifty yards on either side. From time to time I had to check the impudent advance of the Federal cavalry by a shot from my two guns, but altogether there was comparative quiet for several hours.

One of the Yankee officers, who, as I was later informed, was the colonel of the regiment that had effected its escape from Harper's Ferry, had attracted my attention the previous day by his gallantry and the excellent dispositions he made of his troops. Here I saw him again, galloping very near us on a handsome grey horse, quickly discovering our weak points, and posting and instructing his men accordingly. After having left him undisturbed for some time, I thought it necessary to put a stop to his proceedings, and, selecting a couple of my infantrymen who had been pointed out to me as the best shots, I made across the open space in front of our lines directly towards him. Having arrived within reasonable distance, I ordered my sharpshooters to fire at the daring colonel, who was moving along at an easy gallop, without paying me the slightest attention. After several bullets had whistled quite close to him, he suddenly halted, and, turning round, advanced a few steps and made me a military salute in the most graceful manner possible. Then calling out to one of his men to hand him a carbine, he raised the weapon, took a deliberate aim at me, and sent his ball so close to my head that I thought it had carried away a lock of my hair. I saluted him now on my part, and, wheeling round quietly, both of us rode back to our respective lines. So courtesies are sometimes exchanged in the midst of hostile conflict.

During the afternoon, Pelham, who for the present had but little occupation with his artillery, and had been reconnoitring the enemy, rode up to me and told me that he had discovered, at five hundred yards' distance, an orchard of very fine peaches, a spot which was well worth visiting, because, while enjoying the fruit, we could obtain there a near view of the movements of the Federal cavalry, which were in considerable strength hard by, and thus combine the *utile* with the *dulce* in a very pleasant and profitable manner. As all was quiet in my front, I readily consented to accompany him to the orchard upon a reconnaissance which promised to be so fruitful in its results, and we were soon seated amid the branches of a large peach-tree, eating and looking out to our great satisfaction. The Federal cavalry, only a few hundred yards from us, was already four regiments strong, and farther off the rising clouds of dust indicated the approach of yet larger columns, so that it was evident our demonstration into Maryland had not failed of its desired effect, and that we occupied the attention of a considerable portion of M'Clellan's army.

I now returned to my former position, and sent an orderly with my report to General Stuart, from whom I received orders to transfer my present command to Major Pelham, and join him without delay on the right. Here also the enemy's forces were heavily massed in front of us, and our scouts reported large columns of infantry with cavalry and artillery, advanc-

ing upon all the roads leading towards Williamsport. In my opinion the time for our retreat had now arrived, but Stuart believed he could still hold his ground, and seemed determined not to give up until he had shown fight. As usual, he was exceedingly desirous of closely observing the enemy's movements himself, and forming his own judgment concerning them; and as he and I were riding very close upon their lines, we were several times chased by small bodies of Yankee horse, whom we only escaped by jumping the fences, which crossed the country on every hand, and which were rather too high for Northern horsemanship.

In front of our centre, occupied by Hampton's brigade, no signs of the Yankees were to be observed, which led Stuart to the opinion that it would be practicable for his command to move forward under cover of the darkness of the night, make a circuit round Hagerstown, operate in the enemy's rear, and recross some ten miles higher up the Potomac. General Hampton, whose patrols had made prisoners of men belonging to several different divisions of the Federal army, believing that a very large portion, if not the whole, of M'Clellan's force was stretched out in a semicircle before him, regarded this operation as impossible, and remonstrated against it. But Stuart resolutely insisted on the execution of his daring design, and sent me back to Hampton with peremptory orders to march at once. This intrepid general instantly gave the command to move forward to what he so justly considered certain destruction, saying to me, "Goodbye, my dear friend; I don't think you will ever see me or a man of my brave brigade again." Agreeing with him perfectly as to the impossibility of the undertaking, I felt sad and oppressed as, galloping back, I saw the last of the gallant horsemen disappearing in the darkness behind the hills.

General Stuart had sent one of his batteries across the river, which, occupying the high banks opposite Williamsport, was, in case of necessity, to cover our retreat; the rest of the guns he posted on an eminence a mile from the town, around which the remaining part of our command had been concentrated.

Night had set in fairly when I returned to him, and the enemy commencing to press upon us with cavalry, infantry, and artillery, a deafening cannonade ensued, filling the air with solid shot and shell, one of which latter missiles burst so near my head that for several minutes I was completely stunned.

Stuart soon discovered the mistake he had committed with regard to Hampton's brigade; and hoping it might yet not be too late to save them, he said to me, "Major, you are the only man who will perhaps be able to find Hampton and reach him in time: ride to him as quickly as your horse can carry you, and order him to return at once and recross the Potomac." I was very well aware of the danger of this commission. The night was pitch dark, the enemy's troops were spread out over the whole country, the ground was broken and difficult, and but partially known to me; but, more discouraging than all, my horse had been so worn down by the continued fatigues of the last few days, that I could scarcely spur him into a gallop. So long as the true cavalier has a good fresh horse under him, he recks little of danger, and confronts it gaily; but with the giving out of his charger's strength the *élan* disappears, and the sense of honour and duty alone urges him forward. Silently I pressed the hand of my chief as a last farewell, then, driving the spurs into the flanks of my exhausted steed, I rode off into the night. After half an hour I heard the sound of hoofs in front of me, and had just put myself in readiness for the probable coming rencontre,

when, to my surprise and delight, my challenge of "Halt! who are you?" was answered, "It is I, Major—Captain Hamilton, of Hampton's staff. Where can I find General Stuart?" He then informed me that Hampton had tried at several points to break through the enemy's lines, but had been met everywhere by overwhelming numbers, and being well convinced of the utter hopelessness of doing so, had on his own responsibility ordered a retreat. I despatched Captain Hamilton at once to General Stuart, to make report to him, and proceeded myself to join Hampton, whose column I could hear close at hand, trotting along the turnpike. Whoever has been himself in so perilous a situation, and has unexpectedly found hope and relief again, can understand the joyous emotion with which I greeted my chivalrous friend, who was as much pleased to receive as I was to deliver General Stuart's orders.

Without further accident we reached the banks of the Potomac, and as I was well acquainted with the somewhat difficult ford, I piloted the brigade across the broad stream, and having satisfactorily accomplished this, returned to General Stuart, who had in the mean time been pressed hard by the enemy, and was just directing his troops towards the river. Our battery on the Virginia side, joined by the other pieces as they were successively brought over, now opened a spirited fire in the direction where the enemy was supposed to be advancing, which was answered vigorously by the Federal artillery. This passage of the Potomac by night was one of those magnificent spectacles which are seen only in war. The whole landscape was lighted up with a lurid glare from the burning houses of Williamsport, which had been ignited by the enemy's shells. High over the heads of the crossing column and the dark waters of the river, the blazing bombs passed each other in parabolas of flame through the air, and the spectral trees showed their every limb and leaf against the red sky.

About 11 P.M. the crossing had been safely effected, and we all felt thankful to regain the soil of Virginia, after a loss in killed and wounded comparatively trifling when considered with the dangers to which we had been exposed. The pursuit was not continued by the enemy across the river, and we marched quietly about six miles further in the direction of Martinsburg, and bivouacked for the remainder of the night near the large plantation of Mr. C., whose abundant supplies of corn and hay gave sufficient food for the fatigued and hungry horses of our whole command.

CAMP AT MARTINSBURG AND CHARLESTOWN—VIRGINIA PARTRIDGES AND A VIRGINIA PLANTATION—ESCAPE OF A SPY—ADVANCE AND REPULSE OF THE ENEMY—VISITS TO NEIGHBOURS.

On the beautiful clear morning of Sunday, the 21st of September, we continued our march to Martinsburg, a small town on the Baltimore and Ohio Railway and the Winchester turnpike, which we reached about noon, and around which our troops bivouacked.

Here we received the earliest intelligence of a decided victory, won by Jackson's corps the previous day, over a portion of the enemy's forces. General M'Clellan, finding the fords of the Potomac but slightly guarded, determined upon a forward movement into Virginia, and had already crossed the river with a considerable body of his troops at Boteler's Mill. General Lee, foreseeing this, had put Jackson in charge of his rear; and old Stonewall, having allowed as many Yankees to come over as he

thought convenient, suddenly broke upon them, in his rapid and vigorous way, routing them entirely, killing and wounding large numbers, and taking 2,000 prisoners. Such as were not placed *hors de combat* by his impetuous charge, he drove into the waters of the Potomac, which for hours floated down the corpses of men killed in the middle of the stream by bullet or shell, or whelmed beneath the waves in attempting to escape. Thus the retiring lion had taught a severe lesson to his pursuer, and attempts to follow our army into Virginia were for some time abandoned.

An old friend and comrade of Pelham's, Captain A., living in Martinsburg, invited the Major and myself to dine, and we spent a delightful evening with him and his amiable family, it being a late hour of the night when we joined the rest of our headquarters party in bivouac about a mile from town.

During the forenoon of the following day, we received information that our waggons had halted five miles from us in the direction of Williamsport, at the small village of Hainesville, where General Stuart subsequently decided to establish his headquarters. The main body of our army had gone in the mean time in the direction of Winchester, the right wing, under Longstreet, encamping near that town; the left, under Jackson, remaining half-way between Martinsburg and Winchester, near the hamlet called Bunker Hill. The cavalry had to cover the line along the Potomac from Williamsport to Harper's Ferry, Hampton's brigade being stationed near Hainesville, FitzLee's near Shepherdstown, and Robertson's, under Colonel Munford, near Charlestown, opposite Harper's Ferry; which latter stronghold, after everything valuable had been removed from it, had been given up to the enemy.

We rejoiced greatly at coming up with our waggons again after so long a separation from them, and at having our negro servants to wait on us and fresh horses for use. Our tents were soon pitched in the garden of a little tavern; and having performed our ablutions, and indulged in a change of linen, we felt once more clean, comfortable, and happy.

In the evening, Pelham and I, mounting our mules, rode very proudly over to the camp of the 1st North Carolina regiment, where we had been invited by its officers, Colonel Baker and Major Gordon, to join them—rare luxury indeed—in a bowl of punch, and where we had a very pleasant symposium, laughing and talking over the adventures of our recent campaign.

The next day passed as quietly as if there had been no enemy within a hundred miles of us, and, we became industriously lazy, lying about on the soft grass, smoking the pipe of placid contentment, if not the calumet of peace. After an early dinner, I determined to make myself useful in providing for the next morning's breakfast-table of our mess; and, with my trusty double-barrel gun, which, with the necessary ammunition, I always carried along in the waggons, I sought the partridges which were said to abound in the large fields around the village.

The American partridge in its habits closely resembles the partridge of Europe, but is much smaller in size, and different in plumage, reminding one more of the European quail. It consorts in large coveys, which, after having being dispersed, collect together again by a musical whistle, piped in a high key. Frequently, during the winter months, when the ground is covered with snow, and sometimes even in summer, they take to the trees; and more than once I have seen whole coveys of them fly out of the tufted top of a pine. The meat is white and has not much of a game flavour, but that of the young birds is very tender and

delicious. I found a great many in the high grass, but having no dogs with me, I lost several that I had shot, and brought but four home with me in my bag.

In the evening I galloped over to Martinsburg, and paid a second visit to Captain A. and the agreeable ladies of his household, returning after midnight to my soft bed in the tent.

Quite unexpectedly I received orders next morning from General Stuart to proceed with half of the staff and couriers to Charlestown, near twenty miles off, and to establish near there, until further instructions, a second headquarters, to which reports from Robertson's brigade, forming the right wing of our line, should be sent, and from which, in case of urgency, they should be transmitted by me to General Jackson, at Bunker Hill. Our route lay through Martinsburg, where a well-dressed man, mounted on a good-looking horse, was turned over to me by the town authorities as a spy. He had been arrested there, and it was said the evidence was pretty clear that he had been engaged in this disgraceful business for a long time. I placed him between two of my couriers, giving them orders to shoot him down should he make any effort to escape.

In due time we reached Charlestown, a charming village, the county seat of one of the richest and most fertile counties of Virginia—Jefferson—and fixed our headquarters upon the farm of Colonel D., about half a mile from the town, immediately informing the commanding officer of Robertson's brigade, Colonel Munford, of my presence.

Colonel D.'s plantation was one of the most extensive and beautiful I had seen in America. The stately mansion-house stood in the midst of fair lawns, and orchards prodigal of the peach and the apple; a little removed from which were large stables and granaries, and all around an amplitude of rich, cultivated fields, with a background in the distant landscape of dense forests of oak and hickory. The family consisted of the proprietor, whose military title of colonel had been derived from the militia, his wife, daughter, and son-in law, all of whom received me with the greatest courtesy and hospitality. The Colonel was good enough to conduct me all over the estate, where many things interested me; among others the large cider-press, then in full operation, pouring out the sweet juice of the apple, of which everybody, white and black, was permitted to drink as much as he pleased. Colonel D. took much pride in showing me his stock of cashmere goats, the first pair of which he had himself imported many years before, at a cost of several thousand dollars. It is sad to know that all these valuable animals, at a later period of the war, were killed and devoured by the ruthless Yankees.

I was not a little embarrassed at headquarters by my prisoner, and was compelled to ask Colonel D.'s permission to use one of the rooms of a house in his garden as a jail for the night, to which I had the spy transferred, with orders that he should be bound hand and foot. It was very soon reported to me, however, that he made a very obstinate resistance to this treatment, and it became necessary for me to proceed in person to the lodge to have my orders carried out. While the work of securing him was going on, the spy broke out in a most excited manner against me, saying that he was a gentleman, and that he should not fail hereafter in making me personally responsible, and punishing me for my conduct. I begged him, very politely, to be quiet, assuring him that if I could but follow my own convictions of propriety, I should save him from the inconvenience and discomfort of his bonds, by hanging him before the next morning. I regretted afterwards that I had not done so.

Colonel D. being obliged to make

use of the temporary prison the following morning, I had the delinquent released from his manacles, and placed him in charge of a trusty young courier, named Chancellor, in whom I had the fullest confidence, and who had always accompanied me on expeditions of peculiar peril. About half an hour later, as I was just making the latest entry in my journal, Chancellor rushed into the room in the wildest excitement of rage and mortification, and informed me, with the tears actually streaming from his eyes, that the spy had escaped. Having imprudently permitted him to walk out near a large field of Indian corn, then fully in tassel, he had profited by a momentary inattention on the part of his keeper, to jump into the thicket of green stalks, and vanished behind their luxuriant blades, before poor Chancellor was able to fire a shot at him. In a few minutes, I myself and most of my men were in the saddle, searching the fields narrowly, but without success; and I was obliged to relinquish the game, and return to headquarters, as the boom of artillery, sounding over from beyond Charlestown, announced that there was other work to be done.

On my way to the scene of action, I met a courier from Colonel Munford, who reported that the enemy had driven back our pickets opposite Harper's Ferry, and was advancing towards Charlestown in considerable strength. I found the brigades drawn up across the broad turnpike leading to the river, on a slight range of hills beyond Charlestown, and our artillery well posted and already hotly engaged with two Federal batteries. A large number of our men were dismounted as sharpshooters, and the firing ran briskly along our whole line. The combat grew for a time fiercer and fiercer, and the Yankees seemed determined upon driving us off; but during the afternoon we assumed the offensive and repulsed them heavily, chasing their flying columns into the protecting fortifications of Harper's Ferry. Our loss in killed and wounded was small; that of the Federals must have been large, for, besides those left upon the field, many of their wounded were carried off in their ambulances which I had seen moving to and fro all the morning. We took twenty-five prisoners. Late in the evening I returned to the hospitable mansion of Colonel D., where the whole family awaited in great anxiety the result of the conflict, and heartily congratulated me on our success.

The spy's horse, a fine mare five years old, which he left behind him, I took in charge, and it was afterwards formally turned over to me by General Stuart.

The next two days, 26th and 27th September, passed in perfect quietude, and I greatly enjoyed the glorious autumn weather, riding all over the country with Colonel D.'s son-in-law, and visiting the neighbouring plantations, which, almost without exception, were large, fertile, and beautiful. Among others, I visited the mansion of Colonel Lewis Washington, a descendant of George Washington, who had in his possession the sword which Frederick the Great of Prussia had given to his ancestor, with the inscription, "From the oldest living general to the greatest." We also visited the noble estate of Mr. T., who had travelled much in Europe, and who gave us an excellent dinner, where we passed some pleasant hours over the walnuts and the wine. All around the dwelling were magnificent hickory trees, which were inhabited by innumerable tame grey squirrels that were great pets of Mr. T., and amused me exceedingly with their nimble and graceful antics. On the way home, we passed a large plantation which, I was told, belonged to a free negro, one of the richest men of the county, who was himself the owner of numerous

slaves. My pleasant companion took care also to show me, with a certain pride, what he called an old ruin, a dismantled church, a short distance from Charlestown, which had seventy or eighty years ago been burned down, and which looked quite picturesque, with ivy trailing from its shattered walls and Gothic windows. Upon me, long accustomed to the century-stained ruins of Europe, the "old" church of Jefferson did not make the desired impression.

CHANGE OF HEADQUARTERS—FIGHTING RESUMED—CAMP LIFE AT "THE BOWER."

General Stuart had meanwhile shifted his headquarters to a point exactly in rear of the centre of our outpost lines, and much nearer to Jackson than my own position at Charlestown, thus rendering my further detached duty unnecessary. Accordingly, on the morning of the 28th, orders reached me to join him at "The Bower," a plantation eight miles from Martinsburg, and about ten from Charlestown.

Two-thirds of our march thither had been already accomplished, and we were just entering the little village of Leetown, when a heavy cannonade was heard from the neighbourhood we had left, and Stuart soon came galloping towards us. His orders now were that I should return with him at once to the scene of conflict.

Riding at full speed, in an hour's time we reached the spot, where our troops were hard pressed by the far superior numbers of the foe. General Stuart immediately sent instructions to FitzLee to come with all haste to his support, and determined upon trying to maintain his position until his reinforcements should arrive. Munford and his men had been fighting with their accustomed gallantry; but the Yankees receiving again and again fresh troops from Harper's Ferry, and their numerous batteries pouring upon us a most destructive fire, we were compelled to retreat and abandon Charlestown, which was instantly occupied by the enemy, who halted there and did not seek to push their success farther. Their possession of the town, however, was of very short duration; for FitzLee suddenly appearing on their right flank, at the same moment that we attacked them vigorously in front, they were now driven in turn to their stronghold of Harper's Ferry; and before nightfall we had regained our old lines, and re established our pickets.

As a renewed attack on the morrow was not to be expected, General Stuart with his staff and escort started at dusk for our new headquarters in the elysian fields of "The Bower," of the beauty of which spot my comrades had given me such glowing accounts, that I waited with great impatience and curiosity the light of the morning, arriving there, as we did, after midnight in utter darkness.

When I arose from my grassy couch at sunrise on the 29th, I found, indeed, that the half had not been told me of "The Bower." Our headquarters were situated on a hill beneath a grove of lofty umbrageous oaks of primitive growth, which extended, on the right, towards the large mansion-house, the thick brick walls of which, in the blush of the early sunlight, were just visible in little patches of red through the rich verdure of the embosoming garden. At the foot of this hill, skirting a main road to which the slope was smooth and gradual, ran the bright little river Opequan, its limpid waters breaking through and tumbling over cliffs and rocks, thus forming cascades of considerable height, with rainbows in its spray as the sun changed every falling drop into a ruby or a diamond. This lovely *entourage* was now enlivened and

diversified by the white tents of our encampment, the General's, with its fluttering battle-flag, in the centre, by the smoke of the camp-fires where the negroes were busily engaged in cooking breakfasts, by the picturesque groups of officers and men who were strolling about or cleaning their arms, and by the untethered horses and mules which were quietly grazing all over the ground. One may be pardoned some extravagance of language in attempting to describe a scene which brought a feeling of thankful happiness to the soldier, weary of the excitement, the toil, the hardships, and the anguish of war.

We had now plenty of food for our exhausted animals, which had undergone so much fatigue and privation, and our own commissariat was far more abundant than it had been for many weeks. The long mess-table, at which we dined together in the open air, was loaded with substantials that seemed dainties and luxuries to us, who, often for days together, had gone without food, and at best could secure only a meagre repast.

The plantation of "The Bower" had been long in the possession of the family of Dandridge, one member of which, more than a century ago, was the pretty widow Martha Curtis, *née* Dandridge, afterwards the wife of George Washington, whose beauty and amiability have been preserved in history and fiction, who was delineated by the pencil of Stuart in one generation, and the pen of Thackeray in another. Nowhere, perhaps, in the wide limits of the state, could one have formed a better idea of the refined manners and profuse hospitable life of dear old Virginia, and before the breaking out of the war "The Bower" had rarely been without its guests. The proprietor at the time I knew the place was a kind-hearted intelligent gentleman of fifty or thereabouts, whose charming wife retained, in a remarkable degree for America, the personal attractiveness *de sa première jeunesse*. The rest of the numerous family consisted of grown and growing sons and daughters and nieces. Of the boys, three were in the army fighting bravely for cause and country. The girls, some of whom were exceedingly handsome, and all of whom were pleasing and accomplished, remained beneath the rooftree of the old homestead. With these amiable people I soon contracted a very intimate friendship, which time nor distance can ever weaken.

Frequently, when the mocha, of which we had captured a large supply from the enemy, was smoking invitingly on our breakfast-table, we had the pleasure of greeting the proprietor as a welcome guest at our morning meal at headquarters; later in the day a lady's skirt might even be seen in the streets of our encampment, but regularly every night we proceeded with our band to the house, where dancing was kept up till a late hour. The musical conductor of our band was a private of one of our regiments, whom Stuart had detached to his military family for his musical talents alone, Bob Sweeney, a brother of the celebrated banjo-player, Joe Sweeney, forerunner of all the Christy's;—Bob Sweeney, who also played this favourite instrument of the family with amazing cleverness; who knew sentimental, bibulous, martial, nautical, comic songs out of number; who was carried about with him by the General everywhere; who will have a conspicuous place in some of our later adventures; and who, after having safely passed through many accidents of war, died at last of small-pox, regretted by everybody, but most of all by "Jeb. Stuart." Bob was assisted by two of our couriers who played the violin, musicians of inferior merit; but his chief reliance was in Mulatto Bob, Stuart's servant, who worked the bones with the most surprising and extraordinary agility, and became so excited as to bring both

head and feet into constant employment, turning his body about so rapidly, and in so curious a manner, that one could not help fearing that he would dislocate his limbs and fly to pieces in the midst of the breakdown.

General Stuart was himself always the gayest and noisiest of the party, starting usually at the close of the festivity the famous song—

> "If you want to have a good time,
> Join in the cavalry,
> Join in the cavalry," &c.—

the whole of the excited company, young and old, uniting in the chorus, the last notes of which sounded far through the still air of the night as we walked back to our tents. General Stuart did not like it at all if any one of his staff-officers withdrew himself from those innocent merry-makings, after the fatigues of the day, to seek an early rest, and would always rouse him from his slumbers to take part in the revelry.

On the 29th Stuart turned over to my care and attention a Federal deserter, who pretended to have been an officer of Engineers in the Prussian army, and professed a competent knowledge of topography, but who turned out to be a great humbug, of whom I got rid as soon as possible. I have recently seen in the northern newspapers that this fellow was used as a witness for the Federal Government in the great conspiracy trial at Washington, which fact furnishes only another proof of the means to which the Yankees will resort for the carrying out of their system of injustice and tyranny.

I had now taken up my quarters in the same tent with my comrade, Captain Blackford, who had a wonderful talent for making himself comfortable; and in a short time we had so improved our *habitat* that it was quite a model establishment. My former tent (one of the so-called dog-tents), which was very narrow and contracted, insomuch that when I lay in it at full length either my head or my feet must be exposed to the night air and the dews, I turned over to our two negroes William and Gilbert, who enlarged it greatly, and it now stood immediately in the rear of our own.

PLEASANTRIES WITH PLEASANTON—WE LOSE AND RECAPTURE MARTINSBURG—OSCULATORY OVATION AT SHEPHERDSTOWN.

The first day of October brought a sudden change in our life of happy quietude and social enjoyment. At an early hour we received a report from our pickets near Shepherdstown that the enemy were showing themselves in large numbers on the opposite bank of the Potomac, to which about noon succeeded the intelligence that several brigades of Federal cavalry under General Pleasanton had crossed the river, driven in our pickets, and were rapidly advancing upon Martinsburg. This put us at once in the saddle, and we proceeded at a full gallop to the headquarters of Colonel William H. F. Lee (son of General Robert E. Lee), who was temporarily in command of the brigade of his cousin FitzLee, this officer having a few days before received a kick on the leg from a malicious mule, which disabled him for a considerable time. Colonel Lee had already hastened towards Martinsburg, whither we followed him, and where General Stuart found, to his intense disgust, that the place had been abandoned—information that we first received from the whizzing bullets of the Yankee sharpshooters on approaching the outskirts of the town. Colonel Lee had retired a short distance upon the turnpike leading to Winchester; General Hampton with his brigade rested on the

road leading to Hainesville, both commands still keeping up a connection with each other. General Stuart sent at once for the brigade commanders, and, expressing his great dissatisfaction, said, "Gentlemen, this thing will not do; I will give you twenty minutes, within which time the town must be again in our possession." Lee's brigade was ordered to open the attack in front, supported by a corresponding movement of Hampton's command on the enemy's right flank. Our brave horsemen, who were happy to have their bold beloved commander with them again, received us as we galloped up to their lines with tremendous cheers, which struck terror into the hearts of the Federals.

Our column of attack (column of platoons, as the road leading into Martinsburg, being lined on either side by stone walls, rendered the formation in line impossible) was soon formed, the sabres leapt rattling from their scabbards, and with a loud yell the mighty body of many hundred horsemen dashed forward at a full gallop down the turnpike. Hampton starting simultaneously on the Hainesville road, and our horse-artillery opening a spirited fire over our heads, the effect was too much for the Yankees, who turned in rapid flight in the direction of Shepherdstown.

I was the first of our command to enter Martinsburg, but as much as I spurred my horse, I arrived there only in time to see the last of the blue-jackets disappearing on the opposite side of the village. Hampton now received orders to occupy Martinsburg and gradually re-establish his pickets, Lee's brigade continuing the pursuit, followed by Pelham with four of his guns, which he posted on a hill a mile beyond the town, and opened with them a rapid and very effective fire upon the dense columns of the enemy.

Stuart would have given a great deal to capture the commander of the Federal horse and annihilate his command. He had been with General Pleasanton at West Point, and they had there been bitter enemies. Pleasanton had annoyed Stuart greatly in the olden days by his foppish vanity, and in the latter days by his dash and enterprise. But this was not to be. The Yankees in their flight, recovering from their panic, had often turned round and shown determined fight; and their numerous horse-artillery, which was admirably served, by its destructive fire covered excellently well their retreat. The increasing darkness also interfered much with the celerity of our movements; but the indefatigable Stuart, leading everywhere in person, carried his men forward again and again, driving the enemy through Shepherdstown into the waves of the Potomac. The rear-guard of the Federals was, by a determined attack at the last moment, completely dispersed; but, protected by the intense darkness of the night, most of the men made their escape, and only thirty prisoners fell into our hands. But the killed and wounded of the Federals must have reached a large figure.

On our return through Shepherdstown, we stopped for an hour at the house of a lady friend of General Stuart, Mrs. L., whose husband, one of his former classmates, had been killed at the first battle of Manassas, to whom and her sisters I was presented, and with whom at a later period I became well acquainted. The General's presence was no sooner known in the village than a mob of young and pretty girls collected at Mrs. L.'s house, all of whom were very much excited, to such an extent, indeed, that the General's uniform was in a few minutes entirely shorn of its buttons, taken as souvenirs; and if he had given as many locks of his hair as were asked for, our commander would soon have been totally bald. Stuart suffered all this very gracefully, with the greater resignation

as every one of these patriotic young ladies gave him a kiss as tribute and reward. This latter favour was unhappily not extended to the staff-officers, and it may be readily imagined that it was *bien triste* for us to look on, and not take a part in the pleasant ceremony.

We arrived at "The Bower" at a late hour of the night, but found our kind host yet awake, the excitement and anxiety of the day having prevented him from retiring. Here we obtained compensation for the loss of our dinner in an abundant supply of cold meat, and cut into a capital Virginia ham with a greater amount of destruction than we had done during the day into the ranks of the enemy.

WITH A FLAG OF TRUCE INTO THE ENEMY'S LINES.

The following day there came some important documents and letters from General R. E. Lee to be transmitted to General M'Clellan, and I had the honour to be selected by our commander-in-chief as the bearer of them into the Federal lines. To make a favourable impression upon "our friends the enemy," I fitted myself out as handsomely as the very seedy condition of my wardrobe would allow; and as all my own horses were, more or less, broken-down, I borrowed a high-stepping, fine-limbed chestnut from one of my comrades of the staff for the occasion. General Stuart took advantage of the opportunity to send under my charge a batch of prisoners for exchange, and, intrusting me with some private messages to M'Clellan, bade me proceed as far as possible into the enemy's lines and employ all my diplomacy to obtain a large insight into his positions, to as great an extent, at least, as was consistent with the proprieties of my mission. About 10 o'clock in the morning, my 50 or 60 Yankee prisoners were turned over to me by Colonel W. H. F. Lee at his camp, and at noon I reached the Potomac near Shepherdstown, escorted by a cavalcade of our officers, who were interested in accompanying me as far as the river with my flag of truce. This imposing ensign consisted of a white pocket-handkerchief on a long pole, and was borne most loftily by one of our couriers, a handsome martial-looking fellow, who crossed the river with it, and soon brought for me the permission to come to the opposite shore. I was greatly amused, during our passage of the ford, by the bitter complaints of the Yankee prisoners, that they were forced to wade through the cold waters of the Potomac, which wet them from head to foot. I answered them, that I was not myself unmoved by the cruel compulsion, and that I should be yet more deeply affected by it, had not all the boats along the river been seized and burned by their army. On the Maryland shore I was received by a major, who was in command of the outposts at this part of the Federal lines, who handed me his proper written acknowledgment for the prisoners, and said, that as for the papers and documents I might deliver them to him, and he would forward them at once. This, of course, I politely declined, giving him to understand that despatches of such importance I could only deliver to General M'Clellan, or, should this be impossible, to some other general of his army, and adding, that as I supposed General Pleasanton to be supreme in command of this portion of the lines, I should be glad to be conducted to him. The Major here betrayed some embarrassment, and spoke of impossibilities, &c., but at last concluded to send off a mounted officer for further instructions.

Meanwhile, all the Yankee soldiers who were not on duty came running towards me, impelled by

curiosity to see the "great big rebel officer," in such numbers that the Major was compelled to establish a cordon of sentries around me to keep them at a respectful distance. The only camp-stool that could be produced having been politely offered me for a seat, I soon found myself engaged in a lively and pleasant conversation with a group of Federal officers. Upon one matter only that was brought into the discourse we were unable to agree. They claimed the battle of Sharpsburg as a brilliant victory for their arms. I could not see it in that light.

At length, after a weary time of waiting, came the answer to the Major's message that I might proceed, and a good-looking young cavalry officer was reported to me as guide and protector. Eager to anticipate a disagreeable and awkward formality, I now asked to be blindfolded, but this was politely waived. Starting from the ford I took a tall and singularly shaped pine-tree, which reared itself far above the tops of its neighbours, as a landmark, and with this constantly in sight, it was not difficult for me to discover that I was purposely carried about in a circle, up hill and down dale, through dense woods and vast encampments of troops.

The Federal army at this time certainly appeared to the greatest advantage in its camps. Everywhere was observable the most beautiful order. The soldiers were well dressed and had the look of being well fed; their arms were in excellent condition, and the whole of their cantonments spoke of a high degree of military discipline, the absence of which I had so often regretted in our own bivouacs.

My companion proved to be a very pleasant young gentleman and inexperienced officer, who voluntarily gave me much information that he should have kept to himself, during a ride of eight miles, which brought us to somebody's headquarters. Here I saw at a glance a considerable display of the pomp and circumstance of war. What a contrast it presented to the headquarters of our general officers, especially to the simple encampment of our great commander-in-chief, who, with his staff and escort, occupied only a few small tents, scarcely to be distinguished from the tent of a lieutenant. Here, a little town of canvass surrounded the magnificent marquee of the General, from which floated the stars and stripes in a reckless extravagance of bunting; numerous sentries were pacing their beats; mounted officers, resplendent with bullion, galloped to and fro; and two regiments of Zouaves in their gaudy uniforms were drawn up for parade.

I had already found out that this was General Fitzjohn Porter's headquarters, and it was evident enough that some very great personage was expected there. Adjoining the General's marquee there had been erected a beautiful pavilion, under which was stretched out a long table laden with luxuries of every description, bottles of champagne in silver ice-coolers, a profusion of delicious fruit, and immense bouquets of flowers. A balloon (we have mentioned before that this means of observation was much in use with the Federal army) was rising every few minutes to the height of several hundred feet, the car, secured by ropes, filled with officers, who, with all kinds of glasses, were looking out narrowly in the direction of Harper's Ferry. I was not mistaken in my conjectures. As I afterwards learned, no less a dignitary than President Lincoln was momentarily looked for. Escorted by General M'Clellan, the President had already inspected a great portion of the Federal army of the Potomac, and as this was to be kept a secret, my visit was necessarily to be a short one.

During the time my young companion was announcing my presence to General Porter, I directed my eye towards the river, and there stood my pine-tree, not more than

three miles distant in a straight line, plainly in view.

From General Porter's tent I could now hear the sound of voices in excited conversation; indeed, I caught several very angry expressions before my guide returned with a flushed face, in which one could read plainly the reprimand that had been given him, and desired me to enter.

General Porter, as he rose to receive me, I found to be a man of rather above the middle height, with a frank and agreeable face, the lower part of which was covered with a luxuriant black beard, and in his whole bearing and appearance the soldier. The floor of his ample tent was carpeted, easy-chairs and a couch offered their accommodations, and his headquarters had all the comfort of a well-furnished *salon*. After a brief interchange of salutations, ensued the following colloquy:—

Federal General.—"You will allow me to express my regret that you have been brought here, and to say that a grave fault has been committed in your coming."

Confederate Major.—"General, I have been long enough a soldier to know that a grave mistake *has* been committed, but I also know that the fault is not on *my* side."

Fed. Gen.—"You are right—I ask your pardon. But why did you inquire for General Pleasanton, and what in the world induced you to suppose that he was in command here? I do not myself know where General Pleasanton is—at this moment he may be on your side of the Potomac."

Confed. Major.—"Where General Pleasanton is to-day, I am certainly not able to tell; but as I had the pleasure of seeing him with my own eyes last night, returning with considerable haste to *this* side of the river, I had the right to suppose that he was here."

Fed. Gen. (laughing).—"I can have no objection to your conjecture. When do you think to join General Stuart again?"

Confed. Major.—"Should I ride all night, I may hope to reach him some time to-morrow morning." (I was dancing at half-past 10 o'clock that same night at "The Bower.")

Fed. Gen. (again laughing).—"You seem to enjoy riding at night."

Confed. Major.—"Very much, at this delightful season of the year."

The General now very courteously offered me some refreshments, which I declined, saving and excepting a single glass of brandy-and-water. I then delivered my despatches, pocketed my receipt for them, and took leave of a man whom I could not help admiring for his amenity of manners and high soldierly bearing.

General Fitzjohn Porter proved to be too much of the gentleman for the Northern Government. He was very soon afterwards dismissed from the service for faults alleged to have been committed during Pope's campaigns, but I have pleasure in bearing my testimony (that of an enemy) to his qualities as a gallant soldier and an excellent fighter.

I availed myself of this opportunity of writing from the tent of the Adjutant General a private note to Major Von R., a former brother officer of mine in the Prussian army, who was serving on M'Clellan's staff, looking to an interview, possibly under similar circumstances as had now brought me into the Federal lines, which interview, however, never took place.

Starting now upon my return, I could not help expressing to my escort how very much I regretted that he should have incurred the displeasure of his general in conducting me to him. He had the amazing effrontery to deny that this was the case, but I knew better. Soon afterwards he offered me a cigar, which I thankfully accepted, and, finding it excellent, praised very highly; whereupon he said, that having a large supply of them

he should be only too happy if I would consent to take a few boxes as a present, adding that he believed we were entirely cut off from luxuries of this kind. I thanked him cordially, but declined his friendly proposal, assuring him that he was altogether mistaken as to this matter, inasmuch as the steamers that were constantly running the blockade kept us abundantly provided with Havanas. This was not strictly true, and I made the little sacrifice to pride with an almost broken heart.

We had the same long roundabout ride on our return, and it was late in the evening when we arrived on the bank of the Potomac, through whose waters I was conducted half-way by my friendly foe, who, as we shook hands at parting, regretted that we were enemies to each other, and said that he hoped we should meet again, "when this cruel war was over," under happier circumstances. I thanked him for his kindly feeling, and begged him to take a lesson from me as a farewell offering. Showing him my pine-tree on the Maryland shore which had served me as a landmark, I said to him—"My young friend, General Fitzjohn Porter's headquarters in a straight line are not three miles from that tree—he is in command of your right wing,—to deceive me, you have conducted me all around the country, but I have always known where I was, and I have passed three divisions of your army; moreover, an important personage is every moment expected at General Porter's tent, and this personage is no other than President Lincoln." My courteous adversary laughed heartily at this, and said, "Well, I did not believe that in any other nation of the world there was a man who *could fool a Yankee;* you have shown me the contrary, and I accept the lesson." We then shook hands for the last time, and returned to our respective lines.

Darkness had already set in as I reached Shepherdstown; nevertheless I stopped for a short time at the house of Mrs. L, where the recital of my adventures greatly interested a crowd of young ladies. It was half-past 10 o'clock when I arrived again at "The Bower," from the brightly illuminated windows of which there came the merry sound of music and the dance. General Stuart listened with great amusement and satisfaction to my report and the particulars of my interview with General Porter; and upon my concluding, said, "My dear Von" (one of his many forms of salutation to me), "you shall have thirty minutes' dancing, and then a fresh horse shall be saddled for you, and you must be off at once to make your reports to Generals Jackson and Lee." I used my thirty minutes well, and had just taken my place opposite a very pretty girl in a Virginia reel, when J. E. B. suddenly usurped it, saying, "Be off, my dear fellow; I will do your duty here." And he did, what time I was galloping through the woods in the darkness of the night.

One o'clock had passed when, after a ride of fourteen miles, I reached Jackson's headquarters, where everybody was fast asleep. The lightest touch of my hand awoke old Stonewall, and, recognising my voice, he cried out, "Ah! there you are, my dear Major; you must bring us important news from the Yankees." I replied that I did, but that fortunately I had nothing alarming to report. Then, availing myself of the General's kind invitation, I stretched myself on the blanket by his side and quietly told my story, to which he listened attentively, interrupting me several times in his peculiar way with "Good, good!" which was always the highest expression of his satisfaction. Thanking me much for my report, he said that he would himself ride over to General Lee's headquarters at daybreak, and thus save me the ride there for the pre-

sent; that some time during the day I could proceed to Falling Waters, but above all things he desired my immediate return to Stuart, that he might be summoned to an interview at General R. E. Lee's. The sun had just peeped above the eastern horizon as I galloped up the hill to the tent of General Stuart, whom I had great difficulty in rousing from his slumbers. The General proposed to me to ride back with him as soon as his horse was saddled, but this I respectfully declined, saying that I desired first to get the few hours' sleep which I was under the impression I had richly deserved.

FIELD SPORTS AND DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENTS—NEW UNIFORM COAT FOR GENERAL JACKSON.

The day was already far advanced, when, after long and ineffectual efforts on the part of my negro William to bring me into a waking condition, I was at last stirred to consciousness by the aroma of my morning cup of coffee. The rich sunlight of October lay full over the landscape, as, refreshed by a hearty breakfast, I again rode along the highway towards Winchester. General Lee's headquarters were exactly in the centre of our army in its encampment, about midway between Bunker Hill and Winchester, at a little place called Falling Waters. On either side of the turnpike stretched for miles the camps of our troops, who plainly showed in their healthy appearance and by their jokes and songs how soon they had forgotten the fatigues and hardships of the recent campaign. I reached General Lee's tents in the afternoon, and was cordially greeted by my comrades, the officers of his staff, whom I had not seen since the battle of Sharpsburg. The Commander-in-Chief himself received me at once with his invariable kindness, and heard my report of yesterday's proceedings with the liveliest interest.

The Quartermaster of the army, Colonel Corley, having received a large supply of common English boots of yellow leather for officers and men, I seized the opportunity of purchasing a pair for the very moderate sum of sixteen dollars, and threw them across the pommel of my saddle, where they seemed almost as huge as the seven-league boots of the pantomime. Just as I was returning home I had the good fortune to encounter Lieutenant Channing Price, of our staff, who had come to headquarters on a special boot-mission of his own, and we enjoyed a most delightful ride back to "The Bower" through the woods, then gay with autumnal tinges.

For days afterwards there was perfect quiet at our headquarters. No cannonade shook the air, and the lazy, listless life we led was in harmony with the serenity of the season, which charmed us with the repose and loveliness of the American *Fall*. The wooded hills and rich fields around "The Bower" abounded in game — partridges, pheasants, wild turkeys, hares, and grey squirrels—so that I could indulge to the fullest extent my passion for sport. Unfortunately for my bag, my ambition led me to direct my attention chiefly to the wild turkey, which is by no means so easy to kill as I had imagined. It differs very much from the domestic turkey, having a taller and slighter frame, with plumage of varied tints from a rich green to a darkish brown. These birds live in flocks of from six to eight, or even more where several families unite. The hen lays her eggs during the month of April in the nest, which is usually built in the open fields, and the young are fully grown about the end of October, at which time they are quite fat from

the abundant nourishment they have derived from the fields of Indian corn. The meat is much darker and of more decided flavour than that of the domestic turkey. The best way of getting a shot at them in the autumn is to call them, but a very good way is to hunt them with dogs, which must be trained for the purpose, and which, as soon as the flock has been started, disperse it and pursue the single birds so long and with such loud barking that they fly in affright to the tree, where the sportsman finds it a simple matter to bring them down. They fly only when pressed in this manner or when suddenly driven out of a thicket, but they run with the celerity of the greyhound, and are extremely wary and cunning. If in Europe one uses the proverb "As stupid as a turkey," in America one says "As smart as a wild gobbler."

The American pheasant is a fine bird, about the size of the English grouse, but the meat is far superior, and I thought it the best game I had ever eaten.

The Virginia hare is of very small size, and resembles the European rabbit in its habits and appearance. It is an easy prey for any fast pointer dog, but the meat is of a very inferior quality.

Very near "The Bower," on the opposite side of the Opequan, I had discovered a charming little valley, through which ran a sparkling rivulet, a tributary of the larger stream. This valley was nearly two miles in length, with a breadth of from fifty to one hundred yards, and was enclosed by high rocky cliffs, covered with a dense growth of oaks and pines. In the ravine the richest grass grew abundantly, and alternated with little patches of thick undergrowth and groups of paw-paw trees, the banana-like fruit of which was just ripening. On the immediate banks of the creek gigantic tulip, poplar, hickory, and walnut trees rose to an immense height, interlacing their branches so as to form a leafy arch over the sequestered glen. Here I found always a large quantity of game, especially the wild turkey, which came at sunrise and at dusk for water; and here I often directed my steps, or rather the steps of my pretty grey mule "Kitt." This very small but exceedingly strong animal I used always for my shooting excursions, and I was often laughed at by my comrades as I made my appearance upon her with my legs dangling nearly to the ground. But "Kitt" carried me excellently well for all that, and, with my weight of fifteen stone ten, took all the ordinary fences and ditches with the greatest ease. She stood perfectly quiet when I shot from her back, and I could throw the reins on her neck and go off for hours together, with the assurance that on my return she would be found grazing or lying down composedly at the spot where I had left her.

Sometimes Bob Sweeney, the banjo-player, accompanied me on my expeditions with the fowling-piece. Bob had the good sense to confine his efforts to the grey squirrels and the partridges, of which he killed large numbers, while I was running my legs off after the larger game. Nevertheless I enjoyed even my unsuccessful turkey-hunting very much, and was frequently rewarded for my trouble by bagging a pheasant or a hare.

But we had other diversions during this period of military inactivity. Pelham and I had got hold of a yellow-painted army waggon, captured from the Yankees, to which we hitched our horses and drove about all over the country, though the rapid motion of the vehicle with its hard springs over the rough rocky roads nearly shook our souls out of our bodies.

At headquarters we had some very agreeable guests, among whom were Colonel Bradley T. Johnston, and an intimate friend of General Stuart and myself, Colonel Brien,

who had formerly commanded the 1st Virginian cavalry, and had resigned his commission in consequence of his failing health. Every evening before starting for the mansion-house we all assembled, guests, officers, couriers, and negroes, around a roaring wood fire in the centre of our encampment, where Sweeney, with his banjo, gave us selections from his *repertoire*, which was followed by a fine quartette by some of our soldiers, who had excellent voices, the *al fresco* concert always concluding with the famous chorus of "Join in the cavalry" already mentioned, which was much more noisy than melodious. But every evening the negroes would ask for the lively measures of a jig or a breakdown—a request invariably granted—and then these darkies danced within the circle of spectators like dervishes or lunatics—the spectators themselves applauding to the echo.

On the 7th, a grand ball was to take place at "The Bower," to which Mr. D. had invited families from Martinsburg, Shepherdstown, and Charlestown, and in the success of which we all felt a great interest. As an exceptional bit of fun, Colonel Brien and I had secretly prepared a little pantomime, "The Pennsylvania Farmer and his Wife," in which the Colonel was to personate the farmer and I the spouse. Accordingly, when the guests had all assembled and the ball was quite *en train*, the immense couple entered the brilliantly lighted apartment—Brien enveloped in an ample greatcoat, which had been stuffed with pillows until the form of the wearer had assumed the most enormous proportions; I dressed in an old white ball-dress of Mrs. D.'s that had been enlarged in every direction, and sweetly ornamented with half-a-bushel of artificial flowers in my hair. Our success greatly outran our expectations. Stuart, exploding with laughter, scrutinised me closely on all sides, scarcely crediting the fact that within that tall bundle of feminine habiliments dwelt the soul of his Chief of Staff. Again and again we were made to repeat our little play in dumb show, until, getting tired of it and wishing to put a stop to it, I gracefully fainted away and was carried from the room by Brien and three or four assistants, amid the wild applause of the company, who insisted on a repetition of the fainting scene. When, in a few moments, I made my appearance in uniform, the laughter and applause recommenced, and Stuart, throwing his arms around my neck in a burlesque of pathos, said, "My dear old Von, if I could ever forget you as I know you on the field of battle, your appearance as a woman would never fade from my memory." So the joyous night went on with dancing and merriment, until the sun stole in at the windows, and the reveillé sounding from camp reminded us that the hour of separation had arrived.

From a long rest, after the dissipations of the past night, I was roused about noon by General Stuart, with orders to ride, upon some little matters of duty, to the camp of General Jackson. I was also honoured with the pleasing mission of presenting to Old Stonewall, as a slight token of Stuart's high regard, a new and very "stunning" uniform coat, which had just arrived from the hands of a Richmond tailor. The garment, neatly wrapped up, was borne on the pommel of his saddle by one of our couriers who accompanied me; and starting at once I reached the simple tent of our great general just in time for dinner. I found him in his old weather-stained coat from which all the buttons had been clipped long since by the fair hands of patriotic ladies, and which, from exposure to sun and rain and powder-smoke, and by reason of many rents and patches, was in a very unseemly condition. When I had despatched more important matters, I produced General Stuart's pre-

sent, in all its magnificence of gilt buttons and sheeny facings and gold lace, and I was heartily amused at the modest confusion with which the hero of many battles regarded the fine uniform from many points of view, scarcely daring to touch it, and at the quiet way in which, at last, he folded it up carefully, and deposited it in his portmanteau, saying to me, "Give Stuart my best thanks, my dear Major—the coat is much too handsome for me, but I shall take the best care of it, and shall prize it highly as a souvenir—and now let us have some dinner." But I protested energetically against his summary disposition of the matter of the coat, deeming my mission, indeed, but half executed, and remarked that Stuart would certainly ask me how the uniform fitted its owner, and that I should, therefore, take it as a personal favour if he would put it on. To this he readily assented with a smile, and, having donned the garment, he escorted me outside the tent to the table where dinner had been served in the open air. The whole of the staff were in a perfect ecstasy at their chief's brilliant appearance, and the old negro servant, who was bearing the roast-turkey from the fire to the board, stopped in mid-career with a most bewildered expression, and gazed in wonderment at his master as if he had been transfigured before him. Meanwhile, the rumour of the change ran like electricity through the neighbouring camps, and the soldiers came running by hundreds to the spot, desirous of seeing their beloved Stonewall in his new attire; and the first wearing of a fresh robe by Louis XIV., at whose morning toilet all the world was accustomed to assemble, never created half the sensation at Versailles, that was made in the woods of Virginia by the investment of Jackson in this new regulation uniform.

Reaching our camp again in the evening, I was informed by General Stuart that he was to start the next day with a portion of his cavalry on an extended military expedition, and that, much as he regretted being constrained to leave me behind, it was yet necessary that I should remain, to fill his place in his absence, to act for him in case of emergency, and to keep up frequent communications with General Lee. With how much pain and discontent I received this information, I do not care to say; but I had profited too much by my experience in that excellent school of military discipline, the Prussian army, to make any remonstrance.

MISS MARJORIBANKS.—PART XI.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

It would be vain to follow Lucilla in detail through her consistent and admirable career; nor is it necessary to say that she went on steadily in face of all her discouragements, with that mixture of success and failure which comes natural to all human affairs. The singular thing about it was, that the years passed on, and that she was permitted by the world in general to fulfil her own promise and prophecy about remaining ten years at home to be a comfort to her dear papa. She had been nineteen when she began her career, and she was nine-and-twenty when that little episode occurred with young Dr. Rider, before he was married to his present wife. There would have been nothing in the least unsuitable in a marriage between Dr. Rider and Miss Marjoribanks, though people who were the best informed never thought either of them had any serious meaning; but, of course, the general public, having had Lucilla for a long time before their eyes, naturally added on seven or eight years to her age, and concluded her to be a great deal older than the young doctor, though everybody allowed that it would have been a most advantageous match for him in every possible point of view. But, however, it did not come to anything, no more than a great many other nibbles of the same kind did. The period arrived at which Lucilla had thought she might perhaps have begun to go off in her looks, but still there was no immediate appearance of any change of name or condition on her part. Many people quite congratulated themselves on the fact, as it was impossible to imagine what might be the social condition of Grange Lane without Miss Marjoribanks; but it is doubtful whether Lucilla congratulated herself. She was very comfortable, no doubt, in every way, and met with little opposition to speak of, and had things a great deal more in her own hands than she might have had, had there been a husband in the case to satisfy; but notwithstanding, she had come to an age when most people have husbands, and when an independent position in the world becomes necessary to self-respect. To be sure, Lucilla *was* independent; but then—there is a difference, as everybody knows. And Miss Marjoribanks could not but feel that the world had not shown that appreciation of her, to which, in her earlier days, she looked forward with so little fear. The ten years, as they had really gone by, were very different from the ten years she had looked forward to, when, in the triumph of her youth, she named that period as the time when she might probably begin to go off, and would be disposed to marry. By this time the drawing-room carpets and curtains had faded a little, and Lucilla had found out that the delicate pale green which suited her complexion was not to call a profitable colour; and nobody could have thought or said that to marry at this period would be in the least degree to swindle the Doctor. Thus the moment had arrived to which she looked forward, but the man had not arrived with it. Ten years had passed, during which she had been at the head of society in Grange Lane, and a great comfort to her dear papa; and now, if there remained another development for Lucilla's character, it was about time that it should begin to show itself. But at the same time, the main element necessary for that new development did not seem at present

likely to be found in Grange Lane.

Unless, indeed, it might happen to be found in the person of Mr. Ashburton, who was so often in Carlingford that he might be said to form a part of society there. It was he who was related to the Richmonds, who, as everybody knows, were a family much respected in the county. He had been at the bar, and even begun to distinguish himself, before old Miss Penrhyn died and left him the Firs. He had begun to distinguish himself, but he had not, it appeared, gone so far as to prevent him from coming down to his new property and settling upon it, and taking his place as a local notability. He was not a man who could be expected to care for evening parties in a provincial town; but he never refused to dine with Dr. Marjoribanks, and was generally popular up-stairs, where he always paid a little attention to Lucilla, though nothing very marked and noticeable. Mr. Ashburton was not like Mr. Cavendish, for instance (if anybody remembered Mr. Cavendish), a man whose money might be in the Funds, but who more probably speculated. Everybody knew everything about him, which was an ease to the public mind. The Firs was as well known as Carlingford steeple, and how much it was worth a-year, and everything about it; and so was the proprietor's pedigree, which could be traced to a semi-mythical personage known as old Penrhyn, whose daughter was Sir John Richmond's grandmother. The Firs, it is true, had descended in the female line, but still it is something to know where a man comes from, even on one side. Mr. Ashburton made himself very agreeable in the neighbourhood, and was never above enlightening anybody on a point of law. He used to say that it was kind to give him something to do, which was an opinion endorsed practically by a great many people. It is true that some of his neighbours wondered much to see his patience, and could not make out why he chose to rusticate at the Firs at his age, and with his abilities. But either he never heard these wonderings, or at least he never took any notice of them. He lived as if he liked it, and settled down, and presented to all men an aspect of serene contentment with his sphere. And it would be difficult to say what suggestion or association it was which brought him all of a sudden into Miss Marjoribanks's head, one day, when, seeing a little commotion in Masters's shop, she went in to hear what it was about. The cause of the commotion was an event which had been long expected, and which, indeed, ten years before, had been looked on as a possible thing to happen any day. The wonder was, not that old Mr. Chiltern should die, but that he should have lived so long. The ladies in Masters's cried, "Poor dear old man!" and said to each other, that however long it might have been expected, a death always seemed sudden at the last. But, to tell the truth, the stir made by this death was rather pleasant than sad. People thought not of the career which was ended, but of the one which must now begin, and of the excitement of an election, which was agreeable to look forward to. As for Lucilla, when she too had heard the news, and had gone on upon her way, it would be vain to assert that a regretful recollection of the time when Mr. Cavendish was thought a likely man to succeed Mr. Chiltern did not occur to her. But when Miss Marjoribanks had dismissed that transitory thought, Mr. Ashburton suddenly came into her head by one of those intuitions which have such an effect upon the mind that receives them. Lucilla was not of very marked political opinions, and perhaps was not quite aware what Mr. Ashburton's views were on the

Irish Church question, or upon parliamentary reform; but she said after, that it came into her mind in a moment, like a flash of lightning, that he was the man. The idea was so new and so striking, that she turned back and went, in the excitement of the moment, to suggest it to Mrs. Chiley, and see what her old friend and the Colonel would say. Of course, if such a thing was practicable, there was no time to lose. She turned round quickly, according to her prompt nature; and such was her absorbed interest in the idea of Mr. Ashburton, that she did not know until she had almost done it, that she was walking straight into her hero's arms.

"Oh, Mr. Ashburton!" said Lucilla, with a little scream, "is it you? My mind was quite full of you. I could not see you for thinking. Do come back with me, for I have something very particular to say——"

"To me?" said Mr. Ashburton, looking at her with a smile and a sudden look of interest; for it is always slightly exciting to the most philosophical mortal to know that somebody else's mind is full of him. "What you have said already is so flattering——"

"I did not mean anything absurd," said Miss Marjoribanks. "Don't talk any nonsense, please. Mr. Ashburton, do you know that old Mr. Chiltern is dead?"

Lucilla put the question solemnly, and her companion grew a little red as he looked at her. "It is not my fault," he said, though he still smiled; and then he grew redder and redder, though he ought to have been above showing these signs of emotion; and looked at her curiously, as if he would seize what she was going to say out of her eyes or her lips before it was said.

"It is not anything to laugh about," said Lucilla. "He was a very nice old man; but he is dead, and somebody else must be Member for Carlingford: that was why I told you that my mind was full of you. I am not in the least superstitious," said Miss Marjoribanks, solemnly; "but when I stood there—there, just in front of Mr. Holden's—you came into my mind like a flash of lightning. I was not thinking of you in the least, and you came into my mind like—like Minerva, you know. If it was not an intimation, I don't know what it was. And that was why I ran against you, and did not see you were there. Mr. Ashburton, it is you who must be the man," said Lucilla. It was not a thing to speak lightly about, and for her part she spoke very solemnly; and as for Mr. Ashburton, his face flushed deeper and deeper. He stood quite still in the excitement of the moment, as if she had given him a blow.

"Miss Marjoribanks, I don't know how to answer you," he cried; and then he put out his hand in an agitated way and grasped her hand. "You are the only creature in Carlingford, man or woman, that has divined me," he said, in a trembling voice. It was a little public at the top of Grange Lane, where people were liable to pass at every moment; but still Miss Marjoribanks accepted the pressure of the hand, which, to be sure, had nothing whatever to do with love-making. She was more shy of such demonstrations than she had been in her confident youth, knowing that in most cases they never came to anything, and at the same time that the spectators kept a vivid recollection of them; but still, in the excitement of the moment, Miss Marjoribanks accepted and returned in a womanly way the pressure of Mr. Ashburton's hand.

"Come in and let us talk it over," Lucilla said, feeling that no time was to be lost. It was a conference very different from that which, had Mr. Chiltern been so well advised as to die ten years before, might have been held in Dr.

Marjoribanks's drawing-room over his successor's prospects; but at the same time there was something satisfactory to the personal sentiments of both in the way in which this conversation had come about. When Lucilla took off her hat and sat down to give him all her attention, Mr. Ashburton could not but feel the flattering character of the interest she was taking in him. She was a woman, and young (comparatively speaking), and was by no means without admirers, and unquestionably took the lead in society; and to be divined by such a person was perhaps, on the whole, sweeter to the heart of the aspirant than if Colonel Chiley had found out his secret, or Dr. Marjoribanks, or even the Rector: and Lucilla for her part had all that natural pleasure in being the first to embrace a new interest (which might or might not have very important results), which was natural under the circumstances. "Let us talk it all over," she said, giving Mr. Ashburton a chair near her own. "If I believed in spirit-rapping, you know, I should be sure that was what it meant. I was not thinking of you in the least, and all at once, like a flash of lightning—Mr. Ashburton, sit down and tell me—what is the first thing that must be done?"

"If I could ask you to be on my committee, that would be the first thing to be done," said Mr. Ashburton, "but unfortunately I can't do that. Let me tell you in the first place how very much I am obliged——"

"Don't say that, please," said Miss Marjoribanks, with her usual good sense, "for I have done nothing. But papa can be on the committee, Mr. Ashburton, and old Colonel Chiley, who is such a one for politics; and of course Sir John—that will be a very good beginning; and after that——"

"My dear Miss Marjoribanks," Mr. Ashburton said, with a smile, and a little hesitation, "Sir John takes exactly the other side in politics; and I am afraid the Doctor and the Colonel are not of the same way of thinking; and then my opinions——"

"If they are not of the same way of thinking, we must make them," said Lucilla: "after having such an intimation, I am not going to be put off for a trifle; and besides, what does it matter about opinions? I am sure I have heard you all saying over and over that the thing was to have a good *man*. Don't go and make speeches about opinions. If you begin with that, there is no end to it," said Miss Marjoribanks. "I know what you gentlemen are. But if you just say distinctly that you are the best man——"

"It would be an odd thing to say for one's self," said Mr. Ashburton, and he laughed; but, to tell the truth, he was not a man of very quick understanding, and at the first outset of the thing he did not understand Lucilla; and he was a little—just a very little—disappointed. She had divined him, which was a wonderful proof of her genius; but yet at the bottom she was only an ignorant woman after all.

"I see it all quite clear what to do," said Miss Marjoribanks. "You must have the Colonel and Sir John, and everybody. I would not pay the least attention to Tories or Whigs, or anything of that sort. For my part I don't see any difference. All that has to be said about it is simply that you are the right man. Papa might object to one thing and the Colonel might object to another, and then if Sir John, as you say, is of quite another way of thinking—— But you are the man for Carlingford all the same; and none of them can say a word against that," said Lucilla, with energy. She stopped short, with her colour rising and her eyes brightening. She felt herself inspired, which was a new sensation and very pleasant; and then the idea of such a coming struggle was

sweet to Miss Marjoribanks, and the conviction burst upon her that she was striking out a perfectly new and original line.

As for her candidate, he smiled, and hesitated, and paid her pretty little compliments for a few minutes longer, and said it was very good of her to interest herself in his fortunes. All which Lucilla listened to with great impatience, feeling that it had nothing to do with the matter in hand. But then after these few minutes had elapsed the meaning of his fair adviser, as he called her, began to dawn upon Mr. Ashburton's mind. He began to prick up his mental ears, so to speak, and see that it was not womanish ignorance, but an actual suggestion. For, after all, so long as he was the man for Carlingford, all the rest was of little importance. He took something out of his pocket, which was his address to the constituency of Carlingford (for being anxious on the subject, he had heard of Mr. Chiltern's death an hour or two before anybody else), and chokefull of political sentiments. In it he described to the electors what he would do if they sent him to Parliament, as carefully as if their election could make him Prime Minister at least; and naturally a man does not like to sacrifice such a confession of faith. "I should like to read it to you," he said, spreading it out with affectionate care; but Lucilla had already arranged her plans, and knew better than that.

"If you were to read it to me," said Miss Marjoribanks, "I should be sure to be convinced that you were quite right, and to go in with you for everything, and then I should be no good, you know. If it were to drive papa and Sir John and the Colonel all to their own ways of thinking, we never should make any progress. I would never mind about anybody's ways of thinking, if I were you. After all," said Lucilla, with a fine satire, of which she was unconscious, "what does it matter what people think? I suppose when it comes to doing anything, the Whigs and the Tories are just the same. Mr. Ashburton, it is a man that is wanted," said Miss Marjoribanks, with all the warmth of sudden conviction. She felt a little like Joan of Arc as she spoke. When an army has the aid of a sacred maiden to bring inspiration to its counsels, the idea of going on in the old formal way is no longer to be tolerated. And such was the force of Lucilla's conviction, that Mr. Ashburton, though he felt a little affronted, and could not but look with fond and compunctious regret upon his address, yet began more and more to feel that there was justice in what she said.

"I will think over what you say," he said, rather stiffly, and put up his address—for it was natural, when he had done her such an honour as to offer to read it to her, that he should be affronted by her refusal. It was a bold experiment on Lucilla's part, but then she was carried out of herself at the moment by this singular flash of inspiration. "I will think over what you say," Mr. Ashburton continued; "and if my judgment approves—— At all events I shall not issue *this* till I have thought it all over. I am sure I am extremely obliged to you for your interest." And here he stopped short, and looked as if he were going to get up and go away, which would have spoiled all.

"You are going to stop to lunch," said Lucilla; "somebody is sure to come in. And you know you must not lose any opportunity of seeing people. I am so glad to-night is Thursday. Tell me just one thing, Mr. Ashburton, before any one comes. There is one thing that is really important, and must be fixed upon. If you were to make any mistake, you know——"

"What?" said the candidate, eagerly—"about the Income-tax? I have expressed myself very clearly——"

Lucilla smiled compassionately, and with the gentlest tolerance, at

this wild suggestion. "I was not thinking of the Income-tax," she said, with that meekness which people assume when it is of no use being impatient. "I was thinking what your colours were to be. I would not have anything to do with the old colours, for my part—they would be as bad as opinions, you know. You may laugh, but I am quite in earnest," said Miss Marjoribanks. As for Mr. Ashburton, he did not begin to laugh until he had fixed upon her that gaze of utter amazement and d ubt with which on many similar occasions ordinary people had regarded Lucilla—thinking she was joking, or acting, or doing something quite different from the severe sincerity which was her leading principle. She was so used to it, that she waited with perfect patience till her companion's explosion of amusement was over. He was thinking to himself what a fool she was, or what a fool he was to think of taking a woman into his counsels, or what curious unintelligible creatures women were, made up of sense and folly; and all the time he laughed, which was a relief to his feelings. Miss Marjoribanks laughed a little too, to keep him in countenance, for she was always the soul of good-nature; and then she repeated, "Be sure you tell me what our colours are to be——"

"I am sure I don't know anything about colours," said the candidate, "any more than you do about opinions. I think they are equally unimportant, to say the least. I shall adopt the colours of my fair counsellor," Mr. Ashburton added, laughing, and making a mock bow to her, and getting his hat as he did so—for he had naturally calmed down a little from the first enthusiasm with which he had hailed the woman who divined him, and he did not mean to stay.

"The blue and the yellow are the old colours," said Lucilla, thoughtfully, "and you are the new man, you know, and we must not meddle with these antiquated things. Do you think this would do?" As she spoke she took up a handful of ribbons which were lying by, and put them up to her face with an air of serious deliberation which once more disturbed Mr. Ashburton's gravity. And yet, when a young woman who is not at all bad-looking, puts up a rustling, gleaming knot of ribbons to her hair and asks a man's opinion of the same, the man must be a philosopher or a wretch indeed who does not give a glance to see the effect. The candidate for Carlingford looked and approached, and even, in the temptation of the moment, took some of the l ng streamers in his hand. And he began to think Miss Marjoribanks was very clever, and the most amusing companion he had met with for a long time. And her interest in him touched his heart; and, after all, it is no drawback to a woman to be absurd by moments. His voice grew quite soft and caressing as he took the end of ribbon into his hand.

"If they are your colours they shall be mine," he said, with a sense of patronage and protection which was very delightful; and the two were still talking and laughing over the silken link thus formed between them, when the people came in whom Lucilla was expecting to lunch, and who were naturally full of Mr. Chiltern's death, which, poor old man! was so sudden at the last. Mr. Ashburton stayed, though he had not intended it, and made himself very pleasant. And Lucilla took no pains to conceal her opinion that the thing was neither to consider Whigs nor Tories, but a good *man*. And Major Brown, who had come with his daughters, echoed this sentiment so warmly that Mr. Ashburton was entirely convinced of the justice of Miss Marjoribanks's ideas. "We can't have a tip-topper, you know," Major Brown said, who was not

very refined in his expressions; "and what I should like to see is a man that knows the place and would look after Carlingford. That's what we're all looking for." Mr. Ashburton did not declare himself to Major Brown, but he dashed off his new address ten minutes after he had taken leave of Miss Marjoribanks, and put the other one in the fire like a Christian, and telegraphed for his agent to town. Lucilla, for her part, made an effort equally great and uncompromising. She took the ribbon Mr. Ashburton had played with, and cut it up into cockades of all descriptions. It was an early moment, but still there was no time to be lost with a matter of such importance. And she wore one on her breast and one in her hair when Mr. Ashburton's address was published, and all the world was discussing it. "Of course they are his colours—that is why I wear them," said Lucilla. "I shall always think there was something very strange in it. Just after I had heard of poor old Mr. Chiltern's death, as I was passing Holden's—when I was not in the least thinking of him—he came into my mind like a flash of lightning, you know. If I had been very intimate with poor old Mr. Chiltern, or if I believed in spirit-rapping, I should think *that* was it. He came into my head without my even thinking of him, all in a moment, with his very hat on and his umbrella, like Minerva—wasn't it Minerva?" said Miss Marjoribanks. And she took up Mr. Ashburton's cause openly, and unfurled his standard, and did not even ask her father's opinion. "Papa knows about politics, but he has not had an intimation as I have," said Lucilla. And, naturally, she threw all the younger portion of Grange Lane, which was acquainted with Mr. Ashburton, and looked forward eagerly to a little excitement, and liked the idea of wearing a violet and green cockade, into a flutter of excitement. Among these rash young people there were even various individuals who took Lucilla's word for it, and knew that Mr. Ashburton was very *nice*, and did not see that anything more was necessary. To be sure, these enthusiasts were chiefly women, and in no cases had votes; but Miss Marjoribanks, with instinctive correctness of judgment, decided that there were more things to be thought of than the electors. And she had the satisfaction of seeing with her own eyes and hearing with her own ears the success of that suggestion of her genius. Carlingford had rarely been more excited by any public event than it was by the address of the new candidate, who was in the field before anybody else, and who had the boldness to come before them without uttering any political creed. "The enlightened electors of Carlingford do not demand, like other less educated constituencies, a system of political doctrines cut and dry, or a representative bound to give up his own judgment, and act according to arbitrary promises," said the daring candidate: "what they want is an honest man, resolved to do his duty by his country, his borough, and his constituency; and it is this idea alone which has induced me to solicit your suffrages." This was what Mr. Ashburton said in his address, though at that moment he had still his other address in his pocket, in which he had entered at some length into his distinctive personal views. It was thus that an independent candidate, unconnected with party, took the field in Carlingford, with Miss Marjoribanks, like another Joan of Arc, with a knot of ribbons, violet and green, in her hair, to inspire and lead him on.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Life with most people is little more than a succession of high and low tides. There are times when the stream runs low, and when there is nothing to be seen but the dull sandbanks, or even mudbanks, for months, or even years together; and then all at once the waters swell, and come rushing twice a-day like the sea, carrying life and movement with them. Miss Marjoribanks had been subject to the *eaux mortes* for a long time; but now the spring-tides had rushed back. A day or two after Mr. Ashburton had been revealed to her as the predestined member, something occurred, not in itself exciting, but which was not without its ultimate weight upon the course of affairs. It was the day when aunt Jemima was expected in Grange Lane. She was aunt Jemima to Lucilla; but the Doctor called her Mrs. John, and was never known to address her by any more familiar title. She was, as she herself described it, a widow lady, and wore the dress of her order, and was the mother of Tom Marjoribanks. She was not a frequent visitor at Carlingford, for she and her brother-in-law had various points in which they were not of accord. The Doctor, for his part, could not but feel perennially injured that the boy had fallen to the lot of Mrs. John, while he had only a girl—even though that girl was Lucilla; and aunt Jemima could not forgive him for the rude way in which he treated her health, which was so delicate, and his want of sympathy for many other people who were delicate too. Even when she arrived, and was being entertained with the usual cup of tea, fears of her brother-in-law's robustness and unsympathetic ways had begun to overpower her. "I hope your papa does not ask too much from you, Lucilla," she said, as she sat in her easy-chair, and took her tea by the fire in the cozy room which had been prepared for her. "I hope he does not make you do too much, for I am sure you are not strong, my dear. Your poor mamma, you know——" and Mrs. John looked with a certain pathos at her niece, as though she saw signs of evil in Lucilla's fresh complexion and substantial frame.

"I am pretty well, thank you, aunt Jemima," said Miss Marjoribanks; "and papa lets me do pretty much what I like: I am too old now, you know, to be told what to do."

"Don't call yourself old, my dear," said aunt Jemima, with a passing gleam of worldly wisdom—"one gets old quite soon enough. Are you subject to headaches, Lucilla, or pains in the limbs? Your poor mamma——"

"Dear aunt Jemima, I am as well as ever I can be," said Miss Marjoribanks. "Tell me when you heard from Tom, and what he is doing. Let me see, it is ten years since he went away. I used to write to him, but he did not answer my letters—not as he ought, you know. I suppose he has found friends among the Calcutta ladies," said Lucilla, with a slight but not unapparent sigh.

"He never says anything to me about Calcutta ladies," said Tom's mother; "to tell the truth, I always thought before he went away that he was fond of *you*—I must have been mistaken, as he never said anything; and *that* was very fortunate at all events."

"I am sure I am very thankful he was not fond of me," said Lucilla, with a little natural irritation, "for I never could have returned it. But I should like to know why that was so fortunate. I can't see that it would have been such a very bad thing for him, for my part."

"Yes, my dear," said aunt Jemima, placidly, "it would have been a very bad thing; for you

know, Lucilla, though you get on very nicely here, you never could have done for a poor man's wife."

Miss Marjoribanks's bosom swelled when she heard these words—it swelled with that profound sense of being unappreciated and misunderstood, which is one of the hardest trials in the way of genius; but naturally she was not going to let her aunt see her mortification. "I don't mean to be any man's wife just now," she said, making a gulp of it—"I am too busy electioneering; we are going to have a new member in dear old Mr. Chiltern's place. Perhaps he will come in this evening to talk things over, and you shall see him," Lucilla added graciously. She was a little excited about the candidate, as was not unnatural—more excited, perhaps, than she would have been ten years ago, when life was young; and then it was not to be expected that she could be pleased with aunt Jemima for thinking it was so fortunate; though even that touch of wounded pride did not lead Miss Marjoribanks to glorify herself by betraying Tom.

"My brother-in-law used to be a dreadful Radical," said aunt Jemima; "I hope it is not one of those revolutionary men; I have seen your poor uncle sit up arguing with him till I thought they never would be done. If that is the kind of thing, I hope you will not associate yourself with it, Lucilla. Your papa should have more sense than to let you. It does not do a young woman any good. I should never have permitted it if you had been *my* daughter," added Mrs. John, with a little heat—for, to tell the truth, she too felt a slight vexation on her part that the Doctor had a girl when she had none, even though not for twenty girls would she have given up Tom.

Miss Marjoribanks looked upon the weak woman who thus ventured to address her with indescribable feelings; but after all she was not so much angry as amused and compassionate. She could not help thinking to herself, if she had been Mrs. John's daughter, how perfectly docile aunt Jemima would have been by this time, and how little she would have really ventured to interfere. "It would have been very nice," she said, with a meditative realisation of the possibility—"though it is very odd to think how one could have been one's own cousin—I should have taken very good care of you, I am sure."

"You would have done no such thing," said Mrs. John; "you would have gone off and married; I know how girls do. You have not married here, because you have been too comfortable, Lucilla. You have had everything your own way, and all that you wanted, without any of the bother. It is very strange how differently people's lots are ordered. I was married at seventeen, and I am sure I have not known what it was to have a day's health——"

"Dear aunt Jemima!" said her affectionate niece, kissing her, "but papa shall see if he cannot give you something, and we will take such care of you while you are here."

Mrs. John was softened in spite of herself; but still she shook her head. "It is very nice of you to say so, my dear," she said, "and it's pleasant to feel that one has somebody belonging to one; but I have not much confidence in your papa. He never understood my complaints. I used to be very sorry for your poor mamma. He never showed that sympathy—but I did not mean to blame him to you, Lucilla. I am sure he is a very good father to you."

"He has been a perfect old angel," said Miss Marjoribanks; and then the conversation came to a pause, as it was time to dress for dinner. Mrs. John Marjoribanks had a very nice room and everything that was adapted to make her comfortable; but she too had something to think of when the door closed upon Lu-

cilla, and she was left with her maid and her hot water and her black velvet gown. Perhaps it was a little inconsistent to wear a black velvet gown with her widow's cap —it was a question which she had long debated in her mind before she resigned herself to the temptation—but then it always looked so well, and was so very profitable! and Mrs. John felt that it was incumbent upon her to keep up a respectable appearance for Tom's sake. Tom was very much in her mind at that moment, as indeed he always was; for though it was a long time ago, she could not get the idea out of her head that he must have said something to Lucilla before he went off to India, and he had a way of asking about his cousin in his letters; and though she would have done anything to secure her boy's happiness, and was on the whole rather fond of her niece, yet the idea of the objections her brother-in-law would have to such a match excited to the uttermost the smouldering pride which existed in aunt Jemima's heart. He was better off, and had always been better off, than her poor John—and he had robust health and an awful scorn of the coddling, to which, as he said, she had subjected his brother, and he had money enough to keep *his* child luxuriously and make her the leader of Carlingford society, while *her* poor boy had to go to India and put himself in the way of all kinds of unknown diseases and troubles. Mrs. John was profoundly anxious to promote her son's happiness, and would gladly have given every penny she had to get him married to Lucilla, "if that was what he wanted," as she justly said; but to have the brother-in-law object to him, and suggest that he was not good enough, was the one thing she could not bear. She was thinking about this, and whether Tom really had not said anything, and whether Lucilla cared for him, and what amid all these perplexities she should do, while she dressed for dinner; and, at the same time, she felt her palpitation worse than usual, and knew Dr. Marjoribanks would smile his grim smile if she complained, so that her visit to Grange Lane, though Lucilla meant to take such care of her, was not altogether unmingled delight to Mrs. John.

But, nevertheless, Dr. Marjoribanks's dinner-table was always a cheerful sight, even when it was only a dinner-party of three; for then naturally they used the round table, and were as snug as possible. Lucilla wore her knot of green and violet ribbons on her white dress, to her aunt's great amazement, and the Doctor had all the air of a man who had been out in the world all day and returned in the evening with something to tell—which is a thing which gives great animation to a family party. Mrs. John Marjoribanks had been out of all that sort of thing for a long time. She had been living quite alone in a widowed forlorn way, and had half forgotten how pleasant it was to have somebody coming in with a breath of fresh air about him and the day's budget of news—and it had an animating effect upon her, even though she was not fond of her brother-in-law. Dr. Marjoribanks inquired about Tom in the most fatherly way, and what he was about, and how things were looking for him, and whether he intended to come home. "Much better not," the Doctor said,—"I should certainly advise him not, if he asked me. He has got over all the worst of it, and now is his time to do something worth while."

"Tom is not one to think merely of worldly advantages," said his mother, with a fine instinct of opposition which she could not restrain. "I don't think he would care to waste all the best part of his life making money. I'd rather see him come home and be happy, for my part, even if he were not so rich——"

"If all men were happy that came

home," said the Doctor, and then he gave a rather grim chuckle. "Somebody has come home that you did not reckon on, Lucilla. I am sorry to spoil sport; but I don't see how you are to get out of it. There is another address on the walls to-day besides that one of yours——"

"Oh, I hope there will be six addresses!" cried Miss Marjoribanks; "if we had it all our own way it would be no fun;—a Tory, and a Whig, and a—did you say Radical, aunt Jemima? And then, what is a Conservative?" asked Lucilla, though certainly she had a very much better notion of political matters than aunt Jemima had, to say the least.

"I wonder how you can encourage any poor man to go into Parliament," said Mrs. John; "so trying for the health as it must be, and an end to everything like domestic life. If it was my Tom I would almost rather he stayed in India. He looks strong, but there is never any confidence to be put in young men looking strong. Oh, I know you do not agree with me, Doctor; but I have had sad reason for my way of thinking," said the poor lady. As for the Doctor, he did not accept the challenge thus thrown to him. Tom Marjoribanks was not the foremost figure in the world in his eyes, as the absent wanderer was in that of his mother; and he had not yet unburdened himself of what he had to say.

"I am not saying anything in favour of going into Parliament," said the Doctor. "I'd sooner be a bargeman on the canal if it was me. I am only telling Lucilla what she has before her. I don't know when I have been more surprised. Of course you were not looking for *that*," said Dr. Marjoribanks. He had kept back until the things were taken off the table, for he had a benevolent disinclination to spoil anybody's dinner. Now, when all the serious part of the meal was over, he tossed the 'Carlingford Gazette' across the table, folded so as she could not miss what he wanted her to see. Lucilla took it up lightly between her finger and thumb; for the Carlingford papers were inky and badly printed, and soiled a lady's hand. She took it up delicately without either alarm or surprise, knowing very well that the Blues and the Yellows were not likely without a struggle to give up to the new standard, which was violet and green. But what she saw on that inky broadsheet overwhelmed in an instant Miss Marjoribanks's self-possession. She turned pale, though her complexion was, if possible, fresher than ever, and even shivered in her chair, though her nerves were so steady. Could it be a trick to thwart and startle her? or could it be true? She lifted her eyes to her father with a look of horror-stricken inquiry, but all that she met in return was a certain air of amusement and triumph, which struck her at the tenderest point. He was not sorry nor sympathetic, nor did he care at all for the sudden shock she had sustained. On the contrary, he was laughing within himself at the utterly unexpected complication. It was cruel, but it was salutary, and restored her self-command in a moment. She might have given way under kindness, but this look of satisfaction over her discomfiture brought Lucilla to herself.

"Yes, I thought you would be surprised," said Dr. Marjoribanks, dryly; and he took his first glass of claret with a slow relish and enjoyment, which roused every sentiment of self-respect and spark of temper existing in his daughter's mind. "If you had kept your own place it would not have mattered; but I don't see how you are to get out of it. You see young ladies should let these sort of things alone, Lucilla." This was all the feeling he showed for her in her unexpected dilemma. Miss Marjoribanks's heart gave one throb,

which made the green and violet ribbons jump and thrill; and then she came to herself, and recognised, as she had so often done before, that she had to fight her way by herself, and had nobody to look to. Such a thought is dreary enough sometimes, and there are minds that sink under it; but at other times it is like the touch of the mother earth which gave the giant back his strength, and Lucilla was of the latter class of intelligence. When she saw the triumph with which her embarrassment was received, and that she had no sympathy nor aid to look for, she recovered herself as if by magic. Let what would come in the way, nothing could alter her certainty that Mr. Ashburton was the man for Carlingford; and that determination not to be beaten, which is the soul of British valour, sprang up in an instant in Miss Marjoribanks's mind. There was not even the alternative of victory or Westminster Abbey for Lucilla. If she was ever to hold up her head again, or have any real respect for herself, she must win. All this passed through her head in the one bewildering moment, while her father's words were still making her ears tingle, and *that name*, printed in big inky letters, seemed to flutter in all the air round her. It was hard to believe the intelligence thus conveyed, and harder still to go on in the face of old friendships, and the traditions of her youth; but still duty was dearer than tradition, and it was now a necessity to fight the battle to the last, and at all risks to win.

"Thank you all the same, papa, for bringing me the paper," said Lucilla. "It would have been a great deal worse if I had not known of it before I saw him. I am sure I am very glad for one thing. He can't be married or dead, as people used to say. I am quite ashamed to keep you so long down-stairs, aunt Jemima, when I know you must be longing for a cup of tea—but it is somebody come back whom nobody expected. Tell him I shall be *so* glad to see him, papa—though I have no reason to be glad, for he was one of my *young* friends you know, and he is sure to think I have gone of." As she spoke, Lucilla turned aunt Jemima, to whom she had given her arm, quite round, that she might look into the great glass over the mantelpiece: "I don't think I *am* quite so much gone off as I expected to be," said Miss Marjoribanks, with candid impartiality; "though of course he will think me stouter—but it does not make any difference about Mr. Ashburton being the right man for Carlingford." She said the words with a certain solemnity, and turned Mrs. John, who was so much surprised as to be speechless, round again, and led her up-stairs. It was as if they were walking in a procession of those martyrs and renouncers of self, who build up the foundations of society; and it would not be too much to say that under her present circumstances, and in the excitement of this singular and unexpected event, such was the painful but sublime consciousness which animated Lucilla's breast.

As for Dr. Marjoribanks, his triumph was taken out of him by that spectacle. He closed the door after the ladies had gone, and came back to his easy-chair by the side of the fire, and could not but feel that he had had the worst of it. It was actually Mr. Cavendish who had come home, and whose address to the electors of Carlingford, dated from Dover on his return to England, the Doctor had just put into his daughter's hand. But, wonderful and unlooked-for as was the event, Lucilla, though taken unawares, had not given in, nor shown any signs of weakness. And the effect upon her father of her last utterance and confession was such that he took up the paper again and read both addresses, which were printed side by side. In

other days Mr. Cavendish had been the chosen candidate of Grange Lane; and the views which he expressed (and he expressed his views very freely) were precisely those of Dr. Marjoribanks. Yet when the Doctor turned to Mr. Ashburton's expression of his conviction that he was the right man for Carlingford, it cannot be denied that the force of that simple statement had a wonderful effect upon his mind—an effect all the greater, perhaps, in comparison with the political exposition made by the other unexpected candidate. The Doctor's meditations possibly took a slumbrous tone from the place and the moment at which he pursued them; for the fact was that the words he had just been hearing ran in his head all through the reading of the two addresses. Mr. Cavendish would think Lucilla had gone off; but yet she had not gone off so much as might have been expected, and Mr. Ashburton was the man for Carlingford. Dr. Marjoribanks laughed quietly by himself in his easy-chair, and then went back to Mr. Cavendish's opinions, and ended again, without knowing it, in a kind of odd incipient agreement with Lucilla. The new candidate was right in politics; but, after all, Mr. Ashburton was a more satisfactory sort of person. He was a man whom people knew everything about, and a descendant of old Penrhyn, and had the Firs and lived in it, and spent about so much money every year honestly in the face of the world. When a man conducts himself in this way, his neighbours can afford to be less exacting as to his political opinions. This comparison went on in the Doctor's thoughts until the distinction between the two grew confused and faint in that ruddy and genial glow of firelight and lamplight and personal wellbeing which is apt to engross a man's mind after he has come in out of the air, as people say, and has eaten a good dinner, and feels himself comfortable; and at last all that remained in Dr. Marjoribanks's mind was that Mr. Cavendish would think Lucilla had gone off, though she had not gone off nearly so much as might have been expected; at which he laughed with an odd sound, which roused him, and might have induced some people to think he had been sleeping, if, indeed, anybody had been near to hear.

But this news was naturally much more serious to Miss Marjoribanks when she got up-stairs, and had time to think of it. She would not have been human if she had heard without emotion of the return of the man whom she had once dreamed of as member for Carlingford, with the addition of other dreams which had not been altogether without their sweetness. He had returned now and then for a few days, but Lucilla knew that he had never held up his head in Grange Lane since the day when she advised him to marry Barbara Lake. And now when he had bethought himself of his old ambition, had he possibly bethought himself of other hopes as well? And the horrible thing was, that she had pledged herself to another, and put her seal upon it that Mr. Ashburton was the man for Carlingford! It may be supposed that, with such a complication in her mind, Miss Marjoribanks was very little capable of supporting aunt Jemima's questions as to what it was about, and who was Mr. Cavendish, and why was his return of consequence to Lucilla? Mrs. John was considerably alarmed and startled, and began to think in earnest that Tom was fond of his cousin, and would never forgive his mother for letting Lucilla perhaps marry some one else, and settle down before her very eyes.

"If it is a very particular friend, I can understand it," Mrs. John said, with a little asperity; but that was after she had made a great many attempts, which were only partially successful, to find it all out.

"Dear aunt Jemima," said Lucilla, "we are all particular friends

in Carlingford—society is so limited, you know;—and Mr. Cavendish has been a very long time away. He used to be of such use to me, and I am so fond of him," Miss Marjoribanks said, with a sigh; and it may be supposed that Mrs. John's curiosity was not lessened by such a response.

"If you are engaged to any one, Lucilla, I must say I think I ought to have been told," said Tom's mother, with natural indignation. "Though I ought not to blame *you* for it, perhaps. It is a sad thing when a girl is deprived of a mother's care; but still I am your nearest relation——"

"My dear aunt, it is something about the election," said Miss Marjoribanks. "How could I be engaged to a man who has been away ten years?"

"Tom has been away ten years," said Mrs. John, impetuously; and then she blushed, though she was past the age of blushing, and made haste to cover her imprudence. "I don't see what you can have to do with the election," she said, with suspicion, but some justice; "and I don't feel, Lucilla, as if you were telling me all."

"I have the favours to make, aunt Jemima," said Lucilla—"green and violet. You used to be so clever at making bows, and I hope you will help me; papa, you know, will have to be on Mr. Ashburton's committee," Miss Marjoribanks added; and then, in spite of herself, a sigh of doubt and anxiety escaped her bosom. It was easy to say that "papa would be on Mr. Ashburtons' committee, you know," but nobody had known that Mr. Cavendish was coming to drive everything topsy-turvy; and Lucilla, though she professed to know only who was the man for Carlingford, had at the same time sufficient political information to be aware that the sentiments propounded in Mr. Cavendish's address were also Dr. Marjoribanks's sentiments; and she did not know the tricks which some green and violet spirit in the dining-room was playing with the Doctor's fancy. Perhaps it might turn out to be Mr. Cavendish's committee which her father would be on; and after she had pledged herself that the other was the man for Carlingford? Lucilla felt that she could not be disloyal and go back from her word, neither could she forget the intimation which had so plainly indicated to her that Mr. Ashburton was the man; and yet, at the same time, she could not but sigh as she thought of Mr. Cavendish. Perhaps he had grown coarse, as men do at that age, just as Lucilla herself was conscious that he would find her stouter. Perhaps he had ceased to flirt, or be of any particular use of an evening; possibly even he might have forgotten Miss Marjoribanks—but naturally that was a thing that seemed unlikely to Lucilla. If he had but come a little earlier, or for ever stayed away! But while all these thoughts were going through her mind her fingers were still busy with the violet and green cockades which aunt Jemima, after making sure that Mr. Ashburton was not a Radical, had begun to help her with. And they sat and talked about Mrs. John's breathing, which was so bad, and about her headaches, while Lucilla by snatches discussed the situation in her mind. Perhaps, on the whole, embarrassment and perplexity are a kind of natural accompaniment to life and movement; and it is better to be driven out of your senses with thinking which of two things you ought to do than to do nothing whatever, and be utterly uninteresting to all the world. This at least was how Lucilla reasoned to herself in her dilemma; and while she reasoned she used up yard upon yard of her green ribbon (for naturally the violet bore but a small proportion to the green). Whatever she might have to do or to suffer—however her thoughts might be disturbed or her heart distracted—it is unnecessary to add that it was impossible to Lucilla either to betray or to yield.

CHAPTER XI.

It was a very good thing for Lucilla that Mrs. John was so much of an invalid, notwithstanding that the Doctor made little of her complaints. All that Dr. Marjoribanks said was—with that remnant of Scotch which was often perceptible in his speech—that her illnesses were a fine thing to occupy her, and he did not know what she would do without them—a manner of speaking which naturally lessened his daughter's anxiety, though her sympathetic care and solicitude were undiminished. And no doubt, when she had been once assured that there was nothing dangerous in her aunt's case, it was a relief to Miss Marjoribanks at the present juncture that Mrs. John got up late and always breakfasted in her own room. Lucilla went into that sanctuary after she had given her father his breakfast, and heard all about the palpitation and the bad night aunt Jemima had passed; and then when she had consoled her suffering relative by the reflection that one never sleeps well the first night or two, Miss Marjoribanks was at liberty to go forth and attend a little to her own affairs, which stood so much in need of being attended to. She had had no further talk with the Doctor on the subject, but she had read over Mr. Cavendish's address, and could not help seeing that it went dead against her candidate; neither could Lucilla remain altogether unaffected by the expression of feeling in respect to "a place in which I have spent so many pleasant years, and which has so many claims on my affections," and the touching haste with which the exile had rushed back as soon as he heard of the old member's death. If it touched Miss Marjoribanks, who was already pledged to support another interest, what might it not do to the gentlemen in Grange Lane who were not pledged, and who had a friendship for Mr. Cavendish? This was the alarming thought that had disturbed her sleep all night, and returned to her mind with her first awakening; and when she had really her time to herself, and the fresh morning hours before her, Lucilla began, as everybody ought to do, by going to the very root and foundation, and asking herself what, beyond all secondary considerations, it was *right* to do. To change from one side to the other and go back from her word was a thing abhorrent to her; but still Miss Marjoribanks was aware that there are certain circumstances in which honesty and truth themselves demand what in most cases is considered an untruthful and dishonest proceeding. In order to come to a right decision, and with a sense of the duty she owed to her country which would have shamed half the electors in England, not to say Carlingford, Lucilla, who naturally had no vote, read the two addresses of the two candidates, and addressed herself candidly and impartially to the rights of the subject. Mr. Cavendish was disposed, as we have said, to be pathetic and sentimental, and to speak of the claims the borough had upon his affections, and the eagerness with which he had rushed home at the earliest possible moment to present himself to them. If poor old Mr. Chiltern had been King Bomba, or a gloomy Oriental tyrant, keeping all possible reformers and successors banished from his dominions, the new candidate could not have spoken with more pathos. It was a sort of thing which tells among the imaginative part of the community, or so, at least, most people think; and Miss Marjoribanks was moved by it for the first moment; but then her enlightened mind asserted its rights. She said to herself that Mr. Cavendish might have come home at any hour, by any steamboat; that Calais and

Boulogne, and even Dieppe, were as open to him as if he had been an actual refugee, and that consequently there was nothing particular to be pathetic about. And then, if the town had such claims on his affections, why had he stayed so long away? These two rationalistic questions dispersed the first *attendrissement* which had begun to steal over Lucilla's mind. When she came to this conclusion, her difficulties began to clear. She had no reason to go back from her engagements and reject that intimation which had so impressed it on her, that Mr. Ashburton was the man. It was a sacrifice which ancient truth and friendship did not demand, for verity was not in the document she had just been reading, and that appeal to sentiment was nothing more than what is generally called humbug. "He might have been living here all the time," Lucilla said to herself; "he might have had much stronger claims upon our affections; if he had wanted, he might have come back ages ago, and not let people struggle on alone." When this view of the subject occurred to her, Lucilla felt more indignation than sympathy. And then, as Dr. Marjoribanks had done, she turned to the calm utterance of her own candidate—the man who was the only man for Carlingford—and that sweet sense of having given sound counsel, and of having at last met with some one capable of carrying it out, which makes up for so many failures, came like balm to Lucilla's bosom. There was nothing more necessary; the commotion in her mind calmed down, and the tranquillity of undisturbed conviction came in its place. And it was with this sense of certainty that she put on her bonnet and issued forth, though it snowed a little, and was a very wintry day, on Mr. Ashburton's behalf, to try her fortune in Grange Lane.

She went to Mrs. Chiley's, who was now very old, poor old lady! and feeble, and did not like to leave her sofa. Not but what she could leave the sofa, she said to her friends, but at that time of the year, and at her time of life, it was comfortable. The sofa was wheeled to the side of the fire, and Mrs. Chiley reclined upon it, covered with knitted rugs of the brightest colours, which her young friends all worked for her. The last one arrived was what used to be called an Affghanistan blanket, done in stripes of all sorts of pretty tints, which was a present from Mrs. Beverley. "Her work, she says, Lucilla," said the old lady; "but we know what sort of soft dawdling woman she is, and it must have been the Archdeacon's nieces, you know." But still it had the place of honour at present, covering Mrs. Chiley's feet, and affording something to talk about when any one came in. And by her side was a little table, upon which stood one China rose, in a glass of water—a pale rose, almost as pale as her soft old cheeks, and chilled like them by the approaching frost. And the fire burned with an officious cheerfulness at her elbow, as if it thought nothing of such accidental circumstances as winter and old age. To be sure this was a reflection which never came into Mrs. Chiley's head, who was, on the contrary, very thankful for the fire, and said it was like a companion. "And I often think, my dear, how do the poor people get on, especially if they are old and sick, that have no fires to keep them cheerful in this dreadful weather," the kind old lady would say. She did say so now when Lucilla came in, glowing with cold and her rapid walk, and with a flake or two of snow slowly melting on her sealskin cloak. Perhaps it was not a sentiment the Colonel agreed with, for he gave a humph and a little hoist of his shoulders as if in protest, being himself a good deal limited in his movements and not liking to own it, by the wintry torpor within his big old

frame, and the wintry weather outside.

"Come and tell us all the news, Lucilla, my darling," Mrs. Chiley said, as she drew down her young friend's glowing face to her own, and gave her one of her lingering kisses; "I felt sure you would come and tell us everything. I said it would not be like Lucilla if she didn't. We know nothing but *the fact*, you know—not another word. Make haste and tell us everything, my dear."

"But I don't know anything," said Miss Marjoribanks. "Of course you mean about Mr. Cavendish. I saw it in the papers, like everybody else, but I don't know anything more."

And then Mrs. Chiley's countenance fell. She was not very strong, poor old lady, and she could have cried, as she said afterwards. "Ah, well, I suppose there is not time," she said after a little pause; "I suppose he has not got here from Dover yet—one always forgets the distance. I calculated it all over last night, and I thought he would get home by the eleven train; but these trains are never to be calculated upon, you know, my dear. I *am* a little disappointed, Lucilla. Poor dear! to think how he must have rushed home the first moment—I could have cried when I read that address."

"I don't see why any one should cry," said Lucilla. "I think he makes a great deal too much of that; he might have come ever so many years ago if he had liked. Poor Mr. Chiltern did not banish him; poor old man!—he might have been here for years."

Upon which the Colonel himself drew a little nearer, and poked the fire. "I am glad to see you are so sensible, Lucilla," he said. "It's the first rational word I have heard on the subject. *She* thinks he's a kind of saint and martyr; a silly young fellow that runs off among a set of Frenchmen because he can't get everything his own way—and then he expects that we are all to go into transports of joy, and give him our votes," Colonel Chiley added, smashing a great piece of coal with the poker, with a blow full of energy, yet showing a slight unsteadiness in it, which sent a host of blazing splinters into the hearth. He was a man who wore very well, but he was not so steady as he once was, and nowadays was apt, by some tremulous movement, to neutralise the strength which he had left.

Mrs. Chiley, for her part, was apt to be made very nervous by her husband's proceedings. She was possessed by a terror that the splinters some day would jump out of the hearth on to the carpet, and fly into the corners, "and perhaps burn us all up in our beds," as she said. She gave a little start among her cushions, and stooped down to look over the floor. "He will never learn that he is old," she said in Lucilla's ear, who instantly came to her side to see what she wanted; and thus the two old people kept watch upon each other, and noted, with a curious mixture of vexation and sympathy, each other's declining strength.

"For my part, I would give him all my votes, if I had a hundred," said Mrs. Chiley, "and so will you, too, when you hear the rights of it. Lucilla, my dear, tell him—I hope *you* are not going to forsake old friends."

"No," said Miss Marjoribanks—but she spoke with a gravity and hesitation which did not fail to reach Mrs. Chiley's ear—"I hope I shall never desert my old friends; but I think all the same that it is Mr. Ashburton who is the right man for Carlingford," she said, slowly. She said it with reluctance, for she knew it would shock her audience, but, at the same time, she did not shrink from her duty; and the moment had now arrived when Lucilla felt concealment was impossible, and that the truth must be said.

As for Mrs. Chiley, she was so distressed that the tears came to her eyes; and even the Colonel laughed, and did not understand it. Colonel Chiley, though he was by no means as yet on Mr. Cavendish's side, was not any more capable than his neighbours of understanding Miss Marjoribanks's single-minded devotion to what was just and right; and why she should transfer her support to Ashburton, who was not a ladies' man, nor, in the Colonel's opinion, a marrying man, nor anything at all attractive, now that the other had come back romantic and repentant to throw his honours at her feet, was beyond his power of explanation. He contented himself with saying "humph;" but his wife was not so easily satisfied. She took Lucilla by the hand and poured forth a flood of remonstrances and prayers.

"I do not understand you, Lucilla," said Mrs. Chiley. "He whom we know so little about—whom, I am sure, you have no reason to care for. And where could you find anybody nicer than Mr. Cavendish?—and he to have such faith in us, and to come rushing back as soon as he was able. I am sure you have not taken everything into consideration, Lucilla. He might not perhaps do exactly as could have been wished before he went away; but he was young, and he was led astray; and I do think you were a little hard upon him, my dear; but I have always said I never knew anybody nicer than Mr. Cavendish. And what possible reason you can have to care about that other man——"

"It was like a special Intimation," said Lucilla, with solemnity. "I don't see how I could neglect it, for my part. The day the news came about poor old Mr. Chiltern's death I was out, you know, and heard it; and just at one spot upon the pavement, opposite Mr. Holden's, it came into my mind like a flash of lightning that Mr. Ashburton was the man. I don't care in the least for him, and I had not been thinking of him, or anything. It came into my head all in a moment. If I had been very intimate with poor dear old Mr. Chiltern, or if I believed in spirit-rapping, I should think it was a message from *him*."

Lucilla spoke with great gravity, but she did not impress her audience, who were people of sceptical minds. Mrs. Chiley, for her part, was almost angry, and could scarcely forgive Lucilla for having made her give grave attention to such a piece of nonsense. "If it *had* been him," she said, with some wrath, "I don't see how having been dead for a few hours would make his advice worth having. It never was good for anything when he was alive. And you don't believe in spirit-rapping, I *hope*. I wonder how you can talk such nonsense," the old lady said severely. And Colonel Chiley, who had been a little curious too, laughed and coughed over the joke; for the two old people were of the old school, and of a very unbelieving frame of mind.

"I knew you would laugh," said Miss Marjoribanks, "but I cannot help it. If it had been impressed upon *your* mind like that, you would have been different. And, of course, I like Mr. Cavendish much the best. I am so glad I have no vote," said Lucilla; "it does not matter to anybody what I think; but if I had anything to do with it, you know I could not stand up for Mr. Cavendish, even though I am fond of him, when I felt sure that Mr. Ashburton is the man for Carlingford—nobody could ask me to do that."

There followed a pause upon this declaration; for Miss Marjoribanks, though she had no vote, was a person of undoubted influence, and such a conviction on her part was not to be laughed at. Even Colonel Chiley, who was undecided in his own mind, was moved by it a little. "What does the Doctor think?" he asked. "Ashburton

doesn't say a word about his principles that I can see; and the other, you know——"

"Dear Colonel Chiley," cried Lucilla, "he is not going to be Prime Minister; and I have always heard you say, as long as I can remember, that it was not opinions, you know, but a good *man* that people wanted. I have heard people talking politics for hours, and I always remember you saying that, and thinking it was the only *sense;* but of course, I don't understand politics," Lucilla added, with humility. As for the Colonel, he took up the poker, perhaps to hide a little pleasant confusion, and again drew near the fire.

"By George! I believe Lucilla is in the right," he said, with a certain agreeable consciousness. Perhaps he did not quite recollect at what moment of his life he had originated that sentiment, but he thought he could recollect having said it; and it was with the view of carrying off the bashfulness of genius, and not because the coals had any need of it, that he took up the poker—a proceeding which was always regarded with alarm and suspicion by his wife.

"The fire is very nice," said Mrs. Chiley. "I hate to have the fire poked when it does not want it. Lucilla, if you make him go over to that Mr. Ashburton's side, you will have a great deal to answer for, and I will never forgive you. My dear, you must be dreaming—a man that is as dry as a stick, and not one-hundredth nor one-thousandth part so nice——"

"I shan't say another word," said Lucilla; "I shan't stay any longer, for I can't help it, and you would be angry with me. People can't help what they believe, you know. There is poor little Oswald Brown, who has doubts, and can't go into the Church, and will ruin all his prospects, and nobody can help it——"

"If I were his mother, I shou'd help it," cried Mrs. Chiley. "I promise you he should not talk of his doubts to me. A bit of a lad; and what is good enough for all the bishops, and everybody in their senses, is not good enough for him! If that is the kind of example you are going to follow, Lucilla——"

"Dear Mrs. Chiley," said Miss Marjoribanks, "everybody knows what my Church principles are; and perhaps you will come round to think with me; but I am not going to say any more about it now. I am so glad your rheumatism is better this morning; but you must wrap up well, for it is so cold, oh, so cold, out of doors!"

When Lucilla had thus dismissed the subject, she came to her old friend's side and bent over her in her sealskin cloak, to say good-bye. Mrs. Chiley took her by both hands as she thus stood with her back to the old Colonel, and drew her down close, and looked searchingly into her eyes. "If you have any *particular* reason, Lucilla, you ought to tell me—that would make such a difference," said the old lady. "I always tell you everything," said Miss Marjoribanks with evasive fondness, as she kissed the soft old withered cheek; and naturally, with the Colonel behind, who was standing up before the fire shadowing over them both, and quite unaware of this little whispered episode, it would have been impossible to say more had there been ever so much to say. But it had been a close encounter in its way, and Lucilla was rather glad to get off without any further damage. She did not feel quite successful as she went out: but still she had left a very wholesome commotion behind her; for Colonel Chiley could not but feel that the sentiment which she had quoted from himself was a very just sentiment. "By George! Lucilla was in the right of it," he said again, after she was gone; and in fact went through a process very similar to that which had modified the sentiments of Dr. Marjoribanks on the previous night.

Mr. Cavendish was a young fellow who had rushed off among a set of Frenchmen, because Lucilla Marjoribanks would not have him, or because he could not marry Barbara Lake in addition, or at least somehow because he failed of having his own way. It was all very well for him to come back and make a commotion, and be sentimental about it. But what if, after all, Ashburton, who had the Firs, and lived there, and spent his money like a Christian, was the man for Carlingford? The Colonel's mind still wavered and veered about; yet it had received an impulse which was by no means unworthy of consideration. As for Mrs. Chiley, she laid back her head upon her pillows and painfully questioned with herself whether Lucilla could have any *particular* reason for taking Mr. Ashburton's part so warmly. She thought with justice that Miss Marjoribanks was looking brighter and better, and had more of her old animation than she had shown for a long time—which arose from the simple fact that she had something in hand, though the old lady thought it might have a more touching and delicate motive. If *that* was the case, it would make a great difference. Mrs. Chiley was no longer able to go out in the evening, and had to be dependent on other people's observation for a knowledge of what happened—and she was wounded by a sense that her young friend had not been appreciated as her worth deserved. If Mr. Ashburton had the sense to see what was for his own advantage, it would be a frightful thing, as Mrs. Chiley said to herself, if Lucilla's friends should fly in his face. And though it was a hard trial to give up Mr. Cavendish, still if anything of the kind had happened—— Thus it will be evident that Lucilla's visit, though it was not a long one, nor the least in the world an argumentative visit, was not without its fruit.

She went up Grange Lane again cheerful and warm in her sealskin coat. It was a thing that suited her remarkably well, and corresponded with her character, and everybody knows how comfortable they are. The snow-flakes fell softly, one at a time, and melted away to nothing upon her sleeves and her shoulders without leaving any trace, and Lucilla, with the chill air blowing in her face, and those feathery messengers in the air, could not but feel that her walk and the general readiness which she felt to face all kinds of objections and difficulties, and to make a sacrifice of her own feelings, had in them a certain magnanimous and heroic element. For after all she had no *particular* reason, as Mrs. Chiley said. Mr. Ashburton was a dry man, and of very little use in a social point of view, and had never paid her any attention to speak of, nor at all put himself forth as a candidate for her favour. If he had done so, she would not have felt that thrill of utter disinterestedness which kept her as warm within as her sealskin did without. There was not a soul to be seen in Grange Lane at that moment in the snow, which came on faster and faster, but one of Mr. Wentworth's (who at that time was new in St. Roque's) grey sisters, and another lady who was coming down, as quickly as Lucilla was going up, by the long line of garden walls. The gentlemen were either at business or at their club, or keeping themselves snug indoors; and it was only those devoted women who braved the elements outside. The figure in the grey cloak was occupied simply with the poor people, and that is not our present business; but the other two were otherwise inspired. Mr. Cavendish, who had lately arrived, had not been able to make up his mind to face the weather; but his sister was of a different way of thinking. She was not of half the capacity of Lucilla, but still she felt that something ought to be done, and that there was not a moment to be lost. When she saw it was Miss Marjori-

banks that was advancing to meet her, a momentary chill came over Mrs. Woodburn. She was thinking so much of her own errand that she could not but jump at the idea that nothing less important could have induced Lucilla to be out of doors on such a day; and her heart beat loud as the two drew near each other. Was it an unexpected and generous auxiliary, or was it a foe accomplished and formidable? For one thing, she was not coming out of Mr. Centum's, where Mrs. Woodburn herself was going, which at least was a relief. As they came nearer the two ladies instinctively looked to their weapons. They had met already in many a little passage of arms, but nothing like this had ever occurred to them before. If they were to work in union, Mrs. Woodburn felt that they would carry all before them; and if not, then it must be a struggle unto the death.

"Is it really you, Lucilla?" she said; "I could not believe my eyes. What can have brought you out of doors on such a day? You that have everything your own way, and no call to exert yourself——"

"I have been to see Mrs. Chiley," said Lucilla, sweetly; "when the weather is bad she sees nobody, and she is always so pleased to have me. Her rheumatism is not so bad, thank you—though I am sure if this weather should last——"

"You would see Mrs. Beverley's blanket," said Mrs. Woodburn, who was a little nervous, though perhaps that might only be the cold; "but we know what sort of woman she is, and it must have been the Archdeacon's nieces, my dear. Do turn back with me a moment, Lucilla; or I shall go with you. I want to speak to you. Of course you have heard of Harry's coming home?"

"I saw it in the papers," said Miss Marjoribanks, whose perfect serenity offered a curious contrast to her companion's agitation. "I am sure I shall be very glad to see him again. I hope he will come to dinner on Thursday as he used to do. It will be quite nice to see him in his old place."

"Yes," said Mrs. Woodburn; "but that was not what I was thinking of. You know you used always to say he ought to be in Parliament; and he has always kept thinking of it since he went away—and thinking, I am sure, that it would please you," said the poor woman, faltering; for Lucilla listened with a smile that was quite unresponsive, and did not change countenance in the least, even at this tender suggestion. "He has come home with that object now, you know, now that poor old Mr. Chiltern is dead; and I hope you are going to help us, Lucilla," said Mrs. Woodburn. Her voice quite vibrated with agitation as she made this hurried, perhaps injudicious, appeal, thinking within herself at the same moment what would Harry say if he knew that she was thus committing him. As for Lucilla, she received it all with the same tranquillity as if she expected it, and was quite prepared for everything that her assailant had to say.

"I am sure I wish I had a vote," said Lucilla; "but I have no vote, and what can a girl do? I am so sorry I don't understand about politics. If we were going in for that sort of thing, I don't know what there would be left for the gentlemen to do."

"You have influence, which is a great deal better than a vote," said Mrs. Woodburn; "and they all say there is nobody like a lady for electioneering—and a young lady above all; and then you know Harry so well, and can always draw him out to the best advantage. I never thought he looked so nice, or showed his talents so much, as when he was with you," said the eager advocate. She was only wrapped in a shawl herself, and when she looked at Lucilla's sealskin coat, and saw how rosy and comfortable she looked, and how serene and immovable, poor Mrs. Woodburn was struck with a pang of envy. I

Miss Marjoribanks had married ten years ago, it might have been she now who would have had to stand trembling with anxiety and eagerness among the falling snow, knowing sundry reasons why Mr. Cavendish should be disposed to go into Parliament more substantial than that of gratifying a young lady, and feeling how much depended on her ability to secure support for him. This, as it happened, had fallen to his sister's share instead, and Lucilla stood opposite to her looking at her, attentive and polite, and unresponsive. If Harry had only not been such a fool ten years ago! for Mrs. Woodburn began to think now with aunt Jemima, that Lucilla did not marry because she was too comfortable, and, without any of the bother, could have everything her own way.

"It is so cold," said Miss Marjoribanks, "and I do think it is coming on to snow very fast. I don't think it is good to stand talking. Do come in to lunch, and then we can have a long chat; for I am sure nobody else will venture out to-day."

"I wish I could come," said Mrs. Woodburn, "but I have to go down to Mary Centum's, and hear all about her last new housemaid, you know. I don't know what servants are made of for my part. They will go out in their caps and talk to the young men, you know, in a night that is enough to give any one their death," the mimic added, with a feeble exercise of her gift which it was sad to see. "But Harry will be sure to come to call the first time he goes out, and you *will* not forget what I have said to you, Lucilla?" and with this Mrs. Woodburn took her young friend's hand and looked in her face with a pathetic emphasis which it would be impossible to describe.

"Oh no, certainly not," said Miss Marjoribanks, with cheerful certainty; and then they kissed each other in the midst of the falling snow. Mrs. Woodburn's face was cold, but Lucilla's cheek was warm and blooming as only a clear conscience and a sealskin cloak could have made it; and then they went their several ways through the wintry solitude. Ah, if Harry had only not been such a fool ten years ago! Mrs. Woodburn was not an enthusiastic young wife, but knew very well that marriage had its drawbacks, and had come to an age at which she could appreciate the comfort of having her own way without any of the bother. She gave a furtive glance after Lucilla, and could not but acknowledge to herself that it would be very foolish of Miss Marjoribanks to marry, and forfeit all her advantages, and take somebody else's anxieties upon her shoulders, and never have any money except what she asked from her husband. Mrs. Chiley, to be sure, who was more experienced than Mrs. Woodburn, and might have been her grandmother, took a different view of the subject; but this was what the middle-aged married woman felt, who had, as may be said, two men to carry on her shoulders, as she went anxiously down Grange Lane to conciliate Mrs. Centum, wrapping her shawl about her, and feeling the light snow melt beneath her feet, and the cold and discomfort go to her heart. She had her husband to keep in good humour, and her brother to keep up and keep to the mark, and to do what she could to remedy in public the effects of his indolent Continental habits, and carry, if it was possible, the election for him—all with the horrid sense upon her mind that if at any time the dinner should be a little less cared for than usual, or the children more noisy, Woodburn would go on like a savage. Under such circumstances, the poor woman, amid her cares, may be excused if she looked back a little wistfully at Lucilla going home all comfortable and independent and light-hearted, with no cares, nor anybody to go on at her, in her sealskin coat.

This was how Lucilla commenced that effective but decorous advocacy which did Mr. Ashburton so

him. What misery have I not seen a horse suffer, and what imputations on his temper have I not heard pronounced, because his bit had got beneath his tongue, or a nail in the pad of his saddle punctured his back?

I have seen a horse lie down and roll over to rid himself of the torture of a tight girth; and many a horse has been made a rearer by a coarse bad hand and a hasty temper. Nothing, however, more palpably displays the popular ignorance about the horse than the descriptions we read in our novels of horses and horsemanship. It would seem as if the writers not merely never rode themselves, but never had a friend or acquaintance who did ride.

People are fond of citing the old maid's husband as the type of all that is wildly imaginary and unreal; for my own part, I think I know of another type far nearer to everything that is out of nature. It is the horse that we find in Fiction!

Of all the creatures maligned, ridiculed, and calumniated of men, I do not believe that there exists anything to compare with this unlucky animal. His mad freaks, his wild exploits, his recklessness, his fury, his ungovernable passion, are stock themes, though, to be sure, they are occasionally balanced by his fidelity, his fondness, his love, and his sagacity. He is made to do the most harebrained of actions at one time, and at another he is represented as calculating the cost of an exploit with the skill of an actuary and the craft of an Old Bailey lawyer. He can go for days and nights unceasingly, and at full speed, and never evinces weariness till the last moment, when he drops down suddenly dead. He has that general acquaintance with the characters of the tale, that he is able to show his sympathy with the heroine, and his detestation of the wretch that persecutes her. If he never wants food, he is always ready to accept the most incongruous rations from the hands of his master or mistress; and by his general state of preparedness, he suggests a secret suspicion in the reader's mind, that he knows how to saddle and bridle, and even shoe himself. Whyte Melville certainly understands a horse, and writes of him like a man who does so. Equally, too, Mr. Surtees, the author of 'Soapy Sponge,' and other works of that order; he hits off the salient points of each particular style of horse in a way that no mere conventional knowledge could supply. You see that the man has ridden; but the majority of fiction-writers display the sort of ignorance that would set a group of stable-boys in a convulsion of laughter. The fact is, the author is not usually a horseman, or rather the horseman is not usually a writer. Your man of letters may bestride his stout fourteen-hand cob, and jog over the Downs at Brighton, or perhaps may steal along Rotten Row on a daisycutting canterer with a good character not to "shy;" but to mount a strong-boned, square-jointed three-quarter bred, with a light head and a powerful quarter, fully equal to fourteen stone, and fast in any country, and do him credit over a five-and-forty minutes "fast thing," you'll not hear of him at the Garrick, take my word for it. You'll find some gardeners, a stray cricketer, now and then a very tolerable boating man, amongst the writers: but there is a combination of qualities in the rider—I mean here the real horseman—not akin to the daily life and habits of the penman. Let no one quote Byron to me—he was a downright bad rider; he rode mere hacks, highly trained, and he rode them without judgment, and ill. Scott sauntered about on a Highland pony and never pretended to ride. I forbear to talk of my contemporaries; but what a list of incapables could I give if I only threw off my reserve!

To find such a book as that whose title I have placed at the head of this paper is really a boon. It is the work of a man who knows his subject and likes it. He tells us, in his few words of preface, that it was from the frequent occasion he was called upon to answer questions and give advice to his friends on horse matters he was induced to commit himself to print. It is not often that the insistance of a man's acquaintance results so profitably for the public. In the present case, we have every reason to be thankful for the persecution. It is all that such a book should be—brief, intelligible, replete with sound sense, and a thorough understanding of what it treats.

His few words of counsel to buyers are excellent. But so long as the code of horse-selling honour is built upon the maxim of *caveat emptor* in every animal of price, no man should think of relying on his own judgment, for not merely are the diseases of the horse very numerous, but the ingenious devices to mask and conceal them are just as many; and "shoving off a screw," as it is jocularly called, seems such a venial offence, that there are many would do it with their best friends. In some regiments there is occasionally an understanding against this — in others I have known a free-trade in such rogueries encouraged. I remember poor old A. of the Queen's Bays, on a memorable election riot in Dublin, when the mob lighted large fires across College Green to arrest the advance of cavalry. A. alone dashed through the blaze in full swing of his gallop, while the whole leading file turned and bolted. "Splendidly done!" cried the Major. "What will you take for that horse? I never saw a horse face fire like him."—"A hundred and fifty, Major," was the answer. "It took five years before I brought him to that." The bargain was made, and the secret of the five years' training only discovered in the morning—the horse was stone blind!

As to blindness, there are various diseases of the eye most difficult of detection—some, amaurosis for instance, not at all discoverable by any examination of the organ.

There is, too, an affection of the sight which renders the horse timid with respect to shadows on the ground, and which has no organic change in the eye by which it can be detected. The Germans call this "Bodhensheu." This curious affection belongs to certain breeds, especially Hungarian and Polish horses.

It is not a little singular how particular breeds of horses perpetuate certain defects—as we find, for instance, the Australian a buck-jumper, and the Mustang a roarer; and the Sardinian, which has an Arab cross, an irreclaimable biter. The Roman horse, too, except when ill, very rarely lies down; and, notwithstanding, it is most uncommon to find him puffed about the legs, or what is called "gummy."

There are in the little volume before us some useful hints about saddling:—

"A saddle should be made to fit the horse for which it is intended, and requires as much variation in shape, especially in the stuffing, as there is variety in the shapes of horses' backs. An animal may be fairly shaped in the back, and yet a saddle that fits another horse will always go out on this one's withers. The saddle having been made to fit your horse, let it be placed gently upon him, and shifted till its proper berth be found. When in its right place, the action of the upper part of the shoulder-blade should be quite free from any confinement or pressure by what saddlers call the 'gullet' of the saddle under the pommel when the animal is in motion. It stands to reason that any interference with the action of the shoulder-blade must, after a time, indirectly if not directly, cause a horse to falter in his movement.

"*Girths.*—When girthing a horse, which is always done upon the near or left-hand side, the girth should be first drawn tightly towards you under the belly of the horse, so as to bring the saddle *rather* to the off side on the back

of the beast. This is seldom done by grooms; and though a gentleman is not supposed to girth his horse, information on this as well as on other points may happen to be of essential service to him; for the consequence of the attendant's usual method is, that when the girths are tightened up, the saddle, instead of being in the centre of the horse's back, is inclined to the near or left-hand side, to which it is still farther drawn by the act of mounting, so that when a man has mounted he fancies that one stirrup is longer than the other—the near side stirrup invariably the longest. To remedy this he forces down his foot in the right stirrup, which brings the saddle to the centre of the animal's back.

"All this would be obviated by care being taken, in the process of girthing, to place the left hand on the middle of the saddle, drawing the first or under girth with the right hand till the girth-holder reaches the buckle, the left hand being then disengaged to assist in bracing up the girth. The outer girth must go through the same process, being drawn under the belly of the horse from the off side tightly before it is attached to the girth-holder.

"With ladies' saddles most particular attention should be paid to the girthing."

The author is perfectly right in his remark about the English habit of putting the saddle too far forward, a blunder which even our cavalry regiments occasionally commit. Such of our officers as have seen an Austrian cavalry regiment, or a Hungarian hussar regiment, will not have failed to be struck by the perfection of saddling displayed, not merely in the position of the saddle on the exact centre of motion of the animal, but in the admirable precaution adopted against sore backs. The Hungarian tress'e leaves the spine so free that you could pass a cane between the saddle and the horse's back. I remember the arrival of a regiment, four thousand strong, in the Vorarlberg, with seven sore backs only, after eight days' marching. Our hussars in the Crimea were at one time almost disabled from this one cause.

Our author says, to make your horse change his foot in a canter, turn him as if to circle towards that side to which you require the foot to lead, he will use the foot forward that you wish, to support himself in turning. This is quite correct, but it is not the usual English doctrine. Most people in starting to canter press the near side rein to turn the horse's "counter" to that side, and compel him to strike out "off-leg." The Bauchet system is directly opposed to this, and insists that the rein should be drawn on the side the rider wishes the leg to be advanced. Certainly in this way the horse's action is more true, because he goes perfectly straight.

It might be wished that one so conversant with his subject had referred occasionally to Bauchet; especially when speaking of the advantages of the dumb jockey. In all that relates to arching the neck, and giving pliancy to the muscles about the throat, "the flexions," as practised by Bauchet, are a vast improvement over the coarser methods of our English trainers. I do not agree in what our author says about one being always able to "sit a kicker." I have had two in my life which I can pronounce to be strong exceptions to his rule. One was a racing mare—Pauline—who ran well for the Corinthian's, when the property, I believe, of Lord Howth; she could kick anything off her back that ever mounted her. I saw her throw herself, in Clarendon's Riding School, Dublin, with the dumb jockey, so complete a summerset that the central rod of the dumb jockey entered the ground up to the very pad, and held her there as it were impaled; and yet even this failed to cure her.

Dyer told me that he had sold her upwards of thirty times by auction. She was a great beauty, with fine action, and it was hard to believe on seeing her that she was unridable. I tried, like many others, and made a most "indigue" ending.

My other kicker was a powerful

thoroughbred of grand and showy action; his plan was to plant his fore legs firm under him, *not in front*, hog his back, and kick till his croup would actually strike the rider. You might hold his head how you pleased, for he contrived to pivot himself on the fore quarter. For a while, perhaps, you might keep your seat, but as weariness came on, for it was no small fatigue, he was certain to throw you at last. With this horse, I believe, it was an attempt to relieve himself of the pressure of the girth, for with merely a sheet and a loose roller he went perfectly quiet and well.

Some foreign horses, "Polacres" especially, have a trick of rearing against any object that will support them, such as a wall or a tree, and striking at it violently with their fore legs. They rarely or never fall back, but they stand so nearly perpendicular that the rider's position is the reverse of pleasant. I remember once mounting one of these beasts, with a saddle provided with safety clasps for the stirrup-leathers, which accordingly gave way when the pressure became lateral, so that I slipped over the tail with the leathers and stirrups, and found myself sitting at the beast's heels.

There are some excellent remarks about shoeing, and the general care of the foot, in this little volume; but I would, with all deference to so high an authority, enter my dissent to his treatment of what is called "brushing" or cutting. The malady, in full nineteen cases out of twenty, is not a local affection at all, or in any way dependent on the foot—the source of the disease is in the mouth; it is from a horse having a "hard side" he travels obliquely, and so comes to cross his action and cuts. The first thing to do with a cutter is to examine if the bridle-rein of one side does not chafe the neck, showing that unequal pressure has to be employed. I have cured scores of cutters without ever altering the shoe or changing the nailing, simply by handling and making the mouth equal on each side.

I am willing to have my theory tested by any one who has a cutting horse, so fully persuaded am I that malformation has nothing whatever to do with the malady.

As to roughing in frost, let me also give him a wrinkle especially adapted to our climate, where frost is rarely of long continuance, and where, consequently, frequent changes of the shoe might be required,—it is, to have the shoes made to receive two small "spuds" of iron in the heel, which are to be screwed in, and removed when the horse enters his stable. These afford all the security against slipping in frosty weather, and do not oblige the necessity of removing the shoe itself. It is the universal practice in many parts of Germany and along the Baltic, and in Canada. By this practice you will be able to resist those terrors of your groom's foreboding about "tearing the horse's feet to pieces," fresh nail-holes, &c. Nor is it the least beneficial part of the plan I recommend, that the danger the author speaks of in the horse treading on the opposite foot with a frost-nailed and calked shoe, has here no existence, since the "spuds" are removed when the horse is stabled, and their place filled by two flat-headed nails even with the shoe.

I wish the writer had said a word about tips or half-moon shoes, which leave the heel free, and are an admirable sort of shoe where the horse has feet to permit it. I know of no such security against greasy heels, thrush, or fungus, as this mode of shoeing.

"Calking the hind shoes of the hunter on the outside quarter only," he justly observes, will give the "animal more confidence at his fences and on landing." This, however, is also a question of "the ground," for in wet spongy soils the horse will receive no assistance from the calks.

Indeed all advice with regard to

hunters must have an especial reference to the country they hunt over. The very conventionalities of the hunting-field will show this. What would be said in Leicestershire, for instance, of the old Galway habit, which obliged the man who first cleared a fence to "call the ground," as it was termed?—that is, he should announce whether he had lighted on grass, or bog, or granite, or shingle, for the benefit of those who came after him.

There is a story of old Dudley Perse of Roxborough, a bold rider and a keen sportsman, who, after taking a high wall, completely disappeared, there being a "drop" of double the height. When Lord Gort cried out, "What's at the other side, Dudley?" the answer was, "*I* am, thank God!"

I cannot part with our dragoon without entreating him in the next edition of his admirable book (and it will see a dozen, or I know nothing of pig-skin) to let us have a chapter on the caprices of horses, their strange likings and dislikings, for they are in this respect very singular creatures, and well worth study and attention. Much of what is called restiveness is nothing more than the effort of the animal to express some inconvenience he desires to have removed—a strap that annoys, or a billet that hurts him; nor is it a little singular how far association of ideas will influence the horse; and the place where he has been relieved, and the man who relieved him, be remembered gratefully for a long time.

Some such circumstance, I have no doubt, had its effect on a cob I once possessed, and who was very difficult to mount, but stood motionless if his fore feet were placed in water. If it could be traced, I feel certain that the animal recurred to some time and place where the cold water about his feet had given him relief from pain.

It is not necessary I should follow our author into the medical portion of his treatise. I have looked through it, however, and find it like all that precedes it—sound, sensible, and easily understood.

For "clap" of the back-sinew, or break-down, or indeed for any lameness that results from sprain, the Austrians use a simple application I have seen highly beneficial. It is to make a paste of the common marl with vinegar, and anoint the whole limb. The quicker drying of the inflamed part will at once direct you to the true seat of the mischief; but, besides this, the application is the best and most equable form of bandage, and may be suffered to remain several days without renewal.

Let me also advise a remedy for sore back. When the disease has proceeded to ulceration, and produced one of those sluggish, ill-conditioned ulcers, with flabby granulations, and an ichorous discharge, my remedy is lint steeped in warm "gum elemi ointment;" the ointment to be heated in a spoon over a candle, and the lint well soaked in this, and inserted into the sore. I have known more progress effected by this dressing in one week than by three months of other treatment.

If the author of this volume will accept any of these suggestions for his next issue, they are heartily at his service, being the only recompense in my power for all the pleasure and instruction I have derived from his volume.

C. O'D.

SIR BROOK FOSSBROOKE.

PART VII.

CHAPTER XXV.—AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

As Sir Brook sat in the library waiting for the arrival of the Chief Baron, Lucy Lendrick came in to look for a book she had been reading. "Only think, sir," said she, flushing deeply with joy and astonishment together—"to find you here! What a delightful surprise!"

"I have come, my dear child," said he, gravely, "to speak with Sir William on a matter of some importance, and evidently he is not aware that my moments are precious, for I have been here above half an hour alone."

"But now that I am with you," said she, coquettishly, "you'll surely not be so churlish of your time, will you?"

"There is no churlishness, my darling Lucy, in honest thrift. I have nothing to give away." The deep sadness of his voice showed how intensely his words were charged with a stronger significance. "We are off to-night."

"To-night!" cried she, eagerly.

"Yes, Lucy. It's no great banishment—only to an island in the Mediterranean, and Tom came up here with me in the vague, very vague, hope he might see you. I left him in the shrubbery near the gate, for he would not consent to come farther."

"I'll go to him at once. We shall meet again," said she, as she opened the sash-door and hastened down the lawn at speed.

After another wait of full a quarter of an hour, Fossbrooke's patience became exhausted, and he drew nigh the bell to summon a servant; his hand was on the rope, when the door opened, and Sewell entered. Whatever astonishment Fossbrooke might have felt at this unexpected appearance, nothing in his manner or look betrayed it. As for Sewell, all his accustomed ease had deserted him, and he came forward with an air of assumed swagger, but his colour came and went, and his hands twitched almost convulsively.

He bowed, and, smiling courteously, invited Fossbrooke to be seated. Haughtily drawing himself up to his full height, Sir Brook said, in his own deep sonorous voice, "There can be nothing between us, sir, that cannot be dismissed in a moment—and as we stand."

"As you please, sir," rejoined Sewell, with an attempt at the same haughty tone. "I have been deputed by my step-father, the Chief Baron, to make his excuses for not receiving you—his health forbids the excitement. It is his wish that you may make to *me* whatever communication you had destined for *him*."

"Which I refuse, sir, at once," interrupted Sir Brook.

"I opine, then, there is no more to be said," said Sewell, with a faint smile.

"Nothing more, sir—not a word; unless, perhaps, you will be gracious enough to explain to the Chief Baron the reasons—they cannot be unknown to you—why I refuse all and any communication with Colonel Sewell."

"I have no presumption to read your mind and know your thoughts," said Sewell, with quiet politeness.

"You would discover nothing in either to your advantage, sir," said Fossbrooke, defiantly.

"Might I add, sir," said Sewell, with an easy smile, "that all your malevolence cannot exceed my indifference to it?"

Fossbrooke waved his hand haughtily, as though to dismiss the subject and all discussion of it, and after a few seconds' pause said, "We have a score that must be settled one day. I have deferred the reckoning out of reverence to the memory of one whose name must not be uttered between us, but the day for it shall come. Meanwhile, sir, you shall pay me interest on your debt."

"What do you assume me to owe you?" asked Sewell, whose agitation could no longer be masked.

"You would laugh if I said, your character before the world and the repute through which men keep your company; but you will not laugh—no, sir, not even smile, when I say that you owe me the liberty by which you are at large, instead of being, as I could prove you, a forger and a felon."

Sewell threw a hurried and terrified look around the room, as though there might possibly be some to overhear the words; he grasped the back of a chair to steady himself, and in the convulsive effort seemed as if he was about to commit some act of violence.

"None of that, sir," said Fossbrooke, folding his arms.

"I meant nothing; I intended nothing; I was faint, and wanted support," stammered out Sewell in a broken voice. "What do you mean by interest? How am I to pay interest on an indefinite sum?"

"It may relieve you of some anxiety to learn that I am not speaking of money in the interest I require of you. What I want—what I shall exact of you, that you and your sons—" he stopped, and grew scarlet; the few last words something coarse or offensive might fall from him in a moment of heat, and he corrected his words and he was silent.

Sewell saw all the difficulty. A less adroit man would have deemed the moment favourable to assert a triumph; Sewell was too acute for this, and waited without speaking a word.

"My meaning is this," said Fossbrooke, in a voice of emotion. "There is a young lady here for whom I have the deepest interest. I desire that, so long as she lives estranged from her father's roof, she should not be exposed to other influences than such as she has met there. She is new to life and the world, and I would not that she should make acquaintance with them, through any guidance save of her own nearest and dearest friends."

"I hear, sir; but, I am free to own, I greatly mistrust myself to appreciate your meaning."

"I am sorry for it," said Fossbrooke, sighing. "I wanted to convey my hope that in your intercourse here, Miss Lenaghan might be spared the peril of—of—"

"My wife's friendship, you would say, sir," said Sewell, with a perfect composure of voice and look.

Fossbrooke laughed heartily. Shame and sorrow alike crushed him down. Oh that the day should come when he could speak the name of Frank Lillin's daughter!

"I will not say with what pain I hear you, Sir Brook," said Sewell, in a low gentle voice. "I am certain that you never uttered such a speech with a more painful ring. It will relieve your feelings when I tell you that we only stay in a few days in town. I have taken a country house, some sixty or seventy miles from the capital, and we mean to live there entirely."

"I am satisfied," said Sir Brook, whose eagerness to make reparation was now extreme.

"Of course I shall mention nothing of this to my wife," said Sewell.

"Of course not, sir; save with such a purpose in view I should give of my knowledge, it would be an outrage."

"I was not aware that there was—that there could be—an explana-

tion," said Sewell, quietly; and then seeing the sudden flash that shot from the old man's eyes, he added, hastily, "This is far too painful to dwell on—let it suffice, sir, that I fully understand you, and that you shall be obeyed."

"I ask no more," said Fossbrooke, bowing slightly.

"You will comprehend, Sir Brook," resumed Sewell, "that as I am precluded from making this conversation known to my wife, I shall not be able to limit any intimacy between her and Miss Lendrick farther than by such intimations and hints as I may offer without exciting suspicion. It might happen, for instance, that in coming up to town we should be Sir William's guests. Am I to suppose that you interdict this?"

"I hope I am not capable of such a condition," said Sir Brook, flushing, for at every step and stage of the negotiation he felt that his zeal had outrun his judgment, and that he was attempting, not only more than he could, but more than he ought to do.

"In fairness, Sir Brook," said Sewell, with an assumed candour that sat very well on him, "I ought to tell you that your conditions are very easy ones. My wife has come to this country to recruit her health and look after her children. I myself shall probably be on my way back to India soon after Christmas. Our small means totally preclude living in the gay world; and," added he with a laugh, "if we really had any blandishments or captivations at our disposal, they would be best bestowed on the Horse Guards, to extend my leave, or assist me to an exchange."

There was high art in the way in which Sewell had so contrived to get the old man involved in the conflict of his own feelings, that he was actually grateful for the easy and even familiar tone employed towards him.

"I have wounded this man deeply," said Fossbrooke to himself. "I have said to him things alike unfeeling and ungenerous, and yet he has temper enough to treat me amicably, even courteously."

It was almost on his lips to say that he had still some influence with the Horse Guards, that a great man there had been one of his most intimate friends in life, and that he was ready to do anything in his power with him, when a sudden glance at Sewell's face recalled him at once to himself, and he stammered out—"I will detain you no longer, sir. Be kind enough to explain to the Lord Chief Baron, that my communication was of a character that could not be made indirectly. His Excellency's name on my card probably suggested as much. It might be proper to add, that the subject was one solely attaching to his lordship, and to his lordship's interest. He will himself understand what I mean."

Sewell bowed acquiescence. As he stood at the half-open door, he was disposed to offer his hand. It was a bold step, but he knew if it should succeed it would be a great victory. The opportunity was too good to be lost, and just as Sir Brook turned to say good-morning, Sewell, like one carried away by a sudden impulse, held out his hand, and said, "You may trust me, Sir Brook."

"If you wish me to do so, sir, let me not touch your hand," said the old man, with a look of stern and haughty defiance, and he strode out without a farewell.

Sewell staggered back into the room and sat down. A clammy cold perspiration covered his face and forehead, for the rancour that filled his heart sickened him like a malady. "You shall pay for this—by heaven! you shall," muttered he as he wiped the great drops from his brow. "The old fool himself has taught me where he was vulnerable, and as I live he shall feel it."

"His lordship wants to see you, sir; he is in the garden," said a servant, and Sewell rose and fol-

lowed him. He stopped twice as he went to compose his features and regain his calm. On the last time he even rehearsed the few words and the smile by which he meant to accost the Judge. The little artifice was however forestalled, as Sir William met him abruptly with the words—"What a time you have been, sir,—forty-eight minutes by my watch."

"I assure you, my lord, I'd have made it shorter if I could," said Sewell, with a smile of some significance.

"I am unable to see why you could not have done so. The charge I gave you was to report to me, not to negotiate on your own part."

"Nor did I, my lord. Sir Brook Fossbrooke distinctly declared that he would only communicate with yourself personally—that what he desired to say referred to yourself, and should be answered by yourself."

"On hearing which, sir, you withdrew?"

"So far as your lordship was concerned, no more was said between us. What passed after this I may be permitted to call private."

"What, sir! You see a person in *my* house, at *my* instance, and with *my* instructions—who comes to see and confer with *me;* and you have the hardihood to tell me that you took that opportunity to discuss questions which you call private!"

"I trust, my lord, you will not press me in this matter; my position is a most painful one."

"It is worse than painful, sir. It is humiliating. But," added he, after a short pause, "I have reason to be grateful to you. You have rescued me from perhaps a very grave indiscretion. Your position—your wife's health—your children's welfare, had all interested me. I might have—no matter what, sir. I have recovered the balance of my mind. I am myself again."

"My lord, I will be open with you."

"I will accept of no forced confidences, sir," said the Judge, waving his hand haughtily.

"They are not forced, my lord, farther than my dislike to give you pain renders them so. The man to whom you sent me this morning is no stranger to me—would that he had been!—would that I had never known nor heard of him! Very few words will explain why, my lord; I only entreat that, before I say them, they may be in strictest confidence between us."

"If they require secrecy, sir, they shall have it."

"Quite enough, my lord—amply sufficient for me is this assurance. This person then, my lord, was the old friend and brother officer of Sir Frank Dillon, my father-in-law. They lived as young men in closest friendship together, shared perils, amusements, and purse together. For many years nothing occurred to interrupt the relations between them, though frequent remonstrances from Dillon's family against the intimacy might possibly have caused a coolness; for the world had begun to talk of Fossbrooke with a certain distrust, comparing his mode of living with the amount of his fortune, and half hinting that his successes at play were more than accidental.

"Still Dillon held to him, and to break the tie at last his family procured an Indian appointment for him, and sent him to Calcutta. Fossbrooke no sooner heard of it than he sold off his town house and horses, and actually sailed in the same packet with him."

"Let us sit down, Colonel Sewell; I am wearied with walking, and I should like to hear the remainder of this story."

"I will make it very brief, my lord. Here is a nice bench to rest on. Arrived in India they commenced a style of living the most costly and extravagant imaginable. Their receptions, their dinners, their equipages, their retinues, completely eclipsed the splendours of the na-

tive princes. For a while these were met promptly by ready money; later on came bills, at first duly met, and at last dishonoured. On investigation, however, it was found that the greater number—far the greater number—of the acceptances were issued by Dillon alone; a circumstance which puzzled none so much as Dillon himself, who never remembered the circumstances that had called for them."

"They were forgeries by Fossbrooke," said the Judge.

"You are right, my lord, they were, but so adroitly done that Dillon was the first to declare the signatures his own; nor was the fraud ever discovered. To rescue his friend, as it were, Fossbrooke sold off everything, and paid, I know not what amount, and they both left for Ceylon, where Dillon was named Commander of the Forces.

"Here Dillon married, and on the birth of his first child, Fossbrooke was the godfather, their affection being stronger than ever. Once more the life of extravagance burst forth, and now, besides the costly household and reckless expenditure, the stories of play became rife and frequent, several young fellows being obliged to leave the service and sell their commissions to meet their debts. The scandal reached England, and Dillon was given his choice to resign or resume active service at his old rank. He accepted the last, and went back to India. For a while they were separated. My father-in-law made a brilliant campaign, concluding with the victory of Atteyghur. He was named Political Resident at the seat of government, and found himself in the receipt of a large revenue, and might in a few years have become wealthy and honoured. His evil genius, however, was soon at his side. Fossbrooke arrived, as he said, to see him before leaving for Europe; he never left him till his death. From that day dated my father-in law's inevitable ruin. Maladministration, corruption, forced loans on every side. Black-mail was imposed on all the chiefs, and a system of iniquity instituted that rendered the laws a farce, and the office of judge a degradation.

"Driven almost to desperation by his approaching ruin, and yet blind to the cause of it, Sir Frank took service against the Affghans, and fell, severely wounded, at Walhalla. Fossbrooke followed him to the Hills, where he went to die. The infatuation of that fatal man was unbroken, and on his deathbed he not only confided to him all the deeds and documents that concerned his fortune, but gave him the guardianship and control of his daughter. In the very last letter he ever penned are these words:—'Scandal may some day or other dare to asperse him (Sir Brook)—the best have no immunity on that score—but I charge you, however fortune may deal with you, share it with him if he need it—your father never had so true, so noble, so generous a friend. Have full courage in any course he approves of, and never distrust yourself so completely as when he differs from you; above all, believe no ill of him.'

"I have seen this letter—I have read it more than once; and with my full knowledge of the man, with my memory stored with stories about him, it was very hard to see him exercise an influence in my house, and a power over my wife. For a while I tried to respect what had been the faith of her childhood; I could not bear to destroy what formed one of the links that bound her to her father's memory; but the man's conduct obliged me to abandon this clemency. He insisted on living upon us, and living in a style, not merely costly, but openly, flagrantly disreputable. Of his manner to myself I will not speak; he treated me not alone as a dependant, but as one whose character and fortune were in his hands. To what com-

ments this exposed me in my own house I leave you to imagine: I remonstrated at first, but my endurance became exhausted, and I turned him from my house.

"Then began his persecution of me—not alone of myself, but my wife, and all belonging to me. I must not dwell on this, or I should forget myself.

"We left India, hoping never to hear more of him.

"There was a story that he had gone on a visit to a Rajah in Oude, and would in all likelihood live there till he died. Imagine what I felt, my lord, when I read his name on that visiting-card. I knew, of course, what his presence meant, a pretended matter of business with you—the real object was to traduce and vilify me. He had ascertained the connection between us, and determined to turn it to profit. So long as I followed my career in India—a poor soldier of fortune—I was not worth persecution; but here at home, with perhaps friends, possibly with friends able and willing to aid me, I at once assumed importance in his eyes. He well knows how dear to us is the memory of my wife's father, what sacrifices we have made, what sacrifices we would make again, that his name should not be harshly dealt with by the world. He feels, too, all the power and weight he can wield by that letter of poor Dillon's, given so frankly, so trustfully, and so unfortunately, on his deathbed. In one word, my lord, this man has come back to Europe to exert over me the pressure which he once on a time used over my father-in-law. For reasons I cannot fathom, the great people who knew him once, and who ought to know who and what he has become, are still willing to acknowledge him. It is true he no longer frequents their houses and mixes in their society—but they recognise him. The very card he sent in this morning bore the Viceroy's name—and from this cause alone, even if there were not others, he would be dangerous. I weary you, my lord, and I will conclude. By an accidental admission he let drop that he would soon leave Ireland for a while; let it seem, my lord, so long as he remains here, that I am less intimate here, less frequent as a visitor, than he has imagined. Let him have grounds to imagine that my presence here was a mere accident, and that I am not at all likely to enjoy any share of your lordship's favour—in fact, let him believe me as friendless here as he saw me in India, and he will cease to speculate on persecuting me."

"There would be an indignity in such a course, sir," cried the Judge, fiercely; "the man has no terrors for me."

"Certainly not, my lord, nor for me personally; I speak on my wife's behalf; it is for her sake and for her peace of mind I am alone thinking here."

"I will speak to her myself on this head."

"I entreat you not, my lord. I implore you never to approach the subject. She has for years been torn between the terrible alternative of obeying the last injunctions of her father or yielding to the wishes of her husband. Her life has been a continual struggle, and her shattered health has been the consequence. No, my lord; let us go down for a few weeks or months as it may be to this country place they have taken for us; a little quietness will do us both good. My leave will not expire till March; there is still time to look about me."

"Something shall be done for you, sir," said the Judge, pompously. Sewell bowed low; he knew how to make his bow a very deep acknowledgment of gratitude; he knew the exact measure of deference, and trustfulness, and thankfulness to throw into his expression as he bent his head, while he seemed too much overpowered to speak.

"Yes, sir, you shall be cared for,"

said the old man. "And if this person, this Sir Brook Fossbrooke, return here, it is with me he will have to deal—not you."

"My lord, I entreat you never to admit him; neither see nor correspond with him. The man is a desperado, and holds his own life too cheap to care for another's."

"Sir, you only pique my curiosity to meet with him. I have heard of such fellows, but never saw one."

"From all I have heard, my lord, *your* courage requires no proof."

"You have heard the truth, sir. It has been tested in every way, and found without alloy. This man came here a few days ago to ask me to nominate my grandson to an office in my gift; but, save a lesson for his temerity, he 'took nothing by his motion.'" The old Judge walked up and down with short impatient steps, his eyebrows moving fiercely, and his mouth twitching angrily. "The Viceroy must be taught that it is not through such negotiators he can treat with men like myself. We hear much about the dignity of the Bench; I would that his Excellency should know that the respect for it is a homage to be rendered by the highest as well as the lowest, and that I for one will accept of nothing less than all the honours that befit my station."

Relieved, as it were, by this outburst of vanity, his heart unburdened of a load of self-conceit, the old man felt freer and better; and in the sigh he heaved there seemed a something that indicated a sense of alleviation. Then, turning to Sewell, with a softened voice, he said, "How grieved I am that you should have passed such a morning! It was certainly not what I had intended for you."

"You are too good to me, my lord—far too good, and too thoughtful of me," said Sewell, with emotion.

"I am one of those men who must go to the grave misconstrued and misrepresented. He who would be firm in an age of cowardice, he who would be just in an age of jobbery, cannot fail to be calumniated. But, sir, there is a moral stature, as there is a material stature, that requires distance for its proportions; and it is possible posterity will be more just to me than my contemporaries."

"I would only hope, my lord, that the time for such a judgment may be long deferred."

"You are a courtier, sir," said the Judge, smiling. "It was amongst courtiers I passed my early youth, and I like them. When I was a young man, Colonel Sewell, it was the fashion to make the tour of Europe as a matter of education and good breeding. The French court was deemed, and justly deemed, the first school of manners, and I firmly believe France herself has suffered in her forms of politeness from having ceased to be the centre of supply to the world. She adulterated the liquor as the consumers decreased in taste and increased in number."

"How neatly, how admirably expressed!" said Sewell, bowing.

"I had some of that gift once," said the old man, with a sigh; "but it is a weapon out of use nowadays. Epigram has its place in a museum now as rightfully as an Andrea Ferrara."

"I declare, my lord, it is two o'clock. Here is your servant coming to announce luncheon. I am ashamed to think what a share of your day I have monopolized."

"You will stay and take some mutton broth, I hope!"

"No, my lord. I never eat luncheon; and I am, besides, horrified at inflicting you so long already."

"Sir, if I suffer many of the miseries of old age, I avail myself of some of its few privileges. One of the best of these is, never to be bored. I am old and feeble enough to be able to say to him who wearies me, Leave me—leave me to myself

and my own dreariness. Had you 'inflicted' me, as you call it, I'd have said as much two hours ago. Your company was, however, most agreeable. You know how to talk; and what is rarer, you know how to listen."

Sewell bowed respectfully and in silence.

"I wish the school that trains aides-de-camp could be open to junior barristers and curates," muttered he, half to himself; then added aloud, "Come and see me soon again. Come to breakfast, or, if you prefer it, to dinner. We dine at seven;" and without further adieu than a slight wave of his hand, he turned away and entered the house.

CHAPTER XXVI.—SIR BROOK IN CONFUSION.

Tom Lendrick had just parted with his sister as Fossbrooke came up, and, taking his arm in silence, moved slowly down the road.

Seeing his deep preoccupation, Tom did not speak for some time, but walked along without a word. "I hope you found my grandfather in better temper, sir?" asked Tom at last.

"He refused to receive me; he pleaded illness; or rather he called it by its true name, indisposition. He deputed another gentleman to meet me—a Colonel Sewell, his stepson."

"That's the man my father saw at the Cape; a clever sort of person he called him, but, I suspect, not one to his liking; too much man of the world—too much man of fashion for poor Dad."

"I hope so," muttered Fossbrooke, unconsciously.

"Indeed, sir; and why?" asked Tom, eagerly.

"What of Lucy?" said Sir Brook, abruptly; "how did you think she was looking?"

"Well, sir, on the whole, well. I've seen her jollier; but, to be sure, it was a leave-taking to-day, and that's not the occasion to put one in high spirits. Poor girl, as she said, 'Is it not hard, Tom? there are only three of us, and we must all live apart.'"

"So it is—hard; very hard. I'd have tried once more to influence the old Judge if he'd have given me a meeting. He may do worse with that office than bestow it on you, Tom. I believe I'd have told him as much."

"It's perhaps as well, sir, that you did not see him," said Tom, with a faint smile.

"Yes," said Fossbrooke, following along the train of his own thoughts, and not noticing the other's remark. "He may do worse; he may give it to *him*, and thus draw closer the ties between them; and if *that* man once gets admission there he'll get influence."

"Of whom are you talking, sir?"

"I was not speaking, Tom. I was turning over some things in my mind. By the way, we have much to do before evening. Go over to Hodgen's about those tools; he has not sent them yet; and the blasting powder, too, has not come down. I ought, if I could manage the time, to test it; but it's too late. I must go to the Castle for five minutes—five minutes will do it; and I'll pass by Granger's on my way back, and buy the flannel—miners' flannel they call it in the advertisement. We must look our *métier*, Tom, eh? You told Lucy where to write, and how to address us, I hope?"

"Yes, sir, she wrote it down. By the way, that reminds me of a letter she gave me for you. It was addressed to her care, and came yesterday."

The old man thrust it in his pocket without so much as a look at it.

"I think the post-mark was Madeira," said Tom, to try and excite some curiosity.

"Possibly. I have correspondents everywhere."

"It looked like Trafford's writing, I thought."

"Indeed! let us see;" and he drew forth the letter, and broke the envelope. "Right enough, Tom—it is Trafford."

He ran his eyes rapidly over the first lines, turned to the next side, and then to the end of the letter, and then once more began at the beginning.

"This is his third attempt, he says, to reach me, having written twice without any acknowledgment, hence he has taken the liberty—and a very great liberty, too—to address the present to the care of your sister. His brother died in March last, and the younger brother has now shown symptoms of the same malady, and has been sent out to Madeira. 'I could not,' he writes—'I could not refuse to come out here with him, however eager I was to go to Ireland. You can well believe'"—here the old man slurred over the words, and murmured inaudibly for some seconds. "I see," added he at last, "he has gone back to his old regiment, with good hopes of the majority. 'Hinks is sick of the service, and quite willing to leave. Harvey, however, stands above me, and deems it a cruel thing to be passed over. I must have your advice about this, as well as about——'" Here again he dropped his voice and mumbled unintelligibly. At length he read on—"'What is Tom doing? What a shame it would be if a fellow with such abilities should not make his way!'"

"A crying shame," burst in Tom, "but I neither see the abilities nor the way; would he kindly indicate how to find either or both?"

"'My mother suggested,'" read on Sir Brook, "'two or three things which my father could readily obtain, but you know the price of the promotion; you know what I would have to——'" Here, once more, the old man stopped abruptly.

"Pray go on, sir," cried Tom, eagerly; "this interests me much, and as it touches myself I have half a claim to hear it."

Sir Brook gave no heed to the request, but read on in silence and to himself. Turning to the last page, he said—"'I may then hope to be in Ireland by the end of the month. I shall not go down to Holt, but straight to Dublin. My leave will expire on the 28th, and this will give me a good excuse for not going home. I am sure you will agree with me that I am doing the right thing.

"'If I am fortunate enough to meet you in Dublin I can ask your advice on many things which press for solution; but if you should have left Ireland, and gone heaven knows where, what is to become of me?'"

"Got into debt again, evidently," said Tom, as he puffed his cigar.

"Nothing of the kind. I know thoroughly what he alludes to, though I am not at liberty to speak of it. He wishes me to leave our address with Colonel Cave at the barracks, and that if we should have left Ireland already, he'll try and manage a month's leave, and pay us a visit."

"I declare that I guessed that!" burst out Tom. "I had a dread of that, from the very day we first planned our project. I said to myself, so sure as we settle down to work—to work like men who have no thought but how to earn their bread—some lavender-gloved fellow, with a dressing-case and three hat-boxes, will drop down to disgust us alike with our own hardships and *his* foppery."

"He'll not come," said Sir Brook, calmly; "and if he should, he will be welcome."

"Oh! as to that," stammered out Tom, somewhat ashamed of his late warmth, "Trafford is perhaps the one exception to the sort of thing I am afraid of. He is a fine, manly, candid fellow, with no affectations nor any pretensions."

"A gentleman, sir!—just a gentleman, and of a very good type."

The last few lines of the letter were small and finely written, and cost the old man some time to decipher. At last he read them aloud.

"'Am I asking what you would see any objection to accord me, if I entreat you to give me some letter of introduction or presentation to the Chief Baron? I presume that you know him; and I presume that he might not refuse to know *me*. It is possible I may be wrong in either or both of these assumptions. I am sure you will be frank in your reply to this request of mine, and say No, if you dislike to say Yes. I made the acquaintance of Colonel Sewell, the Judge's stepson, at the Cape; but I suspect—I may be wrong—but I suspect that to be presented by the Colonel might not be the smoothest road to his lordship's acquaintance—I was going to write "favour"—but I have no pretension, as yet at least, to aspire that far.

"'The Colonel himself told me that his mother and Sir William never met without a quarrel. His affectionate remark was, that the Chief Baron was the only creature in Europe whose temper was worse than Lady Lendrick's, and it would be a blessing to humanity if they could be induced to live together.

"'I saw a good deal of the Sewells at the Cape. She is charming! She was a Dillon, and her mother a Lascelles, some forty-fifth cousin of my mother's—quite enough of relationship, however, to excuse a very rapid intimacy, so that I dined there when I liked, and uninvited. I did not like him so well, but then he beat me at billiards, and always won my money at écarté, and of course these are detracting ingredients which ought not to be thrown into the scale.

"'How she sings! I don't know how you, with your rapturous love of music, would escape falling in love with her: all the more that she seems to me one who expects that sort of homage, and thinks herself defrauded if denied it. If the Lord Chief Baron is fond of ballads, he has been her captive this many a day.

"'My love to Tom, if with you, or within reach of you, and believe me ever yours affectionately,

"'LIONEL TRAFFORD.'"

"'It was the eldest son who died," said Tom, carelessly.

"Yes, the heir. Lionel now succeeds to a splendid fortune and the baronetcy."

"He told me once that his father had made some sort of compact with his eldest son about cutting off the entail, in case he should desire to do it. In fact, he gave me to understand that he wasn't a favourite with his father, and that, if by any course of events he were likely to succeed to the estate, it was more than probable his father would use this power, and merely leave him what he could not alienate—a very small property that pertained to the baronetage."

"With reference to what did he make this revelation to you? What had you been talking of?"

"I scarcely remember. I think it was about younger sons, how hardly they were treated, and how unfairly."

"Great hardship truly that a man must labour! not to say that there is not a single career in life he can approach without bringing to it greater advantages than betall humbler men—a better and more liberal education, superior habits as regards society, powerful friends, and what in a country like ours is inconceivably effective—the prestige of family. I cannot endure this compassionate tone about younger sons. To my thinking they have the very best opening that life can offer, if they be men to profit by it, and if they are not, I care very little what becomes of them."

"I do think it hard that my elder brother should have fortune and wealth to over-abundance,

while my pittance will scarcely keep me in cigars."

"You have no right, sir, to think of his affluence. It is not in the record; the necessities of your position have no relation to his superfluities. Bethink you of yourself, and if cigars are too expensive for you, smoke cavendish. Trafford was full of this cant about the cruelty of primogeniture, but I would have none of it. Whenever a man tells me that he deems it a hardship that he should do anything for his livelihood, I leave him, and hope never to see more of him."

"Trafford surely did not say so."

"No—certainly not; there would have been no correspondence between us if he had. But I want to see these young fellows showing the world that they shrink from no competitorship with any. They have long proved, that to confront danger and meet death they are second to none. Let them show that in other qualities they admit of no inferiority—that they are as ready for enterprise, as well able to stand cold and hunger and thirst, to battle with climate and disease. *I* know well they can do it, but I want the world to know it."

"As to intellectual distinctions," said Tom, "I think they are the equals of any. The best man in Trinity in my day was a fellow-commoner."

This speech seemed to restore the old man to his best humour. He slapped young Lendrick familiarly on the shoulder, and said, "It would be a grand thing, Tom, if we could extend the application of that old French adage, '*Noblesse oblige*,' and make it apply to every career in life, and every success. Come along down this street; I want to buy some nails—we can take them home with us."

They soon made their purchases, and each, armed with a considerably-sized brown paper parcel, issued from the shop—the old man eagerly following up the late theme, and insisting on all the advantages good birth and blood conferred, and what a grand resource was the gentleman element in moments of pressure and temptation.

"His Excellency wishes to speak to you, sir," said a footman, respectfully standing hat in hand before him. "The carriage is over the way."

Sir Brook nodded an assent, and then, turning to Tom, said, "Have the kindness to hold this for me for a moment; I will not detain you longer;" and placing in young Lendrick's hands a good-sized parcel, he stepped across the street, totally forgetting that over his left arm, the hand of which was in his pocket, a considerable coil of strong rope depended, being one of his late purchases. As he drew nigh the carriage, he made a sign that implied defeat; and mortified as the Viceroy was at the announcement, he could not help smiling at the strange guise in which the old man presented himself.

"And how so, Fossbrooke?" asked he, in answer to the other's signal.

"Simply, he would not see me, my lord. Our first meeting had apparently left no very agreeable memories of me, and he scarcely cared to cultivate an acquaintance that opened so inauspiciously."

"But you sent him your card with my name?"

"Yes; and his reply was, to depute another gentleman to receive me, and take my communication."

"Which you refused, of course, to make?"

"Which I refused."

"Do you incline to suppose that the Chief Baron guessed the object of your visit?"

"I have no means of arriving at that surmise, my lord. His refusal of me was so peremptory, that it left me no clue to any guess."

"Was the person deputed to re-

ceive you one with whom it was at all possible to indicate such an intimation of your business, as might convey to the Chief Baron the necessity of seeing you?"

"Quite the reverse, my lord; he was one with whom, from previous knowledge, I could hold little converse."

"Then there is, I fear, nothing to be done."

"Nothing."

"Except to thank you heartily, my dear Fossbrooke, and ask you once more, why are you going away?"

"I told you last night, I was going to make a fortune. I have—to my own astonishment, I own it—begun to feel that narrow means are occasionally most inconvenient; that they limit a man's action in so many ways, that he comes at last to experience a sort of slavery; and instead of chafing against this, I am resolved to overcome it, and become rich."

"I hope, with all my heart, you may. There is no man whom wealth will more become, or who will know how to dispense it more reputably."

"Why, we have gathered a crowd around us, my lord," said Fossbrooke, looking to right and left, where now a number of people had gathered, attracted by the Viceroy's presence, but still more amused by the strange-looking figure with the hank of rope over his arm, who discoursed so freely with his Excellency. "This is one of the penalties of greatness, I take it," continued he. "It's your Excellency's Collar of St. Patrick costs you these attentions——"

"I rather suspect it's *your* '*grand cordon*,' Fossbrooke," said the Viceroy, laughing, while he pointed to the rope.

"Bless my stars!" exclaimed Sir Brook, blushing deeply, "how forgetful I am growing. I hope you forgive me. I am sure you could not suppose——"

"I could never think anything but good of you, Fossbrooke. Get in, and come out to 'the Lodge' to dinner."

"No, no; impossible. I am heartily ashamed of myself. I grow worse and worse every day; people will lose patience at last, and cut me; good-bye."

"Wait one moment. I want to ask you something about young Lendrick. Would he take an appointment in a colonial regiment—would he?——" But Fossbrooke had elbowed his way through the dense crowd by this time, and was far out of hearing—shocked with himself, and overwhelmed with the thought that, in his absurd forgetfulness, he might have involved another in ridicule.

"Think of me standing talking to his Excellency with this on my arm, Tom!" said he, flushing with shame and annoyance: "how these absent fits keep advancing on me! When a man begins to forget himself in this fashion, the time is not very distant when his friends will be glad to forget him. I said so this moment to Lord Wilmington, and I am afraid that he agreed with me. Where are the screws, Tom—have I been forgetting them also!"

"No, sir, I have them here: the holdfasts were not finished, but they will be sent over to us this evening, along with the cramps you ordered."

"So, then, my head was clear so far," cried he, with a smile. "In my prosperous days, Tom, these freaks of mine were taken as good jokes, and my friends laughed at them over my burgundy; but when a man has no longer burgundy to wash down his blunders with, it is strange how different becomes the criticism, and how much more candid the critic."

"So that, in point of enlightenment, sir, it is better to be poor."

"It is what I was just going to observe to you," said he, calmly. "Can you give me a cigar?"

CHAPTER XXVII.—THE TWO LUCYS.

Within a week after this incident, while Fossbrooke and young Lendrick were ploughing the salt sea towards their destination, Lucy sat in her room one morning engaged in drawing. She was making a chalk copy from a small photograph her brother had sent her, a likeness of Sir Brook, taken surreptitiously as he sat smoking at a window, little heeding or knowing of the advantage thus taken of him.

The head was considerably advanced, the brow and the eyes were nearly finished, and she was trying, for the third time, to get an expression into the mouth which the photograph had failed to convey, but which she so often observed in the original. Eagerly intent on her work, she never heard the door open behind her, and was slightly startled as a very gentle hand was laid on her shoulder.

"Is this a very presumptuous step of mine, dear Lucy?" said Mrs. Sewell, with one of her most bewitching smiles: "have I your leave for coming in upon you in this fashion?"

"Of course you have, my dear Mrs. Sewell; it is a great pleasure to me to s e you here."

"And I may take off my bonnet, and my shawl, and my gloves, and my company manner, as my husband calls it?"

"Oh! you have no company manner," broke in Lucy.

"I used to think not; but men are stern critics, darling, and especially when they are husbands. You will find out, one of these days, how neatly your liege lord will detect every little objectionable trait in your nature, and with what admirable frankness he will caution you against—yourself."

"I almost think I'd rather he would not."

"I am very certain of it, Lucy," said the other, with greater firmness than before. "The thing we call love, in married life has an existence only a little beyond that of the bouquet you carried to the wedding-breakfast; and it would be unreasonable in a woman to expect it, but she might fairly ask for courtesy and respect, and you would be amazed how churlish even gentlemen can become about expending these graces in their own families."

Lucy was both shocked and astonished at what she heard, and the grave tones in which the words were uttered surprised her most of all.

Mrs. Sewell had by this time taken off her bonnet and shawl, and, pushing back her luxuriant hair from her forehead, looked as though suffering from headache, for her brows were contracted, and the orbits around her eyes dark and purple-looking.

"You are not quite well to-day," said Lucy, as she sat down on the sofa beside her, and took her hand.

"About as well as I ever am," said she, sighing; and then, as if suddenly recollecting herself, added, "India makes such an inroad on health and strength! No buoyancy of temperament ever resisted that fatal climate. You wouldn't believe it, Lucy, but I was once famed for high spirits."

"I can well believe it."

"It was, however, very long ago. I was little more than a child at the time—that is, I was about fourteen or fifteen—when I left England, to which I returned in my twentieth year. I went back very soon afterwards to nurse my poor father, and be married."

The depth of sadness in which she spoke the last words made the silence that followed intensely sad and gloomy.

"Yes," said she, with a deep melancholy smile, "papa called me madcap. Oh dear, if our fathers and mothers could look back from that eternity they have gone to, and see how the traits they traced

in our childhood have saddened and sobered down into sternest features, would they recognise us as their own? I don't look like a madcap now, Lucy, do I?" As she said this, her eyes swam in tears, and her lip trembled convulsively. Then standing hastily up, she drew nigh the table, and leaned over to look at the drawing at which Lucy had been engaged.

"What!" cried she, with almost a shriek—"what is this? Whose portrait is this? tell me at once; who is it?"

"A very dear friend of mine and of Tom's. One you could not have ever met, I am sure."

"And how do you know whom I have met?" cried she, fiercely. "What can you know of my life and my associates?"

"I said so, because he is one who has lived long estranged from the world," said Lucy, gently; for in the sudden burst of the other's passion she only saw matter for deep compassion. It was but another part of a nature torn and distracted by crossing anxieties.

"But his name, his name?" said Mrs. [illegible] eagerly.

"His name is Sir Brook Fossbrooke."

"I knew it, I knew it!" cried she [illegible] "I knew it!" and [illegible] "Oh [illegible] Here [illegible] like a [illegible] A [illegible]

"You [illegible] if you [illegible] finally.

"Not [illegible] know him! You will [illegible] that I do not know myself—not know my own name—not know the life [illegible] I have lived—the [illegible] of it!" [illegible] of Colonel [illegible] Lucy [illegible] for [illegible] Sir [illegible] out her white heart in [illegible] of sisterly love and affection. She assured her of a sympathy that would never desert her; and, last of all, she told her that her judgment of Sir Brook was a mistaken one; that in the world there lived not one more true-hearted, more generous, or more noble.

"And where did you learn all this, young woman?" said the other, passionately. "In what temptations and trials of your life have these experiences been gained? Oh, don't be angry with me, dearest Lucy; forgive this rude speech of mine; my head is turning, and I know not what I say. Tell me, child, did this man speak to you of my husband?"

"No."

"Nor of myself?"

"Not a word. I don't believe he was aware that we were related to each other."

"He not aware! Why, it's his boast that he knows every one and every one's connections. You never heard him speak without this parade of universal acquaintanceship. But why did he come here? how did you happen to meet him?"

"By the merest accident. Tom found him one day fishing the river close to our house, and they got to talk together; and it ended by his coming to see us to tea. Intimacy followed very quickly, and then a [illegible] day."

"And do you mean to tell me that all this while we never alluded to us?"

"Never."

"This is so unlike him—so unlike him," [illegible] half to herself. "And the last place you saw him was [illegible]?"

"Here, in this house."

"Here! do you mean that he came here to see you?"

"No, he had some business with papa, and called one morning, for he was not received. Grandpapa was not well, and saw Colonel [illegible] instead."

"He sent my husband! And did he go?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure of that?"

"I know it."

"I never heard of this," said she, holding her hands to her temples. "About what time was it?"

"It was on Friday last. I remember the day, because it was the last time I saw poor Tom.

"On Friday last," said she, pondering. "Yes, you are right. I do remember that Friday;" and she drew up the sleeve of her dress, and looked at a dark blue mark upon the fair white skin of her arm; but so hastily was the action done that Lucy did not remark it.

"It was on Friday morning. It was on the forenoon of Friday, was it not?"

"Yes. The clock struck one, I remember, as I got back to the house."

"Tell me, Lucy," said she, in a caressing tone, as she drew her arm round the girl's waist—"tell me, darling, how did Colonel Sewell look after that interview? did he seem angry or irritated?—I'll tell you why I ask this some other time—but I want to know if he seemed vexed or chagrined by meeting this man."

"I did not see him after; he went away almost immediately after Sir Brook. I heard his voice talking with grandpapa in the garden, but I went to my room, and we did not meet."

"As they spoke in the garden were their voices raised? did they talk like men excited or in warmth?"

"Yes. Their tone and manner were what you say—so much so that I went away, not to overhear them. Grandpapa, I know, was angry at something, and when we met at luncheon he barely spoke to me."

"And what conclusion did you draw from all this?"

"None! There was nothing to induce me to dwell on the circumstance; besides," added she, with some irritation, "I am not given to reason upon the traits of people's manner, or their tone in speaking."

"Nor perhaps accustomed to inquire, when your grandfather is vexed, what it is has irritated him?"

"Certainly not. It is a liberty I should not dare to take."

"Well, darling," said she, with a saucy laugh, "he is more fortunate in having *you* for a granddaughter than *me*. I'm afraid I should have less discretion—at all events less dread."

"Don't be so sure of that," said Lucy, quietly. "Grandpapa is no common person. It is not his temper but his talent that one is loath to encounter."

"I do not suspect that either would terrify me greatly. As the soldiers say, Lucy, 'I have been under fire' pretty often, and I don't mind it now. Do you know, child, that we have got into a most irritable tone with each other? each of us is saying something that provokes a sharp reply, and we are actually sparring without knowing it."

"I certainly did not know it," said Lucy, taking her hand within both her own, "and I ask pardon if I have said anything to hurt you."

Leaving her hand to Lucy unconsciously, and not heeding one word of what she had said, Mrs. Sewell sat with her eyes fixed on the floor, deep in thought. "I'm sure, Lucy," said she at last, "I don't know why I asked you all those questions a while ago. That man, Sir Brook I mean, is nothing to me; he ought to be, but he is not. My father and he were friends; that is, my father thought he was his friend, and left him the guardianship of me on his deathbed."

"Your guardian—Sir Brook your guardian?" cried Lucy, with intense eagerness.

"Yes; with more power than the law, I believe, would accord to any guardian." She paused and seemed lost in thought for some seconds, and then went on, "Colonel Sewell and he never liked each other. Sir Brook took little trouble to be liked by him; perhaps Dudley was as careless on his side. What a tiresome vein I have got in. How should *you* care for all this?"

"But I do care—I care for all that concerns you."

"I take it if you were to hear Sir Brook's account, we should not

make a more brilliant figure than himself. He'd tell you about our mode of life and high play, and the rest of it; but, child, every one plays high in India, every one does scores of things there they wouldn't do at home, partly because the ennui of life tempts to anything—anything that would relieve it; and then all are tolerant because all are equally—I was going to say wicked; but I don't mean wickedness—I mean bored to that degree that there is no stimulant left without the breach of the decalogue."

"I think that might be called wickedness," said Lucy, dryly.

"Call it what you like, only take my word for it you'd do the selfsame things if you lived there. I was pretty much what you are now when I left England, and if any naughty creature like myself were to talk, as I am doing to you now, and make confession of all her misdeeds and misfortunes, I'm certain I'd have known how to bridle up and draw away my hand, and retire to a far end of the sofa, and look unutterable pruderies, just as you do this moment."

"Without ever suspecting it, certainly," said Lucy, laughing.

"Tear up that odious drawing, dear Lucy," said she, rising and walking the room with impatience. "Tear it up; or, if you won't do that, let me write a line under it—one line, I ask for no more—so that people may know at whom they are looking."

"I will do neither; nor will I sit here to listen to one word against him."

"Which means, child, that your knowledge of life is so much greater than mine, you can trust implicitly to your own judgment. I can admire your courage, certainly, though I am not captivated by your prudence."

"It is because I have so little faith in my own judgment that I am unwilling to lose the friend who can guide me."

"Perhaps it would be unsafe if I were to ask you to choose between *him* and *me*," said Mrs. Sewell, very slowly, and with her eyes fully bent on Lucy.

"I hope you will not."

"With such a warning I certainly shall not do so. Who could have believed it was so late?" said she, hastily looking at her watch; "what a seductive creature you must be, child, to slip over one's whole morning without knowing it—two o'clock already. You lunch about this time?"

"Yes, punctually at two."

"Are you sufficiently lady of the house to invite me, Lucy?"

"I am sure you *need* no invitation here; you are one of us."

"What a little Jesuit it is," said Mrs. Sewell, patting her cheek. "Come, child, I'll be equal with you. I'll enter the room on your arm and say, 'Sir William, your granddaughter insisted on my remaining; I thought it an awkwardness, but she tells me she is the mistress here, and I obey.'"

"And you will find he will be too well bred to contradict you," said Lucy, while a deep blush covered her face and throat.

"Oh, I think him positively charming!" said Mrs. Sewell, as she arranged her hair before the glass; "I think him charming. My mother-in-law and I have a dozen pitched battles every day on the score of his temper and his character. *My* theory is, the only intolerable thing on earth is a fool; and whether it be that Lady Lendrick suspects me of any secret intention to designate one still nearer to her by this reservation, I do not know, but the declaration drives her half crazy. Come, Lucy, we shall be keeping grandpapa waiting for us."

They moved down the stairs arm-in-arm, without a word; but as they gained the door of the dining-room Mrs. Sewell turned fully round and said in a low deep voice, "Marry anything—rake, gambler, villain—anything, the basest and the blackest; but never take a fool, for a fool means them all combined."

OUR INVISIBLE CAPITAL.

There are marvels in common life which escape attention, simply from our familiarity with their external appearance. Travellers have often been struck by the insensibility of the inhabitants of a picturesque country to the natural beauties which are daily before their eyes. And a like insensibility characterises those who inhabit an unattractive scenery. Familiarity does not necessarily beget contempt, but it blunts the habits of perception. If the Scottish mountaineer is insensitive to the sublime and picturesque scenery which surrounds him, so is the peasant of the Landes of France to the dreary monotony of his district; so also is the wandering Arab to the level waste of far-spreading sands, only enlivened by the illusions of the mirage. In order to appreciate our condition or surroundings, we must also know the opposite of it. It is proverbial that we only know the value of what we possess, by the loss of it. A stranger to our scenery or condition of life can better than ourselves appreciate its peculiar features. We remember the impression produced by our first visit to Paris after the renovation of that city by the genius of the present Emperor. Sauntering through the environs of the Tuileries and the Louvre, viewing the Place Vendôme, the Place de la Concorde, the Champs Elysées, and the Bois de Boulogne, it seemed to us that the scene immeasurably surpassed anything of the kind to be met with in our own country. And perhaps rightly. Yet, on our return to London, when driving in a hansom on our way home from the railway station, in full view of the Parks, and Piccadilly, and Buckingham Palace, we felt we had been rather hasty in our judgment. We saw more of the grandeur of London than we had done for years; and were made to think with respect of the impressions first produced upon us by that scene. We were recalled to our first impressions, and felt that they were the right ones. We became conscious that a residence of years in the English metropolis had blunted our sensibility to its grand and peculiar features. It is the same in all departments of life. The man of science who, in his novitiate, has great difficulty in understanding the strange terminology, soon comes to use the hard terms of chemistry or other sciences as if they were equally familiar to all. The preacher in like manner uses terms which are shorthand expressions for abstruse confessions of faith, which perhaps he fully understands, but which to the yearning human hearts of his congregation are but dry bones—phrases hard to be understood, and frequently unintelligible when the listener most anxiously and earnestly seeks to grasp their meaning, and lay them as a comfort to his troubled heart. Thus an outsider is often a better observer of peculiarities, a better appreciator of anomalies and mental difficulties, than they to whom those peculiarities, whether of scenery or of social condition, have become familiar.

Lately we took a friend from the country to see the famous "City" of London, and especially that "City of Gold" which forms its inner heart. We showed to him the Royal Exchange, the Stock Exchange, the Discount-houses, and other great marts of buying and selling. And the whole affair struck him as strange. He said, "I see no buying and selling." The actual and sole business of the place, which was going on under his very eyes, was invisible to him. He was not blind, but in truth there was nothing like ordinary buying and selling to be seen. Ac-

customed to the great agricultural fairs in Scotland, where dealers come from all quarters, each with bundles of notes or sometimes rouleaus of sovereigns, he marvelled and questioned how buying and selling could be carried on without an interchange of money. And when we told him of the immense sums which were changing hands under his very eyes, and which do so daily in these London marts, his wonder, if not his scepticism, was still further increased. "Where is the money?" he asked again. "If money is changing hands, where is it?" And when we replied that we did not say that Money was changing hands, but that Capital was, his look and silence assured us that we need not, in that place at least, continue the discussion.

"Where is the money?" Although the question may appear ridiculous to City men, it is a natural and reasonable one. Our friend is a man of excellent intelligence; we would as soon discuss a knotty question of any kind with him as with the most knowing member of the Stock Exchange. Only he had not, like them, from familiarity become insensitive to the real marvels of the City of Gold. Nevertheless, he too had become insensitive, in his own branch of commercial exchange. He forgot that to uncivilised communities, to men who deal only in barter—and the system of barter is not wholly exploded even in Europe—the ongoings at a Scotsh fair would be as surprising as those of the City were to him. They would be as much astonished at sensible men giving away their sheep and cattle for bits of paper or of metal, as he at sales where no *money* is given at all.

In point of fact, on ordinary days (*i.e.*, not settling days) in the City of Gold—the great mart of financial and commercial exchanges—nothing seems to change hands at all. But let us follow the men of the Royal Exchange and Stock Exchange—the merchants and stockbrokers—to their offices, and what do we see? Payment for the stock or goods is made in bits of paper called Cheques, ranging in value from £5 to thousands of pounds sterling; or, as on the Royal Exchange, by bits of paper called Bills—which are promises to pay a certain amount of money at the expiry of a stated period. But look or inquire further, and see what the recipient of these bits of paper does with them. If payment is made by bill, the recipient does not lie out of his money for three or four months (the ordinary term of commercial bills)—he can employ the money profitably in his business: so he takes the bill to a discount-house—some of which are among the largest and wealthiest establishments in the City, established for the sole purpose of dealing in, or cashing, commercial bills—and receives at once the amount promised to be paid, *minus* the interest for the three or four months which must elapse before the bill becomes due. And how does he receive the amount? In money? No: but in the form of a cheque—*i.e.*, an order on a particular bank to pay the amount in money. Well, follow him and see what he does with this cheque. Does he take from the bank the amount in money? Very seldom. He goes to his own bank, and, handing the cheque across the counter, orders it to be placed to his account—to be drawn out afterwards in portions as he may require. The amount represented by the cheque then becomes part of the "deposits" of the bank—part of the capital intrusted to its keeping.

But what are those "deposits"? As we have seen in the case just described, they are not necessarily or generally paid into a bank in the form of money: *neither do they exist in the form of money.* They are for the most part invisible capital. At least nine-tenths of them exist solely in the form of ledger-wealth—*i.e.*, credit-wealth, — representing

real property, but without any money in which to pay them. The deposits in the banks of the United Kingdom amount to about four hundred millions sterling; whereas the total amount of money, whether in specie or in notes, held by all the banks does not exceed (if we deduct the gold held by the Bank of England as a basis for its note-issues) twenty millions.* Here, then, is a strange matter. The banks promise to pay, and are liable to pay, £400,000,000 in money on demand, yet the Money, whether coin or notes, which they hold available for the payment of these deposits, is barely one-twentieth part! How is this?

It is a strange matter truly: yet, strange as it is, the whole prosperity of the country depends upon the successful working of this peculiar arrangement. The City of Gold, that city within a city, that inner heart of busy London, is the material capital of this great country, and every fluctuation in its condition affects the whole wealth and industry of the nation. And yet this great capital, where the wealth and trade of the country are centralised, is itself dependent for all its power upon an Invisible Capital which is the unseen motive-power of all its transactions. This invisible capital is the life-blood of the place. Powerful as the electric currents, it is equally viewless. Stand like a dictator in the City of Gold, and order to be brought forth all its stores of money, whether gold or bank-notes, and the amount when presented would be totally insignificant compared with the actual wealth of the place and the amount of business carried on. In the banks alone the invisible capital is at least twenty times greater than there is money to represent. And the imagination is baffled to conceive the far larger amount of capital which is constantly changing hands on the Stock Exchange, Royal Exchange, and Mincing Lane, without the intervention of money at all.

The accumulation of reserve wealth as witnessed at the present day, is really a singular thing. It is, perhaps, the greatest feat and marvel which civilisation has produced. Yet, it must not be thought that the process has reached its fullest development. The world ever moves on: material civilisation ever progresses. The wisdom of one age becomes a folly in subsequent generations. It is curious and interesting to mark the successive steps by which the accumulation of capital has reached its present development: it is also eminently instructive. It is only by considering the progress of past times in this branch of civilisation, in this department of science, that we can clearly understand our present position and become alive to the necessities which will ere long impel us to a further advance, and to the principles which ought to regulate our progress.

While we write (Oct. 14), a new embarrassment has befallen "the City"—one of those embarrassments which of late years have become more frequent than in any former period in the history of this country. The Bank has suddenly, and by unusually rapid changes, raised the rate of discount from 4 to 7 per cent. And on the 7th instant, after the rate was raised to 7 per cent, first-class three-months bills, such as used to be discounted at the minimum Bank-rate, in many cases could hardly be discounted at all, even at 10 per cent. Why was this? Simply because, as the joint-stock banks and discount houses them

* The whole available money in the Bank of England (*i.e.*, the reserve of notes) *plus* the coin in its banking department, averages only £6,000,000. And, as is well known, in these six millions are included the "reserves" of all the other banks in the country.

selves stated, no one knew what further steps in the same direction might be taken by the Bank of England. The cause of the phenomenon, of the facts which have led to the sudden rise of the Bank-rate, was a mystery. There was no export of gold; neither was there any commercial crisis. There was no break-down of credit among the mercantile and manufacturing classes, or even among a certain section of them, such as occurred a year ago. What, then, was the cause of this peremptory action of the Bank, which has produced this disquiet among the banks, and this embarrassment among our merchants and manufacturers? Simply this: that the Trade of the country, which was paralysed by the exorbitant Bank-rate a year ago, has begun to recover; and that, in consequence, more bank-notes and sovereigns have been needed for the payment of wages and other retail transactions. That is all—if we except half a million of sovereigns wanted in Ireland, owing to the passing apprehensions occasioned by the Fenian movement. And yet, in consequence of this, the rate of discount has been raised to an extent which is seriously embarrassing to Trade. For the past twelve months the trade of the country, instead of progressing, as it ought to do, has declined—has not been equal to that of the previous year.* Yet now, the moment Trade shows symptoms of revival, the Bank of England checks it, and plunges it into new embarrassment by charging an exorbitant rate for the usual advances—*i.e.*, for the discount of the bills by which all our trade is carried on.

It is a startling statement, and yet it is simply the fact, that now more than ever in our history—more than ever even during the twenty years which have elapsed since the passing of the present Bank Acts—the Bank sets itself in opposition to the wants and interests of Trade. In its practice, the Bank now regards every expansion of Trade as an evil which must be checked. How is this? How has it come to pass that our Banking-system originally established for the very purpose of supporting trade, and allowing it to expand—and which for so many generations accomplished this object satisfactorily, and with immense benefit to the country—now appears in a new aspect, and never feels at ease except when trade is restricted and fettered? How is it that the Banks and Trade instead of being confiding allies, are now all but open and declared foes?—that every expansion of the latter is met by a repressive course on the part of the Bank of England?

It is the purpose of this article to explain this strange fact—this disastrous change in the working of our monetary system. To understand this change aright—to see how reactionary it is in principle, and how injurious in its practical effects—it is expedient to show what has been the principle upon which our past progress has proceeded, and the means by which that progress has been accomplished. What, in brief, has been our past progress in monetary science—in the economy of capital

* In the last three months of 1864, our Exports showed a decline of nearly 14 per cent compared with the five months previous. And during the first eight months of the present year, our Exports and Imports have not been equal to those of the corresponding period of 1864. The amounts stand thus:—

	Exports.	Imports.
1864, . .	£108,716,219 .	£111,012,477
1865, . .	102,400,696 .	115,670,434

During the month of August Trade began to revive, and in September the Exports amounted to £17,316,681—£3,158,033 greater than those of the previous month, and £1,942,112 greater than those of August 1864.

—in the means by which Capital has been brought to the support of Trade? By what means have we succeeded (1) in storing the ever-increasing profits, or reserve-wealth of the country, and (2) in making these adequate to the support of an ever-expanding Trade?

We need not dwell upon the Origin of Capital, upon which "political economists" delight to exercise their theorising ingenuity. We desire to adhere to facts of practical moment at the present day. And in order to enable the public to judge of the present position of monetary science—of the real character of our existing monetary system, it is indispensable that we should, in the first place, exhibit the various processes by which the Accumulation of Capital—the storing of reserve-wealth—has been carried on. In proportion as capital has increased, new methods of storing it in a convenient form have been devised. This is a necessity to which the whole past history of civilisation bears witness; and it is a necessity which in the present day, despite the enormous supplies of the precious metals from California and Australia, begins to be felt anew.

Judging by our present social arrangements, the origin of capital would be thus:—A man, either by his superior skill in producing, or by his greater economy in consuming, would acquire more goods than he used. The surplus he would give to others who required it, on their giving to him in exchange some other kind of property, which he would lay by as reserved wealth. As a matter of fact, however, the origin of capital, the accumulation of wealth not needed for its owner's consumption, took place otherwise. Instead of superior skill in producing, or greater economy in using, it was the greater personal power of certain individuals over the rest of the community, which gave them the means of acquiring capital—by exacting it, willingly or unwillingly, from others. For example—a man famous in war, or otherwise superior to his fellows, became the chief of his people, or one of the chiefs or elders—who, generally by free consent, obtained from the community a portion of their annual produce. A chief or king, in virtue of his office, was supported by payments in kind: and in this way, he acquired a greater quantity of goods than he himself could consume. The surplus was reserve wealth, or capital, which he kept to meet emergencies, or parted with in exchange for labour, or for commodities of a less perishable nature than those which he had, and therefore more suitable for storing.

In order that goods be readily exchangeable, they must be such as there is always a demand for. In the earliest times this was food—grain or cattle. By-and-by, especially in Eastern countries, apparel also came into vogue as a form of accumulated property. In the East, where the mode of dress is not, like that of modern Europe, fitted to the shape of each person—like our tight coats and trousers—but consists of robes which fit all persons alike, the great and wealthy men turned a portion of their surplus goods into robes and other articles of apparel. Thus a king, or wealthy man, kept large flocks of sheep and oxen, and stores of grain, and also so many dresses—which were likewise in demand, and therefore were exchangeable property. But food is liable to corruption—herds of cattle die in due course—robes also are doomed to decay, through moths and other destructive agencies. But the precious metals next, and to some extent simultaneously, rose into esteem as prized ornaments. They formed articles of apparel which, from their beauty, were prized by all; and, moreover, as they were not liable to corruption, and could be easily carried about, they were soon recognised as the kind of goods most suitable for storing and accumulating,—as the best

form in which to keep the surplus wealth or capital. So that, when a man possessed more goods of a perishable kind than he required, he sold these to others in return for gold and silver, which were not subject to decay, and which were always exchangeable for other articles.

Next, as all men valued these metals, kings began to collect their revenue in that form. They coined the metal, and made it receivable as tribute or taxes. This fully established the exchangeable value of the precious metals. It created a new want for them: it rendered them indispensable in a department of national life where they had not previously been required; thenceforth, all men needed them every year to pay the king's dues. Thus they became a circulating medium. A man who had more oxen or grain than he needed for his own use, sold these commodities to others, receiving coins in return—which coins he could store for ever, which were useful to pay taxes, and, when he so needed, to purchase the labour or productions of others.

The accumulation of Capital thus led to the origin of Money, as a means of storing and employing it. But the invention of money by no means put an end to payments in kind and the process of barter. It only supplemented them. Exchanges of goods for goods went on simultaneously. Even in England until the reign of Edward I., the taxes were paid in kind to a large extent, if not entirely: and to a much later date, military or other personal service to the State was accepted in lieu of taxes of any kind. The dues to lords of the manor and to monasteries used always to be paid in kind—so many oxen, or fowls, fish, grain, &c. Rents also were paid in this way. But steadily the use of the precious metals as money extended. As mercantile operations widened, so did the use of coins. Cattle and goods could not be sent great distances—could not be transmitted from country to country in payments. Moreover, as the wants of men multiplied, instead of taking any particular kind of goods in payment of their services, they preferred payment in money (coins), which they could keep, or convert into any kind of goods which they wanted, and in such portions as they required. Instead of having to sell an ox when they only wanted to buy one sheep or a pair of fowls, they bought what they required by giving the exact value in coins. In this way money (metallic money) came into general use as the medium of exchange—of paying debts and making purchases. Hence it became the only form in which men kept their reserve of wealth. Traders and others, of course, had their wealth in goods—for that was simply carrying on their business. But the purely reserve-wealth—the wealth acquired by individuals, but not used by them—was kept in the form of metallic money. This was the third stage in the accumulation of Capital.

Ere long another step came. Men who held a large stock of specie, especially in those comparatively unsettled times, wished to place it in safer quarters than their own dwellings. They deposited it with certain parties—with goldsmiths, or under the guardianship of the State, or in banks of deposit—for better security. This was the origin of Banking; and out of it arose a great economy. None of the previous stages had effected any economy of capital. When the precious metals were stored instead of grain or goods, or when coins were stored instead of bullion, there was no economy in either arrangement, only it was a more convenient one. But with the establishment of Banking began that system of economising capital which has ever since been progressing. It was found at the outset that, of the money deposited in banks, not more than one-fifth was liable to be called for, at any

one time, by the owners. A million sterling being deposited, if a bank kept on hand £200,000, that was more than enough to meet the current demands upon it. So that a banker could lend out four-fifths of the silver intrusted to his keeping, and get interest on that sum, and yet be always able to meet the demands made upon him by depositors. The power of money (metallic money) was thus increased fivefold.

It was the vast addition to the precious metals, arising from the discovery of the New World, which gradually led to the abandonment of the old system of barter and payments in kind. Without these new supplies of gold and silver, no such change was practicable. However much men might have desired to adopt money-payments in lieu of payments in kind, they could not have done so, because the supply of specie was totally inadequate for such a change. It was the great supplies from the New World which enabled this change to be accomplished. But by-and-by, the increase of trade and population began to multiply monetary transactions in greater ratio than the yearly produce of the mines added to the stock of specie. The world again began to be pinched for want of the precious metals. And as no new discovery of mines took place, man had to remedy the defect for himself. Which he did—first, by the establishment of banks; and, secondly, as a natural consequence of banks, by the adoption of Paper-money.

This was the next great step. Trade and all kinds of business were increasing rapidly; so also—it may be said, in similar proportion—was the capital or reserve-wealth of the country. There was thus a double drain upon the precious metals. With the lapse of every year, more coin was needed to carry on the increase of buying and selling and all kinds of business; more coin also was needed to store the increased profits which flowed from this increase of business. Banking multiplied the power, by economising the use, of the precious metals (or rather of such small portion of them as represented the reserve wealth of the country). It economised greatly that portion of the precious metals which was employed in the storing of capital—the specie withdrawn by one man from the banks being immediately returned to them again by another; but (apart from the modern system of cheques) it had no effect in economising the specie used as currency. Paper-money, however, produced an economy in both departments. It took the place of the precious metals alike as a means of representing banking capital, and also as employed in the currency. It supplemented the use of specie. It did not throw any of the metallic money out of use,—on the contrary the stock of specie in this country continued to augment; but the increase in the stock of specie was not equal to the simultaneous increase in the monetary requirements of the public,—and it was this vacuum, this difference between the supply of specie and the demand for it, which paper-money filled up. The adoption of paper-money, in fact, was equivalent in its effects to an increased supply of the precious metals; and the result was, that the trade and industry of this country obtained free scope to expand instead of being prematurely checked by the wants of an adequate supply of money to carry it on. For it is a mere truism to say that trade cannot increase without a corresponding increase in the means of carrying it on. Whatever number of new carriages and horses a carrier may buy, unless he have a proportionate number of wheels he cannot transport a single hundredweight more than before. In like manner, although a country produce more goods for foreign trade, and although there be an equal increase in the demand for these

goods abroad, an increase of trade is impossible unless the means of paying the trade balances be commensurately increased. For example, but for the new mines of California and Australia, our trade with the East could not have increased as it has done; for the balance of trade was always against us, which balance had to be paid in specie,—and we could not possibly have spared so much specie but for the discovery of the new mines, which enabled Europe to fill up with gold the vacuum produced by the export of its silver-money to the East.

If you give a man the means of getting a certain amount of specie or other goods whenever he wishes to have it, it is as good to him as if he had the article itself. This is the principle of Paper-money. It was also the principle upon which metallic money itself was at first received in payment. When a man gave away his grain or cattle in exchange for coins, he obtained a means of re-acquiring an equal quantity of grain or cattle whenever he wished,—and that was all he wanted. These coins, indeed, were not a means of getting back so many oxen from the man to whom he gave his, but from the community at large. The acknowledgment of debt was thus virtually converted from a bond upon a single individual, to a bond upon the community at large. A bond which all alike recognised. This was the great good of Money.

Paper-money grew into use in various ways:—

(1.) The Jews, ever liable to persecution, adopted a system of drafts or written orders upon one another, which each agreed to honour and pay to the person named in the draft. In this way Value was transmitted from country to country much more cheaply than if silver had been sent; also much more safely, seeing that the bonds were of no use if they fell into improper hands.

(2.) The Bank of Venice. It was a bank of deposit—a place where people deposited their gold and silver, under the guardianship of the State, and received receipts for the amount, payable in coin on demand. As these receipts were convertible into silver on demand, they passed as valid as silver itself; and hence they became a circulating medium—a means of making purchases or of paying debts, just as if they were silver-money. By-and-by, the State, being in want of money, gradually abstracted the silver from the bank, unknown to the public. But when at length the fact became known that the silver was all gone, the receipts continued to circulate as before. Why? Because these receipts, although no longer representing a certain amount of silver, represented a debt due to the holder by the State, and also were receivable in payment of taxes. The best security an individual can have is the security of the State—seeing not only that it is the safest, but also that the State paper-money, or vouchers of the debt, is always a means of paying the yearly taxation or dues to the State.

(3.) The Bank of England. The Government was in want of money to carry on the war on the Continent. It had to feed and pay its army. Now, it was cheaper to send money abroad to buy food for the troops than to send the food from England; moreover, there were not the means of transport. To meet these monetary wants of the Government, the Bank of England was established. It was a company which raised £1,200,000 in specie (the only form of money then in use), and lent this sum to Government, on condition that the Company was paid interest for the loan, and at the same time was allowed to issue notes to the amount of the loan—which indeed was needed, to supply the vacuum caused by the abstraction of the specie sent abroad. The security being good,

the notes being receivable in payment of taxes, and the Bank also engaging to pay silver for them when required, this paper-money circulated freely; and the grand basis was laid upon which has grown up our subsequent prosperity. A great service was rendered to the State, and a great economy to the country. The Bank made a profit by it, the State got the money it so sorely needed, and the people obtained a currency which they took as readily as silver, and which possessed the invaluable power of expanding with the growth and monetary requirements of the country. These notes, too, did not owe their circulation in any degree to compulsion. They were not made legal tender—every one was at liberty to decline receiving them if he chose. The introduction of paper-money into this country owed all its success to the goodness of the security and the soundness of the project.

A temporary want of money on the part of the Government has led to similar or analogous measures in other countries: paper-money being issued as vouchers of debts due by the State—or, as in the case of the French assignats, on security of Crown property. It was in such forms as these that paper-money was first adopted in America, Russia, Austria, and other countries.

As long as the only form of money was specie, it is obvious that no increase in the reserve capital of a country could take place without an increase of the precious metals. The amount of these metals needed for the ordinary transactions of the country would not diminish—on the contrary, it ever augments, in consequence of the steady increase of these transactions. So that, as long as nothing but specie passed for money, each progressive country would require an increasing amount of the precious metals to carry on even its internal business, payment of taxes included. And still more bullion would be required if (as always happens) the reserve capital or accumulated profits were likewise increasing. More specie cannot be stored, whether in bank or in its owner's coffers, unless more bullion is brought into the country. And bullion can only come in as a consequence of the exports exceeding the imports. Hence the old Mercantile System, which aimed at keeping the exports always in excess of the imports, was quite right in its day. As long as specie was the only recognised kind of money, and the only form in which reserve capital could be stored, it was advantageous for a progressive country to keep its exports in excess of its imports, otherwise it would have no means of suitably storing the capital which it was accumulating. Take the Bank of Venice for example. Venice was then an eminently progressive State. It made profits on its trade; and these profits were accompanied and represented by an increase of the imports of the precious metals. This surplus of bullion (minus some trifling portion of it required by the increasing monetary wants of the community) was deposited in the bank—the bank's stock of bullion increasing with every increase of the capital or reserve-wealth of the country. But without such an increase in the imports of the precious metals, no banking deposits could in those times be made; and men would require to keep their reserve of wealth (as of old) in the shape of corn or cattle, or some other perishable and inconvenient form. Hence the Mercantile System was the right one for those times—seeing that more bullion was constantly needed as a means of storing the accumulating reserve-wealth of the country. No system which has largely prevailed was ever devoid of foundation in reason. Yet such is the narrowness of human intellect, that what is right for us we think must have been right in previous times. A great, though natural mistake. As long as specie was the only kind of

money, and the only form in which reserve capital could be stored, the Mercantile System was the right one.

It was the introduction of paper-money which upset the Mercantile System in this country. Not immediately, it is true; for men naturally proceed upon old principles until the new ones have taken a great development. But it was paper-money which upset the old system,—the earlier form of which was to prohibit the export of bullion—the later, to keep exports always in excess of imports.

But two other steps were needed, and were accomplished, before our monetary system attained its present development. The first of these was the Cheque-system—the making payment by orders upon banks, instead of by coin or notes. The origin of this system dates back nearly a century: but for a long time the great importance of the change was not recognised. It was a new and most valuable onward step in the process of economising capital. The second and culminating stage of the process—and one to which the cheque-system naturally led—was the establishment of the Clearing-House: an office to which each bank sends the cheques upon other banks which have been paid into it, and where a balance of these transactions is struck—the banks settling the amount by cheques upon the Bank of England.

Let us now recapitulate the various stages in the economy of capital which, in succession, have been accomplished in this country.

I. *Banking.* When banking was first introduced in this country, the only recognised form of money was metallic money—gold and silver. The economy of capital, in the form of specie, which was effected by banking, took place as follows: A bank which received a million sterling of specie, as the deposits of its customers, found that only a small proportion of this amount (in early times about one-fifth, in present times one-twentieth) required to be kept on hand to meet the demands or requirements of the depositors. Hence the remainder of the amount deposited in bank could be lent out. This the banks do by discounting commercial bills (payable on the average at three months' date), or in advances upon other good and negotiable securities—bonds and stock of various kinds. The economy thus effected is very great. Ninety-five per cent of the capital deposited in bank is put into circulation again, in the shape of loans; instead of the whole amount lying unused in the hands of its owners, as used to be the case before the banking system was established. Thus banking, even if the currency were purely metallic money, would economise specie to the extent of four-fifths, or, as in present times, to twice that amount. This would be the effects of banking quite independent of the use of bank-notes—paper-money.

II. *Bank-notes.* But, with the establishment of banks in this country, there simultaneously arose the use of paper-money. The credit of the banks being good, the public took their notes (promises to pay specie on demand) just as if they were specie. As we have said, when a man can get an article whenever he wants it, it is practically the same as if he actually had the article. It was on this principle that bank-notes were introduced, and found ready favour with the community. It was found by experience at the very outset—*i. e.*, 170 years ago—that of the notes put into circulation, not more than one-fifth, on the averge, were brought to the bank to be cashed,—of the promises to pay in specie issued by the banks, only in one case out of five was payment in specie asked for. The notes were recognised as good money, and circulated freely among the community. Mark the economy thus effected. Banks, without the employment of

paper-money, could (in those times) lend, and so put into circulation again, four-fifths of the capital intrusted to their keeping. They needed to keep on hand only one-fifth of the specie deposited with them. And, when paper-money came into play, they found that this reserve of specie would suffice to support a note-circulation of five times the amount. For example, if a bank received deposits in specie to the amount of £1,000,000, £200,000 was more than sufficient to keep in hand to meet the requirements of the depositors. But, when paper-money came into use, it was found that in four cases out of five the depositors were willing to take repayment of their deposits in the notes of the bank. So that this reserve of £200,000 in specie was virtually increased fivefold — became a million sterling, of which £800,000 was in bank-notes. This was the result 170 years ago, in the infancy of banking and paper-money. Nowadays, in ordinary times no notes are cashed at all, save as a means of getting small change—which demand for gold-money is occasioned by the fact that no notes are allowed to be issued in England for less than £5; and in Scotland, where £1 notes are in use, no demand even of this kind takes place.

III. *Cheques.* The tendency, and actual result, of the use of cheques is to lessen the amount of money (whether notes or coin) which a bank has to keep on hand to meet the wants of its depositors. Previous to the use of cheques, every man who had to make a payment had to go to his bank and draw out the amount in notes or coin. But now, instead of drawing out money from the bank, he gives a cheque—an order on his bank to pay the amount. If the person who receives the cheque deals with the bank upon which the cheque is drawn, no money changes hands at all: the amount is simply transferred in the bank's books from one depositor's credit to another's. This case, of course, does not very often happen. In a great majority of cases, the person who receives the cheque deals with a different bank from that upon which the cheque is drawn. In such a case, he pays the cheque into his own bank, and that bank receives the amount in money from the bank upon which the cheque is drawn. Or rather, as thousands of cheques are drawn every day,—so many upon one bank, so many upon another,—it is only the balance of these cheque-transactions which requires to be transferred in money from one bank to another. This of itself is a great economy: for (1) not only is no money needed by a bank's customers (we may say the public) in making their payments, and consequently no money is withdrawn for this purpose from the banks at all: but (2) only the balance of these transactions (a trifling proportion) requires to be transferred in money from one bank to another. The amount of Capital, and also of Money, in the banks of the country is totally unaffected by these cheque-transactions,—it remains the same whether these transactions amount to thousands of pounds or to millions: the only result is the transfer of the balance of these transactions, in the form of Money, from one bank to another.

The economy thus effected by the cheque-system is very great. The amount of money employed by the public is trifling compared with what would be needed if cheques were not used, and if every payment had to be made by withdrawing the amount in money from the bank. In fact, if the payments now made by means of cheques had to be made in *money*, not all the money at present kept on hand in the banks would suffice for the purpose.

IV. *The Clearing-House.* The economy of the cheque-system *per se* consisted in allowing the innumerable daily payments taking place

in the community to be carried on without any withdrawal of money from the banks. The next and culminating step in the process was to allow of the payments among the banks themselves to be likewise effected without the use of money. This has been admirably accomplished by means of the Clearing-House. This is an establishment to which each bank sends the cheques upon other banks which have been paid in by its customers, and where a balance of these cheque-transactions is struck for each bank with each of the others. This system was adopted at first simply as a convenience for the banks: instead of each bank sending round to settle with each of its neighbours, both time and trouble were saved by the representatives of all the banks meeting at a certain place and at a certain hour to settle the business. This arrangement, though devised at first merely for the convenience of the banks, led to a further economy of capital in the form of money. The balances due to or by each bank being ascertained at the Clearing-House, it was agreed that these balances should not be paid in money, but by cheques on the Bank of England. Every bank keeps an account at the Bank of England. In fact, a large portion of the deposits in the Bank of England belong, not to private customers or to the State, but to the other banks. And the settlement at the Clearing-House is effected by each indebted bank giving to the other a draft, or cheque, upon the deposits which it keeps in the Bank of England. Hence the business of the Clearing-House—the balance of all the cheque-transactions—is settled without the use of money at all, simply by a transference of so much invisible capital from the credit of one bank to that of another. Thus millions of payments take place daily throughout the country without the use of a single note or coin. No money is withdrawn from the banks to make these payments; neither does any money change hands among the banks themselves. The only result of these millions of payments made by cheques is, that the clerks in the Bank of England take their ledgers and write off a trifling amount from one bank's credit, and place it to the credit of another. A few minutes' work with the bank-books in Threadneedle Street settles the whole business. The *means* by which this settlement is made are a few lines of writing—a few entries made by a clerk—that is all. And as to *what* is transferred, there is nothing to show at all. It has a name—it is called Capital—but it has no visible or tangible existence. It appears in the mass a mere fiction; nevertheless it always takes a bodily form when it is wanted. The handful of Money in the banks suffices to represent the whole body of Capital, because only a small portion of that capital requires to be represented, is wanted in a tangible shape, at any one time. Just as Fortunatus's purse, which never became empty, enabled him, though there were but a few coins in it, to spend unlimited sums, so the amount of money in the banks comparatively small as it is, nevertheless suffices to utilise their whole amount of Capital. Capital, in truth, is like a score of viewless or disembodied spirits, who have only one body amongst them. Give them time, and all of them, each incarnating himself in his turn, will appear before you. But it is impossible they can appear all at once. As there is only one body for the score of them, nineteen out of the twenty must always be invisible. So it is with Capital. By a marvellous process, or rather by a succession of processes, we have carried monetary economy so far that nineteen-twentieths of our reserve capital has no existence in a bodily shape at all: and yet it can all be utilised,—although ever and anon, thanks to a recent folly on the part of our legislators, the process is ob-

structed to a most serious and embarrassing extent.

In the storing of capital, or reserve wealth, the first process was to transmute capital from a perishable form (corn, cattle, &c.) to an imperishable one, by the use of the precious metals in the form of bullion. The second process was to convert this bullion into a more commodious and negotiable form by the adoption of metallic money or coins. The third step was banking, which economised this amount of specie five or ten fold. The fourth step was the adoption of paper-money, in the form of bank-notes, which increased this economy. The fifth step was the employment of cheques; which, coupled with the last step, the establishment of the Clearing-House, has economised the use of money to an extent not easily calculable.

Bills.—There is one more process of economising capital which deserves to be noted—namely, the Bill-system. Bills are the currency of commerce and wholesale trade. They are the main element in the Credit-system, and their source and origin is with the mercantile community. Paper-money and cheques are also forms of credit, originating with banks or the State. But bills are the means by which each private individual utilises his own credit. They make his capital go further than it otherwise would. In fact they are equivalent to a temporary creation of capital. They are character coined, or transmuted into money. A man has a good reputation for honesty and business-talent, but his capital is not sufficient to enable him to trade to the extent which he desires, and which promises to be profitable. Then he orders £1000 in goods from a brother merchant, giving a bill in payment—a promise to pay in money (say) three months after receipt of the goods. Before the expiry of the time, he has resold the goods, making a profit of (say) ten per cent on the transaction, so that when the bill falls due, he is not only able to pay it, but has made a profit for himself of £100. Proceeding in this way—buying goods with bills at three months, and making ten per cent on each transaction, the actual result is that at the end of a year a merchant makes forty per cent of profit—on capital which never was his, and which he had only upon loan.

The economy effected by this system of commercial credit is immense. The general practice is, that a bank will discount bills for a customer to six times the amount of his average account in the bank. Thus, if he keeps an average balance at his banker's of £1000, the bank will discount bills for him to the extent of £6000. Thus he can trade to six times the amount of his own capital. By means of the bill-system, he can carry on five times more trade and make five times greater profits than he otherwise could do. The credit-system not only economises capital in the hands of those who have it, but it temporarily gives capital to those who have it not. By the credit-system, the commercial community virtually agree to give a certain amount of capital (*i. e.*, to lend a certain amount of their goods) to any person of known integrity and business talents. It is by means of this credit system that trade and industry in this country have attained their present marvellous development; and if it were suspended, the whole fabric of our industry would at once collapse, and the great resource of our gains would be at an end.

Whenever a monetary crisis takes place, we hear a great deal said against this credit-system. At such times the contraction of credit on the part of the banks plays havoc among the merchants, who can no longer get their bills discounted: and the common cry (especially on the part of those who inflict the injury) is—"Serve them right: they

ought not to trade beyond their own means." But in truth the banks act exactly on the same principle and by the same method as the commercial classes. If it be improper for a merchant to trade beyond the amount of money which he has in hand, it is still more improper for a bank to do so. Yet no bank ever thinks of adhering to such a rule. It would be sheer absurdity to do so. Banks have not one-tenth of their deposits in the form of money; they could not pay one-tenth of their liabilities in that form. Merchants, as we have seen, trade to six times the amount of money which they keep on hand; but banks trade to ten or even twenty times that amount. It is certainly the height of impudence then, for banks, when a monetary crisis occurs, to upbraid the commercial community for dealing on credit, when the whole of our banking system is based upon credit to a still larger extent.

While economising capital, the Bill-system also economises the use of money. It does so in two ways. (1.) In the home trade. On the principle already stated—namely, that when a man has the means of getting money or goods whenever he wants them, it is the same as if he held them—Bills to a great extent serve the purpose of money, because they are readily negotiable and convertible into money. Every merchant keeps a number of these bills in his portfolio; and before the cheque-system was fully established (and to some extent also at present), bills were passed from one merchant or manufacturer to another in payments, just as if they were money, each merchant writing his name on the bill as it passed from hand to hand. In Birmingham, Manchester, and some other places, forty years ago, it was not uncommon to see bills which had passed through so many hands that the entire back of them was covered with the names of endorsers; and in some cases bits of paper were pasted on and likewise covered with names. Every time one of these bills changed hands, the security for its payment was increased,—each man endorsing it, and thereafter being liable for the amount if the original acceptor of the bill should fail to meet it. In this way it was the same as if notes or coin to the same amount had been employed in payments, and the result was a corresponding economy of the currency.

(2.) In the foreign trade, bills play a still more important part as money—international currency. For example, a bill upon a Calcutta merchant held by a London one is as good as a cheque upon a Calcutta bank, as an equal sum in rupees, or as notes of the Bank of Bengal. Hence to send that bill to India is the same as sending specie,—with this difference in favour of the bill, that it can be sent for the mere cost of postage, whereas the cost of transmitting specie is considerable. Hence, when any merchant wants to transmit specie to Calcutta to make purchases or settle the trade-balances, instead of buying silver he buys these bills, and forwards them to Calcutta. This effects an important economy of capital. Every bill thus sent abroad serves the same purpose as the export of a similar amount of specie—thereby economising capital in the form of the precious metals; and at the same time the payment is made more conveniently and at less expense than if specie had been transmitted from one country to another.

Every bank deals in these Bills; they constitute the larger portion of the securities upon which the banks lend out the capital deposited with them. In fact, the deposits in banks are mainly represented by an equal amount of these bills, which the banks hold as securities for their customers' capital which they have lent out. But the bill-system is so extensive that a special department of monetary or

financial business has sprung up to meet it — namely, the Discount-houses. These establishments make it their sole business to discount these bills—*i.e.*, to buy them at their fair value,—paying the bill-holder the amount, *minus* the interest for the time which has to elapse before the bill is payable. When a bank discounts a bill, in most cases the amount is simply placed to the credit of its customer who sells to it the bill; who thereafter draws out the amount in such portions as he requires by means of cheques. When a discount-house buys one of these bills, it makes payment by a cheque upon the bank with which it deals. And thus nearly the whole of these immense bill-transactions are settled without the use of money, and simply by means of cheques and the clearing-house—the great economy of which system we have already described.

It is by means of these various processes that capital has been so marvellously economised in this country, and that so little money (notes or coin) is needed in carrying on our immense home and foreign trade. The monetary wants of a community are twofold: (1) to carry on the daily buying and selling, and suchlike exchanges of capital, among our own people and also with foreign countries; and (2) to store up in a convenient form the reserve wealth of the nation. The amount of business in a country, whether among the community at home or with foreign countries, steadily increases, requiring more money in the hands of the people to carry it on; and naturally, the reserve wealth, the spare capital, of the country likewise increases, requiring more money to represent it. By means of banking, paper-money, cheques, and bills, we are now enabled to carry on our immense home and foreign trade with a wonderfully small amount of money; and we have at the same time utilised the vast amount of reserved wealth stored in the banks. If none of these economical processes were in use—if we were in the condition of our ancestors two centuries ago—the amount of specie now required would be enormous. We should require £400,000,000 of specie to represent our reserve capital (at present represented by our bank-deposits); and the amount of specie at the same time required for currency in daily use, at present fully £80,000,000, would be at least twenty times greater than it is—*i. e.*, about £1,600,000,000. The amount of specie which would be required, in fact, is absolutely appalling. If every ounce of the precious ore from the new gold-mines in California and Australia had come to this country, and been kept here, this immense sum would not suffice for more than one-fourth part of our requirements, if all payments had to be made in specie and without the economy effected by banking. Paper-money, in the form of bank-notes, as it at present exists in this country, has only effected an economy of £40,000,000: it is our banking-system cheques, and bills which have accomplished by far the greater part of the saving:—although it is easy to foresee that our note-issues must ere long play a more important part—not so much by any increase in their ordinary amount, as in a wise application of them to save us from our periodic monetary crises.

Money, whether bank-notes or coin, now constitutes merely the retail currency of the country—the medium in which we pay for the small wants of the day—for our dinner and cabs, our railway ticket, or the petty purchases in shopping. All else is done by means of cheques and bills. These cheques and bills are the great moving power—the means by which all the larger exchanges of capital are effected: notes and coin are only needed for petty payments. Cheques and bills are to Capital what the arm is to the body—the great agent in employing its

power: notes and coin (money) are merely the fingers—the medium by which the power is applied to details. But as the power of the arm becomes almost nullified if the fingers fail, so our financial system collapses if there be a want of notes. The millions of capital stored in the banks become useless from want of the means to use them. All the deposits, the Invisible Capital, stored in the banks, are liable to be paid, and can only be lent, in the form of notes; and if there be a deficiency of notes, the result is the same as if there were a deficiency of Capital.

"A deficiency of notes!" one may exclaim: "why, in such a case, should there ever be a deficiency of notes? They cost nothing, and can be made on the instant: why, then, when they are needed to represent the capital in the banks, and when the community is ready to receive them, should there ever be any want of them?" Nevertheless a want of them does occur, and very often. And what is more, this want is not occasioned by an unwillingness of the banks to issue notes, or of the community to receive and employ them, but because this old-established and most valuable means of economising capital is now prohibited by an Act of Parliament. Why? How is it that we have so retrograded? that so reactionary a condition of affairs has been established amongst us? The answer is startling. *Because the Legislature has recently repudiated the principle of paper-money altogether.* Opinions are now in vogue which were rejected as obsolete so long ago as 1694, when the Bank of England and paper-money were first established. Had such views been accepted then, paper-money would never have been adopted in this country at all. The framers of the existing Bank Acts, it is true, could not wholly undo the past. They had to accept to some extent the then existing and long-established system. But they wholly repudiated the principle of paper-money, and most stringently prohibited its use for the future. From that date (1844-5) no additional notes were to be issued by the existing banks, and the new banks that might be established were prohibited from issuing any notes. Such was the tenor and spirit of the Acts of 1844-5. The only exception made to this general rule, was the permission given to the Bank of England, and the Scotch banks, to issue more notes on the condition that they should make an equal addition to their stock of gold. In other words, the only exception made to the sweeping prohibition against the further use of paper-money was a merely nominal one. For, as the very few banks which were allowed to make any addition to the paper-money of the country, were required to keep a corresponding addition to their stock of specie, the result of course was no economy of specie at all. Except as a matter of convenience, these banks, instead of issuing more notes, might as well issue the equal amount of specie which they are compelled by the Act to keep useless in their vaults!

Hence, we repeat, the principle of paper money is wholly repudiated by our present legislation. It has been proscribed for the last twenty years. The system of paper-money is no longer one of the appliances by the further use of which our stock of specie is to be made adequate to the wants of the community. While every other country is steadily advancing in the economy of specie effected by means of bank-notes, in this country such an advance is strictly prohibited by Act of Parliament. This is certainly a startling fact. We take "Progress" as our watchword; we pride ourselves on an onward and liberalising system of legislation: yet in this important department of monetary legislation, we have in principle retrograded two centuries.

It was as a substitute for and

supplement of metallic money that bank-notes were originally employed: and that is their sole possible use. It was to permit the expansion of our trade and industry without importing specie in the large quantities requisite to meet the ever-increasing monetary wants of the community. Also, it was to compensate the temporary withdrawal or diminution of our ordinary stock of specie, which takes place in times of war, bad harvests, &c. The Bank of England was established for the very purpose of supplying the place of specie, during a time of war—in order that the specie might be exported. But now the special function of the Bank is exactly the opposite. Its most important function seems to be to prevent the export of specie at all hazards and on every occasion. Whenever an export of specie takes place, howsoever temporary or howsoever occasioned, the Bank directs its whole power to stop this export, regardless of the wants of the community; and in exercising this power, it again and again, and without the slightest compunction, spreads disaster and ruin all over the country.

We have, in fact, returned to the "Mercantile System," and with more disastrous effects than it ever before inflicted upon any community. We have wholly abandoned the Mercantile System in our trade-legislation: we no longer seek, by bonuses on the export of commodities, and by high import-duties, to keep our exports always in excess of our imports,—in order that specie be brought to this country in payment of the trade-balances in our favour. But though thus banished from our trade-legislation, the object of the Mercantile System is now made the cardinal point in our monetary laws. This is quite natural in the circumstances. It was the introduction of paper-money which led to the abandonment of the Mercantile System, by rendering it no longer of use,—it became unneeded by our monetary system: and as it was a grievous hindrance to trade, it was gradually abandoned. But now that we are no longer allowed to employ paper-money as formerly—now that the use of that important element in our monetary system has been restricted,—a recurrence to the principle of the Mercantile System was the course most in harmony with the new monetary regime.

It would startle the community if a proposal were made to impose a duty upon the export of the precious metals. Yet under the present system such an export-duty upon gold is actually levied, only its proceeds go to the Bank instead of to the State. Whenever any considerable, or it may be inconsiderable, export of gold takes place, the Bank raises its rate of discount—*i. e.*, it makes the merchants who want gold for export pay an extra charge for it. This is an impost upon the export of gold quite as real and direct as the export-duty which used to be occasionally levied by Governments in the middle ages. Only, as we have said, the profits go to the Bank instead of to the Government. But the present system is really far worse, infinitely worse, than if an export-duty were levied upon gold. An export-duty only affects the exporters, a mere handful of individuals; and it makes only those who want the gold pay the increased charge for it. Whereas, under the present system, the whole community is taxed alike whenever an export of gold takes place. Not merely the few merchants who require to send gold abroad, but the whole mercantile and manufacturing classes suffer. In fact, the entire community is compelled to pay the same charge though they do not want gold at all! The high Bank-rate, which is charged for the purpose of checking the export of gold, is levied not merely upon the gold-exporters, but upon the whole com-

munity. Thus the present system is tenfold, indeed a hundredfold, more injurious than if the antiquated system of an export-duty had been openly re-established in 1844. The interference with the free export of specie would be a small matter compared with the wholesale ruin of the commercial and industrial classes* throughout the country, which is the necessary result of the present method of checking an export of gold.

The Bank of England, in thus raising the rate of discount, has two objects in view—one of these is to check the export of gold; the other is to attract gold from other countries. We have seen how retrograde is the principle upon which this process is based—we have also seen how disastrous are its effects upon the community. But is the process successful? does it attain the object for which it is put in force? Not in the least. The banks of all countries now adopt the same process; and consequently the result is *nil*. The rate of interest is different in each country, owing to the different circumstances of each. But whenever the Bank of England raises its rate of discount, the banks of other countries raise their rate in similar proportion. So that the inducement to export or import specie remains exactly as before. Thus the process is an utter failure. The movement of specie from one country to another is entirely unaffected: the export or import of specie in each country goes on in exactly the same proportion relatively to the others as before.

The only result of the process is, that less specie is needed in each country than before. No one country gains specie at the expense of its neighbour, but commerce, international trade, is everywhere checked. That is the sole result of the process. Can a more disastrous one be conceived? The only result, the great triumph, of the process is a universal loss—a widespread check upon trade and employment, a commensurate loss of prosperity, a diminution in the yearly profits of each community. The process, in fact, is directly opposed alike to the economy and to the growth of capital. It is pure barbarism. And in this reactionary and most disastrous policy England leads the van! The Bank of England always assumes the initiative, ever acts upon the offensive, in this War of the Banks—in this most suicidal of conflicts, in which no country gains from the others, and in which all alike suffer a heavy loss. The process kills Trade; that is all. It ruins merchants and manufacturers — it throws thousands of the working-classes out of employment — it checks in every country the accumulation of capital. These and these only are the results of the much-vaunted monetary policy now in vogue. Nay, we forget: the Banks gain. They reap a harvest at such times at the expense of the community. They fatten — as their dividends show — by the process which impoverishes the rest of the community.

But more is to be said. The Bank of England raises the rate of discount at times when there is no export of gold at all. This was the case a year ago—in the severe crisis of 1864, from which our trade has not even yet fully recovered. There was no drain of specie for export last autumn — not the slightest.* Why, then, the exorbitant raising of the rate of discount by the Bank of England? Simply because more bank-notes than usual, more paper-money, was temporarily needed by the community. The principle of paper-money having been proscribed by Act of Parliament, the note-issues of the Bank of England are

* See 'The Rate of Interest,' Part I., in the Magazine for May, where the exports and imports of gold are given for each month of 1864.

now made dependent upon the amount of gold in its vaults. Howsoever much the community may require more notes, no more notes can be issued unless the Bank's stock of gold be increased to an equal amount. We repeat, the principle of paper-money—the system of supplementing our stock of specie by means of bank-notes—is now at an end. When the monetary requirements of the community increase, however temporarily, no more notes can be obtained without importing an equal amount of specie: which is just the same as if specie alone were to be employed to meet the increasing monetary wants of the country. We have gone back nearly two hundred years.

Let us now see how we stand. The present system ever and anon kills trade—it ruins hundreds of merchants, shopkeepers, and manufacturers, throwing thousands of the working-classes out of employment,—and it checks the normal growth of profits and capital. Of this there can be no question. It is patent, indisputable, admitted on all hands. But, as we have now shown, the system as worked by the Bank of England is likewise perfectly useless to attain the object for which it was devised. It does not bring gold from abroad. It simply kills Trade, and thereby makes money less wanted. Gold accumulates in the banks, because international trade is diminished, and notes likewise accumulate, because the home trade also has been temporarily paralysed.

"Well," it is said, "all this is indisputable; but what is to be done?" In answering this question, it must be borne in mind that there are two very different cases, each of which occasions that exorbitant raising of the Bank-rate, which inflicts such loss upon the community. One of these is a drain of gold for export; the other is simply a more than ordinary demand for bank-notes. Now, a drain of gold for export is a merely transient affair: in a few weeks, or at most a few months, it is at an end, and the specie flows back to us in the course of trade. An export of specie is a mere eddy, a passing swirl, in the broad stream of Trade, only momentarily affecting its course—which flows on steadily in the main, bringing to each country its normal quota of the precious metals. A bad harvest as in 1847, —a momentary panic in America as in 1857, tempting our capitalists to export two or three millions of specie in purchase of the temporarily depreciated stock and merchandise in the United States—an increased export of specie to pay for cotton from India: these, and suchlike incidents, which are the chief causes of our monetary crises, are of very transient duration, and ought to be treated accordingly. Without any exorbitant rise of the Bank-rate, things would come right of themselves: the regular course of trade would speedily be re-established. Indeed every ounce of specie sent abroad tends, *pro tanto*, to check the drain. The drain will stop of itself: and then the ordinary course of trade and movements of specie will be resumed. As for the exorbitant raising of the Bank-rate, it has no international effect whatever—for all countries now follow suit, so that the result, as regards the relative proportion of specie exported or imported by any country, is simply *nil*.

The practical point to be considered is, What is the danger which we seek to avert by raising the Bank-rate? The means taken to obviate the danger—whatever that may be—we have shown to be utterly useless, as well as infinitely disastrous to ourselves. But what is the danger? The danger, we are told, is, that if we do not stop those ever-recurrent drains of specie, our banks will not have enough of gold left to insure the convertibility of their notes. But does such a danger ever arise? Will any one point to

a time when such a catastrophe did arise? It is a mere figment of the brain of theorists who take no note of the actual facts. When did ever a drain of specie produce, on the part of the community, a loss of faith in bank-notes, and a demand upon the banks to pay their notes in gold? We say distinctly, *Never.* During the worst monetary crises we have ever experienced, the sole cry of the community has been for *notes.* "Let us have notes," they say. "We do not want gold or silver: give us notes, and we want nothing else." This was the case in 1797, in 1826, in 1847, in 1857—indeed at all times. The public do not lose faith in bank-notes in the slightest degree when an export of specie takes place. They know the specie will come back again in due course. All that they want is, that they should get notes wherewith to carry on their business.

But they are not allowed to get notes. An absurd Act of Parliament—which ever and anon has to be suspended as impracticable—says *No* to the wants and wishes of the community. The principle of paper-money having been proscribed, bank-notes are no longer allowed to be issued to meet the wants of the community. On the contrary, in proportion as our gold-money decreases, our paper-money is also made to decrease. So that, if by any exceptionally heavy drain of specie—such as occurred during the long war with the first Napoleon—the reserve stock of gold in the banks were reduced to zero, their issue of notes would be also stopped. Gold being *nil*, our paper-money would also be *nil!* This is the height of wisdom, the great triumph of monetary science, in the middle of the nineteenth century!

Under the present regime, a monetary crisis is sometimes produced when there is no drain of gold at all, either internal or external, but simply owing to a momentary increase in the requirement for bank-notes. But let us take the strongest case on behalf of the present system. Let us suppose that there is an unusual demand for gold for export. Well, what is the amount of these drains, and how long do they last? We think it would be no great achievement for any civilised community, especially one so advanced in the economy of capital as ours, to be able to bear the temporary absence even of the bulk of its specie. But the occasional drains of specie which cause such disaster under our present system amount to but a paltry fraction of our stock of metallic money. Five millions is about the maximum of any such drain: in 1857, it did not amount to three millions. Now, as there are at present about eighty millions of metallic money in the hands of the public (as retail currency), and twenty millions in the keeping of the banks, a drain of five millions lessens our stock of specie only to the extent of one-twentieth part. What is there formidable in this? Can we not bear such a diminution of specie? Even if the diminution were permanent, surely it would be no great achievement for us to do without this small fraction of our stock of gold. But when the diminution is a merely transient and exceptional occurrence—when, as we know from experience, the million or two of gold will return to us again in the ordinary course of trade in two or three months,—surely such an incident should be productive of no disquiet. Nor would it be, if the banks were allowed to take the steps called for in such circumstances. It is the interference of the Legislature which creates all the mischief,—an interference not only uncalled for, but of a kind utterly absurd and preposterously antiquated. Let the community and the banks take their own way, and settle the matter between them, and there would be no difficulty at all. A transient drain, a temporary absence of five per cent of our stock of gold, would then be, as it ought

to be, productive of no alarm or difficulty of any kind. That such a drain should occasion a monetary crisis, and throw our whole trade, both home and foreign, into convulsions and disaster, is enough, and far more than enough, to condemn our present monetary legislation as utterly barbarous. But what else can be a legislation which, both in its spirit and in its provisions, applies to this country in the middle of the nineteenth century doctrines which were repudiated as antiquated by our forefathers 170 years ago?

A drain of gold is a banking difficulty. It is the duty of banks to keep on hand an amount of specie equal to the wants of their customers, whether depositors or noteholders. Therefore, when an unusual demand for specie takes place, it is only fair that they should be allowed to take such steps as they find most advantageous for their own interests. But the present Bank Acts create an artificial difficulty for them. These Acts compel them to refuse notes to the public, even though the public be not only willing, but urgently desirous, to have them. Such legislation is a most despotic interference with the freedom of the community, as well as patently absurd in the nature of its provisions. Moreover its injurious character is intensified by its subjugating our whole monetary system to the vicious and antiquated principle of a Monopoly. If the framers of the Acts of 1844-5 could have had their will, there would have been no note-issues at all, save those of the Bank of England. No other bank would have been allowed to issue notes. As it is, the Bank of England has practically a monopoly of the currency: and whenever it raises the rate of discount, all the other banks (which are dependent upon it for notes, not being allowed to issue notes of their own), follow suit,—doing so the more willingly, because a high rate increases their profits.

This monetary monopoly is wholly vicious, and it is easy to see that so reactionary a principle will not be long-lived. Free-trade must be applied to banking, as it has already been applied in all the other departments of national enterprise and industry. Abolish the present, and recently established, monopoly of the currency—of the means of lending capital—and the other remedial measures will naturally and simultaneously follow. A drain of specie, we repeat, creates a banking difficulty, and it is right that the banks should be allowed to meet that difficulty by the means most conducive to their own interests. But let banking be free. Let every bank be equal in the eyes of the law—let every bank have the same powers subject to like conditions. Let the action of the banks and of the community be alike free. That is our principle. And then, we feel assured, our monetary difficulties, so artificial in their cause, so disastrous in their consequences, will almost wholly disappear. Do not let us add to the difficulties of a cattle-plague, or a cotton crisis, or a panic in the United States (as in 1857), or of a bad harvest and railway mania (as in 1847), by adhering to an absurd and antiquated system of monopoly and restriction in our monetary legislation.

Let all banks equally have a right to issue notes. Let the State impose upon these issues such conditions as may be held necessary, but, subject to these conditions, let every bank alike have the right to issue notes. Every bank holds deposits—capital intrusted to its keeping: why should not each have equally the means of lending these deposits? Why should it be dependent upon any other bank for the means of lending its capital? Or rather—which is nearly the truth—why should all the banks in the country be dependent upon one bank (the Bank of England) for the means of carrying on their business?

When a drain of specie occurs, not one bank in ten, we might say not one bank in twenty, is affected by it. An immense majority of all our banking transactions are connected wholly with the home trade, in which no bullion is needed or wanted at all. And even in the banks most connected with the foreign trade of the country, not one customer in a hundred wants gold in payment of his deposits or discounted bills. Why, then, should the rate of interest be regulated by the wants of an infinitely small section of the community? Let the banks who have such customers deal with them as they please: they are exceptions, and should be treated as such. But why should the general procedure of these banks be regulated by these exceptions? When a bill which is not first-class is brought to them, bankers charge a higher rate for discounting it: but they do not therefore charge the same exceptional rate upon all bills. Besides, as we have said, there are two hundred or more banks in this country which, even in times of a drain of specie, have no drain upon them at all: why, then, should they act as if they had? In short, the whole present system is absurd, antiquated, illogical; while in its effects it is fearfully disastrous.

In a previous article* we have stated the nature of the reforms which we consider necessary to put our banking and monetary legislation on a safe and proper footing. If our plan be adopted, it would (1) put an end to the existing monopoly of the currency, and place all banks upon a footing of equality and freedom. And (2) by insuring an adequate security for every bank-note issued, it would improve the validity of our currency, and at the same time render the notes of every bank acceptable in every part of the kingdom. Were all note-issues equally secured, they would become eqcally acceptable. Scotch and Irish, and English provincial notes, would then circulate in all parts of the kingdom. The currency would thus be put on a much better footing than at present; and at the same time, by giving the power of issue (subject to fixed conditions) to all banks alike, we should abolish the present monopoly of the means of lending capital, — we should introduce freedom and fair competition into banking, — and thereby insure that the rate of interest should be regulated simply by normal causes—namely, by the supply of capital and the extent of the demand for it.

* 'The Rate of Interest,' Part III., in the Magazine for July last.

A BRACE OF TRAVELLERS.

Amid the heap of trash with which we have of late been surfeited—sensation novels, and novels which produce only weariness and vexation of spirit—it is satisfactory to light upon at least two books, both of which may be read with satisfaction at this moment, and of which the reminiscences must long continue to be at once instructive and vivid. Mr. Vambery's 'Travels in Central Asia,' and Mr. Palgrave's 'Narrative of a Year's Journey through Central and Eastern Arabia,' are worth all the twaddle put together which the last London season produced. Both are well and vividly written; both contain a vast amount of information respecting places and people about which very little has heretofore been known in western Europe; and both, as it appears to us, may be perfectly relied upon so far as the opportunities of investigating facts came under the control of the narrators. It would really be hard to decide between them as to which offers to the curious in ethnography and geography points of higher interest; for if Mr. Palgrave has the good fortune to traverse ground which is more peculiarly his own, the scene of Mr Vambery's adventures lies in regions which for many obvious reasons are at the present moment full of interest for us all. Indeed, we are much mistaken if English politicians fail to look into either work somewhat curiously. We know what Russia is doing in Central Asia; we were not, till Mr. Palgrave wrote, aware that France had any eye at all upon the great peninsula of Arabia; yet it is clear that both are busy. Whether, therefore, it be statesmen or men of science who take up the works of which we are now speaking, they will not lay them aside again without deeply pondering what they have been reading about.

The author of the first to which we propose to address ourselves is by birth a Hungarian. A native of Duna Szerdahely, a town in one of the largest islands of the Danube, he appears to have been a severe student from his youth, and to have made himself acquainted not only with most European tongues, but with many of the languages of the East. In this pursuit he received assistance from the National Academy of Hungary, under whose auspices he proceeded to Constantinople. There he spent several years on terms of intimacy with the people, residing in Turkish houses and paying frequent visits to Islamite schools and libraries; for he had a great purpose before him. The etymology of the Hungarian language is a problem, the right solution of which has peculiar interest for all true Hungarians. Mr. Vambery determined to solve it by penetrating into the countries whence his ancestors originally came, and ascertaining on the spot the affinities and the origin of his mother tongue. It was for this ostensible purpose that he set out upon the journey of which in the volume before us we have a graphic account.

We learn from the opening chapter of this book that in the early summer of 1862 Mr. Vambery took the road from Constantinople to Teheran. He reached the latter city on the 13th of July, and, as usually happens with European visitors, was disappointed and disgusted with it. From the various European embassies here he met with a generous hospitality, and in

'Travels in Central Asia,' by Arminius Vambery. 'Narrative of a Year's Journey through Central and Eastern Arabia,' by William Gifford Palgrave.

Haydar Efendi, the representative of the Sublime Porte, found an old acquaintance; but one and all they warned him against his projected enterprise, which, indeed, circumstanced as Central Asia then was, would have been certain destruction to him. There was war at that time between Dost Mahommed and his son-in-law. Herat itself happened to be in a state of siege, and as it was by Herat that he proposed to penetrate into Central Asia, there seemed nothing for it except to wait for more quiet times. The interval between July 1862 and January 1863 was not, however, entirely wasted. It enabled Mr Vambery to visit Ispahan and Herat, and to inspect the well-known and often-described monuments of a bygone civilisation with which the neighbourhood of the latter city abounds.

Teheran lies on the road usually followed by pilgrims from Central Asia to Mecca; and the Persians being Shiites, while the pilgrims are almost universally Sunnites, the latter are not unapt to be ill-treated by the former. The Ottoman Porte cannot wholly prevent this, but it directs its representatives at the Court of Persia to render such aid to the sufferers as he can. Each caravan, as it arrives in Teheran, repairs in consequence to the Embassy, to make its complaints, or to receive pecuniary or other assistance. This was a great thing for Mr Vambery. He threw himself in the way of all comers, collecting from them as much information as possible; and his manner being kind and his speech affable, he soon won their hearts. The consequence was, that from company to company rumours spread very much in his favour. His name began to be associated for good with that of Haydar Efendi, till in the end it was said of him—"Reshid Efendi treats the Dervishes as his brothers, and is probably a Dervish in Disguise." This was exactly the sort of impression which he desired to make, for he had an object beyond mere benevolence in all that he did; and in due time the opportunity arrived of prosecuting it to a successful issue.

There arrived one day at the hotel of the Embassy a caravan of Dervishes, the leader and spokesman of which was Hadji Belal, a native of Chinese Tartary. He told his tale of wrongs done with such moderation and candour as to impress Mr. Vambery with a strong conviction of his honesty. They conversed together upon the subject which was uppermost in our adventurer's mind, and it came out that the caravan was composed of men of various nations, that they were all bound for Central Asia, and that they proposed to travel by one of the four routes, each of which was beset by its own difficulties and dangers. They might pass by Astrakan, Orenburg, and Bokhara; or by Meshed, Merv, and Bokhara; or by Meshed, Herat, and Bokhara; or through the Turkoman desert to Khiva and Bokhara. "The first two," continued the speaker, "are too costly; the last two, it is true, are very dangerous routes. We must, nevertheless, select one of them; and we wish, therefore, to ask your friendly counsel." At once the idea flashed into Mr. Vambery's mind—"These men, who appear to be honest, shall become my guides. I will attach myself to their company, assume their dress, and, as a Dervish, share their fortunes." So thinking, he opened his mind to the Hadji; and after a good deal of remonstrance on the part of the pilgrims, and no small profession of Mohammedan zeal from our friend, it was agreed that they should travel together.

"'We are all ready, not only to become your friends, but your servants,' said Hadji Belal; 'but we must still draw your attention to the fact, that the routes in Turkestan are not as commodious and as safe as those in Persia and in Turkey. On that which we shall take,

travellers wait often for weeks, with no house, no bread, not even a drop of water to drink; they incur, besides, the risk of being killed, or taken prisoners and sold, or being buried alive under storms of sand. Ponder well, Efendi, the step. You may have occasion later to rue it, and we would by no means wish to be regarded as the cause of your misfortune. Before all things you must not forget that our countrymen at home are far behind us in experience and worldly knowledge, and that, in spite of all their hospitality, they invariably regard strangers from afar with suspicion; and how, besides, will you be able, without us, and alone, to perform that great return journey?'"

Startling words these, and not the less so that he to whom they were addressed felt that they were spoken in kindness. He had, however, formed his resolution. He had professed deep faith in the Sunnite creed, and an earnest desire to visit Turkestan (Central Asia); not merely to see the only source of Islamite virtue that still remained undefiled, but to behold the saints of Khiva, Bokhara, and Samarcand. It was this idea, I assured them, that had brought me hither out of Rouin (Turkey).

"'I know, dear friend,' he continued, in reply to the last remonstrance, 'that this world on earth resembles a hotel in which we merely take up our quarters for a few days, and whence we soon move away to make room for others; and I laugh at the Mussulmans of the present time, who take heed, not merely for the moment, but for ten years of onward existence. Yes, dear friend, take me with you; I must hasten away from this horrid kingdom of error, for I am too weary of it.'"

The gentlemen of the various embassies no sooner heard of his design than they did their best to divert him from it. Even Haydar Efendi opposed it; but finding Mr. Vambery resolute, he did what he conceived to be next best—he sent for the Hadjis, spoke of Reshid Efendi's design in the same terms in which Reshid himself had explained it, and in the name of the Sultan commended him to the protection of his adopted brethren. Never was charge more earnestly given—never was its object more honestly observed. The poor Dervishes stood by Mr. Vambery like men, and Hadji Belal, their leader, proved in every difficulty—and many difficulties arose—a friend indeed.

Hitherto Mr. Vambery had worn a costume half Turkish half European. He had enjoyed the luxuries of clean linen and a bed. All these he now relinquished. He dressed himself in rags. He put away everything which, according to his view of the case, might betray to the most curious that he was not what he pretended to be. But a preliminary visit to the caravanserai, in which his new friends pigged together, sufficed to convince him that he had by no means hit the mark. "They occupied two little cells; in one were fourteen, in the other ten. They seemed to me dens filled with misery and filth. That impression will never leave me. Few had adequate means to proceed with their journey; for the majority, their beggar's staff was the sole resource. I found them engaged in an occupation of the toilet which I will not offend the reader by recording, although the necessity of the case obliged me later to resort to it." Yes, herein lies the great repulsion to adventurous travel like that of which we are now writing. Brave men can easily make up their minds to hazard life and endure privations for the attainment of what they feel to be an important object; but the filth to which they must submit, the intimate companionship they must form with vermin, when associating with races whose highest notion of sanctity is that the bodies of saints shall become feeding-grounds for insects the most loathsome, it requires more than courage to encounter these evils, and poor Mr. Vambery, by his own showing, had his full share of them.

Samarcand appears to have been the limit which our traveller set to himself towards the east, and

the line of approach selected by his companions was through Arak Adjemi and Mazendran to the Caspian, and across a portion of that sea, through the great desert of Khiva. The mode of travel was such as might be expected in such company. The few who could afford to ride, hired mules or asses as far as the Persian frontier; the rest made the journey on foot. It carried them through some magnificent scenery, and landed them at Karatepe, a large town in Mazendran, among some friendly Affghans, themselves the remnant of a colony planted there by Nadir Shah. Here they took ship for Ashourada, at that time the most southerly point of the Russian possessions in Asia, whence, after having been overhauled without any other hurt to Mr. Vambery than alarm at the thought of his nationality being discovered, they proceeded three leagues farther, and landed in Turkestan. At once our traveller became aware that he was entering on a new state of existence. On both banks of the Görghen the encampment of Gömüshtepe lay, in form like a hundred bee-hives, planted closely together. The chief, by name Khandjan, had been advertised of the approach of Reshid Efendi, and stood ready on the bank to receive and welcome his guest. To the tent of that hospitable Tartar Mr. Vambery at once repaired, and, together with his friend Hadji Belal, was there treated with the utmost kindness.

Mr. Vambery give a curious, and we doubt not a true, account of the social habits of these children of the wilderness. There was not a tent in the settlement but flew open to receive the strangers; indeed, the great struggle was as to which should be honoured with their presence. Yet these people, generous in their own way, open-handed and superstitious, live by piracy, and carry off from their neighbours, the Russians, men, women and children, whom they enslave. Their treatment of these captives is cruel in the extreme. Such as are unable to procure the sums required as ransom are sent off, if they be marketable, into the interior, and sold; the aged and useless are worked to death, or soon sink under the harsh treatment dealt out to them. It is not far from the Gömüshtepe encampment that the wall of Alexander, built as a defence against the tribes of the desert, begins. That great work, or a portion of it, Mr. Vambery found an opportunity to examine, and he speaks of it, as well as of other monuments of a bygone civilisation, in terms of great admiration. In fact, he spent his time among the friendly Yemuts not agreeably only, but profitably, for he added, in the course of three weeks, considerably to his knowledge of the Tartar tongue, and became day by day more convinced that unless some unlooked-for accident should occur, his Dervish disguise would scarcely be seen through in any part of Central Asia.

At last the means of crossing the great desert in comparative security were offered. There arrived in Gömüshtepe an embassy of the Khan of Khiva, with directions to purchase and bring back to his master two pairs of buffaloes, the milk of which the great man had been ordered by his physician to drink; and the animals being procured, this individual, the official kervanbashi, or leader of caravans, was about to enter upon his return journey. It was settled that the hadjis should attach themselves to his company, and proper arrangements were made for providing them with such means of transport as the undertaking demanded. The first stage was performed by our traveller on horseback through a magnificent prairie, of which only wild boars seem to make any use. Here he met with a ludicrous mishap, himself and a fellow-traveller, whom he had taken up *en croup*, being ignominiously spilt by the

sudden rush of an alarmed sow. But through the desert, which it took the caravan twenty days to cross, he shared a camel with his friend Hadji Belal. The boundary-line of that great desert is the river Etrek, where all were advised to fill their water-skins, inasmuch as for the space of three days no well would be encountered. They obeyed the mandate, and taking leave of the Turkoman escort, which had so far borne them company, they plunged into the wilderness.

There was in this company a good-for-nothing Affghan, a native of Kandahar, who, at the time of the occupation of that place by the English, had been obliged to flee on account of some crime he had committed. He appears, from their first meeting, to have suspected that Mr. Vambery was a European, and he contrived to imbue the chief of the caravan with the same idea. The consequence was, great coldness on the part of that functionary, and a positive order that Reshid Efendi should on no account take notes as he went along. It was even required that the obnoxious Dervish should submit to be searched, "to see if he had any drawings or wooden pens (lead-pencils), as the Frenghis generally have." The Dervish acted his part on the occasion with great skill. "Hadji," he exclaimed, addressing himself to one of his own friends in a tone so loud that the chief of the caravan could not but hear what he said, "thou sawest me in Teheran, and knowest who I am. Tell Amandurdi (the name of the chief) that it was by no means becoming in him, as an honest man, to lend ear to a drunken Binamaz (one who does not repeat his prayers) like the Affghan. We must never jest with religion, and he shall never again have an opportunity to assail one in so dangerous a particular; for he shall learn in Khiva to know with whom he has to deal." These strong words, supported as they were by the testimony of the Hadjis, and especially of Salih and Belal, had the desired effect. Amandurdi, if he could not entirely get rid of his suspicions, placed them in abeyance, and Mr. Vambery escaped the ignominy with which he had been threatened.

The caravan made its first halt, on the 16th of May, amid the tents of some friendly Tartars, and on the 19th Mr. Vambery paid a hasty visit to the ruins of Meshedi Misrizan. These he pronounces to be of Greek origin, and of a date corresponding with that of Alexander's wall. The same day one of the buffalo cows produced a calf, over the birth of which the kervanbashi greatly rejoiced; but the event proved anything but satisfactory in its result to our traveller. Hitherto he had shared his camel with Hadji Belal — each occupying one of two baskets which hung over the animal's back. It was now proposed to substitute the calf for the Hadji, and the Hadji readily consented; but "hardly had he surrendered his place to the young calf, than the disagreeable smell of my new *vis-à-vis* betrayed to me the real motive of my friend. By night it was endurable, as my slumbers were only disturbed by the frequent bleating of the calf; but in the daytime, particularly when the heat was very great, my situation became intolerable. Happily my torments did not last long, for the calf succumbed the second day of its ride through the desert."

The direction which they took was towards the Little Balkan, a range of hills, 3000 feet in height, which extends for about twelve miles, and is not absolutely devoid of herbage. In the advance thither they narrowly escaped being swallowed up in a salt quagmire, after which they touched the Great Balkan. It was the last view obtained by them of vegetable life for many days, and their sufferings from thirst seem to have been on more than one occasion terrible; for

to add to their troubles, their leader warned them that they might at any moment be attacked by robbers, and that to light a fire, or even to talk aloud after nightfall, was forbidden. The alarm thus created promised at one time not to be an idle one. They came suddenly on the prints of feet, and, following them up, were conducted to a cave.

"As from the prints in the sand we could infer that there was but a single man, we soon penetrated into the place; and I saw with indescribable horror a man, half a savage, with long hair and beard, clad in the skin of a gazelle; who, no less astonished, sprang up, and with levelled lance rushed upon us. Whilst I was contemplating the whole scene with the greatest impatience, the features of my guide showed the most imperturbable composure. When he distinguished the half-savage man, he dropped the end of his weapon, and, murmuring in a low voice, 'Amanbol' (peace be to thee), he quitted the horrible place. 'Kanlidir!' —he is one who has blood on his head—exclaimed the kervanbashi, without my having ventured to question him. It was not till later that I learnt that this unhappy man, fleeing from a righteous *banditta*, had been for years and years, summer and winter, wandering round the desert: man's face he must not—he dares not—behold."

The story of the march through the desert is well told, but will hardly bear compression. Its hardships came to an end on the 24th of May, for on that day signs of cultivation began to reappear; and on the 30th, Khiva itself appeared in sight. Mr. Vambery represents the situation as beautiful, amid groves of poplar, meadows, and rich fields; and the place itself was imposing when looked at from afar, with domes and minarets rising from above its gardens. He entered it with a beating heart, knowing that here the real dangers of his enterprise would begin; and it was certainly not the fault of his enemy the Affghan that they failed to overwhelm him. But he had taken the precaution, in the course of the journey, to inform himself from the leader of the caravan respecting all the more distinguished of the Khivites who had at any time visited Constantinople. One of these had for ten years represented the Khan of Khiva at the Court of Stamboul, whom he remembered to have seen; and proceeding at once to the residence of that individual, he introduced himself as an old acquaintance. Under the protection of Shûkrullah Bey, the palace and all the best houses of the capital were thrown open to him; and the Khan himself insisted on supplying the funds for his support, so long as it might suit his convenience to remain in the city.

The Ozbegs of Khiva, Mr. Vambery seems to regard as the most respectable of the Tartar races. They are very ignorant and very superstitious, but they are not cruel, though they have some curious customs too. For example, certain prisoners taken in war were thus disposed of in our author's presence:—

"They were separated into two divisions—namely, such as had not yet reached their fortieth year, and were to be sold as slaves, or made use of as presents; and such as from their rank or age were regarded as Aksakals (grey-beards) or leaders, and who were to suffer the punishment imposed by the Khan. The former, chained together by their iron collars in numbers of ten to fifteen, were led away; the latter submissively awaited the punishment awarded. They looked like lambs in the hands of their executioners. Whilst several were led to the gallows or the block, I saw how, at a sign from the executioner, eight aged men placed themselves down on their backs upon the earth; they were then bound hand and foot, and the executioner gouged out their eyes in turn, kneeling to do so on the breast of each poor wretch; and after every operation he wiped his knife, dripping with blood, upon the white beard of the hoary unfortunate."

If the fate of prisoners is barbarous, not less barbarous is the process by which distinguished warriors are rewarded. Instead of

a Victoria Cross, the Khan of Khiva decorates his meritorious soldiers with garments of state. But he requires much more than the attestations of comrades to justify this act of liberality.

"I had almost forgotten to mention that the Yassaul (an officer of the Court) led me to the treasurer, to receive the sum for my daily board. My claim was soon settled, but this personage was engaged in so singular an occupation that I must not omit to particularise it. He was assorting the khelat (robes of honour) which were to be sent to the camp, to reward those who had distinguished themselves. They consisted of about four kinds of silken coats with staring colours, and large flowers worked in them in gold. I heard them styled four-headed, twelve-headed, twenty-headed, forty-headed coats. As I could see upon them no heads at all in painting or embroidery, I demanded the reason of the appellation, and I was told that the most simple coats were a reward for cutting off four heads of enemies, the most beautiful a recompense for forty heads, and that they were now being forwarded to the camp. Some one proceeded to tell me, that if this was not a usage in Roum, I ought to go next morning to the principal square, where I should be a witness of their distribution. Accordingly, the next morning I did really see about one hundred horsemen arrive from the camp covered with dust. Each of them brought at least one prisoner with him, and amongst the number, children and women also, bound either to the tail of the horse or to the pommel of the saddle; besides all which, he had buckled behind him a large sack containing the heads of his enemies, the evidence of his heroic exploits. On coming up, he handed over the prisoners as presents to the Khan, or some other great personage, then loosened his sack, seized it by the two lower corners as if he were about to empty potatoes, and then rolled the bearded or beardless heads before the accountant, who kicked them together with his foot until a large heap was composed, consisting of several hundreds. Each hero had a receipt given to him for the number of heads delivered, and a few days later came the day of payment."

A month spent in Khiva satisfied our traveller's curiosity, and not without regret he took leave of his friends and turned his face towards Bokhara. He was now, through the liberality of the Khivites, master of a stout ass to ride, and proprietor of half a camel to carry his luggage. The whole body of Hadjis had indeed profited by his popularity, and presented a far more respectable appearance than when they quitted Teheran. Under the guidance of a new kervanbashi—Agnu, a native of Bokhara—they chose their route by Khanka, with the prospect of two days in the desert, and of crossing the Oxus at Koraköl. But an alarm of robbers, after they had crossed the Oxus, induced them to change their route, and instead of two they were six days involved in the wilderness. Their sufferings, from thirst and the fury of the tebbud or fever-wind, were very great; indeed, one of the hadjis died in terrible agony. They succeeded, however, in their object, and reached Bokhara at last. And here a special providence appears to have thrown its shield over our traveller. Hadji Salih, next to Hadji Belal, his most devoted friend among the Dervishes, happened to possess considerable influence in the place. He introduced Mr. Vambery to a relative of his own, who, besides being court priest of the Emir, held the high office of khalifa or abbot of a Tekkie, or great religious house. Mr. Vambery became thenceforth the guest and protegé of that dignified personage; that is to say, a cell was provided for him in the convent, and he was pronounced to be a very learned mollah. But food and other necessaries he was obliged to provide for himself, the Bokhariots receiving his benedictions with every expression of gratitude, but offering him no substantial presents in exchange.

We must refer our readers to the work itself for the description of Bokhara and its people; and of the skill with which Mr. Vambery evaded and lived down the suspicions of the Bokhara government. He tells us nothing of the fate of poor Soni.

nelly and Stoddart, his assumed character standing effectually in the way of inquiry; but his sketch of the usages of the place is extremely curious, and his account of the reigning Emir very favourable. The prince appears to be, after his own fashion, a great man, though the system of government is, of course, one of tyranny and hypocrisy. The people are a mixture of many races, among whom the Persians appear to be the most numerous. They are inferior in all respects to the Ozbecks of Khiva.

In Bokhara the goodly company of Hadjis broke up; and Mr. Vambery continued his journey to Samarcand—Hadji Salih, Hadji Belal, and one or two more, forming his party. They travelled in carts, drawn each by one horse, and suffered martyrdom in jolting. After the first day's progress, the country began to exhibit signs of high cultivation. The fields resembled, in many respects, those of Austria, and along the road, mile-stones were erected. Samarcand, it will be remembered, was, in the days of the great Timour, the capital of Central Asia. From it in every direction good roads were constructed, and much encouragement was given to the practice of agriculture. The city itself, as seen from a distance, still testifies to the magnificence and taste of its founder; and though the illusion vanishes as soon as the stranger passes under the gateway, there still remain very many objects well deserving of notice. Among these, Mr. Vambery particularises the Summer Palace of Timour, which "has retained even to the present day much of its ancient splendour and luxury." In Timour's Mosque and his reception-hall, a long narrow court in the Ark or Citadel, there may still be seen the koklash, or green stone, on which the great warrior caused his throne to be placed; and to which, according to Tartar tradition, vassals from all parts of the world flocked to do him homage. And not far off to the south-west lies his tomb, an octagonal chapel about ten paces in diameter, under the dome of which, with his head towards Mecca, the mighty chief sleeps. His resting-place is covered with a fine stone of a dark green colour, "two and a half spans broad and ten long, and about the thickness of six fingers;" and near him lies his spiritual teacher, Mir Seid Berke, a black stone covering the sarcophagus which contains his remains.

Besides these are to be seen the ruins of various Medusses or colleges, one of which, erected by Timour's Chinese wife, could accommodate, in the days of its splendour, not fewer than a thousand students. Within the precincts of another stood the famous observatory, which, so recently as the middle of the sixteenth century, was spoken of as one of the wonders of the world. They are alike desolate now; indeed, nothing remains of them except two huge but ruinous quadrangles.

These various objects of interest belong to the ancient or historical Samarcand. A new city has sprung up at the distance of a league or thereabouts from the old, which has six gates and a few buzaars. The chief articles offered for sale are manufactures in leather and wooden saddles, the enamel of which might do honour to European artizans.

The regular population appears not to exceed from 15,000 to 20,000 souls, of whom two-thirds are Ozbecks and one-third Tadjiks.

Thus far Mr. Vambery's course had been prosperous; and much as he desired to carry his researches farther, mature reflection convinced him that it was time to return. The Emir had received him kindly, and loaded him with gifts, and his Dervish friends were prepared to escort him as far as their own homes; but, like a wise man, he felt that he had done enough, and that by risking more, all might be lost. Such a safe-conduct as the Emir could give he gave him; trustworthy

guides were found. And then came the hardest trial of all, the parting with the good hadjis. We can understand the sentiment which urged Mr. Vambery at that moment to throw aside his disguise and make his true character known to the Dervishes. It was a generous, but, in every point of view, an unwise impulse. He stifled it, therefore, out of consideration more for their feelings than his own, and with many tears the friends parted, they taking the road to Asker in Chinese Tartary, he about to make his way as he best could through Karshi and Kerki, across the Oxus to Maymene, and so onwards through Herat to Teheran.

In this march, as adventurous and full of incident as that which preceded it, we do not intend to accompany our author. It was performed with the same patience, the same wisdom, the same moderation in all things, which enabled Mr. Vambery to reach and to leave again in safety places hitherto so fatal to European enterprise as Bokhara and Samarcand. Neither can we afford space to examine critically that portion of his volume which undertakes to mark the boundaries and to sketch the characters of the various tribes among whom Central Asia is portioned out. We may observe, indeed, in passing, that much larger space than he has allotted to it, with far more of patient research, is required to do anything like justice to a subject so extensive. But this, if we be rightly informed, will come when he sets himself in earnest to explain the results of those etymological inquiries, to institute which formed, according to his own showing, the principal inducement to his enterprise. Meanwhile we beg to assure our readers that his personal narrative is one of no common merit; that it tells a tale of which the interest never flags; and, above all, that it has left upon our minds the conviction that the author is not only a brave and accomplished man, but an authority, on all that he describes as coming under his own observation, implicitly to be trusted.

While our adventurous Hungarian is thus pushing his way among races and through lands east of the Persian border, an Englishman not less adventurous is advancing from Syria through Arabia, and approaching, by a route as little known as if it had never been traversed before, the western shores of the same decrepid empire. He possesses, in no common degree, all the qualifications necessary for an undertaking so arduous. His frame is well knit, his constitution is of iron; he is an excellent rider, and an expert swimmer. Half a lifetime spent among the natives of the East has made him familiar with their customs and tolerant of their peculiarities; and he has mastered their languages—and especially Arabic—till it has become to him, so to speak, a mother tongue. More than this, educated at Trinity College, Oxford, whence he passed into the service of the East India Company, he learned, as a soldier, to be cool in the hour of danger; and though ceasing, for reasons of his own, to belong to the profession, he never loses the habits of self-reliance which the training incident to it is intended to create. Add to this a mind well stored with more than the outlines of Oriental history—an aptitude to receive impressions quickly—a strong faculty of retaining them lastingly—and you have as exact a representative of what an intelligent traveller in the East ought to be as it is possible to conceive. Such was, such we believe still to be, William Gifford Palgrave, whose brilliant volumes we propose to introduce to the notice of our readers, if, indeed, among our readers there still be any who happen not already to be familiar with him.

On the 16th of June 1862, Mr. Palgrave, after a ten years' residence in Syria, found himself at nightfall without the eastern gate

of Maan, watching while the Arabs, who were to be his guides across the desert, filled their water-skins and adjusted the saddles and the burdens of their camels. "The largest stars were already visible in the dark-blue depths of a cloudless sky, while the crescent moon high to the west shone as she shines in these heavens, and promised us assistance for some hours of our night-march." He was not, like Mr. Vambery, entirely alone among these strangers: one companion, a native Christian of Zaleh in Cœle Syria, bore him company, of whom he speaks as hardy, young, enterprising, and in every respect to be relied upon. They had journeyed together thus far from Damascus, Mr. Palgrave under the guise of a travelling doctor, his companion as a merchant; and they were now about, in the same capacities, to penetrate as far as Djowf, and thence to make their way, as best they could, through Nejed and Hasa to Oman. They would thus, our author assumed, be able "to fill up a blank in the map of Asia," by ascertaining what the interior of the Arabian peninsula was. "Either the land before us shall be our tomb, or we will traverse it in its fullest breadth, and know what it contains from shore to shore."

Such were the brave resolves which induced our countryman to place himself under the guidance of certain Bedouins, of whom in their external appearance and moral temperament he gives a very sorry account. They were three in number; their leader, the most intelligent of the lot, being a robber and murderer by profession. The other two "were utter barbarians in appearance not less than in character." Indeed, we may state once for all, that with the popular notion of Bedouin hospitality and honour Mr. Palgrave makes sad work. According to his showing, these desert tribes are the very reverse of what hosts of dilettante tourists represent them to be—as faithless as they are cruel, as rapacious as they are unmannerly. Even Salim, the most respectable of the little band with which Mr. Palgrave had immediately connected himself, appears to have held his compatriots in small esteem, "for more than once he advised us to avoid all familiarity with them, lest it should diminish the involuntary awe of the savage for civilised man."

It is worthy of remark, that, though adopting the costume of the country and perfect master of the language, Mr. Palgrave put on no such disguise as Mr. Vambery judged it expedient to assume. He did not pretend to be a Dervish, nor even, ostentatiously at least, a Mussulman. He was willing enough to pass as a believer among all who chose to receive him in that capacity; but he was prepared, when the necessary occasion arose, to avow his Christianity. We should be loth to censure Mr. Vambery for adopting a different course. He was going into regions notorious for their hatred of Europeans and of Christianity. It might and probably would have been impossible for him to reach Samarcand, far more to return, had he not acted as he did. But Mr. Palgrave either felt himself constrained by no such necessity, or a sense of higher things enabled him to resist and put it from him. Be this as it may, the facts of the case are as we have stated them—and we own that in our judgment they redound not a little to our countryman's honour.

The journey across one desert necessarily resembles the journey across another; and the sufferings of Mr. Palgrave and his company, from fatigue, thirst, and heat, were pretty much akin to those described elsewhere. In one respect, however, the experience of the travellers in Arabia proved at once more perilous and better worth recording than any of which Mr. Vambery makes mention. On the sixth

day of their progress the simoom overtook them:—

"It was about noon, and such a noon as the summer solstice can offer in the unclouded Arabian sky over a scorched desert, when abrupt and burning gusts of wind began to blow by fits from the south, while the oppressiveness of the air increased every moment, till my companion and myself mutually asked one another, what could this mean? and what was to be the result? We turned to inquire of Salim, but he had already wrapped up his face in his mantle, and bowed down, and, crouching on the neck of his camel, replied not a word. His comrades, the two Herawal Bedouins, had adopted a similar position, and were equally silent. At last, after repeated interrogations, Salim, instead of replying, pointed to a small black tent providentially at no great distance in front, and said, 'Try to reach that; if we can get there we are saved.' He added, 'Take care that your camels do not stop and lie down;' and then, giving his own several vigorous blows, relapsed into muffled silence.

"We looked anxiously towards the tent. It was yet a hundred yards off, or more. Meanwhile the gusts blew hotter and more violent, and it was only by repeated efforts that we could urge our beasts to go forward. The horizon rapidly darkened to a deep violet blue, and seemed drawn in like a curtain on every side; at the same time a stifling blast, as from some enormous oven opening right on our path, blew steadily under the gloom. Our camels, too, in spite of all we could do, began to turn round and round, and bend their knees, preparing to lie down. The simoom was upon us."

The description of that awful visitation, as well as of the scene in the Arab tent with its solitary occupant, is extremely good; indeed, we may say generally that Mr. Palgrave is never more agreeable than when telling a story of personal adventure. We cannot, however, afford space to linger over such tales, nor is it necessary that we should. They will certainly not be skipped by those who set themselves to read the book.

The first halt of the little caravan was at an encampment of Hararat Bedouins—a tribe sunk, according to the sketch of them which Mr. Palgrave gives, to the lowest depth of degradation. They wander from one oasis to another, carrying with them all their wealth, a drove of camels—from the milk of which, and occasional animals slaughtered, they derive their chief subsistence. Bread they have none; but they make coarse red paste out of crushed Jamb, a small herbaceous and tufted plant, with juicy stalks and a little ovate yellow-tinted leaf. It ripens its seed in July; which, growing without culture, is gathered, pounded in a hand-mill, and baked, mixed with water, on the fire. The wretched people who eat it remind us of some decaying tribe of red men whom our American cousins are civilising off the face of the earth. They acknowledge no common ruler, but are divided into, perhaps, a dozen septs, each with its chieflet at its head—yet all, though roaming together, independent. Nor are they, except in name, Mohammedans. The very first morning after the journey began, Mr. Palgrave saw his Bedouin guides worship the rising sun; and all of their kinsmen whom he encountered in his onward progress did in like manner.

"No one," he continues, "throughout the Hararat tribe, can boast a coffee-pot or coffee. Such articles are indeed common among the Syro-Arab Bedouins, enriched by the possession of sheep and horses, and the neighbourhood of towns, not to mention frequent acquisitions of plunder from peasants or travellers, thanks to the weakness of that shadow of shadows for all good, Ottoman rule. But here, in Arabia proper, sheep are the almost exclusive property of townsmen or villagers, and they are strong enough to keep their own; while vigorous governments have for years pressed on the Bedouins with a rod of iron, and reduced them to their normal condition—mere camel-drivers, and nothing more. But if they are somewhat the losers under such a system the land is much a gainer; and I think most of my readers will easily admit that wealth and security for peasants and merchants may well outweigh the advantages of nomad license, and the theo-

Our limits will not permit us to enter more into the detail of Mr. Palgrave's proceedings in Djowf; neither can we afford space to accompany him in his trying journey across the desert. We must be content, therefore, to state that the governor of Djowf dismissed him with a letter to King Telal, and that Bedouin guides were found for him, who did the work, though not in every respect satisfactorily. In due time he reached Hayel, where he is well received, and lodged for a while in the royal palace. This is preparatory to setting up housekeeping for himself, and the resumption of his ostensible calling as a doctor. And of the interval he takes advantage to sketch for us, vividly and pleasantly, a history, of which we cannot pretend to give more than the most meagre outline.

Djebel Shomer, after being governed for ages, like other Arabian districts, by the chiefs of clans, fell, in the beginning of the present century, under the iron rule of the Wahabees, from which it emerged subsequently to the Egyptian invasion, and settled down for a brief space into its old usages. By-and-by there arose a struggle for supreme power between two of the chief families of the city—the Bezel Alees and the Rasheeds. The Bezel Alees prevailed; but the young chief of the Rasheeds, Abd-Allah by name, after being miraculously saved in the battle-field, took service under Turkee, the Wahabee sovereign of Nejed, and proved eminently useful to him. The result was, that a Wahabee army rendered him master of Hayel, where he reigned, a sort of tributary to the sovereign of Hajed, till 1845. His sudden death in that year brought Telal, then barely twenty years of age, to the throne; whose reign appears to be as prosperous as it has been wise and humane. He has greatly enlarged his dominions, sometimes by open conquest, sometimes by a process well known in western Europe—the popular wish of the province to be annexed. The part which he has to play between the Wahabee Scylla and the Ottoman Charybdis is indeed a delicate one; but he plays it skilfully. He makes war with both when it suits his own purpose, yet professes goodwill towards the one and allegiance to the other. He has made the roads safe for purposes of commerce all round the capital. He has rooted out plunderers in the neighbouring desert, and encourages Christians and Jews to settle near him, assuring them of protection and the free exercise of their religion. His chief danger threatened at the beginning of his reign from his father's brother, Obeyd, "The Wolf," a bigoted Wahabee and a fierce soldier; but the Wolf was kept at bay by employing him in distant and warlike expeditions, of which not fewer than forty are said to have been conducted to a successful issue. Under Telal the people of Djebel Shomer seem to enjoy as much freedom and prosperity as is compatible with the state of civilisation at which they have arrived. Capital punishments are little practised among them—torture is unknown; and though the religion of the State be Islamism of the most rigid kind, no very strict inquiry is made as to how men conform to its requirements. Telal himself seems to be a man of large mind and vigorous understanding. He is beloved as well as respected by his subjects, and according to the showing of our author, which we see no reason to distrust, eminently deserves to be so regarded.

"After all," says Mr. Palgrave, "nationality is a good thing, and foreign rule but a poor compensation for it. Here was an Arab governing Arabs after their own Arab fashion, and thus succeeding infinitely better in securing the peace of his lands, the happiness of his subjects, the regular administration of law and justice, and the maintenance of quiet and good order, than any Constantinople-sent Khoorshed Basha, or Fou-ad Basha, or Omar Basha, ever did in their

respective provinces, or ever can. Need I say why and wherefore? A thinking mind (and Eastern politics require one) will fill up the rest. But it would be well for Syria, well for Bagdad, well for the Valley of Mosool and the Mesopotamian uplands, were the same principles that pervade Hayel applied there. It is beyond the writer's province to speak of Europe, where Poles, Servians, Sicilians, and other races, may have to work out the same problem. But of Asia—at least so much of it as lies between Kora-Dagh and Aden—I would unhesitatingly say, that its specific remedy (and very sick it is wherever it forms part of the great 'sick man') is to be found, first and foremost, in the redintegration of its nationality."

All this is cleverly put, having considerable tendency towards claptrap. It is the cant of the day, and about as sound as cant usually is. Assuming, however, that it is true—true to the letter—that government by nationalities (whatever the expression may mean) is the only good government, where would our author be inclined to stop in dispensing his boon to the world? The Irish tell us that they have a nationality of their own, and the Fenians are intent on asserting its rights; are we justified, on Mr. Palgrave's principle, in treating the Chief-Centre, and other centrals, as rebels? The natives of India have many nationalities, and did the best a few years ago to assert them. What right had we to speak of the rising of the Sepoys as a mutiny, and, after putting it down with a strong hand, to treat the lineal descendant of the Great Mogul as if he had been a traitor? And those poor Maories whom we are hunting down in New Zealand—can it be disputed that their nationality is very distinctly marked, or, as recent experience has shown, that they much prefer their own institutions, domestic and religious, to those which we have forced upon them? Would Mr. Palgrave have us withdraw from the country, and hand it over again to heathenism and cannibalism? Possibly he writes with no higher object in view than to pander a little to Radical views of what Italy and Hungary, and perhaps Poland, ought to be. But besides that such a course is quite unworthy of him, he should remember that universal experience is opposed to his theory, especially in the East. There, and indeed everywhere, the more energetic race always has asserted, and always will assert, its supremacy over the less energetic. It is the merest twaddle to speak of nationalities as having any rights, which they are not vigorous enough to assert and to maintain for themselves. Besides, was it ever heard of that races received their higher civilisation except from without? But let that pass.

Mr. Palgrave and his friend could not consent to become permanent inmates of the King's palace. They were, accordingly, transferred to a house of their own, till another was provided for them at the King's cost. For about six weeks they resided therein, mixing freely with the people, effecting cures among them, and accepting fees. Their professional disguise, however, seems never to have blinded Telal; nor, as the event proved, was it an object with them to deceive him as they deceived his subjects. They played with his scepticism, indeed, as long as they considered it advisable to do so, and then told him all the truth. What that truth was we cannot pretend so much as to conjecture; but if there be among his readers any who are inclined to doubt the disinterested generosity of the French Emperor in supplying funds for Mr. Palgrave's journey, the account which the latter gives of his parting interview with King Telal will go a good way to confirm the suspicion. Here it is:—

"Obeyd was now at a distance, and Telal felt himself at liberty to proceed with us (in certain confidential communications, which the unexpected arrival of his fanatical uncle had broken off); and, accordingly, on the 6th of the month, we received his orders to meet him privately in Zamel's K'hawah an hour or so after noon. To the K'hawah

we went, and a slave was stationed at the outer door to prevent interruption from unseasonable visitors. We had not been ten minutes at the rendezvous when Telal came, accompanied by two swordsmen, whom he left outside. He was plainly dressed. His look was serious, even more than wont; and, after seating himself, he remained some time in a silence which we did not interrupt. At last he raised his eyes, and, looking me hard in the face, said—'You would not be imprudent enough to require, nor I to give, a formal and official answer to communications like yours, in such a state of things. But this much I, Telal, will say, Be assured, now and ever, of my goodwill and countenance. You must now continue your journey; but return in whatever fashion you may—and I hope it will be before long—your word shall pass here as law; and whatever you may wish to see done, shall be exactly complied with throughout the country of my government. Does this satisfy you?' added he. I replied that my utmost desires went no further, and we shook hands in mutual pledge."

In mutual pledge of what? A few pages previously, Mr. Palgrave had given us a sort of vague insight into what seems to have been a very grave conference between himself and the Shomer monarch. They met by special appointment, Zamel, the King's minister and friend, being present. The King urged our traveller to speak out; and—

"Thus encouraged, I began, and gave a brief but clear account of the circumstances and object of our journey—whence, whither, what we desired, and what we expected. A conversation of at least an hour ensued; it consisted principally of interrogations on Telal's part, and of explanations and answers on ours. His queries were always to the point; his remarks concise, but uncommonly shrewd, and going to the bottom of things. Much that I said was met half-way by assent. On other points he suggested difficulties and proposed modifications. He took particular care not to commit himself by assurances of adhering to any definite line of conduct; and we, of course, avoided, with equal scrupulosity, all appearance of a desire to lead him farther or faster than he chose to follow. But he insisted much on the necessity of being firm in his secrecy, saying, 'Were what now passes between us to be known at large, it might be as much as your lives are worth, and perhaps mine also.'"

It appears to us that in lifting the veil thus far, and no farther, Mr. Palgrave has placed himself, and more than himself, in a somewhat equivocal position. If there was anything in his discussion with Telal of sufficient importance to require secrecy, his best course would have been not to say so much as he has done. If there be no need of concealment in Europe (for, interesting as his volumes are, he can scarcely apprehend that they will be studied and commented upon in Hayel), it would have been better for all parties had he told us in full what really did pass at the interview which he so graphically describes. Mr. Palgrave is at liberty, of course, to take service, not military, under any crowned head which he may prefer; and the bounty of the French Emperor in supplying funds for this particular journey, was not, we may depend upon it, disbursed for nothing. But why hide from his own countrymen what it was that the Emperor engaged him to do, assuming, as we shall continue to assume till the contrary is made plain to us, that neither could the one propose, nor the other accept, a charge incompatible with the strictest personal honour and loyalty? Of this, however, more by-and-by.

While Telal dealt thus generously with our travellers, Obeyd, "The Wolf," regarded them with the deepest suspicion. He laid many a snare for them, which only the steady friendship of the King and his minister enabled them to elude; and when at last their departure was determined upon, he pressed upon them a letter, which, had they been simple enough to deliver it, would have ended abruptly their labours and themselves together. Their next stage was Riad, the capital of the Nejed empire, the seat and focus of Wahabeeism, with all its fana-

ticism and austerity; and to the tender mercies of Abd-Allah, King Feyzul's eldest son, and even more than his father a bigot and relentless, the crafty "Wolf" had commended them. Mr Palgrave, however, was not so to be taken in; he read, and at once destroyed the fatal missive, and besought Telal to give him such a letter as would insure a favourable reception from Feyzul himself. "There would be little use," was the reply, "in my giving you a letter to Feyzul; a recommendation of mine would hardly make him think the better of you: but I will do what I can for you, since you appear determined to follow a course which is beset with dangers." A passport was, in consequence, made out, which would insure good treatment to the bearers, as long as their journey lay through Shomer territory; and with this in their hands they took their leave and departed.

While our friends are compassing the extent of desert which separates Shomer from Nejed, we cannot do better than abridge the clear and interesting account which Mr. Palgrave gives of the rise and progress of Wahabeeism in Central Arabia. It originated with Mohammed Ebn-abd-el-Wahab, a man of good lineage of the Mesaleekh tribe, who began life as a travelling merchant, and visited in the way of his profession lands as remote as Persia, India, and even Constantinople. What he saw there contrasted sadly with the laxity which prevailed at home in matters both of faith and practice. His zeal for the religion of the Prophet became a passion, insomuch that about the middle of the last century he gave up all, established himself in Damascus, and became a severe student of the Koran. The Damascene Sheik hardened him for the task which he had set to himself. He returned to his native country, settled in the town of Eyanah, and there preached, in opposition to the prevailing Paganism, Islam in its strictest form. Driven from Eyanah, he found in a young Arab chief, Ja-ood, the son of Abd-el-Azeez, and lord of the stronghold of Derey-eeyah, at once a protector and proselyte. The sword was drawn, district after district, tribe after tribe, were overcome, till almost the whole tract of country between the frontiers of Mecca and the Persian Gulf accepted the reformed faith. It accepted, likewise, the victor for its sovereign, who, after a reign of fifty years, left to his son the undisputed sovereignty of Inner Arabia, and a name respected, and even dreaded, throughout the peninsula.

Mr Palgrave's summing-up of the moral results of this revolution, and the manner in which he contrasts Mohammedanism with Christianity are too striking to be passed by:—

"The Wahabee reformer formed the design of putting back the hour-hand of Islam to its starting-point; and so far he did well, for the hand was from the first meant to be fixed. Islam is in its essence stationary, and was framed thus to remain. . . Now, Christianity is living, and because living must grow, must advance, must change, and was meant to do so. Onwards and forwards is a condition of its very existence; and I cannot but think that those who do not recognise this show themselves so far ignorant of its soul, nature, and essence. On the other hand, Islam is lifeless, and because lifeless cannot grow, cannot advance, cannot change, and was never meant to do so; and therefore the son of Abd-el-Wahab, in doing his best to bring it back to its primal simplicity, making a goal of its starting-place, was so far in the right, and showed himself acquainted with the nature and first principles of his religion."

The man who wrote these sentences may have been a Romanist and a Jesuit three years ago. He is no professor now of a creed which would not indeed carry Christianity back to its cradle in Galilee, but would fix it where Hildebrand or the great Gregory placed it—in the darkest of the dark ages.

Mohammed, the Wahabee, never

would accept any office of trust in the government, nor interfere, ostensibly at least, in political affairs. He bequeathed this spirit of religious zeal and civil moderation to his descendants, who have acted in turn as heads of the law and of the church throughout the empire. They suffered, indeed, as the Wahabee monarchs did, from the hostility of Egypt and the invasion by Ibrahim Pasha; But Ibrahim was unable to retain his conquests, and in 1820 the Egyptians quitted the scene, and left Wahabeeism to resume its ascendancy.

The present King of Nejed, Feyzul, reigns indeed over a realm very much curtailed in regard to space. Shomer is virtually severed from it, although Telal still flatters the Wahabee's vanity by pretending to regard him as his sovereign; and other tribes have reverted to their ancient independence. But Feyzul's rule, wherever it extends, is rigid in the extreme. Himself a fanatic, old and timid, he is continually on the watch to prevent violations of the Wahabee territory and the attacks of assassins on himself. His system of government is one of espionage to a greater extent than is usual even in the East, and the consequences to our travellers were always inconvenient, and for a while at least eminently dangerous.

Mr Palgrave's account of all this reminds us, in many respects, of Sir Walter's inimitable portraiture of Louis XI., in the story of 'Quentin Durward,' The old tyrant has his closet, by secreting himself in which he can overhear everything that passes in the hall where his visitors assemble, and his fortified palace is well supplied with prisons, which are never empty. He has his astrologer, too, to warn him when danger threatens. Here is our author's account of the effect produced upon this Arab king by his own and his companion's arrival at Riad:—

"When Feyzul received intelligence of this bevy of strangers at his door—the Persian Chargé d'Affaires, with all his grievances—the Meccans, with their impudent mendicity, and the Syrians, with their medical pretensions—he fairly lost his balance of mind, and went next to mad. Old and blind, superstitious and timid, bigoted and tyrannical, whatever construction the utmost conjecture could put on this motley band thus rushing, almost unannounced, into his very capital, nay, encamped at the doors of his own palace, served only to augment his alarm, suspicion, and disgust. The sacred centre of Nejedean orthodoxy, profaned at one and the same moment by the threefold abominations of Persians, Meccans, and Syrians—Shiyayees, Soonees, and Christians—heretics, polytheists, and infidels, was surely enough to call down fire from heaven, or awaken an earthquake from beneath! An invasion of cholera was the very least that could be anticipated. There was, however, worse yet. The begging Meccans might, indeed, be easily not rid of, as a scanty gift would, it was to be hoped, purchase for the capital the relief of their presence. But the Na'ib, with Teheran and Persia at his back, was a very different affair; and Feyzul knew too well that the complaints now about to be laid before him were over true; and that for all vexations inflicted by Aboo-Boteyn and Mohanna, he himself, their master, was really responsible. Besides, it was precisely by the Persian dagger of a Persian assassin that his ancestor, Abd-el-Azeez-ebn-Sa'ood, had fallen; and who could tell whether the Na'ib, or, at any rate, one of his attendants, might not have a similar weapon ready for the chief of the orthodox? For the two Syrians—worse still—they must be Christians, possibly assassins—certainly magicians. The least to be apprehended from them was a spell, an evil eye, perhaps a poisonous incantation. To sum up, one and all were spies; there could be no doubt of that."

To flee from his palace and shut himself up in a secluded garden belonging to the chief Wahabee, and to surround himself there with guards, while he issued strict orders to prevent the approach of all strangers, was the first step which Feyzul considered it expedient to take. His spies were then put in motion, and day by day our travellers received visits from persons who, by every possible means, direct and indirect, endeavoured to

draw them into admissions which would justify further proceedings. They kept their own counsel, however, and succeeded at last in persuading even Feyzul to believe that they were what they represented themselves to be—doctors desirous of practising their art, and earning a livelihood in the Nejed capital. And thus they were enabled to spend fifty days in the place.

We must refer our readers to the work itself for the story of that sojourn. It is one of the most interesting and best told tales which we have of late years encountered. The narrator takes advantage of all that he sees and hears to digress into historical and legendary matters, which are exceedingly curious, and his description of Nejedean manners and habits of thought is masterly. We see the groups which he paints as distinctly as if we were in their bodily presence and heard them talk. The portraitures of old Feyzul himself, in particular, and of his sons, Abd-Allah and Sa-ood, and of Mahmood, the prime minister, are admirable. But we cannot venture to touch these, nor to accompany our Doctor in his visits, professional and social, to the households of the lesser aristocracy. Enough is done when we say that the whole subject is handled with extraordinary skill, and that the effect is as enduring as it is picturesque.

The time came at last for our travellers to depart, and they heard to their dismay that there was no intention in high places to let them go. Threats were first tried, then offers of house, garden, and a wife, for Mr. Palgrave, which, however, he declined. Their flight—for a flight it was—took place at last, with the help of their tried friend Abóo-Eysa, and they plunged into the desert which divides Nejed from Uasa. Not without suffering and some danger they reached Hof-hoof, the capital of the latter province, where they became the favoured guests of their enlightened guide, and spent some time most agreeably. There Mr. Palgrave found himself among a people far advanced in civilisation and the customs which are induced by it beyond the dwellers either in Hayel or Riad. Their speech is, indeed, less pure, but their intellects are sharper, and their habits of life proportionately more free, without being more vicious. In all classes a settled hatred of the rigidly Wahabee rule in matters of religion, not less than in civil government, prevails.

"At Hof-hoof, for the first time in Arabia, though not for the last, I heard the emphatic summing-up of anti-Mohammedan feeling, in the words 'Baghadna Alla wa'l Islam,' literally, 'hatred to Allah and Islam,' equivalent to our 'down with' or 'death to,' coupled with the no less emphatic 'T-foo'ala Muslimeen (in plain English, 'd—n the Muslems'), phrases pronounced from between the set teeth, and accompanied with no less meaning gestures. . . . Meanwhile, lavish praise was given to the good order and prosperity of Bombay and Kurrachee, both of which towns many of our hosts had visited—a praise intermingled with comparisons far from advantageous to Wahabee and Turkish rule."

It will not after this surprise our readers to hear that on a revolt, at no great distance of time, from the hated rule, Mr. Palgrave reckons; and that he reckons, besides, on its extending far beyond the limits of the province of which he is immediately speaking.

"Frequently under cover of night, and in houses out of the way, or round Aboo-Eysa's ever-blazing hearth, were held meetings of the old chiefs and their partisans. I was twice present at such in the character of a seemingly casual guest; and in these assemblies I learned how widespread are the ramifications of the anti-Wahabee conspiracy, or rather confederacy. Hasa and Oman form its main force; Telal-ebn Rashud, and all who sympathise with him throughout Shomer, are ready to co-operate in the work; numerous partisans exist in Hareek and Sedeyr; in Kaseem, three-fourths of the population welcome the project. The Bedouins participate in the movement with hardly any, if any, exceptions."

Our traveller's next stage was to Kalief, whence he took ship, and touching at various ports, crossed the Persian Gulf to Linja. It belongs, with a stretch of coast extending as far as Djask in Beloochistan, to Oman, and affords our author an opportunity, of which he takes advantage, to give an historical, geographical, and social history of the entire province. We use the term province because Oman pays a small tribute to the sovereign of Nejed, though, in point of fact, the Sultan of Oman may be described as an independent prince; and the system of government appears to be as liberal as that of the Wahabees is the reverse. The city abounds with negroes, slaves on their first arrival, but after a time, for the most part, set free. By these almost all the rural labour of the land is performed; and they are as insolent and sensual here as elsewhere. Mr. Palgrave delivers himself like a man of sense on the subject of England's generous but ill-directed exertions to put down the slave-trade; and we recommend his statements to the grave consideration of such as now sit in the chairs of Wilberforce and Clarkson.

Here, then, we take our leave of Mr. Palgrave, thanking him again for the instruction, as well as the entertainment, which he has afforded us. We should wish success likewise to the object of his journey, if we knew exactly what that was, and were satisfied of its compatibility with interests which have the strongest claims upon us. But being in the dark in regard to these matters, we must be guarded on that head.

EDUCATORS.

A POOR invalid was found lamenting that Providence had given her no daughter to nurse her. "Perhaps," said her visitor, in the hope to reconcile her to things as they were—"perhaps if you had had a daughter she would have married." "Oh no! she wouldn't," was the reply; "I should have brought her up different." "How is it," inquired a very superior woman, "that Mr. So-and-so's children are all so short? I thought they had been carefully educated." "You may not be able," writes the author of a prize essay on Sunday-schools —"you may not be able to train up an apostle, but you may prevent one becoming a Judas. Had Mohammed, when a child, been placed under the care of a faithful Sabbath-school teacher, who can believe he would ever have been what he did become?" These are cases more or less extreme of what we mean by the temper of the Educator. The poor woman felt in herself the power to suppress the most natural leanings and instincts; the lady believed she knew the training which could add inches if not cubits to the stature; the author regards Sunday-schools under her system as a match, but also the only match, for all the powers of evil.

We would divide teachers and trainers into those who bow to human nature, and those who feel themselves equal, single-handed, to defy it; into those who only seek to direct and guide, and those who profess to "form" and "mould;" into those who regard certain innate leanings as master-tendencies not to be put down, and those who view the infant mind simply as so much plastic material to be wrought into any shape a cunning manipulator shall decide upon; and, finally, into those who would not, if they could, take the sole responsibility of their charge, and are thankful for external aids, and those who demand, as a first essential to their

system, absolute undisturbed possession. For the tutor and schoolmaster, however zealous in their calling, submit to a partnership, and leave much in other hands, as thinking them better hands; but an Educator, with due characteristic reliance on himself, when he sees a child, longs to take it from all existing influences — this is indeed the *sine quâ non.* Give him the rough block and his own undisputed sway, and he will make a man of it; if he fails, it is because his system has been tampered with; he never owns to a mistake. The Educator is often, we may say generally, a very clever man; indeed the people who make the gravest, most deliberate errors in education, are often more than clever, they have genius and a work to do in the world; but they are possessed by an overweening self-opinion. Sweeping reformers, for example, though it may be the reformers of grave abuses, will, we believe, always blunder in education, if by ill-luck they take up the subject. These vehement characters, always employed in infusing new truths, acquire a profound contempt for the world's experience: it is no argument with them that mankind have hitherto acted on the plan they controvert; they are so accustomed, nay, necessitated by their position, to think themselves right and other people wrong, that the notion practically becomes part of them, and they sustain a shock and an injury when it is attempted to turn tables upon them. With them nothing is time-honoured or unassailable, and they are sustained by a faith in their power to set things right, which encourages them to attempt the most fundamental changes, and which renders a calm study of human nature a pursuit altogether out of their line, if not beneath their attention. Whether we grant them the title or not, all speculatists are reformers in their own eyes, and possessed, like them, with a remedy for every human error and misfortune; and this is another distinction between the two classes we have indicated—the ordinary teacher believes his office to be one among many of equal importance; the Educator, as such, holds his system the universal panacea, and the one subject which should hold the attention and influence the actions of mankind. Thus Madame Roland, while yet a girl, professes to regard marriage solely as affording her an opportunity of educating. We quote the whole passage for its exquisite priggishness:—"I see in marriage," she writes to her friend, "many cares which seem to be only compensated by the pleasure of giving to society useful members. The pleasure, I think, outweighs the cares; but to enjoy it I must find some one who holds the same opinion, and who, moreover, possesses the ability to bring up his children worthily. In regard to a husband I must look out as a man would do who, knowing the value of a good tutor, feels himself incapable of acting the part of one. I feel the necessity of a helpmate gifted with a superior mind, who can supply all that is wanting in me to educate my children as I could wish."

It will be seen that we do not sympathise with the school or schools who thus regard education as their specialty. Still men ought to be lenient to didactic yearnings. Teaching is so repugnant to the majority of men,—they are so helpless in their feeble spasmodic efforts at training and instruction — that they must feel respect for all who accept a task thus uncongenial, or it may be hateful, to themselves as their calling, until they see grave cause for mistrust. It is no merit in most of us to allow a child's natural bent fair-play, and to let who will give a helping hand; to have no system, or to frame our system, on the convenience of letting things take the obvious course. The Educator's wilfulness is among the nobler class of errors; even the more arrogant have their place in the scheme of

things, as counteracting from time to time the world's *laisser aller*, and asserting theory and an ideal which mere common sense is so apt to forget and ignore in its habit of accepting things as they stand, with no other notion but of making the best of them. Moreover, with the most resolute intentions against sermonising, theorising, and dictation, nobody can take pen in hand on the subject of education without at intervals joining the fraternity we would indicate. It is of no use to declare beforehand against rules, and to appeal to experience as the sole arbiter; the writer is run away with against his will into declamation, assertion, pedantry, and truism. The contempt of others' theories which sounded so practical, only introduces some pet theory of his own. We do not blame him; we only find it inseparable from the impulse to indulge the world with some cherished conclusions on this subject. And it is a subject on which so many plausible things can be said, that not only the writer is satisfied with his argument and his proofs, but the reader is convinced too, so long as he confines his attention to the page before him, and does not awake to his own personal experience; and then ten to one he will find some confusion, if not some flat contradiction to what seems so self-evident on paper. Thus, if there is one thing more than another that writers on education are agreed upon, it is the necessity for firmness in a mother; their talk is enough to frighten timid feminine conscientiousness out of its wits; firmness of every shade, from severe firmness to mild determination in carrying her point, is the first requisite, the one indispensable condition of success. We own it seems as if it ought to be, and we are half afraid to dispute it; but *is* it true really? Is maternal weakness — showing itself in indulgence and infirmity of will—so fatal an error, so universally fatal as we are told it is, till we almost feel that it ought to be? From the old Lady Balcarras, with whom it was a word and a blow in promptest succession —from the mother of the Wesleys, who had her children in such subjection that she taught even her infants to cry softly when they were whipped, and, shutting herself up in the schoolroom with each child on the completion of its fifth year, compelled it to learn the alphabet perfectly in six hours; to the tender mother quoted by Miss Sewell, who never "spoke twice" to her children — the power of enforcing instantaneous obedience is put forward as the first duty in a mother, and results are adduced in confirmation. The children in all these cases honoured their parents and did their training honour — or rather those did who inherited their mother's temperament, the failures of whom there are generally more than one not counting. The fact is, all these women were firm by nature; but can no women make good mothers who are of another constitution? We see in real life mothers constitutionally impeded from being firm after the pattern of any example in books. All women can't have a strong will, and therefore they cannot put on a firm manner, which is absolutely necessary to enforce firm words; and therefore they have often to speak twice. Well, of course, such a mother has trouble that the others have not; but if she were to obey the books against her nature, might it not be a strained unnatural performance, and might not the children miss some lessons in learning others? Parents have an art no books can impart, and it goes far to nullify all that books can teach. By it a look or a tone does more than a spoken command, and establishes an understanding which set phrases and a rule ostentatiously in operation never do. The mother must not indeed yield to her nature merely to save herself trouble; she must work, and persevere. But if a woman is really fair,

impartial, and self-denying, we see that she may be what is called weak in action, infirm of purpose up to a point, and it does not do the children harm; a system that is according to her nature has to all appearance answered better than if she had done violence to it and shown herself to her children in a forced unreal aspect. Children by an instinct know their mother's disposition, though they are profoundly ignorant of possessing this knowledge, and she must rule through making the best of what she is. A little boy having been gently reproved by the mildest of mothers, and afterwards spoken to very kindly by her, exclaimed with a forgiving air, "Well, you *are* a good mamma, after all." This speech would make a very indifferent figure in a book on education; but, in fact, these easy terms have ended in a willing obedience, a clinging to direction, on the son's part such as we never see where the duty was harshly, or evan pedantically, enforced in childhood. All the infinite varieties of character, if actuated by conscience and a love of what is pure and right, have their influence for good. Nor can it be decided what in all cases is best; this must depend on the temper to be wrought upon, and that subtle affinity that exists between the mother and her child.

We are not disputing the duty of enforcing obedience, but we notice the general tone upon it as one instance among many, in which all teachers on education, in their study of abstract principles and their laying down of cause and effect, seem alike to ignore the niceties, irregularities, and compensations of nature. They say what in one sense is a truism—they say what we should expect to come true, but they do not paint the state of things that we see; and this is a feature in common with all Educators who start from what ought to be, or what is assumed to be, and not from what is. They all learn to prefer their own manageable fancy to the perplexing truth. Thus one could hardly meet with men more utterly at variance in their views of life than Richard Lovel Edgeworth and John Wesley, but, as educators, they were alike influenced by a faith in themselves and their own theories which no experience could shake; they both would have nothing to do with the existing state of things, and both made the success of their system to depend on removal from all other influences. John Wesley was the great preacher of human depravity, while Mr. Edgeworth and his distinguished daughter maintain a directly contrary opinion in these words:—"Falsehood, caprice, dishonesty, obstinacy, revenge, and all the train of vices which are the consequences of mistaken or neglected education, which are learned by bad example, and which are not inspired by nature, need scarcely be known to children whose minds have from their infancy been happily regulated. Such children should be sedulously kept from contagion; their minds are untainted; they are safe in that species of ignorance which alone can deserve the name of bliss;" but Wesley is quite as strong as the believer in inherent virtue on the evils of any free intercourse with others; it was his creed, too, that all our faults were caught by contagion. He goes even farther, and is as jealous of interference as though Providence had not instituted the parental relation. In his model school he forbade all association with other children, and would receive no boy whose parents did not pledge themselves not to take him from school, no not for a day, till they took him for good and all, on the principle that thus alone could his system have a fair trial. And while he cannot echo Mr. Edgeworth's comfortable complacency on the success of his plans, and has to ackowledge that, after expelling some boys as incorrigible, those that

remained were very "uncommonly wicked," his confidence in his theory remains as strong as ever. He could not get people to carry it out as he wished, but it was still the "counsel of God."

The whole class of believers in surveillance we rank among Educators of this order, who act upon a system rather than any study of nature. Whatever they desire to protect children from, the notion that they can control mind and conscience by their mere presence, ranges them on the same side of the question. Whether it is the Roman Catholic seminary where the pupil is never alone, day nor night; this Kingswood school, where the scholar was never for an instant free from the presence of a master; the model family, pictured in 'Practical Education,' where even brothers and sisters are guarded by a perpetually present elder to step in between possible disagreements; or the Sunday-school already alluded too, where the enthusiastic teacher demands the undisturbed possession of the children "almost the entire Sabbath-day," all are actuated by one and the same spirit of rebellion against any influence but their own, and one general defiance of natural obvious order.

The representatives of the opposite school are less tempted to write books than their opponents, because they are necessarily without a system, or at least any that can be called such in all its parts. We believe that Miss Sewell, in her last book, 'Principles of Education,' designed the novelty of a book on education that should not theorise or put forward a system; but, as we have said, the pen is a servant very apt to become master; and we now and then come upon assertions which savour very much of theory. "Thus," she says, "the slightest taint of meanness or unreality will utterly destroy children's respect." Now, as a fact, a great many excellent people who must be and *are* respected, have a slightest *taint* of meanness about them—it is to be exceptionally magnanimous to be without it; and who is always and in every position, simple and absolutely real? It is when meanness and affectation are conspicuous features that they secure general dislike and contempt. Again, she warns mothers against being playfellows of their children, which is quarrelling with a particular temperament. This amiable frivolity does not do with the grand firm mother of the social essay, but it does exceedingly well in many a happy family circle, where, if the mother restrained herself from playing with her children, they would lose many a blissful binding association. Even where she asserts that "it is the love of the home that educates; and one-sided and narrow-minded parents will make one-sided, narrow-minded children, let tutors and governesses do what they will," we find that no sweeping assertion stands the test of a wide experience. In fact it is only "the common mind" that in this way obeys the obvious training. It is of such the poet writes:—

"Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

Where a child's brain is active and temper independent, we see very different results from a one-sided narrow home. There are conspicuous cases where the sight of prejudice from earliest youth produces a terrible fearlessness of unchecked thought and speculation. This may seem carping and an unfair treatment of a very wise and sensible book, as such books go; but it is impossible to generalise on matters which depend in each case upon a thousand varying conditions, without hitting upon some counter-experience in the reader. Perhaps the only temper in which to read such books profitably is one of passive docility; if we pause to think, or to endorse what we find, we come to a perpetual stop. Even Miss Sewell's warning against girls' chatter, safe as it may sound, and the statement that when they

gossip among themselves in their bedrooms they do themselves untold harm, does not go unquestioned. There are girls with no tendency to chatter. A flow of unguarded nonsense—and some girls, surely, can be innocently nonsensical—we often think would do them all the good in the world; and night is the time for such enlargement of the spirits and exuberance of trivial confidences. But general rules must be formed on the assumption of a low moral standard in those to be subjected to them. No doubt, education must have its literature, and persons who have thought about it, and practised in it, are the people to write; but the grounds of their own success can never be reduced to writing. This has been brought about by a tact and observation exercised on each particular subject, and varying in method as the mind and disposition varies. There are general rules, but the secret lies in the application, and this is just the thing that is incommunicable. Even where, as in the case of large schools, the personal supervision can only be slight, this is still the case—it is not the rule but the man that influences. If John Wesley had managed his own school, it is very likely that he could have proved, by some very striking results, that children ought not to be allowed to play, and that it is wrong to let them learn as boys what they must unlearn as men; but as he left it to subordinates, the system had to stand on its own merits.

The teacher and trainer, whom we would contrast with the theoretical educator, accepts human nature as he sees it, and owns a necessity in all the broad facts of the domestic and social fabric. He dares not enter upon any scheme, however plausible, which might possibly loosen the hold of these primary institutions over the individual mind. He sees bad parents, but he will not take the responsibility of alienating their children from them. He sees crowded and filthy streets, but he would not venture to collect the children out of them into refuges and reformatories so long as there are natural claimants on their duty and obedience. He has no faith in merely removing them from the sight of evil, if by so doing he also removes them from the play of the natural affections. He acknowledges an acting power above himself, penetrating, by subtle unperceived modes, where he cannot reach; and more influential for good than the most careful scheme elaborated by his own brain, and depending for its working on his own direction. He would apprehend some new, and, perhaps, enormous development of the evil that lurks in every heart, if the outlets of natural feeling were dammed up, and the conflicts and collisions of social life were stopped. And while believing in human corruption more consistently than any of his opponents, he sees in our complex humanity some correctives which they either overlook or disregard, or are too prepossessed by the notions of direct influence to know how to use. From the first, he stands on some terms of equality with his pupil, and watches to collect from him indications and hints for his own guidance. He never dreams of that tremendous distance, that gulf of superiority which is always required by the other school to separate trainer and scholar. He makes no effort to assume a character that shall secure him this lofty isolation, or convey an idea of passionless perfection. He knows that what he really is tells upon the child as it does upon the man—that it understands, reconciles, makes allowances, as being of the same nature. He knows, too, that the habit of acting always with an eye to the impression to be produced, either fails of its purpose altogether, or only succeeds by dulling and deadening the original quickness of perception. In fact, he thinks a great

deal less of himself altogether than the exponent of new theories is led to do, in whom the instinct to imprint himself on some yielding material, to knead ductile minds, necessarily induces the habit of dwelling mainly upon his own work, because on him everything depends; it being all a question of care and pains, and enough of his own way. The born Educator, it may be observed, is slow to admit positive incapacity in a pupil,—he has that faith in himself and his plans that he expects to succeed where others fail—his self-reliance obscures his discernment. We have known excellent persons possessed of this educational ardour blind to unmistakable deficiency, and accusing the poor dullard of all sorts of deliberate sins, and his parents of culpable neglect, when he was but what nature made him, and all the tokens of a weak brain strong upon him. This resolute want of perception is sometimes rewarded; a vein is hit upon which takes us by surprise; but generally it brings mutual irritation, and adds obstinacy to dulness; and where this turn for subjugating helpless stupidity is found, joined to a coarse, obtuse, or vicious nature, terrible consequences have come from it. The practical man knows incapacity when he sees it, and is apt to err the other way; for though some successful schoolmasters like, before their scholars, to attribute all success to pains, the pretence is too patent to take anybody in.

The difference between the two opposing habits of mind lies, perhaps, in their range of view. The one sees only the object he has to carry, the other the whole complex circumstances, the scenery of the situation; and in the very largeness and truth of his survey is apt to undervalue his own individual power to change, to counteract, or to infuse opposing principles. The extremes of both are evil—the one ending in neglect, the other in damaging the texture of the mind. Pains always have some effect; but experience leads to the conclusion that the injury is more hopeless where the mind is disorganised by mischievous meddling, than where weeds and flowers have been left to grow together and fight it out. For one thing the consequences of neglect are not so bitterly resented by the victims of them as by those of obstinate theorising. Neglect does not rankle in the mind like the feelings of having been experimented upon, and our birthright alienated of set purpose. The one comes more under the class of accidents and providential dispensations. Sons or daughters think little of the father having never supplied their childhood with amusing books, if it was just because he never thought of it; but if the boy was not permitted to read 'Robinson Crusoe' because it would foster a love of adventure, or the girl a fairy tale because it would confuse her notions of truth, the privation becomes a grievance. If, again, from mere carelessness and indifference, the son misses a good classical education, and his sister is not taught music, it is a misfortune said as little about as possible; but if the father has had views which have set him against the general customs of educated people, it seems to justify in children a tone of disrespect; they allow themselves in a free-spoken satire on their bringing-up. They feel that their youth has been played with, and whatever misfit they find or fancy in themselves for the place they have to fill, is all unscrupulously laid to the crotchet of which they have been the subject. Deficiencies in one case are an unforeseen, unplanned consequence; in the other, a deliberate infliction. However highly the Educator ranks his calling, his pupil always strongly objects to being regarded solely as a pupil. He is not only his father's son, but an Englishman and a citizen, and perfectly alive to the rights he was born to. In fact, there is not a creature more naked

and loose from kindly influences than the victim of a crotchet, who has been inoculated and has not taken it kindly. Most children happily have something in them that resists the unnatural teaching; few are exposed to it without counteracting and often nullifying influences; but not the less is the father unjust who says of a thing not morally wrong or sociably unsuitable, My son shall never do this or that; or the preceptor who trains his pupils in a studied opposition to the manners and constitution of his country, as one does who, in a monarchy, brings a boy up a republican, or, in a country of ranks and degrees, indoctrinates him with contempt and hatred of social distinctions, like Mr. Barlow in 'Sandford and Merton.' It is Montesquieu who says: "*Que les lois de l'education doivent être relatives aux principes du gouvernement.*" Perhaps, however, some victims are necessary to progress; we only say that they are victims, and are very apt to feel themselves so.

One thing must be granted: the reformer or theorist, as such, always starts under a great advantage. He can easily make good his case for some change. The world's educational views are always in conspicuous disgrace on some point or another, so that the conscience of good sort of people may be startled at the first word. Thus, the other day, the 'Times' correspondent, "S. G. O." wrote an alarmist letter on the subject of nursemaids, and told people they were not careful enough in the choice of attendants for their children, and that, for the want of this care, these children's minds become stored with a mass of evil, unintelligible to them at the time, but which develops into something intelligible as the mind grows. A person is always right, in a certain sense, who tells us to take more care than we do in a matter of importance; though whether, by giving higher wages than our neighbours, which is his first remedy, we can mend this, is another question: probity and purity are not to be bought in more senses than one. Nor did we find ourselves quarrelling with his speculations on the way in which the knowledge of evil will lie dormant in the mind, and crop up upon occasion; but what we did dispute was the tone, if not the direct argument, that all evil must needs be traced to some cause external to the sinner, and, in the search, putting the parents upon a scent which may lead to injustice. Of course a servant can corrupt a child's mind—she can even unintentionally infuse some coarseness; but we believe the influence of servants is overrated in certain schools of opinion, just because it is least accessible to their system. Unless children are so far separated from their parents as to fail to take in the parental idea, the influence of servants cannot be brought into comparison with that of father and mother. Indeed, no other influence whatever can be put within many degrees of it in its power over the very springs of thought. Their actions, their chance-sayings, their looks and ways, their modes of living and viewing things, their actuating principles, are understood and seen into, and accepted, as a rule, in a different sense altogether from the words, ways, and actions of their dependants and even associates; there is no knowing at what stage, how inconceivably early the baby knows the difference between nurse and mother, servant and master, and understands its own relation to both. Naturalists have asserted that the song of birds does not come by nature—they are gifted with certain organs, but the note depends on teaching. If it were possible for a fledgeling linnet to hear the skylark's song first, that song would be its own, as some experiments have ascertained; but, as a fact, the parents are always beforehand with any strange teacher. The callow thing is scarcely out of the egg before the father's strain fills its ears; while it is still

blind its hearing is acute, and its note confirmed for life. The rulers of the nest are as the heads of the family, who represent not only power and goodness, but what is what, and the "right thing." From the time the child has an idea at all, it perceives the authority of the nursemaid is but delegated, and can detect the modes in which her ways and principles differ from those of its mother. It is impossible to prove how early these speculations may set in: we are persuaded that very early indeed, if the mother is true and the nurse deceitful, the deceit comes before the infant as error; while, if the virtue lies the other way, a right judgment is arrived at much more slowly. The mother's deceit, then, is something in the nature of things; and this impression it probably takes painful thought to obliterate, if indeed it is ever got rid of in early childhood. A bad servant in the nursery is a great evil, but her ill example has not a tithe of the poison in it that the bad example of parents has. It does not assimilate in the same way; for all very young children, if no gross ill-usage or mismanagement disturbs the natural bias, as a matter of course, conclude their parents' line of action the natural and right one. Another fact connected with earliest childhood, is its sense of rank. There is that in humanity, even in its infancy, which has an eye to worldly importance, and relishes position. The baby respects its mother more for the deference of its nurse's manner. There is an ineffable stateliness in some babies seated in the throne of their nurse's arms which seems to tell a tale. The little creature already knows it is somebody and the child of somebody.

Therefore, if a mother has exercised all reasonable care, and left no ordinary precaution neglected, she had best not allow mistrust of others to haunt her; the child would not be the better for being never allowed out of her own sight. Her influence does not go out with her bodily presence, and the proposed remedy of relaxing drawing-room restraints involves not only an important change in present social intercourse, but a future revolution in manners and the art of conversation which few people, if they could realise it, would be disposed to carry through. Besides, the practice of keeping children under the parents' surveillance because it is bad and dangerous for them to be elsewhere, must induce a peculiar style of manner and talk; and childhood is so constituted that, a child living only with its parents, and hearing those parents talk stilted wisdom for its benefit all day long, —if they were to betray, not by word, but by look or sign only, some inferior, low, worldly view or motive, this spontaneous expression would be more actively influential upon it than hours of deliberate didactic utterances. As it enlarges the child's mind to know more than one language, so we believe that intercourse with two classes is one great intellectual advantage of the rich over the poor. Minds of widest development and largest sympathies are always ready to own their obligations to those beneath them in social rank. They feel how much in themselves that they would not willingly lose came to them by both chance and habitual association with what are called inferiors. The greater freedom and independence of thought which this intercourse sanctions, is a gain if it does not degenerate into insolence or other licence; and the perfect liberty with which ideas are weighed and tested as they are received is strengthening; while it is a question whether some familiarity with a lower class in early life is not absolutely necessary for universal interest and sympathy. We doubt if any author, however great his genius, has ever entered into the feelings of the humble classes, or pictured them fairly, who has not been in childhood on very cordial

intimate terms with his nurse, and probably others of her own order.

But this kind of easy intercourse is precisely that most jealously regarded by the trainers of youth whom we are now considering. No doubt it began in a reaction from great abuses. Such writers as Madame de Genlis are full of the misdeeds and blunders of nurses and *filles de chambre;* and servile households, no doubt, among other evil influences, assisted in cockering the men of the ancient regime into the horrible selfishness that makes them a by-word: but the love of rules as such, and the impossibility of getting servants to attend to them in all their rigidity, brings about this jealousy in the natural order of things. Perhaps the opposing schools do not differ so much in each having a system as in the importance of rigidly adhering to it. The people we mean make everything depend on a plan being carried out to the letter. The others respect rule but do not worship it, and are not afraid of occasional lapses and breaks. They have faith in indirect influences which the sticklers for system seem to regard as powerful only for evil. All that is good and wise must be conveyed to the mind by direct processes and an elaborate rule of restrictions. It is a theory of infinite refinements, as it must be where there is an inborn tendency to go wrong, which it is supposed can be checked by stopping up every possible loophole of expression. The Educator of this school, confident in himself, goes on the principle that every error is somebody's fault besides the perpetrator—that it might have been prevented—and that he alone is vigilant enough for such incessant watchfulness. He therefore gladly takes upon himself the responsibility of being the only inculcator through whom alone shall every impression, every opinion, every principle be received. Perhaps there is no more remarkable instance of this confidence than in that book on 'Practical Education' from which we have already quoted, the joint work of Miss Edgeworth and her father, which excited great attention at the time of its publication. Nowhere shall we find more implicit belief in a system, with more contempt for the general practice of mankind. It is really a clever book, with much acute observation—one that on this account could never have been written by a person trained under the enervating discipline it enforces; and its view can never be disproved, because success is made to depend on a rigid punctiliousness and obedience beyon human power to practise; for this system, put forward for general adoption, demands of parents such vigilance of personal supervision as simply disables them for all the other duties of life. This is plain enough when it is understood that the child is never to speak to a servant from its birth; that it must never walk with one; that it must have no nursery and no schoolroom, no holidays, no disagreeable lessons, no punishments; that it must have no companions out of its own family; never come into a moment's collision with brothers or sisters, and therefore must never be with them unwatched; that it must never read a book that has not been examined sentence by sentence; that it must never be coerced, but reasoned with all day long; that it must be encouraged to ask questions on all subjects, and no question must remain unanswered; that it must not be allowed to acquire knowledge intuitively, or by its own inferences, for fear of some error insinuating itself; that it must never be allowed to pass a word in reading that it does not understand; that it must never hear nonsense, or even wit, without its being analysed; that it must never be alone with a stranger for fear of receiving incorrect impressions; that its ear must never be exposed to solecisms in grammar or vulgarisms of pro-

nunciation. If you can secure your child from one and all of these dangers, you will have made your son all that a man should be; if, in spite of such care as you have been able to bestow, some false reasoning or unphilosophical desires manifest themselves, the answer is ready: evil has found some cranny to creep through—a servant has spoken, a friend has flattered, a page in some tolerated book has not been cut out. Everything turns on the maxim, "We cannot be too particular." A mother is highly commended, and her success in education vouched for, who carried these precautions to such extreme length that, though warmly approving Mrs. Barbauld, and regarding her books for children as a new era, a veritable reformation, she did not trust her simplest sentences into her children's hands without castigation and amendments. The sentence, "Charles shall have a pretty new lesson," is solemnly censured as weakly giving in to a child's love of novelty; while Charles's statement, "I want my dinner," is fraught with peril. "Does Charles take for granted that what he eats is his own, that he *must* have his dinner." "These and similar expressions are words of course, but young children should not be allowed to use them." Again, it is taken amiss that Charles is told that "the sun is gone to bed." We are told that "when the sun is out of sight would be more correct, though perhaps not so pleasing." Such passages as, "Little boys don't eat butter," "Nobody wears a hat in the house," are thought positively dangerous; the one, because affirmative sentences should always express real facts; and the other because it initiates the child into the false language of fashion and prejudice. While the flippant answer to Charles's demand for wine, "Wine for little boys? I never heard of such a thing!" elicits the grave significant remonstrance: "If Charles were to be ill, and it should be necessary to give him wine, or were he to see another child drink it, he would lose confidence in what was said to him. We should be careful of our words if we expect our pupils to have confidence in us; and if they have not, we need not attempt to educate them." It is nothing to this argument that a child with all its faculties in proper play, could not possibly be misled by this mode of speech, and that its sharpness is stimulated by lively address; for wit and readiness are here avowedly discountenanced as inconvenient to Educators, as they are apt to be in other systems. The child must take in what is said to it, and neither more nor less. There are such children in the world who remain children all their lives, and never take anything into account but the words they hear, accepted in their grammatical meaning; but they are not in real life regarded as a triumph of the teacher's art. One danger of all this to the parents is, lest, in attending with such lynx-eyed watchfulness to the mint and cummin of mere forms of expression, the weighter matters in conduct and manners should be lost sight of. They may allow themselves a hundred inferior modes of thought and habits of looking at things, as they suppose, unperceived by the child for whom they display them, while they are dressing their sentences in Quakerish plainness, cutting and snipping every book that contains a phrase that may be misunderstood, and puzzling themselves with the difficult art much pursued by some Educators of making easy things easier; and all the while it may be those things which they suppose hidden fathoms out of sight, which are carrying all before them in forming their child's mind. The taint on our hidden springs of action, pride or vanity or meanness or ambition or contempt, may well tell with exceptional force when the line assumes perfection, and disdains all aid from without. What does show in such

education is most often not designed but undesigned resemblances. The observer sees likenesses where the parent, in disappointment, recognises nothing but marked and inscrutable differences between himself and the son of so much effort. The child has caught something, habit, turn of thought, trick, peculiarity, by which we know him to be all over his father's son, and yet that father sits and wonders at such a result of all his pains.

Such revelations as these may explain how it is that so many clever people have children the reverse of clever, or that make a failure of life. Hereditary powers can scarcely be utterly quenched, but a good deal may be done to neutralise them by early interference with their natural development. Clever people acquire self-reliance, which, if their tempers incline that way, easily degenerates into contempt of others' opinions. At any rate, if a fool has whims about education, all concerned set themselves to oppose and counteract them; but a man of genius is permitted to work out his experiments. People stand by to see what will come of it. If he decides on neglect, and lets his child follow his own will, choose his own company, and learn or not as he pleases, his admirers stand by expectant of a child of nature who shall shame all their pains. If he tries more recondite departures from the practice of his neighbours, it is still the same—he carries his way without resistance from without. Whether body, mind, soul of his offspring are crammed or starved; fed up with wine and beefsteaks or famished on potatoes; tricked out in fantastic finery or let go barefoot; shut up from all companionship or forced into premature manhood and acquaintance with evil; urged to precocity or kept in dull ignorance; drenched in namby-pamby sentiment or stiffened into pride and indifference; denied books or made critics before they can spell; — the experimentalists carry out what comes into their heads more effectually than other men, and their obstinacy in mistake or error bears a larger, more fatal crop of its legitimate fruit.

There always have been Educators of the class we have dwelt upon, and they have always been opposed by another school, who modify necessary rules by regard to individual character. One of Dante's heavenly voices attributes to them much of the evil of the world—

> "E se il mondo laggiu ponesse mente
> Al fondamento che natura pone
> Seguendo lui, avria buona gente.
> Ma voi toroete alla religione
> Tal che fu nato a cingersi la spada
> E fate re di tal ch'e da sermone:
> Onde la traccia vostra e fuor di strada."

Once—happily those days are past—flogging was the favourite system of lovers of system. Thus we read in Southey of a good man, Colet, Dean of St. Paul's, reported by Erasmus as delighting in children in a Christian spirit, who yet thought no discipline could be too severe, so that whenever he dined at the school, "one or two boys were served up to be flogged at dessert" for his delectation. Erasmus on one of these festal occasions was witness of the flogging of a gentle boy of ten, who almost fainted under the scourge—"not that he deserved this," whispered the Dean in Erasmus's ear, "but it is fit to humble him." Now we have left all this, and every boy must play whether he will or no. Pope prophesied of these days, though, under the old prejudice, he believed in the rod as the only teacher,—

> "Proceed, great days! till learning fly the shore,
> Till birch shall blush with noble blood no more,
> Till Thames see Eton's sons for ever play,
> Till Westminster's whole year be holiday."

On the same side with these positive schemers we must reckon those negative educators whose only system is that of universal warning against every educational practice

that obtains amongst us—whose line is simple denunciation and abuse, without proposing anything, or at least proposing anything practicable. A touch of this system is common enough, but no education can be worse than that formed upon the plan of avoiding everybody else's practice as the sole principle of action. On paper, however, where it is most commonly to be met with in full force, we regard it with greater toleration. People are not taken quite at their word when in the full ecstasy of vituperation. We unconsciously assume in the writer a dependence on our good sense to interpret his ravings into something rational. We are to take whatever is inconsistent with reason as rhetoric—the sweeping swing of the arm to make the hammer's blow tell home. This dependence on his readers must be strong indeed in Mr. Ruskin, the head-master of this school. No sort of misunderstanding would suit him so ill as to be supposed really to mean what he says. Through a cross-fire of wild assertion and wanton injustice, we are to detect an inner light of fairness and truth. To take him piecemeal, and to ask what this or that means, and how this and that are reconcilable, is cold-blooded baseness, which we could not expect him to find adequate words to express. In fact, we also feel such a course quite out of place in treating his latest educational work, 'Sesame and Lilies.' That clever farrago of unmitigated abuse to the one sex, and of sugared abuse and railing flattery, of ill usage and petting, to the other—of extravagant charges and impossible remedies — was never meant to be picked to pieces. There are eloquent and stirring parts, but we must not try to harmonise one passage with another. He is not answerable for inductions, and to go half way with him, to act up to *some* of his precepts, is to be more undiscerning and despicable than to throw them over altogether. Thus, when he lays it down as a law that our first duty in a girl's education — which no thoughtful person will care to dispute — is to perfect her physical beauty and to increase its power, on the ground that nature made her a queen and regal should be her bearing, the advocates for cultivating externals—all that is meant by grace and manner—think they have Mr. Ruskin on their side, till suddenly he turns round upon them for thinking so much of these trifles. "You know," he cries, "that there is hardly a girls' school in this Christian kingdom, where the children's courage or sincerity would be thought of half so much importance as their way of coming in at a door;" going on to insist that the whole system of society is "one rotten plague of cowardice and imposture." Again, while all his vague suggestions go upon that line of large expense we have attributed to educational theorists—as, for example, we must give our girls "noble teachers" in place of the modern governess — he scolds his hearers for an imaginary but too probable choice. "Suppose," it is asked of the ladies present, "you had at the back of your houses a garden large enough for your children to play in, with just as much lawn as would give them room to run in—no more, —and that you could not change your abode;" and suppose, he goes on, that by suffering a coal-shaft and its concomitant heaps of coke to defile the garden, you could quadruple your income, "you would be wrong if you did, though it gave you income sixtyfold instead of fourfold;" yet this, he assures the ladies, they are doing all over England, which is but just big enough for all the children to play in if all were allowed to play as they ought. How far such talk will really inculcate a love of nature, it is not easy to decide; but at least it is by cross methods and by large demands on the judgment of his hearers. However, our object is not a critique on

Mr. Ruskin's style. In one point we agree with him, that unbending system, so far as it succeeds at all, succeeds with boys. "You may chisel a boy," he says, "into shape, as you would a rock, or hammer him into it if he be of a better kind, as you would a piece of bronze; but you cannot hammer a girl into anything." Women and girls never thrive under wholesale treatment; boys bear it better, and every plan of education involving large numbers must be carried on in this way, though it may be indefinitely tempered and modified by individual study of character in the master, and freedom of opinion and bearing towards each other amongst the boys themselves. This, however does not decide the tutor's own perception of his office, which, whatever the external system, will greatly influence results. Does he modestly call himself a teacher, or does he adopt the ambitious tone of a former and maker? The two views were once defined in a few words, by Professor Wilson, as, after listening with a growing impatience to a lecture on Education by Dr. Whately, he took a friend's arm as he hurried away, and muttered in his ear, "*I* always thought God Almighty made man, but *he* says it was the schoolmaster!"

CORNELIUS O'DOWD UPON MEN AND WOMEN, AND OTHER THINGS IN GENERAL.

PART XIX.

THE POLITICAL QUARANTINE.

In one of Alfred de Vigny's clever sketches of the Reign of Terror, he gives a picture of the interior of the Bastile, and shows us the little children representing in their plays the terrible incidents that characterise the era. Here was one being tried for his life, here another being led to the guillotine, as though the passion of that thirst for blood had actually insinuated itself into the veins of infancy, and corruption begun from the very cradle. Nothing, however, is more true than that the presence of some great national calamity will so tinge men's thoughts with its colours, that all their daily actions and sayings will partake of the features of the disaster. A great flood or a great fire will leave after them innumerable traces in the expressions of a people, long after the ravages have ceased.

I was reminded of this tendency t'other day by an article I read in the 'Times.' It was a very able and well-reasoned paper on the respective merits of the various claimants for high office, and especially for the Premiership. The writer told us that Lord Russell was old, Lord Granville polite, Lord Clarendon diplomatic, and Mr. Gladstone fully qualified for the highest post in the realm.

He showed us, at what I confess to have felt an unnecessary length, that because we had lately been ruled by a very able man in spite of his years, great age alone could not be esteemed a qualification for office, still less could the memory of that long catalogue of indiscretions which attached to Lord Russell, and made him more terrible as a colleague than as an opponent.

It was, however, when canvassing the claims of Mr. Gladstone that the writer evinced that sympathy with the passing events of our time, to which I have briefly made some allusion already. We live in an age of epidemics: with cholera, yellow fever, and the cattle plague

besieging us, we are straining every nerve to guard ourselves against contagion, and by all the measures of a rigid Quarantine to keep out the dreaded pestilence. No wonder, then, if the author of this article—whose eye could never glance down a column without encountering ice-bags, chlorine gas, and Mr. Gamgee—should have felt himself warped by the prevailing tendencies of the time, and led to adopt not merely the expressions but the practices so incessantly presented to his notice.

His line of argument is this—Here is a great orator, a great financier, and a great rhetorician, with abilities to command the respect of Parliament, and an integrity above reproach. He is all that we want to lead an Administration, except in some trifling defects of coldness of manner and distance, which serve to repel followers, and what is more serious still, a boldness in innovation that, if allied with dangerous partisans, might lead us all much farther than we wished or ever intended.

The coldness might be cured. It is by no means impossible, indeed we have seen instances of it, that the possession of power will render a man genial, gentle, and accessible, who, in a subordinate station, was restless, dissatisfied, and even uncourteous. It is the warmth, not the coldness, the writer says, we have to dread; and what he advises in consequence is, that he should be "Quarantined;" that is, that during the entire of the coming session he should be under the surveillance of a Political Board of Health, carefully watched and noted, all his symptoms recorded, his tongue especially looked to, and every precaution taken, that if, by any mischance, he should have been infected, he should be immediately got rid of, and all danger from him arrested.

That he already exhibited premonitory signs of the malady called Extensive Reform, the last session clearly proved, notwithstanding the great pains he took to show himself in public, and declare he was in the enjoyment of his usual health, and the writer very pertinently calls attention to this fact, and says, We are no mere alarmists. When we had a mere threatening of the disease here last summer, the man was far from well; his friends were really alarmed about him, and though he threw off the attack by certain alteratives, it was easy to see the tendency of his system, and that if we were to have an epidemic amongst us, there was not one who would be more exposed to the risk of contagion than this gentleman. All the physicians who saw him agreed that his state was precarious. They were unanimous in declaring that the air of Manchester would be fatal to him. It is but fair to say, that he listened to these wise counsels. He even avoided men who had once had the complaint, and in this way, to a great extent, reassured his friends, and relieved their anxieties. Now, however, says the leading article, we are threatened with a formal attack of the disease. Is it not better that, before we trust him with our case, we see if he be in health to guide us? The wisest men we have say the malady is coming, and that it will need our best efforts to render it comparatively innocuous. It is so easily conveyed in cotton, that there is every reason to believe we may have caught this last contagion from America. At all events, it behoves us to see that the persons we trust to treat us, should not be the first victims of the disease. Quarantine Mr. Gladstone then. If he survive the session without cramps, we may pronounce him safe, give him a clean bill of health, and set him at liberty.

Now, to my own thinking, the most formidable feature of all this is, that it is from these men, so palpably liable to the disease, we are forced to take our doctors.

Why, in the name of common sense, would you select as your physician the man whom of all others you would expect to be struck down by the epidemic the moment it has broken out? Why "look up" your doctor, in a time of yellow fever, from the ranks of the men with a liver complaint? or why anticipate the time of your possible illness, by putting your physician through a course of tonics that he may be well enough to treat you? and why subject a man to the restraint of a Quarantine whom you want to act with vigour, freedom, and independence? Men have passed through their Quarantine and sickened the day after. Who is to say this may not happen with Mr. Gladstone? But there is another alternative, and it is a formidable one. Suppose that he should say — he is a very crotchety man, and quite capable of it —"This, which you call disease, is rude health. This blueness and these cramps, and all the rest of it, are all signs of vigour. I refuse to be Quarantined for what is a normal condition, and I insist on being at large." Here is a contingency well worth considering; for he may say, "Bright has it, and Forster has it, and Stuart Mill, and heaven knows how many more. I'm not one shade bluer than half Manchester and all Stockport."

The majority, indeed nearly all the Board of Health, sit up-stairs in another House, and there will be no one to control him. Think, then, what must happen if he rushes madly out and infects thousands.

Your theory is, that before he is out of Quarantine you will know whether he ought to have a clean bill of health. I deny it *in toto.* He is not one to follow the peaceful precept of his chief—"Rest and be thankful." If you want his gratitude, it will be for action, not rest; and whether he be at large or in durance, my opinion is he will be dangerous.

And oh, dear me! what a spectacle do we present to the world, if the whole question of our future government resolves itself into the narrow choice of one of three men. Is there not in the length and breadth of the land one to be found who knows how to take a penny off the income-tax, that being the last test of all statesmanship? Is there no one who will be able to dispose of the surplus revenue by a little generosity to the tea-drinker? I ask pardon for the homely phrase—I mean the "consumer."

And lastly, is it not, to say the least, a strange imbroglio to declare that a measure of reform is loudly called for by the country, and yet we are all straining our nerves to see how the man most capable to promote it shall be silenced and muzzled? Why these precautions, why these apprehensions, if you mean that this man's policy should be adopted?

And what shall we say of himself?—has he been shamming all this time under the late Premier's rule? or has he been fighting with his symptoms, and endeavouring to subdue them? I hope we shall learn this some day. I do trust we shall hear the history of his case, and an account of the treatment.

At all events, there is something good in the Quarantine notion. I'd like to see Darby Griffiths and Locke King, and a few more I could name, with the yellow flag over them: not that I feel any strong conviction that, if it should depend on their improved condition, they would soon be likely to be at liberty.

Lastly, if we dread reform like a pestilence, if we take against it the precautions we are driven to adopt against a fearful epidemic, if we Quarantine all those whom we suspect may have had intercourse with the infected, and if every measure we take be to exclude the disease, or, if that be impossible, to moderate its ravages—if all these, I say, why declare it to be a purifier? why call it a necessity? why publish to the world, that without it the air we

breathe, and the water we drink, will become pernicious and deadly? and, above all, why say, as some have said, that if we do not remove our restrictions and take off our Quarantine, the people will take the health laws into their own hands and admit the disease freely?

If it be pretended that reform be like vaccination—a less disease to cure a greater—I can accept this reasoning; and who knows but some parliamentary Jenner may tell us this in the coming session?

Meanwhile let us take the full benefit of the analogy presented to us—let us whitewash and purify—let us live generously, but carefully; and if we discover any small premonitory signs of ill health, such as a tampering with a six-pound franchise, or a rule-of-three suffrage, let us think of Gladstone in his Quarantine, and be warned.

THE PICTURESQUE IN MORALS.

One of our periodicals lately contained a paper, inquiring, with some skill, into the sources of what we call the picturesque, and asking how it comes to pass that the ruined wall, the broken gable, the lichen-clad stone afford us a pleasure that a trim enclosure, a finished building, and a well-scrubbed pavement fail to afford. Though the writer in question put some very searching and pertinent questions, though he exhibited in strong contrast the two sides of his thesis, I am not very sure that he did not leave us in the end to the same doubts and difficulties which beset us when we set out.

The search after truth is, however, a sort of vetturino journey, in which, if you make little progress towards your destination, you are always gaining some small experience or other on the way. There is no fable so applicable to our daily lives as that of the husbandman who bequeathed the treasure to his three sons, who arrived at their riches by a search after a very different El Dorado. This is the story of every one of us. For one man who goes straight to his object, and finds that object worth all his devotion, there are thousands who turn off into some by-path of fortune, well satisfied with what they have found there, and right contented to leave that great journey they once dreamed of, to some later day; and thus we no more realise to ourselves the greatness we imagined in our school-days than we marry our first loves, or do any one of the scores of things we once held to be the only tie that bound us to existence.

The author of the paper on the picturesque has not, I own, revealed to me the secret of that occult attachment that binds us to the crumbling arch, the shattered pillar, the lightning-struck trunk. We know, with our great humorist, that the Rector's horse is beautiful, and the Curate's picturesque; but we cannot tell why; nor can we explain why what to the eye of possession seems mean and miserable, to the eye of painting may have a value all but priceless. Let not my reader for a moment imagine that I have discovered the secret of this curious tendency—a tendency amongst educated people that is almost an instinct. I am as much in the dark about it as my neighbours. In thinking over the matter, however, it occurred to me that there might be some mysterious chord in our nature that only vibrated to the touch of compassion—that we had in our hearts a little Bethesda pool of kindliness that adversity alone could stir, and that whatever inspired us with a sentiment of tender pity reacted in gratitude upon the object, and rendered it to our eyes pleasing, interesting, and picturesque.

Smug comfort and trim gentility

have no want of us; they make no call upon our affections, no appeal to our sympathies. Nay, in their very self-sufficiency they seem to resent the interference of our interest. Not so with the ruined cabin or the tattered shieling, the weather-beaten hovel or the tottering tower; these come to us for pity. They have a story, and a touching one. They tell of a time when they bestowed comfort and shelter, they speak of a bygone—perhaps of even power and greatness. There are ruins which even in decay are princely; and in our sadness may lie the secret of that sympathy which binds us to them, and renders them, as all objects of our relief really are, our best benefactors. Bear in mind that through all our sense of the picturesque there mingles a tender melancholy. It is the spirit the very opposite to that inspired by the grotesque. There is no levity about it at all, and from him who would endeavour to invest it with such a character, we would turn away revolted.

Whatever so touches our sensibilities that we weave a story about it to ourselves, that we think of it with reference to a past time—a time perhaps of bright promise and hope—that we fancy how under other circumstances a happier destiny might have befallen it, and that there must be some cruelty in the fate that has left of what was once beautiful these shattered columns, these broken capitals, these crumbling friezes; it is out of these mingled compassions and regrets we arrive at what, by a sort of compromise with our feelings, we call the picturesque.

Now, I am less anxious to prove my theory—which my reader may take for what it may seem worth to him—than to extend its application, and I would ask if a great deal of the sympathy we accord to whatever is wrong in this world of ours is not derived from a process akin to that I have just spoken of, and if our admiration of naughty people be not a part and parcel of our love of the picturesque?

That we *do* admire them I suppose will not be denied. We are not merely admirers; we imitate them in their style, their dress, and their belongings. Our novelists take them as their types of fascination, and our preachers warn us against them as snares.

Now, I would beg to ask, is it not their picturesque character that is the source of all this captivation? Is it not the reputation in ruins, the fissured fame, the gracefully dilapidated virtue, that we admire so fervently? Take up any French novel you will, and do you not find that the moral people are represented with all those traits of exactness and order which we reprobate pictorially, while the naughty ones are as broken, as irregular, as abounding in lights and shadows, as an Elizabethan manor-house? Is there a moment of hesitation where one would like to dwell? The faultless heroine is the semi-detached villa in the Edgeware Road. The erring loveliness is the embowered cottage on Windermere.

The architecture of the one is cold, formal, and unsightly. There may be scores of conveniences—there may be two kinds of water on the premises, and gas laid on; but who would not say, Let me rather have that lovely nest under the elms, with the river in front and the mountains behind, even though Ellen or Mary Anne should have to fill her pitcher at the well under the rocks?

The love of the picturesque extends to ethics, all the lessons that we imbibe about order, and neatness, and symmetery, becoming vanishing views when we find ourselves in presence of fractured moralities and tottering proprieties. The incessant play of light and shade in doubtful natures makes them so pictorial to our eyes, that many a fast young lady is as good as an Etty, and I have seen young married women as rich in colour—

I am talking pictorially—and as daringly composed as a Turner. It is no inherent love of vice, no preference of the wrong to the right, that makes French novelists give all the attractive features to the damaged reputation, and all the deterrent ones to the well conducted. It is simply because it is easier. The former "lends itself" naturally to picturesque description, the latter is only a matter of rigid right lines and rectangular shadows.

Let M. Blondin walk along the highroad, where it is broad, and smooth, and level, and how much interest will he excite? It is his perilous position, eighty yards from the earth, that appals us—it is the fact that a single inch to the right or left is death—it is the sense that he is doing something so terribly dangerous that no other could dare it—that attracts to him all our sympathy; and this is, perhaps, the explanation of the interest we accord to the naughty people. They are doing the most hazardous of all earthly things. They are *par excellence* the great rope-dancers; and we watch them with an anxiety, certainly not diminished in its intensity, when they add beauty to their daring, and grace to their dexterity.

It is said that the frequent contemplation of the great works of art in Continental galleries has educated the expression of foreigners, and imparted to their features a higher meaning and a more elevated cast of countenance than we observe in our own people, who never look at anything but themselves. May not the constant image of French coquetry, so charmingly portrayed by French writers, have had a similar influence upon the manners of Frenchwomen, who behold, as in a glass, all the captivations that enslave, all the witcheries that bewilder, mankind? I have no doubt that this double reaction of cause and effect has done much for naughtiness. But what has most of all promoted its success is the sour aspect in which respectability has been pleased to display itself. I'm sure I'd rather leave all the good music to the devil than I would leave him all the good looks, all the charming ways, and all the little witcheries that poetise this dull life of ours, and show us that there are scores of things to interest us besides a rise in Turks or a fall in Mexicans.

Now, a group of the well-behaved beside one of the naughty is like hanging a Poussin next a Claude—there is no light, no brightness, no warmth, nothing cheerful or attractive, in that mass of dark-brown and olive; and we turn with pleasure to the golden sunlight and the flickering water and the pink-streaked sky, as to a land of beauty and enjoyment. I heard a preacher t'other day declare that the naughty people were a snare; and I immediately thought, Why not try and ensnare us with the correct ones? I'm certain, in a vast number of cases, it is not vice that is attractive: it is the *mise en scène* of vice that captivates. It is, in short, the Picturesque that carries away our sympathies; and we are no more master of our sensibilities when exposed to its influences, than we are able to explain the mechanism of its action.

The dash of the realistic with the ideal that runs through naughtiness has a wonderful power. It is a double-shotted gun, sure to hit somewhere. What gave the peculiar attraction to the clever gallery of Leech we saw t'other day, was the blending of the actual daily life we lead with a subdued poetry. The artist displayed us as we are, but never failed to let in some slight indication of what we might be. The vulgar old frowsy mother was easily forgotten in the bloom and freshness of the long-eyelashed daughter; and if the former did not set your thoughts a story-weaving, how beautifully suggestive was the latter?

The naughty people are adepts

in this combination; in other words, they are masters of the picturesque. Without them life would have no dramatic situations — no stage effects. Make the genteel comedy of this world out of lady patronesses and archdeacons, and how many would sit out the play?

As to being snares, they are no more snares than the berries of the deadly nightshade, a very brief experience of which shows that they were not meant for nutriment. This world must have scores of things that cannot be made directly profitable to morality. What an abundance of glorious vegetation there is that never contributed to human life—and should we like to forego it?

For my own part, I wish the well-to-do people would be pleasing. I'd like to meet charming bishops and fascinating Lady Bountifuls. I'd be much gratified if education commissioners were witty, and poor-law guardians amusing; and, if they would only condescend to be picturesque, I'd withdraw my subscription from the other establishment, and never darken its doors again.

Once more I say, the great effort of moralists should be to keep vice to its coarse habiliments, and never let it masquerade in the bright costumes and graceful colours that captivate. Vice is not so seductive, as vice, as in its travesty of what we admire and cherish. Sever the connection, and, like a bad swimmer without his life-belt, a few struggles will suffice to finish it.

Strip wickedness of its accessories, and you'll not have to call it a snare. When it ceases to be "picturesque," it ceases to be perilous.

SHALL BAGMEN DRINK WINE?

It is clear that we must have fallen upon a very dull season of the year, or the 'Times' would not have devoted so large a portion of its space to the controversy now agitating the Bagmen, as to whether they should drink wine at their dinner or not.

As it appears, however, to be a National Question, I incline to interest myself in it; and having duly weighed all that has been said on either side, I pronounce for the no-wine party. They declare that they have no desire to take wine, and they ask to be excused paying for it. The others opine that the greatest-happiness principle may occasionally press hard on individual interest, while on the whole it works for good; and that as wine is a great cementer of friendships, and tends in a high degree to draw closer the ties of brotherhood, it is a useful adjunct to such gatherings as theirs; and they less openly suggest that wine, in England at least, has a certain smack of gentility about it, not without its advantage to the social station of Commercial Travellers, and eminently conducive to that high estimation in which these Gentlemen of the Road are deservedly held.

There is a great deal to be said for "the winers." It is one of those broad cases which soar above common sense, and rise to the higher region of sympathies, interests, and popular impressions. I can well imagine an ingenious man making a strong case for the Bacchanals.

Between the man who drinks wine, and him who drinks beer at dinner, what an ocean of social difference may be said to roll! Wine is a brevet of gentility; it is the stamp of station, sharp, defined, and indelible. He who sits at table with his decanter beside him, knows that *there*, at least, his flank is defended. Wine, besides, as to Beer, is as the rapier to the single-stick; the whole use of the arm is at once more elegant, more graceful, and

refined. The taper wine-glass offers to the hand the momentary resting-place before raising gracefully to the lips, and admits of many a little coquetry of winebibbing order, such as looking through, and the like. But how is the most gifted of men to dally with his quart? What amount of manipulation will throw elegance over his pewter?

C. T. knows this well. This man of patterns and fast trotters and box-coats is a devoted cultivator of the graces. Let the barmaids say what they think of his captivations. Who like him to weld the language of commerce to the purposes of Cupid, and convey through "raw goods" the declaration of a ripe passion? It was not, however, very easy to advance all these in the controversy, however they might have been made, as I feel they must, the subject of friendly and earnest remonstrance in private—"Wine Travellers" addressing "No-wine" with a natural eagerness to avoid the publicity of a newspaper discussion, and saying how indecorous and inexpedient it was to let the world have even a transient peep into that sanctuary of the road, the Commercial Room.

I am old enough to remember a controversy very like this in a distinguished cavalry regiment, and where one rebellious member of the mess insisted on his right not only to drink hock, but to have what was strangely called the "black bottle" on the table at his side—a breach of the dinner unities so gross, so outrageous, and so unheard-of, that it shook the discipline of the corps to the centre, and led to most serious quarrels.

Has C. T.—I ask for information—taken the ground of the anti-black-bottles in this question? Is his fear that of a man who dreads to think of a time when pewter shall jostle cut-glass, and the vulgar quart in all its ungainly coarseness stand side by side with crystal? Does his prescient imagination display before him the degenerate manners and coarse habits that will thus flow in? Does he see in his mind's eye a future C. T. wiping the froth from his lips with, mayhap, his hand? Does he speculate on the decline of those airy graces that men display with the glass, and which are denied to the pint-pot? If so, I say, many of my sympathies are with him. I can foresee all these things, and my heart saddens to think of a commercial room less like a cavalry mess, and some future C. T.s that one would not mistake for the Fusilier Guards.

The wine system of the commercial travellers was not, then, a mere conviviality—it was something far more elevated and refined. It was the result of a process of reasoning on the lives, ways, and habits of Englishmen, their prejudices and their impressions. The men who drink wine are a category like the men who drive gigs. They are a sort of small Brahmins—Bagmen Brahmins, who would lose caste by beer. In the ante-Gladstone age Wine symbolised station: it was dear. Now, whatever is dear in England means not alone the luxury of the rich, but of birth, education, refinement, and condition. To reduce the question to its mere festal elements was then only a side-view of the matter in dispute. The Bagman's pint of sherry was not a measure of fermented grape-juice, it was his blazon of nobility; and the No-wine men are less the apostles of a temperance movement than they are the advanced-guard of a stern and ruthless democracy. Down with cut-glass! down with gentility! is their savage cry. They are the John Brights of the road, the levellers, the equalisers. With beer, they say, we shall have a severer code of manners—no more of those amicable coquetries of touching glasses, no little sportive drolleries across the table. Men will sit grave and still, and look

as black and as bitter as the liquor before them.

Men have remarked that wine is the product of Catholic countries, and that beer belongs to lands which uphold the stern, cold, defiant aspect of Protestantism: that wine is the drink of men who love traditions, and revel in the poetry that tints the past with the present; while beer is the beverage of ungraceful realism—of the trader and the chapman.

May it not well be, that some long forecasting commercial traveller—one whose gaze stretches far away beyond dry goods and fancy articles—has peered into the dim future, and descried the dangers that would gather around a remote generation of Bagmen, if all the poetising influences of life were to be withdrawn, and they to be left alone with their "sales" and their samples? I like to think that these must be Gladstonian Bagmen, who will not merely treat the question in its financial, its social, or its moral aspects, but rise to the dignity of its "æsthetic" considerations; and not impossibly discover correlatives for Bagmen in the ancient mythology!

Ulysses himself was a sort of commercial traveller, and the Odyssean element is eminently distinctive in the race. I am sure, therefore, that in this discussion now before us, some of the litigants at least regard the issue as one involving interests and results very different from such as connect themselves with a "two-and-sixpenny suit!" But I return to the vulgar view of the question, since it is the only one the parties concerned have deigned to present to our notice. Had they approached the subject on hygienic grounds, it would have been interesting to know what fluids our medical authorities would have suggested as the suitable daily drink of so highly excitable a class; and whether, on the whole, lemonade, or a pleasant syrup, might not have been "exhibited" in their case with advantage?

The special maladies of classes are attracting much attention at this moment, and we are enabled to see why needle-makers go blind, why shoemakers are dyspeptic and house-painters have colic; would it not be humane as well as interesting to push our inquiries farther, and learn why are bagmen so sanguineous—so generally obtrusive, noisy, and overbearing, with that plethora of animal spirits that constitutes "bumptiousness"?

If I ever attend a Social Science Congress, I promise to read a paper on this subject.

Not the least strange part of the controversy turns upon what is admitted by both sides,—the fact that the cost of the wine enables the landlord to give these gentlemen a dinner far more luxurious and appetising than could be afforded at the price charged. I cannot say how it may be with others, but for my own part I read this statement with much astonishment. Till that moment I had not the very vaguest conception how these gentlemen lived. I fancied, in my ignorance, that they dined like country gentlemen or barristers, or other persons of like station. I imagined that they took hotel fare like the rest of us, and made a hearty meal off the sirloin or the saddle, with a little fish, perhaps, and a fricassee. It was only incidentally to the wine question came out the fact, that Bagmen were a species of errant aldermen, and that every station of a commercial journey was celebrated like a Lord Mayor's day.

I never knew that the apartment reserved especially for their meetings was a temple of gastronomic excesses, and that for them were reserved the choicest supplies of the market—all the delicacies of the season.

Some ascetic dogs declare that they do not require all this. "Let us have," say they, "a simple dinner"

—primitive creatures! they are content with salmon and turbot, southdown mutton, and a capon (not the worse of oysters), a damson tart, and some stilton. "We are men who require cool heads and clear faculties; let us incline, therefore, to temperate habits."

It was the modesty of this tone, the genuine honest humility of this protest, drew me first towards the No-wine men, and I said to myself, If the arduous fatigues of their career can be supported on such a diet, it is highly commendable in them to descend to it; and I bethought me that there was hope for them. Dr. Richardson, I remembered, lived twenty-seven days in the arctic regions on nothing but pemmican.

Shall I own it was by this modest declaration that these men drew me to their side? People who are self-denying like this, thought I, must be surely worthy of respect. They say, "We desire to eat simply, and drink not at all." Not, perhaps, exactly this, but they say, "No salmon at four shillings a-pound, no venison, not always capons, fewer partridges, no sherry—not a glass."

I cry Hear to all this. I cheer the sentiment heartily. In my enthusiasm I would even go farther, and I would say, leaving the wine question totally aside, Why are these men to live more sumptuously than half the working clergy of England, the country doctors, and lawyers and surveyors, and a score more of educated and cultivated gentlemen? Why are they, with or without sherry, to sit down to a dinner the like of which very rarely figures on the board of well-to-do country squires? Why is their life on the road to be so totally removed from their life in the family? Why are they, when immersed in business, the cares of which they take pains to tell us require qualities pretty much like those of a Cabinet Minister, to gorge like incoming Sheriffs? and why, above all, is the world to be bored with the discussion about their diet, and how it agrees with them?

Till they opened the subject themselves, how very few of us knew anything about their habits or ways. A general impression indeed prevailed that they were a talkative, pushing, presumptuous, set of people, somewhat loud of speech, and self-asserting; but as to by what dietary these gifts were sustained and nourished—what artificial supplies recruited them—how they stimulated their faculties by aliment—of all these, I repeat, the world lay in total ignorance.

I will venture to declare than not one educated man in fifty, nay, in five hundred, knew that these people dined better than the officers of a marching regiment. Wine, indeed! I like the notion! Beer, and of the very lightest, to wash down a mutton-chop dinner, is the dietary I should propose for them.

Are they to dine better than the gentlemen who are styled Pensioners at our Universities? better than all the vicars, and half the beneficed clergy of England? How many half-pay soldiers and sailors dine in this fashion? How many of those who supply the admirable reading of our public journals live in this way?

No intelligent groom ever thought of giving beans to a mettlesome horse, or over-stimulating the beast that was already too fiery. For the selfsame reason I would say, Don't overfeed your Bagmen. They are troublesome enough as it is. All who travel by rail or river know they are the most bumptious of mankind. Water their grog rather than strengthen it for them; and now that they are asking the world how much they should drink, take the happy moment to tell them what they should eat also.

TWADDLING REMINISCENCES.

Books of gossip, reminiscences, and twaddle, are just now greatly in vogue, and I think bespeak a very low state of public taste. When such books were written with smartness, much knowledge of life, and bore upon them, besides, the impress of a strong individuality in the writer, their popularity was intelligible enough; but ours is not an age of Horace Walpoles, and the consequence is, we are deluged with little dreary diaries in which the most uninteresting people in the world record where, how, and with whom they lived, the only point being the personality, and the sole relief to the uniform dulness lying in the reader's conviction that if the perusal of such trash be dreary, the inditing of it ought to be drearier still.

First of all, the mass of these writers, stimulated by that selfsame vanity that has driven them into print, are possessed with an intense desire to be personally favourites with their readers. They want you to think them high-minded, noble, generous creatures, with grand motives and high aspirations. They desire to make you believe it is no small privilege to be admitted to their society, surrounded as they are with the high and mighty personages that figure through their pages. They impress you with not only their acquirements and information, but with a profound respect for their social condition—the daily habits of their lives—their nice taste—their admirable breeding.

In a word, they admit you to a circle of wits, beauties, men of genius, and men of power, all to see that they themselves are centres around which these celebrities are "doing orbit," so that you naturally feel abashed by the very thought of criticising or questioning any statement put forward by such mighty authority. What! shall I arraign the judgment of him who knew Metternich and Talleyrand?—who talked political ecstasies with Madame de Stael and cosmogonies with Humboldt?

It is thus these people present themselves always. From the high ground of intimacy with men of distinction they discourse to us small folk on Men and Women and Things in General, not at their own risk and peril, however—not courageously saying, I think this, I say that, I proclaim the other—but, under the shield of a great name, shooting forth some petty slander or small irony on a contemporary, as though "in our set," "we," "nous autres," had this estimate of him—such was our opinion, and you know who "we" were.

The first thing to bear in mind with respect to these *Raconteurs*—and I am driven to a French word in spite of myself—is, that it may be assumed as a maxim that great men are never great with little "people." It is not the Duke of Wellington as he was that we see in Mr. Raikes's book; it is Mr. Raikes's conception of the Great Duke—a very different matter indeed! It is surely not enough that the portrait-painter should have a great subject, he should have also the power to understand it—to appreciate and to depict it.

Now, it may be confidently asserted, that of the men admitted to the real intimacy of the great, nothing is rarer than to find one who has the leisure, the taste, or the talent to be an author.

It does not belong to these people's lives to write books; or, if they do, are they books of gossip and small-talk? The men who make history have not any very high estimation of the men who write it. Indeed the very unfaithfulness with which passing incidents are treated inspires this contempt, and suggests a low opinion of those who practise it.

Whenever, therefore, we find a page studded with illustrious names, flung out in all the careless ease of everyday acquaintanceship, and read, "I was with Her Royal Highness on that morning at breakfast when the news came," &c., &c.; or "walking one evening in the garden at St. Cloud with the Duc d'Orleans, when we came to that little group, representing," &c., we are cheated for the moment into a sense of expectancy — we say to ourselves, "Here is a prince about to open his heart to us; for once we are about to know what these men are by nature—how in the freedom of their friendships——" and then we come upon a little twaddling remark or a small jest that might have been said by His Highness's valet. Very disappointing is all this; but there is worse—far worse, in the conceited self-complacency of the narrator, impressing upon us at every word what good fortune is ours to have met with him—what a happy turn of fate it was that led us into his company.

I suspect that a really good diary would be a very difficult literary performance, and one totally out of the reach of any but a very gifted individual: to record briefly, sharply, and yet clearly, passing incidents; to jot down the leading events of a life, giving them the degree of importance hereafter that would illustrate the time they were written in, and the light they would throw upon the manners of an age; to seize the characteristics of an era, and preserve them by a story or an anecdote; to connect the great events of the time with the smaller ones that were simultaneous with them; to be at once thoughtful and at ease; to exert your mind to treat the events of the hour sagaciously, and yet never lose the tone of intimacy, which is the best feature of a journal—to write, in fact, as you would talk to a friend over the fire, when that friend was one to whom you would not willingly show yourself as dull, incompetent, or commonplace:—all this cannot be so easy as to be the gift of each and every who writes his Life and Times.

It is quite certain that no small part of the pleasure such books as these afford us is derived from the fact that they exhibit great people, the mighty rulers and conquerors of the world, pretty much in their ordinary lives as small and as everyday as ourselves.

An Emperor with a lame charger or a tight boot, or a court beauty with a disaster to her back hair, is not a whit more dignified in her wrath than the stockbroker our neighbour when upset in his cab, or his lady wife when disappointed by her dressmaker.

We like to know how, besides taking their share of the ills that flesh is heir to, Kings and Kaisers have their fits of sulk and moroseness, and suffer their little mortifications of wounded self-love and vanity, like the rest of us, and it is very pleasant to us to hear that, even to the common forms of our everyday use, these people must come when they want to express themselves, just as they have to breathe the atmosphere with us in common, and grow warm under the same sun. Still, I opine, all this is not very instructive or very elevating reading. I suspect that we are all prone enough to deterioration without being urged to it by a stimulant. So far from any overestimate of those above us, I think the turn of our age is to hold them too cheaply, and we certainly do seize upon any disparaging element in a great character with an avidity akin to that we display in unmasking a rogue and exposing an impostor.

To all these varieties of our bad taste, these memorial-mongers minister. They say, Here is a gossip-loving public to whom nothing is sacred. The more we can reveal to them of the private life of our victims the better. Let us display

them, then, in their hours of sickness and depression—in their times of exaggerated gaiety and folly—in their moments of excited vanity and success. Strange if some words of weakness, some dropping syllables of self-love or absurdity, will not escape them; and what a triumph to show how the conqueror of Blenheim could be shabby over a sixpence, or the hero of Trafalgar shed tears of delight over his own praises in a song!

Were the allied fleets of France and Spain,—was the fatal marksman in the maintop, as terrible an enemy of poor Nelson as the biographer who lately wrote of his life at Dresden? Had the great Emperor such a foe in all his fiery career as that Doctor who chronicled his last years at St. Helena?

And these are the people whom we encourage and foster, notice in all our leading journals, and nourish to fifth editions. O evil generation of gossips! why will you revel in your neighbour's shortcomings? Is there one of those who has made his name great amongst us of latter years who would not have been greater without his biographer? Why is it that the Great Duke stands forth pre-eminent above all? is it not that it is by his own glorious acts, told in his own honest words, that we must regard him? His despatches defy the biographer. He stands there beyond the perils of praise or slander.

Think of poor Moore! All who knew him—and there are some left can recall the bright sunshine of his presence, his beaming eye, his smile, his chirping accents, whether in wit or song—and read of him in Lord Russell's biography, and with what bitterness, what positive anger you turn to traits in his nature of which you should never have been told.

Why were these brought into the Record? What of carelessness—what of indelicacy—was there in not cancelling what mere taste, if there were no friendship, would have erased? Was there ever yet that man whom biography could not make little? Take him who deals with the greatest themes—with the highest powers of mind—and has he not his ills and ailments, his days of depression, his seasons of fretfulness and impatience, and his times of distrust and disbelief? Is it of these we ask the registry? do we want the chronicle of the words he uttered in his pain, or the bitter syllables that broke from him in his passion? We are severe in our execration of the wretches who strip the dead on the field of battle, but we have no words of blame for those who do infinitely worse—who strip the fair fame of such as have shed lustre over our age, and made our own lives more enjoyable—as have, so to say, admitted us dull folk to the warmth of their glowing genius, and let us feel for the moment the ecstasy of their own gifted natures. For these spoilers we have nothing but praise.

Of course there is the other school, those who hold a brief for their hero, and make him out a monster of unmitigated virtue. I declare, if I were driven to the choice, I had rather have my "life taken" by the former than by these.

The great statesman we are now mourning has not escaped the indiscreet zeal of these ill-advised admirers. Not satisfied to chronicle the genial traits of a charming nature—not content to dwell upon the graceful qualities by which friends were won and adversaries were conciliated—they insist upon presenting him to us as a sayer of smart things—sharp, pungent, and epigrammatic.

Now, Lord Palmerston had not a particle of Wit. There is not on record one saying of his which might not have been uttered by any member of his cabinet; and this is to say all that need be said.

He was the essence of a "man of the world;" but it was the "man of the world" elevated by great

cares and great duties; accustomed to deal with the weightiest interests and the grandest themes, his good sense stimulated to its highest exercise, and his elastic temperament pressed, but not crushed, by the weight upon it.

They said he "knew Parliament well;" but I am certain he knew "the Salon" better; and it was in transferring to "the House" the happy tone and manner that won success with the world, that he achieved his great triumphs in public life.

Madame Lieven said of the great Duke, that he had a little more common sense than all the rest of the world; so might it be affirmed of Lord Palmerston, that he had a little more tact than all the rest of mankind. Even, in France, the land of tact *par excellence*, he had not his equal.

Let none take a low estimate of the quality, which is, after all, "epigram in action," being the quick-wittedness of one whose sympathies embrace so many temperaments, that he is never at a loss for the argument to address, the flattery to apply, the palliative to suggest. What a boon in a great deliberative body to have had a man thus gifted ever infusing this spirit into its deliberations! What a gain to less happily endowed natures that this fine genial temperament was able to contribute its wealthy resources to all around, and make a very atmosphere of influence about him!

It was the rarest thing imaginable for him to speak in a more elevated tone, or to treat a question in a more lofty spirit, than he would have used in talking to a friend over a bottle of claret. The very stories that made his "apropos," the jests that supplied his points, were precisely such as mingle through after-dinner talk.

The day of witty people is gone by. If there be men clever enough nowadays to say smart things, they are too clever to say them. The world we live in prefers placidity to brilliancy, and a man like Curran, in our present-day society, would be as unwelcome as a pyrotechnist with a pocketful of squibs.

That Lord Palmerston's personal qualities gave the whole popularity his administration enjoyed, none will deny. His racy, manly, high-hearted temperament was a great element to throw into a Cabinet of dreary Whigs and speculative Radicals. The Irishry of his nature was a spell that told upon the phlegmatic materials he was allied to, and his genialty was the link that connected the Cabinet with the country.

They take very low ground for Lord Palmerston, to my thinking, who simply regard him as the restraining element in the late Ministry — the power by which headstrong and venturesome men were held in check, and their projects for change firmly and resolutely resisted. By assigning to him such a part as this, they represent him to us pretty much in the light of a military chaplain at a mess table, whose presence is just sufficient to repress the levity of the company, but whose influence has never gone far enough to introduce a more elevated tone in conversation, and whose departure will be the signal for all sort of excess.

I think higher of Lord Palmerston than this. I believe that in restraining his colleagues he gave the country time for reflection, and that in that interval the country became Conservative — not Conservative in the interest of this man or of that, but in a spirit of distrust in great changes — in a settled confidence that we were well governed — in the conviction that the country exercises a greater and more direct influence over the men they sent to Parliament than was ever possessed before, and in a growing belief that to increase the pressure of such influence might not be either salutary or safe.

Such, to my thinking, were some of the late lessons of Lord Palmerston's life, and we owe him, for them, a far more enduring gratitude than had he been a wit and an epigrammatist; and they who would invest him with these are but forging his name to a bill which his fame will dishonour.

"Make me not Rich nor Poor," was the prayer of one who knew wisdom; and how many of those whose lives we have lately been reading would willingly have made the same supplication?

It is time, however, to discourage these Brummagem biographies—these jotting down diaries, which, assuming the tone of intimacy, think they can dispense with good taste. That they fail egregiously in all truthful evidence of what they treat, is in almost every man's experience to prove. Most men who have moved at all in the world, have met occasionally persons of note and distinction, and, yet, let any one of those endeavour to convey some notion of the traits of those same celebrities—their look, manner, tone, or gesture—and will he not own that his sketch does not recall, even to his own eyes, the original; that in the very tableau of which they formed part, there was so much that assisted the scene, that gave it vigour and reality, to omit it is fatal, and yet it cannot be revived? What deeper bathos is there than to hear the jest repeated by dull mediocrity that you once had heard from Sydney himself? And this is just what these reminiscence people are doing every day and every hour. Boswell was forced to descend to a Parasite that he might rise a Biographer. These people want the crown without the martyrdom; nay, more, they ask for a share of their hero's honours, and a place beside him on his throne.

Good biography, like good champagne, is all that is excellent, healthful, and agreeable. It is the fictitious liquor that is baneful, the stuff that acidifies while you drink it, and actually engenders a dislike to the noble tipple in counterfeits.

"Campbell," said Lord Lyndhurst, referring to the 'Lives of the Chancellors,' "has added one more to the terrors of death; for if I do not outlive him, he will write my life." Now, though I never was charged with the custody of the Queen's conscience, my own tells me that the sentiment was a most natural one.

INDEX TO VOL. XCVIII.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD UPON MEN AND WOMEN, AND OTHER THINGS IN GENERAL.

PART XVIII.

THE ADAMS-RUSSELL CORRESPONDENCE.*

WHAT would be said if any member of our Legislature should propose a law to make a bootmaker responsible, in a second degree, for any breach of the peace incurred by a gentleman who, at the time of the offence, was shod in a pair of boots of *his* making? What would be said if, besides the natural inquiry into the solvency of his customer, the shoemaker was required to investigate his character, his morals, his temper, what sort of company he frequented, and what were the usual measures to which he resorted when carried away by passion or excitement?

What would be said if, besides all these, the bootmaker was obliged to ascertain with what object his customer ordered the toes to be pointed, and the soles heavy? Had he, the customer, any secret intentions of violence? Was he compassing to kick somebody? and were these directions of his given in evil-mindedness and *malice prepense?* What would be said if the bootmaker was not merely to occupy himself with the details of his business, but was bound to see that in no possible eventuality could any work of his hands ever come into the possession of choleric people, or be diverted from the peaceful paths in which good citizens love to walk?

And what would be said if, with the knowledge that two neighbours were living on bad terms, constantly jarring, and in all likelihood coming to overt acts of violence, he, the bootmaker aforesaid, was legally obliged to refuse boots for either of them of more than average strength, lest by any accident they should employ them in personal encounter?

Would not the effect of all this cumbrous legislation be, that a bootmaker would have very little time left him to make boots, but would have to devote his days, and probably his nights, to all the difficult and nice contingencies in which his unhappy business might involve him, ever speculating whether he were legally safe in that strong upper leather, or what disastrous consequences might ensue to him from those heavy nails in the heel?

Would it seem very unnatural and unreasonable in him to say, "I am a bootmaker, not a police constable. I manufacture shoes for my customers, but I do not pretend to guide the footsteps. My business is, that they be well shod. I have no pretension to take care that they be well mannered. I may be sincerely sorry that Mr. Such-a-one is on bad terms with the gentleman next door, but I feel in no way bound to reduce the thickness of his soles, or round off the toes of his boots, as a measure of precaution in the event of his kicking him. Nor do I feel called upon to detain the last pair he has ordered, on the impression that they are stronger than gentlemen ordinarily wear, and convey a suspicious notion that they are meant for something besides walking."

This, in a brief space, is the sum and substance of that dispute in which Lord Russell and Mr. Adams are now engaged, and with which our newspapers are filled—a very dreary correspondence, restricting the space that might have been so pleasantly occupied by the cattle disease and that interesting controversy as to whether bagmen should drink wine. Nor is the analogy complete without adding that the unhappy bootmaker, after having served one customer for

* This Chapter, omitted in the "early sheets" received for the November Reprint, is now supplied. It belongs properly after page 538 of the November number.—[Am. Pubs.]